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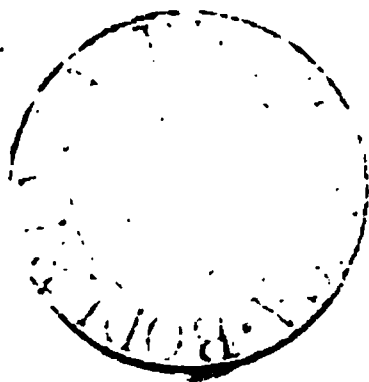
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.



LONDON:

A. H. BAILY & CO., CORNHILL.

1866.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET
AND CHURCH LANE.

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

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Sports and Pastimes

VOL. XI

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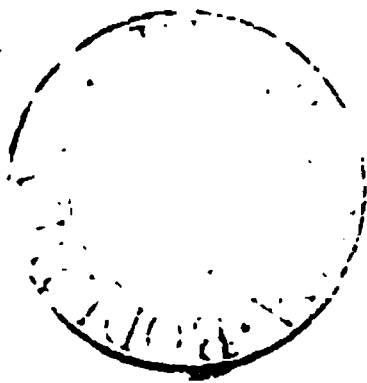
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LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.
1866.

DIARY FOR JANUARY, 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	M	Manchester Holiday Races.
2	Tu	The entries for the great Spring races close.
3	W	Hofland, author of 'The British Angler's Manual,' died.
4	Th	Col. Luttrell, Master of the West Somerset hounds, died, 1862.
5	F	Anniversary of the death of the Duke of York, 1827.
6	S	Twelfth Day.
7	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
8	M	Plough Monday.
9	Tu	Fire Insurance expires.
10	W	Partridge and pheasant shooting ends in Ireland.
11	Th	Linnæus, the Naturalist, died, 1778.
12	F	Birth of Armstrong, the cricketer, 1836.
13	S	Death of Mr. John Crockford, of 'The Field,' 1865.
14	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY. [died, 1863.
15	M	Death of Lord Londesborough, 1860. Cresswell, the jockey,
16	Tu	Luke Snowden, the jockey, died, 1862.
17	W	Death of Mr. Green, shipbuilder, 1863.
18	Th	Death of Mr. C. C. Greville and C. Treadwell.
19	F	Presentation of the Trelawney testimonial.
20	S	Death of the Duke of Rutland, 1857.
21	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
22	M	Lord Byron born, 1788. Will Bolton, huntsman, died, 1862.
23	Tu	Birthday of Admiral Rous, 1795. Bullock, jockey, died, 1863.
24	W	John Reeve, the actor, died, 1838.
25	Th	Sir Vincent Cotton died, 1863. Jem Morgan, huntsman, 1863.
26	F	George Anderson, the cricketer, born, 1828.
27	S	Audubon, the Naturalist, died, 1851.
28	S	SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
29	M	Touchstone, winner of the St. Leger, 1834; died, 1863.
30	Tu	Launch of the first life-boat, 1790.
31	W	Death of the Marquis of Lansdowne, 1863.

Poplyn

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

IN Sporting, as well as Political circles, there are men to be found whose sterling qualities have not been paraded before the Million, and yet are well known and appreciated by that Tribunal which sits in judgment over them. Such a person is the Earl of Rosslyn, a distinguished soldier, an ex-Master of the Buckhounds, and an old Meltonian of the highest grade.

The Earl of Rosslyn, the head of the ancient Scotch house of Erskine of Mar, was born on the 15th of February, 1802, and was educated at Eton, on quitting which he entered the army, serving in the 9th Lancers from 1818 to 1849. And it is a singular fact that he should have received instruction in the sword exercise from the father of Charles Payne, the well-known huntsman of Sir Watkin Wynn, who was his Regimental sergeant-major. During his long stay in this regiment, Lord Rosslyn worked his way from the foot to the top of the ladder; and while he commanded the 9th, there was not a happier corps in the Army List, and his system, from its excellent effects, has been persevered in up to the present time. By a principle of honour, and not coercion, his discipline was carried out; and being possessed of that rare gift in a commanding officer, viz., tact, there were none of those fracas among his brother officers, which were frequent at the time in other cavalry regiments, which we forbear to name, although they have not been forgotten at the Senior United Service Club.

Anxious to do everything well, his lordship mounted his men in a far superior manner to most Dragoon regiments, getting for them big, bony horses, with as much blood as he could find, for the miserable sum of 25*l.*, which at that time was the regulated allowance for chargers. But we must remember that our pages are devoted more to the records of sportsmen than to the sketches of soldiers, and therefore we must quit the barrack-yard, and the riding-school, for the hunting-field and the race-course. Before we do so, it is only due to Lord Rosslyn that credit should be claimed for him in turning forth from his regiment such a trio of Masters of Hounds as Sir Hope Grant, Mr. Anstruther Thompson, and Mr. Percy Williams, and the annals of no other cavalry corps present an instance of what we may call 'a similar litter.'

Lord Rosslyn's first connection with hounds was in 1850, when he took the Fife, after they had been established by Mr. Thompson, and he hunted them eight or nine seasons, until relieved again by Mr. Thompson, who remained at the head of affairs until 1863, when he finally migrated to England, and now, as Master of the Pytchley, he is showing capital sport to the Shires. A Conservative in politics, and having supported the Government of the day when Representative for Grimsby, the subject of our memoir was entitled to his share of the patronage of the Administration, and he officiated for a short time as Under-Secretary of War. In 1852 Lord Derby, in filling up his Court appointments, bestowed upon Lord Rosslyn the Mastership of the Buckhounds, and public opinion immediately indorsed it with favour. It was now that his Lordship's love and knowledge of horses and hounds had ample scope for development; and although the alterations he introduced into the Royal establishment did not satisfy all parties connected with it, they were nevertheless conceived in the best taste, and dictated by sound judgment.

Short as were the two Masterships of Lord Rosslyn, they have not yet been forgotten by those who partook of their fruits. In his meets he was as punctual as at roll-call; and his horses were as perfect and well appointed as the most fastidious could desire. Although never a hard rider, Lord Rosslyn's seat and hand were admitted to be perfection; and he rode more with a desire to see hounds work, and get to the end of an old-fashioned run, than to furnish paragraphs for newspaper correspondents. Being of a most kind-hearted disposition, nothing annoyed him so much as to see whippers-in bustle and drive hounds about, and flog them unnecessarily. In other reigns, the 'Oh, it-will-do-system,' was wont to prevail to an extent that militated against the perfect efficiency of this ancient appanage to the Crown; but with his Lordship, matters took a different turn, and, combining firmness with extreme courtesy, he soon had his hounds in the same excellent order as his regiment—and higher praise his friends would not desire to be accorded to him. Lord Rosslyn was for a short time on the Turf, training with the late Sam Scott, of Ascot Heath, and employing Frank Butler as his jockey; but beyond Shamrock, Camerino, Elenie, and Cornuto, he had none whose names require recapitulation.

Lord Rosslyn, we should add, was married on the 10th Oct. 1826, to Frances, daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Wemyss, by whom he had two sons and one daughter.

GENTLEMEN-JOCKEYS.

BY 'THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

A VERY pretty quarrel has lately reappeared upon the scene, on the subject of gentleman-jockeyship. It has not the advantage of novelty; but of a truth every time it crops up again it brings to light some new feature or other which makes it infinitely more amusing and

intricate than before. The present reconsideration of the case arises from an attempt to foist upon the public, as a gentleman-jockey, a man who had been groom to Lords Craven and Verulam; and the affair is further complicated by an accusation of 'roping' against a person who has the precedents and the name of respectability to back him. Upon these questions particularly we need not re-enter. The whole subject is complicated enough, and as bad to find a beginning to as the 'vestiges of creation,' or 'the world before the deluge.' Through the joint efforts of Mr. Angell, Mr. Craven, and two or three other gentlemen who are interested in the sport, we hope we are gradually getting to the end. What is a gentleman-jockey? What, indeed: at least I mean the cameleon-like animal which has been presenting itself to us under that name. What is the genus, what the difference, which make up the species? 'Have you ever had fits, and, if so, how many of them at a time?' What is a hippopotamus, a gentleman-farmer, a weekly journal, or a tamed savage? It seems to me that the present race of 'gentleman-jockey' belongs to some such category as this. Or is he really a 'species' by himself? It sets all the logical rules of definition at defiance, and is as incapable of simple explanation as if it embraced all the complex notions of gentility and jockeyship in their separate and most extended forms. The mind is undoubtedly capable of conceiving certain abstractions which make up a horse and others which make up a river: a gentleman and a farmer: the process of restraint and uncivilized life. But that is not sufficient for our purpose. It must be able to comprehend the existence of these various attributes at the same time, in the same being, and in such a manner as to class or specify them distinctly the one from the other. This delicate task has been nobly set about in the case of the gentleman and the jockey; and we shall see how impartially and how ably accomplished. It is desirable to bear in mind throughout that this question has great practical difficulties of its own, quite independently of the risk we run of giving offence where none is intended, and of wounding a pride which is as childish as it is misplaced. A gentleman-jockey! What is he? Turn him round, and let us look at him. There are two sides to him, at all events—his gentility and his jockeyship to be considered: and then to see how they fit one another.

If we went back to the early days of steeple-chasing there would be no great difficulty about the matter. As in Ireland almost anybody might be considered a gentleman for the pleasures of duelling, so in Leicestershire Dick Christian and Lord Clanricarde might have been considered peers for the purposes of steeple-chasing. Mr. Horrocks and Jem Hills chatted cheerfully side by side over four miles of the Vale of White Horse, without any dispute as to precedence but that of who should be the first to bore the holes. St. Albans, in its early days, gives a miscellaneous list of marquises, baronets, and gentlemen, with captains and esquires of every rank and degree. We have the names of Codrington, Mostyn, Osbaldeston, Seffert, Becher,

Villiers, Macdonald, Clanricarde, and poor *Lord Heycock*, of Owston (a very old title, as John White informed his interrogator). In the Vale and at Leamington were mingled in much-admired confusion 'The Marquis' and Billy Bean, Lord Desart, James Mason, Oliver, and Sir David Baird and the M'Donoughs; nobody asked for a 7lb. allowance, and nobody got it. Gentlemen every one of them! They behaved themselves as such, at all events; and it was not necessary to ask for a genealogical tree, or a letter of introduction, for fear of a robbery. Those were the days of legitimate steeple-chasing, before the handicapping system had commenced for cross country events; and when it was unnecessary to stop your horse, or upset him, with the hope of turning 10st 7lb. into 9st. 7lb. upon some other occasion. These men, gentlemen or not, enjoyed the sport. They started their horses to win; and whether it was a duke or whether it was a dealer, they put up themselves or a friend, and went for the money. The gentlemen who rode in those days had not yet heard of 'their expenses:' the very idea would have been an insult to them. If they had confidence in their mount they paid themselves by backing it for a hundred; and if not, they consoled themselves with the hope of a ride and the pleasures of uncertainty.

These days, therefore, give us no clue to the explanation of a gentleman-jockey, nor do they help us to a definition of so complex an idea. The Army and the Universities are equally impracticable for our purpose: the members of either having no difficulty of the kind to settle, and admitting all to a participation on grounds of equality. Once out in the world, once freed from the privileges or prestige which hedge in officers or undergraduates, and the selection becomes exceedingly invidious. The first question is not easy of solution. What's a gentleman? A definition can scarcely be found to satisfy everybody. One has a sort of general sentiment as to what a gentleman is, or may be; but it is almost impossible to put it into intelligible language without a periphrasis which makes it ridiculous. An officer is a gentleman, so is a University man for certain purposes, steeple-chasing, I suppose, being one. But I should be sorry to say that there were not many of both who fall very far short of my idea of so comprehensive a calling. Are professional men gentlemen? Although divinity, physic, and law embrace men of high birth, great learning, wealth, and unblemished reputation, there are two ends to every profession, and there are those in each whom it would be difficult to handicap with a gentleman at any allowance. The moral question must be put out of consideration altogether; and if social status is to be the guide in our selection, it seems almost impossible to arrive at a just conclusion by anything like the professional test. Retail trade is of course out of court: though it would not be difficult to find equal respectability of birth, equal wealth, equal principle, and a better social standing amongst the upper class of tradespeople, than among the lower classes of physic or law.

All these obstacles, and a great many more, presented themselves to the framers of the new law. The new law became necessary because the vast increase of steeple-chasing, and the causes before mentioned, have introduced at least twenty times the number of steeple-chase riders. Vanity was perhaps the moving cause which brought so many into the field, who had no right there either as gentlemen or riders; while the 7lb. allowance was an inducement to those to enter the lists as the former, who had no reason to doubt their qualification as the latter. In this case it was a twofold robbery. They were usurping a place amongst their betters to which they were not entitled, and were claiming and exacting an allowance from men honest, though not more proficient, than themselves. In the very case which has given rise to the reconsideration of this subject, the promotion of the boy (himself the son of a hunting groom or second horseman) arose from his good jockeyship, displayed in riding Wild Dayrell in his gallops upon various occasions. When grooms, and broken-down riding-masters and stable-keepers are impertinent enough to ride under a denomination which cannot belong to them, and to claim a privilege for their usurpation, it is high time that a rule should be framed of sufficient stringency to prevent its repetition.

Then what is the barricade which has been thrown up: what is the effective prevention to this insufferable intrusion, which has been hit upon? It is the membership of certain clubs. It is not clear by what other means the difficulty could be met; but it will be necessary to add to the list which has been inserted in the rule; unless the ballot, which we shall quote at greater length, shall be considered as sufficient for all who shall have felt justly aggrieved by unintentional omission.

That the Athenæum, or the Windham, or the Conservative, or any other club of known respectability has not been mentioned, is accidental. Everybody is aware of that; and, if desirable, I presume a clause to that effect can be inserted after a closer inspection of the clubs of London or elsewhere. In the mean time, *there is no sort of difficulty* to those who are morally entitled to ride, as they have nothing to do but to 'send in their names to Messrs. Weatherby's office, proposed and seconded by persons qualified as 'above' (*i. e.*, by their own membership of these aforesaid clubs or professions); 'and a ballot will take place at different times during the year, and each person freshly elected will be charged 1 sov., to 'go to the Bentinck Benevolent Fund.' The names of the Committee for the purpose of balloting follow, and are quite unexceptionable: they are not only likely to know the black sheep, but to take good care to exclude them.

Now let us examine the club test: for although it is the most reasonable test that could be established, it is, as set forth here, not without its difficulties. We must take for granted the respectability of members of distinguished clubs, and give them the expansive name of 'gentleman' for the purpose proposed. It is, however,

better not to include *mere hunt clubs or racing clubs*, whose outside pretensions to solidity is a hunt button or an eccentric collar. It may be true that the Masters of some Hunts have used a scrutiny in their election which is a valuable testimonial to status and respectability; but there are such things as hunt clubs in which possibly a subscription does the duty of a ballot, and where the application of the rule would open a door almost as wide as the one now sought to be closed. If an ambitious young doctor, member of nothing but the College of Surgeons, is desirous of practising upon his own person in the absence of legitimate patients, let him apply at Burlington Street with a sovereign in his hand and a couple of respectable godfathers from one of the less learned professions. He will be permitted to enrol himself in the list of gentlemen-jockeys, though I should think with no great advantage to his professional reputation. If a sporting attorney is proposing to himself a short cut to the Mastership of the Rolls by riding a steeple-chase on the strength of his country practice, and is unable to enter by the front door, he must be at a low ebb if he cannot find a friend or a client to give him a leg up at the side wicket. If an old University man or a half-pay officer is in the same position, and from motives of economy has withdrawn from a position which was open to him at some previous period of his life, he may cut the Gordian knot with even greater facility, as his claim, unless otherwise vitiated (as even in officers and graduates it might be), would meet with immediate acknowledgment at the hands of the framers of the rule. They have but one object in view, which is the integrity of the steeple-chase, as confined to a particular class of her Majesty's subjects. I know the old rule said something about barristers, solicitors, medical men, &c., but such denominations are only calculated to create confusion and to perpetuate ill-will. There is no necessity for these close definitions of what constitutes the gentleman, for we can more easily feel than define that term. Let these men come into the same category as those I have mentioned, half-pay officers and ex-university men. Something has been said about the omission of half-pay officers. I do not see why the framers should not have made this omission intentional. They might have done so with very good cause: and why anybody should trouble themselves about Volunteers it is difficult to conceive. A half-pay officer, if in a position to ride a steeple-chase, is almost certain to belong to one of the numerous privileged clubs, and if not, would certainly find no difficulty in getting a presentation by some old brother officers on full pay at the offices of Messrs. Weatherby. A volunteer officer has no *locus standi* whatever as a gentleman; he must be a loyal subject and a good drill; he may be a nobleman or a tradesman; and as yeomanry officers and militia-men are usually county men, or persons already enjoying a good position in society, they will be likely to claim under some other clause, and not under a commission which is not signed by the Queen, and which gives no actual rank whatever.

An introduction to a club ought to be a guarantee of some sort of

general respectability sufficient for our purpose. There are, however, certain racing and hunting clubs into which men of questionable habits and society have been foisted for particular purposes ; and it reflects badly upon our country, and upon our laxity as gentlemen, to have to submit to the pungent objections of our neighbours on the score of respectability. There is a great deal to be said about French notions of steeple-chasing, and their peculiarity of idea as to companionship, but there is no denying the justice of their argument. ‘ How comes a man, living and associating with stable-boys, unacceptable to yourselves as a companion, and manifestly without the advantages of ordinary manners or education, to be a member of a club which numbers among its members the first gentlemen of England ?’ I have been asked these questions, and have found them difficult to answer ; and others, whose profession is a less peaceable one than mine, have found it almost as difficult to avoid fighting for it. A Frenchman has a different idea of a gentleman-jockey from ourselves, and I must say, as far as my experience teaches me, that his is by far the more correct of the two. It may be that the comparative infancy of the pursuit on the other side of the Channel (the supply of gentlemen being quite equal to the demand for riders) accounts in some measure for the fact ; but it is simply impossible that a similar cause of offence could have happened in a gentleman’s race on the other side of the water, with that which has called forth our reformatory rule.

Now, having arrived at some approximate notion of what a gentleman may be for an especial purpose of riding, let us turn him round once more for a final examination, and this time with his pockets inside out. ‘ Ah, there’s the rub !’ I have been severely taken to task a long time ago for giving expression to feelings too conservative, I admit, for the present day. It is not a matter of much consequence ; and I am inclined to modify my former opinion because the demand now exceeds the supply. My original proposition was to this effect—that no man ought to ride a steeple-chase who could not afford to pay for his amusement, and that all notions of reimbursement were ridiculous in the extreme. Thirty years ago they were so. The gentlemen who rode had never contemplated such a contingency, and those who rode with them felt themselves happy in the association. You could not have insulted Mr. William Bean, a Master of Stag Hounds, who kept all the Harrow country under his thumb, by the patent offer of a trumpery ten-pound note ; and the utter impecuniosity of his military friend and coadjutor, and his reckless disregard of his own interests in a pecuniary point of view, precludes the possibility of his participation in so ungentleman-like a proceeding. If steeple-chasing had only remained in, or ever should return to, its pristine state of Arcadian simplicity, there never need be any question about money ; and either this aristocratic view of the affair, or the impossibility of a satisfactory solution, has possibly excluded it from the new rule altogether.

But the fact is, you cannot practically exclude it. There are

your gentleman-jockeys, at the best, two-thirds of them unable to pay for their railway tickets from London to Liverpool and back, to say nothing of turtle and champagne during their sojourn. Granted, their notions of living are equal to any amount of respectability, but where is the money to come from? May they not be presented with a railway ticket? May they not leave a score at the Adelphi for their friend to pay? May they not borrow thirty pounds to be repaid at the Greek Kalends? Well, my idea was that they could not do so. That they were to come down and stay with their friend, live with their friend, hunt with their friend, and win the Liverpool for him if they could; but that a tender of money under any form was illegal. On this point the new rule is dumb, and I suppose I ought to be dumb too, for I really do not know how to recommend a solution of the question. To allow of anything like a remuneration, or an equivalent for expenses, is to open a door for the worst excesses of corruption. It is clear that all owners cannot live on the right spot, and fill their houses with their jockeys: nor can Smith of the —th, who has one hundred a year besides his pay, afford to go from Plymouth to Punchestown to oblige his friend at his own expense. So Smith's horse, being in want of a rider, a sort of semi-professional is put up, first at a hunt club, then on the horse, then at a hundred to nothing, only because a real gentleman could not be found to bear the expenses, or to pocket them.

Yes, by the way, there is a means by which you may exclude all consideration of money; and if the framers of the new rule will be sufficiently stringent in the admission of the sovereign members by ballot, their rule will do remarkably well without any addition on the subject. Indeed, it will put the riders upon their honour; a plan to be recommended whenever it is found that all other means of restriction are unavailing. Now it is clear that by no means whatever can you get at the real secret between the owner and the rider if they keep counsel, or if they have the least wish to deceive. It does not appear by what authority you ask Captain A—— whether Lord B—— gave him 50*l.* or only lent it him, or what may be Lord B——'s prospect of getting it back again. As to the question which one writer has raised about 'board, and lodging, and shooting, 'as long as he likes to stop; or the Newminster filly making a hack, ' &c.,' such are the terms on which gentlemen live together, and nothing can be more natural than for a man to afford open house, and to make presents of hacks or hunters to men who are in the habit of riding for him. Such an intimacy is almost necessary when the rider is a *bonâ fide* gentleman; and when it does not exist, it carries with it strong suspicions that the man has been picked up for an especial job, and will receive his *quid pro quo* in a less legitimate manner.

Well then, having made the access as strict as possible by this clubbist test, and being especially careful to exercise great circumspection over the admission by ballot, let the money question be left to right itself. If a jockey is a *gentleman*, he will know how

far to consult his own honour in accepting favours, pecuniary or otherwise, from the owner of the horses he rides : if he is not a *gentleman*, in any sense but the very limited one under discussion, I do not see how you will be able to convict him of riding for hire, if he exercise only moderate discretion in the use of his opportunities. The man who has once openly and admittedly ridden for hire, is palpably ineligible, although it was remarked by several gentlemen-jockeys, of a well-known case of this kind, that the owner and rider suffered only for their honesty, and that they would rather ride in company with the latter than with half the so-called gentlemen in England. The laxity of the gentlemen themselves is very great on this point, and has hitherto rendered exclusion more difficult than it might have been. It will now simplify matters to trust those implicitly whom you once honour with your confidence, and to exercise all your ingenuity and scrutiny in guarding the door. It is well that the Lord Chamberlain should know whom he passes up-stairs at St. James's ; but necessary that he should leave them to their own devices, seemly or not, when once inside.

I presume that such must have been the notion of the framers of the new rule, in the omission which has been the subject of considerable discussion out of doors.

May I venture to ask, for how long a time the sovereign admission under ballot to the list of gentlemen-jockeys is to be available ?—for one ride, for a season, or for life ? A man may be irreproachable on Monday, a gentleman-jockey on Tuesday, and the greatest black-guard alive by Wednesday morning. Ejection from his club would, of course, at once invalidate any man's claim from among the regularly elected cavalry ; and the same measure should certainly be meted out to the peccadilloes of the irregular horse. Due notice ought to be given every time of a man's intention to claim the privilege of a gentleman-rider, and the committee should have time to be well assured that nothing has happened since the original election to weaken the grounds on which the first claim was allowed. The payment of the sovereign need not be repeated above once a year.

As regards the meeting of jockeys and gentlemen in the same race, avoid it altogether, if possible. The excuse for it will be the great number of entries, and the difficulty of finding gentlemen to ride. This is a strong point, but should be made to bend to circumstances. If an owner cannot find a rider to his mind for a gentleman's race, he must be content to throw away talent, or weight, or go without a run till a more favourable opportunity. There are hardships in every case ; and it is preferable that the two classes should be utterly distinct. Riding over a country has become so common of late years (I don't say how, whether well or badly), that most men will be able to find a rider from the very handsome margin which has been given by the new arrangement. There is scarcely an idle young man from the country, a sub in a marching regiment, a clerk in Lincoln's Inn, a son of a retired haberdasher, or a doctor's apprentice,—any one, in fact, writing 'armigero' after his name 'in

‘any warrant, quittance, or obligato,’ who does not affect sport, and who will not at least be tempted into the pigskin, till convinced of his inability by repeated failures or broken bones.

Should it be found impossible to separate the two upon all occasions, is it desirable to inflict a penalty of 7 lb. on professional skill? It never has had the effect (even if it were intended) of bringing the best amateurs and professionals together; and it has induced many a man to attempt to smuggle himself into the *gentleman* class, whose vanity would have been more easily satisfied than his pocket. I have no doubt that it has been a great inducement to conceal the fact of previous payments, or at least to take the chance of being detected, and desired for the future to take the lower place. As long as I can recollect, there has been but little to choose between the highest class of amateur and professional: and much as I admire and appreciate the horsemanship of many of our cross-country professionals, there are very few who have been able to give 7 lb. and a beating to Messrs. Allgood, Burton, Ede, Townley, Barclay, Coventry, and half a dozen more I could name. The great advantage which a jockey has over a gentleman is in his constant practice; for in hands, nerve, and delicacy the pull was the other way: and now that ‘chasing’ has become so universal, and that good amateurs have been in such request, the one class has nearly as much experience as the other.

Among these considerations there is one which has an appearance of hardship; but an appearance only. It is in the case of farmers and farmers’ sons. To these men we are, in a great measure, indebted for the sport we enjoy: for without them, or against their determination, we should find it difficult successfully to contend. But our obligation will not turn a farmer into a gentleman; nor is it at all desirable that it should do so. A farmer is one thing, and a gentleman is another; but an amalgamation of the two, for any purpose whatever, is a mistake. The Grand National Steeple-chase Committee is a powerful body, and a very useful one. It has done much; and in the matter of steeple-chase reform, we hope it may do more, whenever occasion shall present itself. But it cannot make a farmer a gentleman, in the proper acceptation of the term, nor stultify its own rules by suffering him to ride as one. It does so happen that almost all the hunt steeple-chases admit of gentlemen, and farmers or the sons of farmers of a certain acreage, as riders. This is as it should be. Long may they continue to ride together; no gentleman will be injured by the contact: but let the line be drawn and strictly adhered to, and let no farmer or jockey ride in a pure gentleman’s race. There are plenty of them, who cross a country well, and who are excellent judges of horseflesh: as farmers let them ride whenever the conditions of a steeple-chase will allow it. But beware of once opening the door to them. However respectable as a body, like every other class, there are black sheep among them; and there can be no greater element of mischief than the possibility of an idle, profligate, horse-coping young agriculturist, presuming upon his own

indolence and his father's indulgence, giving himself the airs of an independent gentleman, and usurping a position to which he is entitled neither by birth nor education. This is just the sort of person whose necessities would be a powerful instigation to go wrong, and who might thus bring a stigma upon those persons whose position in society ought to be a guarantee for going right.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the exertions of those gentlemen who have had in hand the reformation of steeple-chasing during the last few years. They may well exclaim, with our very old and valued acquaintance for all purposes of quotation,

‘ Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.’

HOR. *Epist.*

and if they will go further and form a permanent bench of justices, for the consideration of all steeple-chase disputes, with powers analogous to that of the Jockey Club, they will be doing a still more essential service. They may have no legal authority to enforce their decrees, but they would have a moral force irresistible with true lovers of the sport.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

A KINDLY critic, in a sporting paper for which I, and I am sure most old sportsmen, entertain the deepest respect, speaking of my introductory chapter in ‘ Baily ’ of last month, warned me not to ‘ soar too high,’ for fear I should meet with the fate of that unlucky coachman Phaeton,* or should, like ‘ vaulting ambition, overleap ‘ myself, and fall on the other side.’ I really feel grateful to that pleasant reprover, and shall treasure up what he says. In the mean time, this journey I will be lowly enough for him. I am going to treat about the very prose of travelling. (I had nearly ‘ scratched ’ prose and ‘ entered ’ curse). I mean Hôtels. If that is not a prosaic subject to anybody, why he must have sucked in verses with his mother's milk, and have, as it were, poetry on the brain.

Our old classical education has told us that ‘ it is not the lot of ‘ every man to go to Corinth.’ I should think not ! and, indeed, unless you deal (wholesale) in dried currants, I cannot imagine why any fellow should wish to go there. I knew a man who was *sent* there once on a mission ; he said it was a cross between Liberia and Siberia, for he got ague on the day of his arrival, and, to use his own expression, ‘ used to shake like a four to a seven,’ every third day while he stayed there ;—but this is, as he would have said, a ‘ back.’ Yet we paid hundreds a year, to learn

‘ Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum !’

But if we do not all go to currant-land, we, or nearly all of us, must go once, not in our lives, but every year, to Paris : it is now, thanks

* Your classical readers will remember that this youngster ‘ upset,’ when working on his father's ground, on the ‘ Old Sun ’ light coach.

to railways and steamboats, the 'turnpike' through which almost every traveller, whether he goes east, west, north, or south must pass and pay his toll. They pile on the 'toll,' too, pretty handsomely, I can tell you,—but that is a detail. 'Every road leads to Rome,' they used to say. Every road does *not*—and indeed very few do—and very nasty roads—fleas, brigands, fevers, hotel-keepers, and other robbers abounding on the journey they are to travel. Now, every road does lead to and from that wonderful city, which the greatest living man and greatest living monarch has erected on the ruins of the old city which our fathers remember on the banks of the Seine.

It is admitted, then, that all must come to Paris.

As to how to get there from London, there is no need that a 'ghost should rise from his grave to tell us that.' There are fifty ways, each cheaper and *soi-disant* shorter than the other; but this 'route' is one of the things which a man settles between himself and his 'Bradshaw.' 'The Lord lend him light to understand it,' as the Puritans were wont to say, when he has made up his mind to start, and goes down to his club to see what 'really is the best way of 'getting across that confounded Channel!' Still we may say a word: when one can dine at a London club at 6 P.M., without the slightest hurry—which spoils both dinner and digestion—get into a hansom at 7, go to Charing Cross, and wake up (allow a little latitude for crossing) next morning at 11 A.M. (having been four hours in bed), in a Paris hôtel, I think the perfection of travelling is nearly found. This is done, too, nineteen times out of twenty, nay, forty-nine out of fifty through the year, *viâ* Dover, Calais, and the Great Northern of France. There is an odd anecdote related of a young cornet of Hussars who, having dined at the 'Rag,' and taken, before starting, a good deal of effervescing medicine as an antidote to sea sickness, never quite recovered the 'effects of the voyage' till 11 A.M. next day, when, waking up suddenly, he thought he had got 'D. T.,' and could not recognise his own rooms or property. Fortunately, a friend was at hand, and a bath and a breakfast restored the 'traveller' to his accustomed apathy.

So, then, it is agreed that if not to Corinth, we all go to Paris.

The arrival at any place shows humanity in a very bad form. Humanity is irritable and weary—dirty, too, and feels so; the luggage is hard to find and difficult to open; and your servant, if you have that very dubious luxury, has lost the keys, and also the little head with which nature originally provided him. Reader!—if I have one—never travel with your own servant. A '*Courier*.' 'I say not no!' He may speak the impossible language of his kind, and be useful; but 'Perkins,' your pet servant at home—the sort of man you consult, you know, only you don't confess it (though your relations all know and regret it—confound them! just like relations), becomes duffer 'maximus' after he crosses that twenty-five miles of water; and I know nothing so trying as, after having passed *his* clothes through a custom-house, to be asked by Perkins: 'Do you want me 'any more, sir? And please, sir, what am I to do for my beer?'

Next to travelling without servants, the greatest luxury seems to me to be to travel with the smallest quantity of luggage; but that is a matter of taste. I prefer washing myself as a rule, but a shower-bath, even if it brings over in its recesses your sticks and umbrellas, seems to me a cumbrous impediment to travel; but that is nothing to the impedimenta with which even single men now journey. As for families, their luggage is described in masses, and can be—thanks to a commercial treaty—registered, and never heard of between one capital and the other. Travel, I say, with light luggage; but of course that is no business of mine.

The drollest sight I know is to see the arrivals by the 6 A.M. train in the season—which, be it said, means nine months out of twelve—rushing about to find accommodation. There never is any room at the great caravanserais to which the travelling public now seem to go as a necessity; and when they hear the fatal words, 'No room!' the panic is awful; and then there is a scramble for other hostels, and those poor little white ponies, which have been up all night, are hammered along till some indifferent hôtel opens its dingy portals to Paterfamilias and his followings; and then they say, 'Well! I don't think much of Paris!' Yet the post from London to Paris takes only twelve hours; and there is an institution called the 'telegraph,' which flashes orders for 'nine bed-rooms, one sitting-room, and *bon diner* for ten,' in about one hour and a quarter—it should take ten minutes. It seems to me, too, that travellers seldom get to their proper hôtel; as there are travellers *and* travellers, so there are hôtels *and* hôtels. The Marquis de Carabas, five servants, a valet out of livery, and a courier to protect the whole clan, is out of place at the 'Hôtel de Slough,' the most comfortable little 'home' in Paris; but then Mr. and Mrs. Creeper (from Clifton), with Caroline, their maid (brought up in the family), are just as much out of place at the 'Hôtel de Bath,' a 'house of call' for grandees, and truly a most charming abode for young travellers with rolls of circular notes.

Round people will get into square holes; then they are cold and uncomfortable; want 'tucking in,' and so, disgusted, leave Paris for the South, again singing the refrain, 'I don't think much of Paris!' I can't remedy this, I acknowledge that at once, but I may try and throw some light on the path of travel for such of my poorer countrymen as have not to transport six men-servants through a foreign land. Such sufferers will have their support; they will have their 'courier,' when that dignitary is not otherwise employed, and be sure to get home.

We have now in Paris two 'Grand Hôtels,' the 'Louvre,' and the 'Grand,' built on the American model by the 'Credit Mobilier Company' of Paris. They are gigantic speculations and ought to pay, if their builders can calculate. Given, so many rooms, always full, such will be the profit. It should be as easy as lying: the rooms are ever full; and if you want anything, the waiters are so busy that it takes them a quarter of an hour to bring you a paper on

which you write down the 'No.' of your room (not your age and height, *that* is an exaggeration) and what you require. In addition to this, each hôtel is flanked by cafés so enormous that individuals on entering are lost in the vista of glasses, and 'orders' die out exhausted by the lengthened echoes.

For me these hôtels are impossible. I fancy that, as I pass those portals and give my name to the upper-upper-porters, I lose all individuality and become a 'number,' represented by a key hanged on a hook when I am out : but this is a mere personal feeling. These 'hôtels' are, especially in summer, light and sparkling; there are great court-yards, and flowers, and cacti, and brazen images made of clay, and everybody smokes, and everybody talks to everybody else, and all the people stopping at all the other hôtels come into the courtyards of the 'Grand' and the 'Louvre.'

The rooms are fair, but dear—awfully dear if you live on a low level within reach of human aid—I mean bells and waiters. There is a table d'hôte, too, of course, at both hôtels; that at the 'Grand Hotel' in as pretty a room as any in Europe. But now, in the interest of our travelling friends, let us dine (mentally) at this table d'hôte, which is, too, even in the very height of the Paris season, at *six o'clock*!—the very hour when you should have hired one of Mr. John Hawse's carriages and been driving in the Bois. I do not say that it is a 'Barmecide Feast;' there is enough and to spare; but they so hurry you over it that a 'temperate feeder' (as poor old Tom Sebright used to say) is left panting after the dishes in vain. It costs eight francs a head, too!

Now, if Paterfamilias and his family of ten dine at table d'hôte at either of the 'Grand Hôtels,' he will have paid eighty francs, had not a drop of wine except that 'stuff' (very fair, by the way) which Paterfamilias, 'for one,' does not call wine; been very much hurried, and will find himself about ten with a general suspicion of not having dined, and a decided tendency to supper. Now if P. F. had only dined at the Café Brebant (let us say, and I highly recommend it), on the Boulevard Poissonniere, he might have saved a third of his money, and have had a dinner which would have made him repent of many an evil word spoken against France and Frenchmen. (Don't deny it, P. F., you do so at home.)

My conclusion about these grand caravanserais is, that they are admirably [fitted to the requirements of Americans, who are very gregarious, and that they are also equally suited to individuals who, with large bankers' balances, take suites of rooms, 'au premier' and then breakfast at Durand's, and dine at the 'Maison Dorée.' As to the restaurants attached to these grand hôtels, I will say of them, as long as they continue mismanaged as they are now, what Young Bailey said of Mrs. Todgers' dishes of fish, 'There's fish—don't 'have none of them!'

So you see I do not like the vast gregariousness of great hôtels myself—though of course that, too, is purely a matter of taste; in fact, to use a phrase of the day, I am 'full against them.' Before

leaving these great establishments, however, let us get a little amusement out of them if we can.

A friend of ours arriving from Vienna, and having come right through, got to the X—— Hôtel at 4 A.M. in a December morning. He is a very good-looking 'swell' indeed, and as he usually gets himself up within an inch of his life, his arrival made quite a sensation. He asked for a bed—no matter where; was shown to one at 5 A.M., awoke at 11 A.M., to find himself in a suite of rooms, even at that hour lighted with dozens of expiring wax candles. He rang the bell. 'Where am I?' 'Grand Hôtel, your excellency!' 'Why 'excellency?' asked astounded traveller, 'and why these enormous 'rooms?' 'Why? Is not monsieur an ambassador?' asked the slave of the bell; 'he came here clad in fur.' His rooms cost him about 150 francs.

Another story of quite a different class.

Mons. and Madame Z—— arrived at the 'Hôtel des Deux Mondes,' and took their apartment, No. 54, third floor. Went to bed at ten, like respectable country people. Towards midnight Z—— had a terrible pain in his chest—we will say his chest—worse at 1 A.M.—unbearable at half-past. Then in her agony up jumps Mrs. Z——, determined to do or die. She penetrates down stairs, and finds an attendant—gets mustard and hot water, and returns on her marital mission. As she opens the bed-room door the light goes out. However, she perseveres, and pops on the poultice to the afflicted part. Then there is a fitful light from the expiring fire, and she sees her error, and flies. Next morning the waiter brings a message to No. '54,' with '45''s compliments, and seeing, by the name on the handkerchief, where it comes from, '45' would thank '54' to take care in future that her mustard poultices are only applied to the right 'number,' as peaceful travellers, when they want a stimulant, usually ring the bell and ask for it.

But it really seems to me that there is hotel accommodation for all—I mean round holes for comfortable round peoples, and square places for angular parties (these latter are chiefly politicians). I shall not spare your feelings, O genteel reader, but shall state my own opinions. If you like crash, dash, bustle, a 'lift,' a table-d'hôte, and society in a court-yard, go to the great temples of 'Louvre' and 'Grand,' and revel in their peculiarities. If you are an English nobleman with about six servants, waited on by the waiters to an extent that is only known to the humble individuals who have forgotten to bring *their* valets, then go to the 'Mirabeau' or the 'Bristol,' I know nothing nicer. Quiet waiting, not excessive prices, and the feeling that when you come in you are not known as '65'—a thing on a 'crochet,' or a key on a hook, but as a responsible man who owes a bill. You know I have an idea that these really good hôtels are not dearer, and are certainly more comfortable than others. As for a cheap hôtel, you must be a rich man to stop at that! Do you remember what they used to say? 'Il faut être Anglais pour aller 'au Café Riche, et, Riche pour aller au Café Anglais.' The same

thing applies to the hôtels—nay, to life. You must know *where* to go! So I say, go and stay at the ‘Mirabeau,’ or the ‘Rhin,’ or the ‘Bristol.’

True—I have forgotten you may be a widow: they travel much, and require comfort and constant attendance. I dispose of my widows in a moment—‘Hôtel Veuillement,’ Rue des Champs Elysées. *That* I have done well—a widows’ and orphan’s home—table d’hôte if you like—dine alone if you don’t—the very thing—prices moderate, and attendance really above the average—and cuisine unexceptional!

Was I treating of a country gentleman—let us say Boodle-Boodle of Brays, Essex—good family—husband in London for Epsom week—wife related to good families, but a stayer at home. London hours too late—likes a month in Paris in June or July. I should pop them, I think, into the ‘Windsor,’ Rue de Rivoli. Charming rooms, looking over the gardens. Boodle-Boodle, startled by a drum every morning while shaving, cuts himself pleasantly to military music, and is quite delighted. Mrs. B. looks out, and says that she can see ‘the trees grow,’ which she can’t. Nothing better than those hôtels. If you want to eat there—eat, and be thankful—moderate prices—decent food. If you do *not* want to eat there, go your ways and dine ‘all over Paris,’ as a profane friend of mine used to say—nobody cares. ‘Meurice’ is, I consider, a mistake, if you come to Paris to see France. You had better stop at the Brighton hôtel—then you will be *quite sure* not to hear any foreign tongues. At Meurice’s you may hear one by chance.

If a peaceful party comes to Paris, and wants to live his own life, not caring for brilliant illuminations, bells which nobody answers, and windows out of which you can see a ‘court-yard,’ and ‘all beyond a blank’ (that’s not poetry, but prose and truth), I think I should recommend that P. P. to go to the ‘Hôtel du Helder’ (many of your readers, oh, Baily! stay there, and even invite to dinner, with a hospitality rare in your vast hostelries), or even to the quieter retreat of the ‘Hôtel d’Espagne,’ Rue Taitbout. In these places you will be well served, well attended to, well supplied with cold water and linen. Do you still doubt they are good?

Perhaps, ‘haughty stranger,’ you doubt if the hospitality is such as a pilgrim can offer to his friends. I will only say that many ‘pilgrims’ have extended their hospitality to me; and when any pilgrim comes back to Paris and puts up at either of those hôtels, I shall dine, sup, or even breakfast with him, like a martyr. I find that one chapter will not reveal my views of hôtels. So next month I shall have ‘to trouble you again, Mr. Baily,’ and then I will not only finish the exposition of my views on hotels, but I will have a few words to say about apartments, and also touch on restaurants, and endeavour to point out what and where the readers of ‘Baily’ should ‘eat, drink, and avoid.’ There is ‘living’ and ‘living’ in Paris. I wish the reader of ‘Baily’ to sit down to his dinner without a thought for the future—neither for the bill nor for the digestion—and, instead

of ‘supping full of horrors,’ I wish him to dine off truffles, and pay a bill which will be a pleasure—if a duty. My motto for the time being is—

‘Le vrai Amphitryon, c’est l’Amphitryon où l’on dine.’

I hope to point out that Amphitryon.

REFLECTIONS OF THE RACING SEASON, 1865.

(*Concluded.*)

IN resuming our notice of the principal events of the past season, we find at Newmarket Argonaut still adding to the glory of his sire by carrying off the Prince of Wales’s Stakes and a Sweepstakes of 300*l.*, and King Hal winning the Two-Year Old Plate, with Janitor, William Pitt, and a tolerably large field behind him; and at the same meeting the great Gladiateur, emerging from his obscurity, throws down the gauntlet to the cream of our three-year olds, and sacks the ‘Guineas’ without an effort; for although it was only won by a neck, the same separating the second from the third, there is no doubt in our mind that the victory might have been accomplished much easier, for the gallant Frenchman pulled up so fresh that, to borrow the words of a friend of ours, ‘the breath from his nostrils would not have extinguished a rushlight.’ Many competent judges, however, affirm that he won with nothing to spare, and as a mile is not his distance, such might have been the case; but, as before intimated, our opinion is otherwise. The non-stayer Siberia placed the One Thousand Guineas to the credit of her noble owner, defeating, among others, Gardevisure, who certainly gave in this race no promise of the endurance she displayed at the back end of the season. In concluding our brief notice of this Meeting, we pause to notice the singular felicity with which the ‘Sporting Times’ prognosticated months before the winner of the Two Thousand, when, from his defeat by Bedminster and Chattanooga, his praises were unsung by the generality, if not the whole of the prophets; and as it is customary to place at the disposal of Cæsar the effects which belong to him, it is but just to remark that the same journal followed up a career of success by predicting the double event—Salpinctes and Gardevisure for the two great autumnal handicaps.

From the Rowley Mile the business-like rail affords much easier transition to Chester than the good old days of stage-coaches; and here we find that Buckfoot, through the over-cleverness of his party, is defeated in the race for the Cup by Dalby, the 5*lb.* penalty which he incurred through winning the Willoughby Handicap at Warwick, when his stable companion Stanton was meant, satisfactorily accounting for the neck beating he received; and it is with a feeling akin to pleasure that we record the circumstance, as this same animal has during the season been used for purposes not strictly honourable and straightforward, which we shall duly notice at the proper time.

Helen, from her lenient impost, really looked the good thing her owner imagined her to be, while the heavy going might have disposed of the chance of the highly-fancied Ackworth; but why Leprochaun, after his running in Ireland, and defeat of Caller Ou, should have been overlooked by the 'talent,' we are at a loss to conjecture. Miss Harriette displayed speed over a certain distance, and scored her first win, but will probably prove that a short spin is her forte. In the Beaufort Biennial we observe the *débüt* of Selim, and his overthrow by Redan; and this race may afford a line for Lord Lyon and Student, as Selim ran second to the latter at Goodwood, although the victory was achieved in the most hollow manner possible. York furnishes us with the opportunity of paying 'the tribute of a sigh' to the memory of John Osborne, for we witness Cathedral walking away with the Great Northern Handicap, and regret that the same Meeting supplies us with an occasion to draw attention, in an unfavourable point of view, to Buckfoot, who, after being worked in the market and backed by the public, had the inexorable pen drawn through his name. No two-year old running of importance occurred, so we pass on to Salisbury, where we view Robin Hood, upon his first appearance, giving no clue to future excellence or mediocrity by disposing of the miserable Garland, and regret that Friday, who gave promise of turning out well by winning the Queen's Plate—three miles—from Ackworth and the most unlucky Blackdown, should, from training off or otherwise, have so disappointed his partisans. At Bath, with Robin Hood most unfit, and Qui Vive unable to stay, the Doralice colt disposes of the Fourteenth Biennial, and suggests the idea that all in the race are very moderate; whilst the son of Oxford took third-class honours in the Weston Stakes, running away from Rustic and Redan when notoriously unprepared; although the scion of Artillery might have reversed positions had he not been knocked out of time in the race. Buckfoot, to make the *amende honorable* for his nefarious doings in the Great Northern, suffers disgrace at the hands of Armagnac for the rich Somersetshire Stakes; and Ely wins the Beaufort Cup from Cambuscan, with odds of 5 to 2 on the son of Newminster. The subsequent altered form of the youngsters engaged in the Weston Stakes denotes the running to have been by no means true, and affords no criterion by which to judge the great three-year old contests of '66.

At Epsom Janitor adds to his 'blushing honours' by beating Redan and Vespasian in the Woodcote, although we surmise that we have seen the best of him, for being, like all of his sire's produce, a great overgrown animal, it is possible that the wear and tear he has been subjected to may have exercised a deteriorating influence upon his large frame, although we know many—and no mean judges—who are continually nibbling at him for the Derby. The 'modern Eclipse' increases his glories by cantering in for the Derby, and suggesting by the performance that a mistake *might* have occurred as to the precise period of his birth; while the dis-

mally wretched field, in point of quality, is made manifest by two such very moderate animals as Eltham and Christmas Carol obtaining second and third places. Archimedes, from getting off badly, was never in the race, or most assuredly, in the absence of The Duke, he would have finished second to the Frenchman; whilst the position of Eltham has never been borne out by subsequent performance, and adds but little to the *prestige* of his sire Marsyas. Deeply do we regret that the influenza, which made its appearance in John Day's stable, should have prevented The Duke from showing at Epsom, although we question whether his staying capabilities would have been equal to the occasion; yet the honourable manner in which his noble owner drew the pen through his name upon the first symptom of infection is deserving of all praise, and affords a marked contrast to the policy pursued by the French count in connection with events to be treated with hereafter. The issue of the race for the Oaks confirmed our suspicions that Siberia was incapable of staying a distance, and proved Regalia to be by far the best mare of her year, a fact which her running in the Two Thousand would never have denoted. The 'ladies' race' was followed by a circumstance which must have been as annoying to Mr. Graham as it turned out unfortunate and injurious to Harlock, and caused a dispute between owner and trainer—by no means an uncommon affair, we regret to observe, during the season. It would appear that the owner of Regalia had reason to imagine that he was kept in the dark by his trainer as to the merits of the mare, while at the same time Harlock was instructing his friends to back her; and if such *was* the case, of course Mr. Graham acted in a perfectly proper manner in removing his team, and placing them under the care of Charles Peck, at Malton. The interests of owners and trainers should be identical, and the most perfect confidence exist between them; but whilst, as in Edwin Parr's case, decisive measures on the part of the owner were absolutely necessary, yet instances have occurred in which caprice and undignified ill-humour alone have caused the separation; and we view in this light the unfortunate disagreement between Lord Glasgow and the veteran John Scott. It would, indeed, be absurd to suppose for one moment that a man of such vast and extended experience as the trainer referred to would deem it requisite to report the fact of a horse under his care having simply coughed or emitted a sneeze, especially as he felt convinced in his own mind that nothing of sufficient importance was the matter to interfere in any way with the animal's engagement; and whilst we consider his lordship's conduct in the matter as rather incompatible with patrician dignity, we sympathize most sincerely with the Northern Wizard, who must, at his advanced stage of existence, have felt the injustice most acutely.

At Ascot we have Janitor again in the ascendant, beating Rustic and Chibisa in the important Eighth Biennial, and the latter effecting the overthrow of Redan and Vespasian in the New Stakes, a race of magnitude in its bearings on future events, and generally

affording an excellent criterion. We find Union Jack, with only 5 to 2 betted against him, incapable of staying the mile in the Royal Hunt Cup, and by no means adding to the *prestige* of his sire, Ivan ; whilst the Stakes are placed to the credit of Baron Rothschild with the genuine Tomato, and Moose and Hollyfox, so much fancied by the public, prove themselves extremely moderate. The Cup afforded a most exciting race between Ely and the unfortunate General Peel, which ended in a dead heat, when many thought that Fordham might have won it ; and for the deciding event the General, with 2 to 1 on him, ran like a cur and was nowhere. In this race for the Cup we had another sample of the questionable policy pursued by our Gallic neighbours ; for Fille de l'Air, first favourite at starting, displayed such astonishing intimacy with the wishes of her owner, that she positively finished last but one, wisely imagining that a paltry trophy of the value of 300*l.*, wrested from *perfid*e Albion, would go but a little way towards paying her owner's training bill, and having an eye to an event to be decided upon the following day. Accordingly we behold her, with odds 6 to 1 against—probably owing to her running in the Cup—walking off with the rich Alexandra Plate, of some 1600*l.*, and so replenishing the coffers of the French count with the 'yellow dross,' when, with magnanimity more worthy the human than the brute creation, she refused to embellish his board with an article the value of which was merely honorary.

At Liverpool nothing deserves a passing notice save the great falling off observable in the Cup, except, perhaps, that the ever-green Caller Ou added another 'century' to the purse of her lucky owner, and that Chibisa, conceding 7 lb., defeated Gretna, and that the latter, with 2 lb. the best of the weights, was also vanquished by Selim.

The Stockbridge meeting was most important ; the dead-heat of Student and Robin Hood, and the position occupied by the Doralice colt, confirming the opinion we expressed relative to the untrue running at Bath, and establishing the reputation of Mr. Merry's colt, which his grand looks in the Weston Stakes, which was merely a preliminary canter for him, denoted. Lord Lyon, from being amiss at the time, was, we regret to say, an absentee, and so the Troy Stakes was robbed of great additional interest. Sydmonton proved himself a good horse in the Sixth Biennial, albeit he had to succumb to Blackdown in the Stewards' Plate ; and it is with feelings of great pleasure that we chronicle the victory of the latter animal, a horse of great merit, although most unlucky. The July Stakes, at Newmarket, puzzles us considerably, and we are somewhat at a loss to account for the running of Student, who must either have lost form since his previous meeting with Robin Hood at Stockbridge, or, which is just possible, disliked the extra distance, for we find him cleverly beaten by the hero of Sherwood Forest a couple of lengths ; he, however, recovered his lost laurels by conceding 5 lb. to Jack-in-the-Green, and defeating him easily by the same distance in the Chesterfield, a performance of no mean character, although it still

tends to favour the idea that 'Liddington the Second' is not over-partial to a distance of ground. In the Exeter Stakes we find Mr. Pitt, having 3 lb. the best of the weights, and defeating Robin Hood—a performance he would never have achieved had the distance not suited him to a nicety. Passing over Nottingham, in disgust at the wholesale robbery committed upon the public by the scratchings of several horses for the Handicap—among which, perhaps, Nemo and Macbeth were most conspicuous—we arrive at Goodwood, to note the great doings of Student in the Findon Stakes, which he won by two lengths from Selim and Jack-in-the-Green, the latter being in receipt of 5 lb. He also carried away the Molecomb with the greatest ease from Vespasian and Redan, and concluded his turf career of '65 in a manner which proved him to be almost, if not quite the best of his year. With the wretched Eltham made first favourite, we perceive the 'beautiful' son of Kingston carrying off the Cup from Cambuscan and the good Privateer, whilst General Peel cut up in a manner which proved him to have lost all form, and must have intensely disgusted Aldcroft, who again appeared in the white and crimson of Lord Glasgow. This race was perhaps the most notorious of any throughout the year as regards the tactics pursued by the French division. Fille de l'Air was kept in, and, although supported for loads of money by the public, was worked in the most approved and artistic style until the 15th of the month, and then of course her stable-companion, Gladiateur, took up the milking, and, after being despatched to Goodwood by special train, was finally scratched on the Tuesday preceding the race, when, we presume, he could yield no more of the lactary fluid. His owner, however, with an eye to the 'monish' which would have done credit to a Hebrew inhabitant of Rosemary Lane, considerably permitted him to sack hard upon a thousand in the Drawing Room and Bentinck Memorial Stakes; and upon his walking over for the latter he was, upon returning to weigh-in, received with an ovation (?) which plainly showed that many were adverse to the latitude in roping and swindling accorded to *gentlemen*. We do not believe that one soul in Great Britain envied the success achieved by our neighbours over the water in producing a horse capable of defeating our own; and although decidedly adverse to any demonstrations of the kind, we confess that a ready and almost pardonable excuse may be furnished for the manifestation, by the fact that the great animal might have had the pen drawn through his name a long time previously, and also that the knowledge we had, and have, of his age, is of a most ambiguous nature.

Another important feature relative to the Cup was the position occupied by Ely a few minutes before the start, when it was not only currently reported in the ring that he was scratched, but outside 10 and 12 to 1 were obtainable about him, from the conceived notion that he would not start, his owner having, in fact, promised Lord Stamford the loan of his jockey for the son of Newminster and 'The

Arrow. During this brief interval, however, Mr. Cartwright was quietly getting his commission executed, and at the last moment Custance jumps into the pigskin, and the dead weight little Carroll was compelled to carry put out most effectually his chance, if he ever possessed any. We are not surprised that the interview between the lord and commoner after the event should assume a warm character; and whilst we sympathize with Lord Stamford upon the loss of a prize he evidently coveted, we opine that the owner of 'the beautiful' might have acted a little more above board. Suspicion, after most queer and suspicious working in the market, pulls off the stakes, and Claremont, after reigning favourite for a length of time, showed his quality by getting fifth. At Wolverhampton we have the same disgraceful scenes of late scratchings acted over again in the stakes, whilst Cambuscan, evidently on the wane, just succeeds in pulling off the Cleveland Cup by a neck from Success. Huntington furnishes the greatest anomaly known upon the Turf or off it, for we observe a horse who was disqualified getting the bets, whilst the stakes alone fall to the share of the winner; but as this affair was treated with last month, nothing further is necessary to be said. At York we find that Jimmy Grimshaw is incapable of *guiding* Tom Parr's colt to victory in the Great Ebor, when the odds were only 5 to 2 against him; and whilst we deplore the usual disgraceful scratchings, sympathize with the ill-luck of Claremont, Mr. Hodgman not being 'green' enough to allow that animal to accomplish a victory over Verdant, although he only lost the race by a head. Klarinska, by winning the Yorkshire Oaks and the Great Yorkshire Stakes, with nothing behind her, becomes a warm favourite for the Leger, a position her performances by no means justified; and Strathconan, by beating Vespasian three lengths for a second place in the Convivial, showed himself possessed of considerable merit. Mr. Pitt giving weight away in the Tenth Biennial, and defeating a good field, proved himself a great animal, and Blue Riband, by running a dead heat with him in the Sapling Stakes, gave promise of the quality which, with care and good management, will render him most formidable in the great event which is synonymous with his name. At Doncaster, John Davis pulls off the good thing in the Great Yorkshire Handicap for which he had waited so patiently, and in the Champagne Stakes Redan and Lord Lyon turn the tables on the conqueror of Student, and establish their right to a similar position in the Derby betting; for if it is a fact that Lord Lyon was not fit, it is equally true that Redan, not having long been released from the tender mercies of Edwin Parr, was not half trained, and therefore it is apparent that when next they meet they should finish together. The great race of the meeting turned out the foregone conclusion the veriest tyro imagined, for the horse of the doubtful age walked in as he liked, and the best mare of her year secured second honours, and was then denied the privilege which gallantry should have accorded to her sex, to institute inquiries as to the age

of her conqueror. We sympathize deeply with Mr. Graham, and contend that the owner of the winner should have insisted upon satisfying the public mind upon this point; but possibly he had his own reasons for remaining passive in the affair, especially when his cause was so warmly espoused by those who had no particular right to do so. Liddington and Chattanooga were backed, and their respective owners permitted them to remain in, regardless of public display in their favour, and the latter animal has earned a most notorious reputation from the policy pursued with regard to him and the three great races of the year; and whilst many insist that his owner's name should be spelt *Nailer*, others assume that his nature is synonymous with his name. At Newmarket Second October, Gratitude nearly pulled off a great *coup*, Salpinctes only beating her for the Cesarewitch by a head, the latter animal, after being up and down in the market like a float in a stream, finally settling down at 6 to 1 at starting, and John Day's lot also experienced remarkable and funny movements. Lord Lyon, by defeating the field in the Troy Stakes, placed himself, if not at the top of the tree, at least upon the most lofty branches, and with Robin Hood in the race, an admirable line may be obtained for Student. At Newmarket Houghton, Gardevisure proves for the first time her powers of endurance, and the great Frenchman makes manifest the fact that weight must tell, however good the animal may be, whilst in the Criterion Lord Lyon again asserts his superiority, and makes it appear possible that he may emulate as a three-year-old the glories of Gladiateur. At Liverpool Mr. Jackson secures, with the aid of Elland, another cup, to keep company with the one carried off by The Tartar, and Dalby emulates the unenviable notoriety achieved by his stable companion Buckfoot, by being scratched at the last moment; Mr. Hodgman following the honourable and straightforward example by withdrawing Valiant when the latter had been heavily backed by the public. Shrewsbury kept up its high reputation for the *frail* and *unfair* doings of the 'manager,' and we opine that unless he effectually reforms his proceedings, the audience and performers also, at his annual benefit, will 'grow fine by degrees and beautifully less.'

The past season has been remarkable for roping, milking, and scratching, strange decisions, controversies as to the age of horses, and the production of the best three-year-old (?) in Gladiateur that the world ever saw, and the neatest four-year-old in Ely, which good horse, we regret to say, has exchanged the joys of the course for the 'loves of the harem,' for nothing would have delighted us more than to have seen him meet the Frenchman at weight for age. The two-year-olds are nothing to boast of particularly, and the betting furnishes a true index of the running. We believe not now, as heretofore, in the favourites, imagining that Student's legs will fail beneath a Derby preparation, and that Lord Lyon may 'discourse 'sweet sounds' sooner or later; besides on his dam's side he is a decided non-stayer. Rustic we hold in great esteem, but know that there is one in the same stable of which 'great expectations' are

formed; so with a lingering fondness for Redan, who must always be with the son of Paradigm, we adhere to the opinion expressed last month that the hero of the Derby will spring from one of these four—Blue Riband, Auguste, The Midsummer, and Bribery colts.

OUR GENTLEMEN RIDERS.—No. II.

MR. H. B. COVENTRY.

MR. H. B. COVENTRY, whose portrait we gave in the vignette of our last volume, is the eldest son of the Hon. Henry Coventry, one of the most sterling supporters of Melton Mowbray, having resided there for upwards of twelve years, and maintaining the hospitality of olden times. He was born in 1842, and his translation from his cradle to his 'sheltie' was as rapid as his years and strength would permit. His education was commenced at Eton, where he was contemporary with Sir Frederick Johnstone, and it is singular that the two Etonians should afterwards figure in the title-page of the same periodical. Being destined for the Army, Mr. Coventry did not accompany his friend to Oxford, but pursued his studies abroad, under the charge of a private tutor at Blois, where he made the acquaintance and enjoyed the friendship of M. St. Germain, who came to such a melancholy end while riding in a steeple-chase at Spa in September. Our hero's first introduction to hounds was with Lord Wemyss, when he was led by a groom with a leading rein: and after he had been out a few times, the M. H. and his friends said the colt would do, and there need be no fear about him. In 1852, and in the tenth year of his age, the parvus Iulus began his career at Melton, his powerful rival being the Hon. Seymour Egerton, who, on a famous pony called Spectre, used to delight the whole field by the boldness of his riding. Master Coventry, however, on Billy Button, an equally good performer across country, was not very easy to be stalled off, and there is no doubt that much of the repute he has since acquired as a jockey is to be attributed to the practice he thus acquired, and the rivalry with which he was then imbued. In 1859 Mr. Coventry, as we must now style him, entered the Grenadier Guards, and it was not long before he donned the silk jacket, and joined the corps of gentlemen riders, in the strictest sense of the word. The first time we find his name figuring on a card was in the Grand Military Steeple-chase at Warwick, when he ran second on Colonel Burnaby's Martyr to Major Wombwell's Fanny, and on the following day he scored his maiden win on him in a Scurry Handicap, beating several others. The ice being broken, he went on to Cheltenham with him, and won a race there, beating, among others, Fordham's celebrated mare Levity, then in great form. At Rugby the following year he again won the Veteran's Race upon Bounce, and by this time had earned a reputation of being second to none in the Brigade across country. With Agnes,

his own mare, he went on increasing his reputation by winning several military races ; and at Harrow he gave evidence of the stuff that was in him by beating that good horseman Charley Boyce on Deception. For the Guards' Club Steeple-chase his mount on Ben Land's Brine was thought good enough to back against the field ; but she proved to be unequal to the exigencies of the case, and was easily beaten by Cheviot, ridden by Colonel Knox with great skill and patience. At Windsor the next week, however, Mr. Coventry turned the tables on Cheviot with Agnes, when a great deal of money changed hands. In 1863 Mr. Coventry's connection with Mr. J. B. Angell commenced, and led to his being brought before the public on a better stamp of horse and in a more prominent manner ; and he went to Baden-Baden to ride Bridegroom for him in the Grand Steeple-chase there. From the fact of the horse having won the Grand National at Market Harborough, and with a rider of such reputation upon him, he was backed against the field. The result, however, was another illustration that the race is not always to the swift, for Mr. Angell, thinking that the brook had better be taken in and out than at a fly, gave orders to his jockey accordingly, and the horse being disappointed at the onset, never acted afterwards. But according to our own ideas, and we were present at the race, had different tactics been pursued with Bridegroom he would not have disgraced Leicestershire or his party. Mr. Angell's next mount for his friend was a more successful one, for it stamped him to possess all the requisites of a jockey both on the flat and across country. We allude, of course, to his confiding Alcibiade to him for the Grand National at Liverpool in March last. Of course when it was known Mr. Coventry was going to ride him, there was the usual diversity of opinion expressed upon the subject. His personal friends, it is needless to say, were perfectly satisfied, but the Ring and the prejudiced portion of the public would have it that a Guardsman could only prepare himself for a race of this description on sodas and brandies and large cigars, and consequently would be certain to tire before his horse. Never were 'The Fallacies of the Faculty' more glaringly exhibited, as Mr. Coventry came to the post as fit as Alcibiade himself ; and after as fine a finish between him and Captain Tempest on Hall Court as was ever witnessed, on the Rowley Mile, he won by a neck amidst cheering as loud as it was merited. For although Alcibiade had been very highly tried with Agnes and Bridegroom, it was patent to all that Hall Court went the fastest ; but his rider, likewise a fine specimen of the gentleman jockey, had not sufficient strength to keep him together, and therefore the victory was mainly due to Mr. Coventry's judgment in coming at the precise moment with his horse. One of his next best performances was at Wetherby during the time of the Grand National Hunt Steeple-chases, when, on his old favourite Bridegroom, he beat Mr. Alec Goodman on Mr. Bidgood's Bridegroom, after a tremendous race, by a length. Since then Mr. Coventry has been riding with various success all over the country,

strictly maintaining the character of a gentleman jockey, and setting an example, by his habits and conduct, that others might well follow. In the slang of the day, such as we hear too frequently in the mouths of gentlemen who ride, he may be deficient ; but because his conversation does not savour of 'shunts,' 'drags,' and 'dead 'uns,' he does not suffer less in the estimation of society, and proves that a Cadet of a noble family may ride either a flat race, or a steeple-chase, with professional jockeys, without catching the rust of their manners, or unfitting himself for a drawing-room. Would there were more like unto him !

‘HUNTING SKETCHES.’*

A REVIEW.

‘JUST review these Sketches in a light style, and let me have a couple ‘of pages by return of post,’ writes good Mr. Baily, in the easy, matter-of-course sort of way that Jack Elmore used to say to one of his stable lads upon a raw five-year old, ‘Pop him over that gate.’ We know that the boy always did as he was bid. Well ! we suppose that we must do the same : so here goes. Chapter I. is devoted to ‘The man that hunts and does not like it ;’ and to him, therefore, we must give our attention. There are plenty of that sort, particularly at Melton, with swell stud-grooms, and a stable full of good-looking horses, for which Fortunatus has given fabulous prices to Jem Mason or Sam Sheward. This is the kind of man who likes to talk about horses, and especially his own animals. He goes to Melton because it is ‘the thing,’ but all the time he is longing for a frost that may give him an excuse for running up to London, or for going to shoot with Lord Stamford, or anywhere else, so as not to hunt. Whilst in the Shires, he goes out, having nothing else to do, but he is sure to be home by the middle of the day. The ladies may safely expect him at luncheon. He is like the slack huntsman who was always wanting to go home about one o’clock, of whom Tom Drake said, ‘I should like to dine with him : he *must* have ‘such good things for dinner.’ The man who hunts regularly, and whose heart is not in the sport, is always playing a part, trying to deceive others and to deceive himself, and deserves to be shown up. In so doing Mr. Trollope proves that he has had his eyes about him in the hunting field.

But our author, in his second chapter, barely does justice to the joyous, light-hearted fellow that hunts because he likes it. Strong and hearty, full of condition and animal spirits, nothing comes amiss to him. No day is too long for him, and he never gives in to the early-closing movement. He may have to make his way home alone for many a mile, with a tired horse, along deep bridle ways and rutty lanes. The night may be dark, and the rain drifting in his face, but he only thanks his stars that Lord Portarlington is not

* By Anthony Trollope. Chapman and Hall, 193 Piccadilly.

right this time. He loosens his girths and undoes his breastplate, and starts his horse in that slow jog which hunters so readily fall into—click clack, click clack, as his nag's hind shoes go forging along, but the rider is buried in a pleasant dream of the day's sport that he has enjoyed: he is treasuring up in his memory every fence and every turn of the run. All of a sudden he is brought up by a tremendous stumble. 'Hold up, old boy!' says he. Presently he hears the sound of wheels approaching, and he is nearly run into by the gig of a farmer who has stayed late at the market table. An exclamation of 'Good night!' passes between them, and, as our friend is again left alone, the darkness appears still more intense. At length so leg weary does his poor horse become that he appears to be lame all round. But there is an end to all things, and as all at once the lights of home flash upon him, the gallant horse plucks up again. After such a ride the delights of the hip-bath and hot water are fully appreciated; and does not our sportsman enjoy his first glass of sherry after soup!

Mr. Trollope very justly remarks that a man may enjoy hunting who never jumps a fence, and he draws a picture of a sportsman who sees and knows more of the run than any one else out. But to do this he must understand hunting thoroughly; and it is not to be learned in a day, nor yet in a year, but must have an apprenticeship passed to it like any other craft. At this moment we have in our mind's eye a noble lord, one of the most keen and practical sportsmen of the day, who, when his second horseman cried out to him, 'All right, my lord, there is no ditch!' answered, 'Then why the devil don't you pull down the fence?' But this is the kind of enjoyment for middle-aged gentlemen, and is not befitting the exuberant spirits of hot youth.

The chapter devoted to 'Ladies in the hunting field,' will, no doubt, be perused with the utmost eagerness by the fairer portion of our readers, who will be anxious to know what Mr. Trollope's opinion is at seeing them out, and he frankly admits that he likes their presence. Our own opinion, however, is, that unless they have acquired the art of riding through a run with as much ease and skill as Lady Grey de Wilton, in Leicestershire, or the Misses Hall, in the Holderness country, they had better confine themselves to the meet, and then disappear under the auspices of their papas.

The remaining chapters contain 'The Hunting Farmer,' 'The Hunting Parson,' 'The Master of Hounds,' and 'How to ride to Hounds,' all treated in a pleasant way; but our paper warns us that we have already passed our allotted limit. However, we must find space for the author's concluding words. In speaking of riding well to hounds for five-and-forty minutes over a grass country, he says: 'If you can do this, you will have enjoyed the keenest pleasure that hunting, or, perhaps I may say, that any other amusement can give you.' To which we heartily respond—Amen.

THE ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF HORSESHOEING.

THERE is nothing like leather, removes, and bishops.—So say the metropolitan blacksmiths and coachmen, who laugh in their sleeves at the simplicity of horse proprietors, and care not a jot how soon a good piece of horse-flesh is set up on stilts instead of retaining the elasticity and freedom of four sound legs. Horseshoeing is a science and an art. Its science has been neglected, and is foully vilified by those who assert that the connection with the forge is the curse and degradation of the veterinary profession. A good cloak for ignorance this, and the argument appears plausible when we take into consideration the crooked practices which butter the groom's or coachman's bread, and enable the farrier to eke out a miserable pittance. There is probably no branch of skilled labour more inadequately remunerated than that of shoeing horses. To acquire great dexterity in the art calls for many years' toil and practice, and after all, when thoroughly learned, the amount of hard work which the farrier has to go through is probably not equalled by that of any other mechanic. A horse has to be shod, and two men are engaged for a whole hour, and sometimes more, in making, fitting, and applying shoes to feet which are as various in form as men's faces, and which call for great intelligence to avoid mutilation and irretrievable destruction. By fair means this slow and laborious work cannot be made to pay. Five shillings for a set of shoes is a miserable recompense, and in many a country district the charge is two-and-eightpence, three and four shillings. The country smith makes up the deficiency by jobbing, mending or making rails, gates, ploughs, and every other object of which iron forms part. The horse-shoeing is done as a necessity and introduction for other work. In large cities veterinarians open up forges, that they may get horses to treat and drug. They acknowledge that the forge does not pay, but they try to scrape odds and ends together even in the forge. Thus there is a prevailing notion that iron is not a good thing when applied directly against the hoof, and if a horse is 'going short,' they propose leather soles. This is a grand institution. In two minutes a piece of leather is cut to the shape of the foot, nailed between the shoe and hoof, and an extra shilling per shoe covers a multitude of sins. In order to make the foot look neat, and to avoid the entire and unsightly leather sole, a portion is often cut to the shape of the shoe and nailed in a similar manner. It is so much the better if this tends to favour the loosening of the shoe and its displacement. The horse must then visit the forge for removes or new sets. London coachmen do not like substantial shoeing. To get the bill heavy enough for a good per centage, there must be removes every fortnight, and a new set of shoes every three weeks. 'It won't do,' say they, 'to keep the shoes on too long.' The feet must be pared out frequently, or the horse has a 'nasty corn,' which requires cutting, and everything is done which favours the destruction rather than the

preservation of horses' feet. We have been told that it would not do to put on shoes which a horse can wear a month. Light shoes are best to add weight to the pocket where per centages are going. We have known on more than one occasion that there was an understanding between a blacksmith and coachman, that whether horses were shod every three weeks or not, the sets of shoes were to be marked in the bill with great regularity. The plunder was shared, of course. Another system adopted is that of turning old shoes into new, by passing them through the fire. They have a red, rusty look, and are well known in the trade as bishops. They are the 'cardinals' of the Italian smiths, and the red stockings of prelates doubtless suggested the names at home and abroad. The petty swindles we are anxious to expose, hurt the pockets of owners less directly than indirectly. They necessitate a frequent tampering with horses' feet, and the adoption of a practice in the case of leather soles which cannot, as a rule, be too strongly condemned. Show us a lot of horses with leather soles, and some with bar shoes on their feet, and no other proof is wanting to indicate that the farrier is a bungler, or that, in the case of the leather appendages, there is a quiet understanding between the tradesman and the servant. Veterinary colleges can do much to correct these abuses, as, indeed, they can to protect the owners of horses from the extravagant charges made by some practitioners. In illustration of this a case may be mentioned. A gentleman owning a mare worth under 50*l.*, had occasion to send her to a veterinary infirmary. She remained there six weeks, and was sent home cured, with a bill amounting to 27*l.* This is a common case; and the best safeguard against such a process of extortion, is to subscribe two guineas to a veterinary college, and get medical advice and treatment for animals without charge, except for keep.

JOHN GAMGEE.

*Albert Veterinary College, Bayswater,
December, 1865.*

MOUNTAIN HARRIERS.

BY M. F. H.

As a rule, it is agreeable to partake of 'soles à la maître d'hôtel' after the soup is removed, yet in the event of not being able to procure that savoury esculent, no reason can be adduced why a good dinner should not be made upon a haunch of Welsh mutton without the piscatory addenda. In like manner, when fox-hunting is out of the question, hare hunting for the nonce may supply its place, and if the amusement lack the virus of the nobler sport, still it is the legitimate hunting of a wild animal, and in every way superior to stag-hunting, where an unhappy animal, shorn of its antlers in respectful tribute to the conjugalities who may attend the meet, is turned out of a cart with an attendant flapper to flog him into a gallop. The university drag is far more to the purpose, let it be said, more honourable. Once upon a time we were out with

staggers on a young thoroughbred that had run third for the Derby, undisciplined, and a hard puller. Coming to grief over a rotten park paling in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, many yards of which we carried away in the crash, we were kindly looked after by two benevolent sportsmen, and it ended in our giving an order for a set of Vine Hunt buttons and a couple of pairs of boots. The bootmaker rode to hounds right royally. *Fiat justitia.* The boots were excellent, and the buttons we still possess as a token of 'auld lang syne.' And now let us on to the country of the mountain harriers.

The Hay Castle in Brecknockshire, formerly a border fortress of importance, stands 'right stately,' as Leland has it in his *Itinerary*, 'over the river Wye,' and he adds: 'The tounne longgid to the Duke of Bokingham. One showid me the ruines of a gentleman's place caullid Waulwine, by whose meanes Prince Llwellin was sodenle taken at Buelth Castel, and ther behedded, and his hedde sent to the kinge.' Eimon Sais, Cradoc Fraich Fras, Bleddin ap Maenarch, Llwellin, Owen Glendwr, Sir David Gam, and others, were noted Princes of Cwmry, and their deeds of patriotic heroism were, without doubt, worthy of honour and reward. Judging them, however, by a social and sporting standard from traditional history, the painful truth becomes patent of their being robbers and poachers, one and all, errors partly redeemed by profuse hospitality, and the majority of them murderers, deserving of having had 'ther heddes sent unto the kinge.' Sir David Gam, the hero of Agincourt, especially added the crime of occasional arson, to which misdemeanour Owen Glendwr, his brother-in-law, was equally prone. But Dafydd y Gam was a noted sportsman, and when he failed to kill his stag or wolf—for the latter animal was not wholly extirpated in his day—he killed instead his kinsman, Richard Fawr, lord of Slwch, during some manorial, or poaching dispute, in the High Street of Brecknock. His real name was Dafydd y Gam, or David of the lame leg: 'From hence,' says Theophilus Jones, the historian of Brecknockshire, 'the vulgar English phrase of game leg.' It is curious that black leg, in modern phraseology, should have merged into the word 'Welcher.' Sir David married Gwellian, the daughter of Howel y Crach, or 'the scabby,' who descended from ap Jenkin, 'the lousy.' 'Nay,' says our historian Theophilus, 'we have an instance where even a filthy disease has conferred a surname which the descendants of the person afflicted seem to feel no wish to conceal.' We failed altogether in discovering marks of this hereditary symbolism. Let us be just; David of the crooked leg was of undoubted valour. After the murder of Fawr of Slwch, he absconded, enlisted under the banner of Henry V., and by personal bravery saved the life of that monarch on the field of Agincourt, for which deed the king knighted him when on the point of death. He seems to have known the vicissitudes of fortune. In an ancient book preserved by one of the many branches of the family is written in old parochial English—

'Whenne laundes are gonne and monys spennte,
Larning is moste eccellente.'

As Dafydd Gam could not write, like the great Emperor Charlemagne, his daughter Gwladys, married to Vaughan of Bredwardine, became his scribe. The moral of the Welcher is obvious. It would mean that after the dissipation of substance, 'larning,' or educated subtlety, should be employed to replenish the empty coffer; and the ancestral precept has been strictly followed by many even unto this day. A fact worthy of remark shall be related to show how far local history may be depended upon. The Rev. Theophilus Jones, in his original manuscript, had bastardized all the descendants of Sir David. One of them, knowing the peculiar tastes of the author, and replete with familiar 'larning,' sent him a present of a fine goose, and forthwith the 'crooked legs' were legitimated. By the way, in wading through centenaries of the Jones genealogies, there is not one, even of the highest, but numbers amongst its worthies either a David, Walter, Lewis, Jenkin, or a Tucker. What is a Tucker? Does it allude to appetite?

The meet of the mountain harriers was at Bronllys, and declining the assistance of the worst railroad in Europe, we rode briskly through the beautiful vale of Glasebury by Maeswlch Castle, superbly situated on the Wye, on to the hostelry of the Three Cocks. Wayside inns of this description are fast disappearing from the land. The iron road, by its readier convenience, enables sportsmen to go forty and fifty miles to covert, with an early breakfast at home, without the necessity of a hack and accompanied by their hunters in the same train. This is a saving of time and purse, for many now hunt to whom time is a real property, and others of moderate means contrive to visit localities that hitherto had been impossible districts. Notwithstanding, however, this progressive annihilation of time, space, and expense, the fashion of the olden time of sending on hunters overnight to a wayside inn teeming with 'good entertainment for man and horse,' is not without its pleasurable comforts. As a summer and autumn station, the Three Cocks is far above the average, good fishing and shooting being obtainable in the immediate neighbourhood, and by way of entertainment there is soup 'à l'ecrivresse' from the Llnvi, trout and salmon from the Wye, grouse, with a haunch of Welsh mutton (one should, say shall, travel Bailywards) from the Black Mountain, fine ale, the very best V. O. P., a pretty waiter, and the most attentive of landlords. What more need be required?—

'O, fortunati nimium sua si bona norint.'

One word as to the pretty waiter: she was a descendant, literally and truly, of Sir David Gam, and her legs were not crooked. Another word as to cwrw da. In former times Welsh ale was renowned for its excellent quality; but alas! in the present day it is indifferent, not to say execrable. The march of progress has seduced the Welsh publicans from the path of rectitude, and having been initiated into the noxious adulteries of their English brethren, they remorselessly poison, æquo pede, friend and foe. The Three Cocks inn forms an exception to the rule.

Early in the morning, on the way to Bronllys, we shook by the hand a worthy friend who 'did good by stealth, and blushed to find 'it fame.' His white vicarage, close to the dazzlingly whitewashed church, that had the semblance of a barn with an extinguisher at one end, containing a jangling bell, was situate on a spur of the Black Mountain. It was always open to the poor and needy, who never departed without blessing the hand that gave and the the heart that had prompted the gift. His habits were unostentatious and his living plain, although entirely differing with Goldsmith's Hermit upon the use of herbs and water from the brook, as either proper or nutritious aliment. Being well versed in 'Hebrew Chronicles, he celebrated the festival of the New Moon, after the fashion of the tribes, with marked respect. In a corner of his churchyard he had discovered slabs, sculptured with fleurs-de-lys and Tudor roses, that had probably contained the relics of one of the many relatives of Owen Tudor. These he had nicely fitted round a leaden bath in that inner apartment which is commonly called a scullery, and every new moon he issued forth from his chamber, attended by two handmaids of varied and antagonistic ages, and plunged into the tepid waters of purification. Then he was soaped from head to foot, well scrubbed and re-plunged, and, after having been deliciously and delicately dry-rubbed, he came out from this Jordan of Cwmry like a leper white as snow, and water knew him not for another month. Faithful to the Hebrew observances of the Feast of Trumpets—but, being minus a trumpet, a small hand-bell was substituted, which proclaimed his march to the lunar sacrifice of ablution—alas! these purifying festivals have ceased for ever—the final exodus has been fulfilled—the handmaids of the Bagno have gone forth weeping, like the daughters of Israel that would not be comforted, and the processional bell alone is preserved by us as an affectionate token of departed worth.

There was a full attendance at the end of Bronllys village in front of the house of a gallant sportsman, with a glass of sherry for friends and far-comers, and the list was as long as Keate's bill in the Eton library on a Friday at twelve after fourth form lesson in a regular week. The field were generally well mounted, and the notabilities were pointed out by a Welsh yeoman or squireen whom we had overtaken on the road. He had left his purse at home, and, having franked him through the turnpike, we had become intimate acquaintance. He was a hale man, fresh-coloured, portly, and jovial, and the head and tail of his pony peeped out fore and aft from under his long coat in sufficient quantity to assure of his not being on foot. He looked warm naturally, whilst the confident air with which he regarded mankind generally led to a belief that such warmth had an extension to the salt wherewith the world is salted, and that the salt was duly preserved, and not melted. The hunting ground of these mountain harriers slopes upward by Pont-y-Wal and by the valleys of Llandefalle and Felyn Newydd to a high table-land commencing from Llandefalle hill, spreading onwards, and divided by

occasional dingles, to the Upper Chapel, on the road from Brecon to Biulth. This virgin soil holds a ready scent, quickened by the fern and heather with which this upland tract abounds. When found in the vale, a hare is safe to make for the hill ground, and if properly pressed she will continue to run the table-land, to avoid the descent when hounds have a decided superiority. It is necessary, therefore, in such a country, to have smart harriers that can chase well at the beginning, until the hare stops to get back on her foil, which she will do inevitably after a burst; and then comes in the assistance of the huntsman with a quick hound to keep her going. To speak in plain terms, you must fox-hunt a hare on these wild moors, or else you will never kill.

A hare stole away from the vale pastures about Pentremyledd and faced the upland: the day raw, with an unsatisfactory scent. Bringing her indifferently over Llandefalle hill, and across the moorland to Pwll Cwrw, a continuance of slow hunting terminated in a short view with a kill. Four or five couple carried on the line briskly, but others hung upon it utterly regardless of the leading hounds. In every species of chase this is the very worst of errors. A tail hound opening, and what the chawbacons term enjoying and balling upon the scent behind, when others are speaking and forcing forward, ought to be cut in two, and if persevering with vicious constancy, hanged immediately, or drafted. No hounds are so bad but they will find a purchaser. The absence of the rounding-iron also takes away greatly from the appearance of the pack. The fencing in these valleys is both formidable and frequent, consisting, for the most part, of a low wall banked with growth upon the top, and an occasional ditch. As at this time of the year the growth is weak and withered, a horse has tolerable landing for a double jump. Nevertheless, the fencing is occasionally desperate, especially down hill, and would startle one of the best in the Shires. On the other hand, there is a total absence of bullfinch, ox fence, and water—we wish we could add of wire: that blight of hunting, however, is to be found even amidst the mountains of Wales. Out with the harriers, this day, was one of the most beautiful boys that any painter could desire to portray. He was but an infant. A little cap, with a diminutive feather, sat jauntingly on the fair locks that curled silkily round the blue band. We imagined that we could trace in the bright eye a resemblance to one that we had seen in years, long years ago, at a Cambrian ball at Almack's, and which has evidently descended, maternally, to the second generation.

‘O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.’

Will the Horatian line ever be out of date? Generation after generation passeth away, and yet the fulness of beauty, in its various stages, invests the Latian echo with the freshness of an eternal spring. The little fellow's legs could just bestride his pony, with nothing to spare, and his tiny foot could only reach the slipper, but he sat well back, immoveable on his pad. He had plenty of pluck. This,

too, was hereditary, his sire bearing a string of medals for services in the field; and the young one was in the right way of education to do future deeds of renown. The pony of a bigger boy had refused a fence, and then the tiny fellow cried out, 'Get out of the way, and let me come!' and over he went without any mistake. Further on, at the next jump, he asked of the person who had just taken it at a fly, 'Is it too big?' and his little cap not reaching even to the bottom of the fence on the bank, he reluctantly made his way for the gate.

It was now two o'clock; a slight shower had warmed the ground, and the scent changed for the better. From Nant y defydd copse three hares came away, and, after running one to Llandefalle hill and back, the hounds brought another straight through the wood; then settling down steadily, they pushed her hard over the far moorlands; away at a pace, beyond the stone pillar of Penheol Einon, which marked the boundary of that old chieftain's lands—on over the desolate waste to Cwm Gwyllym: not a living thing was to be seen on the solitary wild that stretched far away in undulating moors, speckled here and there by a white cottage on the far hill-side. It was, in the very truth, wild hunting, wanting only a nobler animal of chase to complete the savagery of mountain sport. The Einon Stone is about five feet high, situate at the end of a hill path, or lane, leading to the distant village of Crickadarn, at a spot that commands a superb view of the Black Mountain, the vale of Glasebury, and the Brecknockshire Vans. It is a favourite trysting-place in summer-time, and has been the cause of parochial damage to a large extent. The hounds now crossed the upper moor, and then down the hill into the inclosures of Caer Bwlla,—Colonel Lindsay, the Master of the hounds, leading, with Mr. Rhys Williams and a 'gentleman in brown' in immediate attendance, and Mr. Armstrong and others from the Hay well up. The finish is always the worst part of this sport. Charley dies gallantly, amidst cheers of respect; but it is painfully true that, 'poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare.' By a too frequent indulgence, also, in hare-hunting, depraved habits are engendered; as, for instance, an M.F.H. of the principality having killed his fox on the far side of a hedge, holloa'd out, 'Dead, ho! there, ha!' It was enough to raise the ghost of Tom Sebright, in tears, or dealing out his wonted and energetic anathema.

It was getting late, and the horses' heads were turned homewards, when a mountain hare jumped up in the middle of the hounds. She went away by Bwlch hill, over the moor to Coygen Wall, running straight to Penwaen wires, to Swllhulch, or the Sow's Back, the hounds streaming down to Llanelwys dingle, away, without a check, up the hill; on—on, at a racing pace, over the top to Llaneglos rocks, where this stout hare ran into a rabbit-hole, in which she was left undisturbed. Six miles without a turn, and the time twenty-seven minutes. This was the fastest burst with harriers that we ever recollect,—and it is without doubt, since the ground has been

measured and the time was by watch. The country was perfect, consisting of a succession of moorland commons of vast extent, with an occasional low fence that was taken in the stride, and without a patch of cultivation from beginning to end. Colonel Lindsay again took the lead, with the 'Gentleman in brown' and Mr. Rhys Williams alongside, and Col. Bridgewater, Captain Manners Wood, and Messrs. Powell, Llewellyn, and Hope, from the Hay, being within hail.

There were five horses in the field fit for any shire, and ridden by men that have gone notoriously well in the best countries in England. Of Col. Lindsay's two, a grey and a brown, the latter an Irish horse up to weight, a clever fencer, with pace, and can stay, has already 'kept a good place' with the Colonel over Leicestershire. In this cramp country he can turn quickly, and from his fine temper, and always having a foot to spare, he never comes to grief. The 'Gentleman in brown' was on a thoroughbred,—Nelly Grey, by Rifleboy, her dam, half-sister to L'Africain, out of Vagary, by Faugh-a-Ballagh; Vagary was also the dam of Miss Pranks; Rifleboy was by Ishmael, dam by Vestris. This mare ought not to have been called upon to go such a severe burst—for it was a race throughout—having only lately recovered from influenza. She is rising six, an even mover, fast, and can carry a fair weight anywhere. Another mare belonging to the same person, Ladylove, late Devildare, went home before the last run. She is a steeple-chase winner, with plenty of temper, but of surprising cleverness, and of great power in a small compass. The Weapon, by Rifleboy, dam by a half-bred son of Lord Egremont's Driver, grand-dam by Muley Moloch, of Mr. Rhys Williams', is a first-class fencer, and, guided by so perfect a rider, would be hard to beat in any country. He is good uphill and down-hill; and, indeed, all these horses were capable of that work, otherwise they had no business in the Welsh hills. Mr. Hope, from the Hay, was riding a promising Rifleboy; and Messrs. Powell and Llewellyn were on clever animals.

It has been said in a former paper that high-bred hunters and thoroughbreds can command a difficult and cramp country, if ridden with patience, judgment, and resolution; and here, in a moorland district in Wales, where a horse is required to have the agility of a cat, were five hunters of the first class, perfectly fit for the covert-side in the fastest country, going like ponies in cleverness, and staying like Sydmon-ton. Seeing is believing. These hounds are supported chiefly by the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Tredegar, Captain De Winton, Sir Joseph Bailey, and a few others, and are under the management of Colonel Lindsay. A late luncheon was ready at the residence of the 'Gentleman in brown,' and, fortified by some spiced beef and a beaker of white Burgundy of the rarest vintage, we wended our way to the Three Cocks, well satisfied with our visit to the haunts of the Mountain Harriers.

THE DEATH OF A STAG.

‘ Mine are the river fowl that scream,
 From the long stripe of waving sedge ;
 The bear, that marks my weapon’s gleam,
 Hides vainly in the forest’s edge.
 With what free growth the elm and plane
 Fling their huge arms across my way,
 Gray, old ; and cumbered with a train
 Of vines as huge, and old, and gray !’

‘ HARRY, get up ! Now Ranger !—now Tom !—confound your
 ‘ lazy pictures, get up out of that ! are you going to sleep all day ?’

The speaker was Jack Armoury, one of a party of four hunters who had gone upon a camp-hunt on the banks of the Yegua river (Mare river), a tributary of the Brazos. Jack’s voice raised thus loudly had roused four couple of staunch hounds, who had added their deep voices in assistance to rouse the tired Nimrods from their beds, where they had snugly been couched upon their blankets, spread upon young cane-shoots, through the summer’s night. Tired with the long day’s ride which had brought them to their camping-ground, they had, after a hearty supper, gone to rest, regardless of the mosquito buzzings, and even bites, and of the shrill, melancholy, monotonous shrieks of the whip-poor-will.

Good woodsmen were they all, well used to rifle, gun, or paddle ; and the cry of the small but true little pack aroused them ; but a ride of thirty miles, through the hot sun of the day before, might well excuse their somewhat heavy sleep, for none were sluggards when any sport was to the fore ; and now the unwelcome *réveiller* acted upon each differently.

Harry turned over in his sleep, as though only distracted by the bite of some insect ; Ranger’s right hand stretched out, whilst his fingers worked as though feeling for a trigger, for the hounds’ cry had mingled with his dreams, and he fancied he was at some woodland stand, whilst a buck, crashing with his antlers through the tangled undergrowth, was being driven by the hounds straight to him ; and so real was the dream, his very lips were compressed into a mere line in his anxiety for a shot.

Tom Duckworth murmured that he ‘ would take a “ nip,” as all hands were so insisting, but nary another drop with sugar.’

At last all hands were fully awake, and asking Armoury ‘ what the ‘ devil was the matter ?’

‘ Well, it’s just this ; as I couldn’t sleep, I got up and went
 ‘ down to the creek for a bathe, and on its bank, just where I meant
 ‘ to take “ a header,” I saw the biggest tracks I ever saw—that is,
 ‘ if they are deer tracks.’

All were soon down at the creek bank to look at the ‘ sign.’

‘ No elk range within three or four hundred miles of here, that I
 ‘ have ever heard of,’ said Harry More.

‘No,’ replied Armoury; ‘and that’s just where it is: if those belong to a deer, they belong to the lordliest, biggest stag I have ever scared up.’

‘They are the long slender hoof-tracks of a deer, that’s certain,’ said Ranger; ‘you can see the little curve at the point of each hoof; though, faith, they are larger across than any I have seen, except in the largest caribos when I was hunting in Canada.’

‘Those tracks were made when the animal watered last night before we came here,’ said Armoury; ‘and he has not crossed the creek, because here are his tracks back again, and I allow he’s in this bit of woods still, between here and the lake. I know this country, but you other fellows do not; so I’ll just give you the lay of the land, and then we’ll consider the best way to get him—for get him I am determined.’

The lay of the land, as described by Armoury, was as follows: The creek upon whose west bank we were encamped, ran for about two hundred yards nearly level with its banks, which then rose into bluffs on either side—bluffs so steep that no animal, if it could descend safely, could possibly climb the farther side; even a man, with the aid of here and there a root or twig, would have great difficulty in pulling himself up with his hands; the stream then entered a long broad lake, that emptied into a bay, which finally joined the Gulf of Mexico.

On the west bank, the timber, in which we had reason to believe the great deer still was, ran for about half a mile along the creek to the lake, and then along the margin of that for about another mile, until its growth was stopped by a great morass. This forest was narrow, in no place wider than half a mile, though often it was not three hundred yards across. The forest on the east bank was unbroken, miles in width, and running without a gap the whole length of both creek and lake, and should the deer once gain its shelter, we knew he was lost to us, except by a miracle, our hounds should pull him down: but this was not to be hoped; for however good our hounds might be, the tangled nature of the woods would prevent us riding to them; and in the south the hounds used for driving are not made to stick to one deer, the object being to get as many afoot as possible, to give the riflemen at the different stands opportunities for shots; a deer, however, once bloodied, they would stick to till they caught him.

One other danger of escape there was: should the deer take to the lake, and swim to the east bank, he was almost certain to get away, for there was no skiff or canoe to follow him with.

‘And now,’ said Armoury, ‘what shall we do? ‘I wish we had two or three more guns to make the thing dead sure; but as we haven’t, what’s to be done?’

‘Can any one ford the creek on horseback, Armoury?’ asked Ranger.

‘Yes; right here where the deer watered, and several places higher up; but between this and the lake it can’t be done.’

‘ Well then, I see no difficulty in getting the deer, if he’s still in this piece of the woods,’ said Ranger.

‘ What’s your plan ?’ all asked at once.

‘ Just this : the wind’s been blowing from the south-west all night, and for what I see it’s likely to stand, so there’ll be no danger of his winding us. I’ll cross the creek here, and riding down it, will keep a sharp look-out if he takes to the lake ; and if he does, why I’ll give him the meeting on the east bank. Tom Duckworth can just sit mounted here, supposing he knows of, and tries back for this ford ; you, Armoury, can take the hounds and drive for him ; and Harry More will keep a bright look-out on the prairie edge of the woods, either to shoot him, head him, or help the hounds if he takes to the open. Once in the open, if he’s an old and very fat stag, it stands to reason the pack *held on him* will pull him down. Now that’s my plan, and I do not see why it should fail.’

All agreed that this was the best plan, and set about saddling their horses to carry it out. No word was said of breakfast—that could wait, the *deer would not* ; so each munched a small biscuit and took a sip from his flask, loaded his rifle carefully, and then started for his own station : all but Armoury, who waited last ere he released the hounds from their buckthong leashes, and Tom Duckworth, whose stand was within a hundred yards of where he had slept, but who, nevertheless, had got his horse ready saddled, in case of needing greater speed than his own legs could furnish.

Some little time elapsed ere any sound was heard that could be construed by the eager listeners into anything favourable to their hopes. Suddenly, however, a single hound challenged, and presently three or four others joined chorus, and from the timber on the prairie side, half a dozen does and half-grown fawns bounded into the open and ran across, and within shot of, Harry More. But he was too good a sportsman, and too true to his comrades, to shoot at these, and thereby distract their attention ; so he rode to the spot from which they had emerged, and rated the hounds back into the covert again. All was still for a little time again, till, with a crash, as though each hound had opened at the same moment, a burst of dog-music was heard that would have stirred the heart of a dead fox-hunter ; whilst Armoury, catching one momentary glimpse, gave a scream that, in his excitement, was neither view halloo, cheer, or anything else but a yell, meant to do duty for all. One moment, however, served to bring back all his coolness and remembrance of his friends’ positions, and he now shouted distinctly, ‘ Hoy ! Tom ! Tom ! He’s coming back for the ford !’

Tom Duckworth caught the sound, if not the words, and cocking his rifle stood ready. Presently the snapping of dried twigs under the footfall of some heavy beast could be plainly heard, together with the rending of the brushwood as it forced a passage through, and next moment the head and antlers came in view. Tom covered the broad forehead, and next moment the cold lead would have crashed

through bone and brain had not Tom's horse, scared by the sudden appearance of the great beast, given a slight start, which, however trifling, was enough to throw off his aim, and make him miss the stag, which luckily, frightened at seeing Tom, turned back down the bank of the creek; had it held its course it would have been safe.

Tom bestowed one short and fervent curse upon his horse, and then shouted to warn his friends.

'Back! back! Armoury! he's gone back to you.' This done, Tom loaded his rifle, and soon recovered his temper. The hounds all this time were merrily crying in the great deers' rear, and guided by these, Armoury ran his best to get a shot at the stag when he should show upon the margin of the lake, for he had heard Duckworth's unsuccessful shot as well as his halloo, catching plainly the two first words, 'Back! back!' and these had been quite sufficient to inform the hardy woodsman of the state of the case almost as well as if he had seen it all. Running his best then, Armoury had rightly calculated upon getting to the lake's brink in time, though as it happened he had not hit exactly the right place; for, next the water, and between it and the forest, was a broad open space of swampy ground, and it so happened that both the deer and Armoury showed out together at the same instant, the latter having a second time lost his coolness in his excitement, or he would have kept well in covert; had he done this, the deer upon coming to the lake would have turned up this open space, probably, and so have come within easy and certain shot. Now, however, the deer alarmed by seeing this new foe, and, closely pressed behind by the hounds, decided upon swimming the lake.

It was a grand sight to see the vast bounds made by the powerful deer as he plunged through the shaking morass, which let him through to knee and houghs at each great bound till he gained the water, and even then, the bottom was soft, and the water not deep enough for swimming, so that he had to throw himself two-thirds out of the watery sludge at every stride to keep from bogging, the mingled mud and water being dashed at each struggle six feet or more in the air.

At last he got to deep water, and setting his head straight up the lake, seemed about to elude his pursuers by holding for the great open water. By this time the little pack were all in the lake and swimming in pursuit.

One hope remained for Armoury, either by a long and random shot to try and hit his head, or else, a very slight chance, to turn the deer by the whistle or splash of his ball, across to the eastern bank, where he hoped Ranger, who he supposed was keeping a sharp lookout, would give an account of him. Throwing his rifle up, he sighted for his head and pressed the trigger. The bullet struck the water between him and the deer, ricocheted, and then again hitting the water threw the splash full in the deer's face. It was a chance, but it was a lucky one, for it turned the deer across for the east bank. Armoury chuckled as he saw the success of his shot, and then be-

thought him to put Ranger on his guard ; so putting both hands to his mouth, he shouted, ' Ahoy—ahoy ! Ranger, ahoy !'

That artful worthy had listened with strained ears to every sound that had reached him, and as the water was a good conductor, he knew pretty well all the chances and changes that had occurred the morning through ; so that now when Armoury's ringing shout came to him he was well prepared to do his share in the morning's sport. Dismounting, yet keeping well under cover, he stood with ready rifle just where he saw the deer would take the ground. On came the great deer, whilst behind him struggled the gallant pack, and on gaining the shore he shook the water from his dark sides, made black with soil, and paused one instant, turning broadside, to look back. That instant was enough, and the bullet from Ranger's rifle was in his heart. Rightly judging that his voice would not be heard against the wind, he took his horn and blew three blasts in token of success. The notes rang merrily across the lake, and came back in ringing echoes from the woods beyond, whose echoes were repeated by the forest all around ; and in less than three-quarters of an hour the four hunters were together arranging for the transport to their camp of the very largest stag either of them, old hunters too at that, had ever seen in all their woodland experiences.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

HERE we do not think anything of Christmas, so I will not even wish my reader (I do not like to expect too much) many happy returns of that, to him, festive season ; but, as ' Baily ' will fall into his hands on the very day we most celebrate, ' le Jour de l'An,' I will wish him many happy years to read ' Paris Sport and Paris Life.'

The year just ended has been a great epoch in the annals of Sporting France. Many years will elapse before elderly, grey-headed men, the prozers of the Jockey Club, will cease prating to the rising generation about the great season, when Gladiateur carried off all the international prizes, and when ' I assure you, my dear Jules, the Club did not want money for a year.' Well, it's all over now—shouting and all ; and I think we may say that the English bore their defeat, and the French their triumph (which is much more difficult), with a decent equanimity. Now we must look forward to next season. You know nearly as much of our young ones as we do, so I will merely here say that I hear that Count de Lagrange, M. Reiset, and M. Lupin all think they have got a chance of doing a good thing, both in France and England during the coming season. I need not say we have not had a great deal of sport during the expiring month of 1865. Races, of course not ; nor do they much care for steeplechases here in the winter ; they like light and warmth, and do not care a sou for hard ground, and so prefer July or August ; and really, as mere spectators, I am not sure they are wrong ; they have no horses, and so do not regard legs ; all they want is an ' outing ' and a fine day. The hunting at Compiègne, as elsewhere, has suffered from catching weather and want of scent ; and I have not heard of any run worth writing a letter, much less a book, about. They have had some gallops ; and a gallop up the glassy glades of the French forests, with twenty-five couple of hounds running with a scent breast high, tries condition, as you will find, if you inquire, even

of the *clèf* of the Imperial stables. I was in hopes of being able to give you a graphic account of a grand day—a lawn meet at the Imperial hunting-grounds. But sometimes great things interfere with small. I was prepared to start, having got a mount from the Imperial stables, with which I intended not only ‘cutting down’ the field, but ‘hanging them up to dry’—my neatest boots and breeches. Enter servant with telegram, ‘King of Portugal expected, ‘chasse put off.’ However, I consoled myself with the French saying, ‘That which is postponed is not lost;’ took off (metaphorically) my buckskins, and waited. Again all was ready, when the sad news of the death of King Leopold put off the hunting for some days.

The shooting has been ‘Norfolk!’ They have counted their bags by thousands. On several occasions the Emperor killed from 300 to 350 head to his own guns. At the very last battue they killed 100 roe-deer! What do you say to this for an hour and a quarter from Paris? The Prince Imperial has been ‘entered’ early, and seems to be able to hold straight. An eye-witness told me that the youthful I. R. H. really rolled over his rabbits like a workman, and was as calm as if at court. We have no bulletins of shooting or hunting from the provinces, and so I charitably presume there has been no sport. I really wonder, sometimes, that some of those curious wandering sportsmen—the S——ns, the C——y’s, &c. &c., who have shot the world from ‘China to Peru,’ or nearly so, do not try wolf-shooting in France. There are districts where there are scores of wolves crying, ‘Come, kill me,’ and nobody but a peasant with a rusty old musket to answer the cry. So much for our sport. Our life has rather effervesced of late, for the Court has returned to Paris for the marriage of Princess Anna Murat, who has married that Duc de Mouchy whom so many readers of ‘Baily’ have seen posting to Chantilly in the old style, *vielle école, bonne école*, with Percheron mares, postilions, jack-boots, pig-tails, and a chorus of cracking whips. This will of course set us going, and soon we shall have balls and parties, concerts and receptions, ‘galore!’ By-the-by, before I go further I should tell you that John Hawse has sold the Duc de Mouchy the handsomest pair of ponies in France, and a pair of carriage-horses which might have passed without criticism that dread ordeal, the bay window of White’s. The price was a startler—680*l.* per pair, I understand! Besides the Court, too, we have another return to life in the *bals masqués*. The first were certainly above the average—dresses fresher, decorations pretty, and the music—Strauss—good as always; but, after all, one *bal masqué* is just like another, and, deduct the noise and dust, little remains. If you want to see the ‘Cancan’ danced with ‘extraordinary’ decorations, however, it is no longer necessary to go to *bals masqués*. Go to the theatres, and you will see revelations so startling that *bals masqués* pall before them. A few years ago I saw an agent of police stop a ‘very high stepper’ at Mobbille, and say, ‘Pardon, my friend, but that is excessive.’ Lord be good to us! it is nothing to what you may now see on the stage. There is a dance in the ‘Belle Hélène’ (which, by the way, Mr. Webster has carried off to the Adelphi, like a second Paris—I caught him in the fact, the villain!), and another in the ‘Lanterne Magique,’ which leave nothing to be desired. By-the-by, a droll mistake took place a few days ago at V——’s restaurant. A diner was in the position of that celebrated person who created a riddle—he had two mackerel and three fish, i. e., two mackerel and one smelt; he was very angry, as he was entertaining the girl of his heart and several other friends: the waiter was tardy; at last the diner lost his patience altogether, and shouted out, ‘Jetez moi ce maquereau par la fenêtre!’ The diner at the next table, a well-dressed and decorated individual, jumped up, and,

crying out, '*Gare à qui me touche*,' left the room without even waiting for his 'addition!' If ever there was a case of the 'cap fitting,' here it was. With the *bals masqués* other dancing establishments open, and I will instance Perrin's (the 'Motts' of Paris, but, mind, the 'Motts' of an anti-Crimean period), which now begins at midnight, and lasts till two a.m. A pleasant sight is Perrin's, when viewed through a proper 'medium,' that is, a just but not excessive allowance of Bordeaux.

The French papers are highly interested in what they call the aristocratic 'Boxe' and the details thereof. One paper—'*L'Evenement*'—kindly tells us that, 'Deux very gentlemen,' of London military clubs are going to 'partake 'of a boxe!' The papers do not improve on their knowledge of English names or English customs. When Earl Dudley and his bride—of whose beauty SOCIETY (please print it large) has not yet ceased to talk—were here, the Paris papers would describe them as 'Earl Dudley and Lady Dudley-Stuart!'—which threw a perfect panic into the elder English residents, whose 'Poerages' were old, and caused them to form an idea that there was an alliance formed between the coal-pits of Staffordshire and the 'mines' of Siberia. I tried in vain to check them—it was useless. The theatres have been very lively this dead season. The '*Revues*,' i. e., pantomimes, are now cropping up; and we are likely to have such a bulletin of iniquity to record on the 1st of February, that I really hope to be quite amusing. The '*Revue*' at the private theatricals of Compiègne was a perfect success; it was written by the Marquis de Massa, and was simply a record of every event of 1865 brought before '*Cæsar*,' who, sitting in an arm-chair, was several times fairly convulsed with laughter. Rigolo, you know, perhaps, was a mule exhibited at the '*Cirque Imperiale*,' and the proprietor gave a bonus of 100 francs to any one who could set him, Rigolo was introduced into the Massa *Revue*; and when a French gentleman got on to the dummy with an extra loose seat, and said, '*Morituri Cæsar, te salutant*,' it was too much for the Imperial nerves.

The Marquis having succeeded on that stage, has gone off as a volunteer to serve on the staff of General Bazaine, in Africa, to gather other laurels mixed with palms. I have spoken above of Earl Dudley; when here he fairly astonished the Parisians by his way of acting '*en prince*;' he spent one million of francs in the Rue de la Paix.

Prince Napoleon has returned to Paris, so now I suppose we may expect to get a gallop with his hounds at Meudon. Meudon is only a few miles from Paris, and if you can imagine the finest Forest of England grouped round a pretty village—the 'great house' standing in the centre—then you will have some idea of that pretty Meudon where Rabelais used to preach, and Le Nord to garden.

The Prince, besides a pack of hounds, has a collection of every description of animal—a sort of private Zoological Garden. His Imperial Highness is, moreover, a good sportsman, has lots of game in his coverts, which he can bring down when it rises, and plenty of horses in his stable, which he rides very hard.

We have had a great loss here. The death of the Hon. George G. Grey. First Secretary of Legation here, is a personal sorrow to all who knew him; a man in the prime of life, ever in exercise, healthy looking, with good spirits and that placid demeanour which looks like long life. He drives out on Saturday in perfect health, on Tuesday morning he is dead. Not many days before his death we were dining together, and had an opportunity of admiring the neat way in which he handled a cue: he was a good shot, and keenly fond of the sport—a great raquet-player. He loved to look on at the best horses

in France striving for the 'blue ribbons' of the Bois Boulogne,—ever whether in business or in pleasure, the courteous English gentleman. His death came upon us here like a 'thunderstorm in summer sky.'

We shall miss often that well-known face and pleasant manner, as we look round the paddock and survey our amateur *habitués* of the Turf. But if a grief to the public and a sorrow to his acquaintance, what must it be for his young wife and the immediate circle of his relations and intimate friends? But it is not for us in 'Baily' to trespass on such delicate ground. I will express the regret of Paris, and then I may truly add—

'Fungarque inani munere.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—December Dottings—The White Welsher—The Sayers Sale—The Racing Review—Horses and Hounds—Turf Tittle-tattle and Monthly Mortality.

DECEMBER, with its duties and its holidays, is not a month out of which the Sporting writer can make much, more especially if he has had the muzzle on the greater portion of the time, and been confined to soft mashes and a loose box. And to 'cater,' as theatrical pursers call it, for the amusement of the million, under such circumstances, is like playing the Clown at the Victoria, on Boxing Night, with a toothache. If, therefore, our vehicle does not roll on as easily as in some journeys, we must throw ourselves on the *keyind* indulgence of our readers. Of topics there have been plenty for description, from that of 'The White Welsher,' down to the Glasgow advertisements and the aristocratic prize-fight. But all these require delicate handling, from the circumstances connected with them. Nevertheless, we must do our best to render them intelligible to our country cousins, who, we trust, are enjoying an 'Illustrated London News' Christmas, which is the happiest that can enter into our imagination. And here perhaps it may not be out of place to remark, that it has always struck us, the artists of that popular and instructive paper must—to use a phrase of Sheridan's—be blessed with affluence, seeing the style in which they invariably depict Christmas time. In their eyes, Paterfamilias seems always to smell of money, and to have no horrors of subsequent afterclaps in the shape of little bills, for schoolmasters and mistresses, tailors, and milliners, such as infest minds of a more practical character. What matters to him the Rinderpest?—his cheque-books conquer its effects, and his butler does the rest. Whereas, to others, Christmas brings with it reflections of a far less cheering description, in the shape of the forfeit list, trainers' bills, and jockeys' accounts, all of which assume the shape of the skeleton on the wall, and remind them they are dwellers in England and not in Utopia.

Captain White's hatred of 'the Welsh' must certainly be one of very long standing and of a most expensive nature, and had his second action been tried during the racing season, he might have had as many sympathisers and substantial aid as the Fenians. But in December, all excitement had evaporated; but we understand that at the back of Meux's brewery a subscription has been organised by the Cambrians to erect a statue to Saunders, the plaintiff, and if a site be wanted for it, we would suggest an application to the Court of Aldermen, for permission to erect it on 'the Ruins,' where it might remain for ages as a monument of London Assurance. How the Illustrated Sporting Papers missed his photograph, we cannot understand, for they would have sold thousands with it, and it would have been a pleasing addition to the head of a race

card. Lord Glasgow is getting a good customer to 'Bell's Life' in the shape of an advertiser, and we hope 'the canvassers' have not penetrated to Hawkhead, and disturbed the serenity of his retirement by asking for the copy of his 'ad.,' and to know how many times they may repeat it. Except in the case of his onslaught on the Press, the chivalrous Peer, as he was wont to be called, has never shown such vindictiveness as he has done against John Scott, who, with the whole body of Sporting writers ranged around him in a square, surveys his adversary with the utmost indifference. And if the Derbys, Legers, and Oaks he has won during his long career on the Turf, cannot prove a set-off to one dead heat, then character is of no avail in any controversy. The only parties who do not censure his Lordship's conduct are those interested in Ely, whom he advertises gratuitously in the most beneficial manner. The new destination of the luckless team is Newmarket, where they will be placed under the charge of Godding, who having just emptied his stalls of Mr. Naylor's horses, had plenty of room for them. Considering that he is the twenty-fifth of his order, Godding's nerve must be almost superhuman, but if he wishes to remain in office, he must calm down a little the sanguine nature of his disposition; for it will not do to say he can win a match with a Flutter, or a Brother to a Bird on the Wing, without being able to do so. Heath House and stables are in the auctioneer's hands to let, which would show that Lord Stamford really intends to reduce his racing establishment to a very small compass. Tom Jennings has been at Royallieu, trying Count Lagrange's yearlings; but we have not heard whether he has discovered Gladiateur the Second among them. The publication of the Forfeit List has given no ground for scandal as it did last year, when the only person in default to the French was a member of our own Jockey Club, who had previously distinguished himself by the most exalted pretensions to honour and high-toned feelings. The aristocratic prize-fight, begun and carried on in a joke, and ending in smoke, furnished a tempting text to leader writers and special correspondents to provincial papers, for a homily on the Ring, and the expulsion of both members from the Club was loudly demanded. The whole affair was an illustration of the old adage, that when the wine is in the wit is out. The sale of the Sayers' Collection drew together as vast a crowd of connoisseurs in cups and belts, as ever the disposition of Beckford's effects at Fonthill. The heat of the room was stifling, and the odour of the gaberdines so overpowering, that several intended bidders fainted. The chaffing which the auctioneer had to endure was trying beyond measure to his temper, and a Christie or Manson would have been driven to throw up the sponge, after a very few rounds. Lion was sold, like a slave at New Orleans, for a public garden, and many a hogshead of beer will be spent over him if his life be spared. Of course the sale could not pass off without a newspaper correspondence between the bidders; but we hope the disputes have been amicably adjusted, and the Champion's affairs put on a proper basis of settlement. Filled as the newspapers have been with anecdotes of his docility and bravery, there is one extant of his loyalty, which deserves to be rescued from oblivion, for it exhibited his spirit of self-reliance in a most remarkable degree. We have already remarked, the late Champion of England could neither read nor write, the elements of education not being considered essentially requisite for the holder of the office. It will, therefore, excite no surprise that he was not very well up in the History of England, and it was only a few months prior to his death, that he was made acquainted with the untimely end of Charles the First at Whitehall. At first he was incredulous of the circumstance, exclaiming, 'What! cut the king's head off! I never heard of such a thing! I'll be d—d if they should have done it, had I been there!' And this re-

mark was uttered in no boastful spirit, but was the conscientious opinion of the man himself, who could no more understand the meaning of the word defeat than Nelson. Already his burial-place has been photographed; so the most may be said to have been made of him, by those who purvey information for the million. Sojourning, in the course of the month, at Brighton, and sick of riding-masters and the boarding-school classes, which seem to require as much exercise as horses in training at Newmarket, we came across 'Lord Frederick,' on the point of making a pilgrimage to the tomb of Sam Chifney, in Hove churchyard. To refuse the invitation to accompany him would have been an act of impiety, for which we could not be held responsible, and we therefore joined the procession. The last resting-place of the great Newmarket jockey is not difficult to find, being on the left-hand side of the path leading to the main entrance of the church. The first idea that struck us was the smallness of the grave, which seemed measured to the stature of its tenant. And the inscription on the tombstone, 'Sacred to the Memory of Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket,' was more touching in its simple eloquence, than if it had been penned by a Gladstone or a Stanley. For were not all the glories of his career centred in the word Newmarket? and visions of Priam, Shillelagh, the Athenian Glaucus, and a host of other cracks were conjured up before us. And it seemed strange that his bones should rest here, within the roar of the sea, and not in the Cemetery of his native place, from whence the shoutings of the Ring, and the excitement of the race might reach him. And it is likewise singular that in death and life Sam should be associated with 'gallops:' as the next grave is that of a Mr. Gallop. As might be expected, 'Lord Frederick' improved the occasion by delivering an address over the remains of the great jockey, which might have been listened to with effect by the present generation of light weights, and he concluded by remarking 'that many a swell had shook Chifney by the mawley, because he was an honest man,' and he placed an '*Immortelle*' on the grave, the most touching tribute ever paid to the first of English jockeys; and as such we have pleasure in recording it.

Of Steeple-chase Meetings during the month, we have only one to record, viz. that of Donnington Park, which was more a private than a public gathering, and got up for the amusement of the Marquis of Hastings' tenants and friends. As such, it no more comes under our catering of criticism, than an Amateur Play for a charitable purpose. And it will suffice to record that the sport was first-rate, the entertainment for man and horse undeniably good, and his Lordship's trainer and jockeys contributed much to the spirit of the gathering, which may be said to have grown into a hardy annual.

Reviews of the Season being now all the rage, and anticipated as naturally as Pantomimes, we must submit our own particular one to our readers, in the hopes of it meeting with the same favourable reception as that of preceding ones. Taken on the whole, it has been a most successful season in point of sport, but we are bound to add, a most disastrous one in point of speculation, the gambling in connection with the small races during the last quarter being heavier than was ever known before at Newmarket, since the age of Col. Mellish, Mr. Fox, and Lord Abingdon. The consequence of this over-trading on the part both of layers and backers, has been serious collapses, and until the Spring there is no chance of the balances being settled, and mutual releases given. As far as the morality of the Turf is concerned, we fancy we can discover some slight improvement, which of course is a subject for congratulation, and there has certainly been a decrease in the number of the robberies of the year. But we wish we could add that the Administrative Department had been carried out with more calmness and discretion. A government to be

strong should be firm and united, and never interfere in matters until they are judicially brought before them. And had this course been adopted in the Claxton case, there would not have been a quarter of the irritation exhibited in the public mind. The filling up of Mr. Alexander's vacancy by the Duke of Beaufort is considered an acceptable offering to the racing world, as his Grace has sufficient firmness of character to maintain his own views. Moreover, it is right that a stable of the dimensions of Danesbury should be properly represented in the Club.

For the first time in the annals of the English Turf, a French Nobleman stands at the head of the winners with a winning balance of 24,655*l.*, a sum which, when reduced into francs, looks like equal to a king's ransom, and will no doubt be an agreeable addition to Count Lagrange's deposits at his bankers. As an inducement to other foreign noblemen to follow his example, and try and do likewise, the above sum must be considered in the light of a useful advertisement. The Duke of Beaufort is a capital second with 16,764*l.*, which elevates Danebury to the position it ought to occupy, from the extent of its prices; and the schedule is widely different from that which has of late been published from the same quarter. Lord Stamford, notwithstanding the serious disappointments he met with in Archimedes and Cambuscan, has not done badly to get third on the list, with 11,945*l.*, a very respectable sum to have standing to one's credit in Old Burlington Street. Not to have found Mr. Merry 'in the place list,' would have been strange indeed, and we should have been justified in supposing there was something rotten at Russley. But, considering the few horses Mat Dawson has brought to the post this season, 8,464*l.*, will leave his employer as handsome a profit as his iron mines in Scotland. Although Mr. Sutton has only had three winners, and only won six races and a-half, the pecuniary value of them to get him into the fifth place shows of what calibre his small team is composed, and with 6,655*l.* in hand, he has sufficient encouragement to go in next year for the Two Thousand and Derby. Lord Westmorland has brought out more winners, and won more races than all the owners above mentioned, but from their being mostly Plates and Selling Stakes they only come to 6,220*l.*, which places him just behind Mr. Sutton who from having only three winners, stands out in bold relief from the crowd. Danebury turns up next in the shape of the Marquis of Hastings, whose return is fourteen winners, and forty-one races, and it is long since the Great Hampshire stable has been enabled to produce a budget of this description. For what with the Marquis's 5,876*l.*, and Col. Baillie's 3,202*l.*, the tottle of the whole won by John Day for his chief employers comes to 25,602*l.*, a tidy sum for one establishment to swallow up. Mr. Ten Broeck cannot have had a bad year, though report speaks to the contrary, for we perceive he has carried off no less than forty-six races, and was very nearly getting into the six thousand list. Mr. Brayley's aim at higher game than usual seems to have been attended with success, as his Redmire, Pearl Diver, and Co., have earned for him upwards of 5,500*l.*, and as Mr. B. does not let his animals run for nothing, it is only reasonable to imagine that there is a large addendum to be supplied in the shape of bets. Mr. Graham's position on the poll is of course attributable to Regalia, one of the best mares we have seen of late years, and whose character, like that of Gladiateur, ought never to have been jeopardised in the Cambridgeshire. Lord Portsmouth with only a couple of winners, viz. Sydmonton and Robin Hood, has been very lucky to clear upwards of 5,300*l.* with them, a proof of what a good private trainer can accomplish with ordinary tackle. Mr. Cartwright has done most in the Cup line, and Ely has not only added to his side-board, but has taken the most active share in collecting for him the 5,288*l.*

which stands to his name on the books of Messrs. Weatherby. The sensationers of Mr. Chaplin, if they have not paid their purchase money, have at all events defrayed their training bill, as Broomielaw and Breadalbane have won between them 5,125*l.*, and from the style of their owner's betting, this sum has been, no doubt, considerably increased by his wagers. It is hardly necessary to prolong this examination any further, but we cannot help observing that Fortune has turned her back rather scurvily upon two of her quondam favourites, viz. Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Henry, whose returns were wont to exhibit a very different state of figures. And we confess to have wished to see a trio of such good sportsmen as Lords Wilton, Portsmouth, and Anglesey, much higher in the register than they now stand.

Turning from men to horses, and from sons to sires, we find Stockwell holds the pre-eminence, the winnings of his stock being 32,270*l.*, being an excess of 12,000*l.* over Monarque, and 14,000*l.* over Newminster. The latter, however, is credited with the most winners in the proportion of 103 to 85. Voltigeur has not done amiss, considering his stock run better later on than as two year olds; and fifty-eight races got out of twenty-two animals, will keep the former pride of Yorkshire up to his present price. King Tom, for a private stallion, for we can scarcely consider him in any other light, access to his services being a matter of great difficulty, has done the State some little service; and a recent visitor to Mentmore describes him as the most powerful thorough-bred horse alive; and some of his foals we saw in the summer, particularly one out of Botany, we consider as near perfection as is possible to arrive at. To the King Tom's sixty-three stakes have to be divided among the twenty-seven scions that have gone to the post, and 8,342*l.* has been the product of their gallops. Wild Dayrell will maintain his popularity, when it is seen he is next on the roll to King Tom, and that twenty of his progeny have passed the post forty times in advance of their opponents. Vidette, who was dreadfully overdone at first, has at length succeeded in making himself, and vindicating the opinion of William Day and Mr. Simpson, both of whom have stuck to him longer than most breeders would have done. It is true, that no great stakes can be credited to him; but little fish are sweet, as Lord Westmorland has doubtless found out. Lambton is also in the ascendant; and well might we protest against Muscovite being allowed to leave the old yard at Tattersall's for a hundred pounds, seeing that those he left behind him have brought in 6,841*l.* which is cut up into seventeen races.

Moulsey has raised Teddington higher than he has ever stood before. And slow and sure is Prime Minister, working himself into power, and Mr. Pitt, who helped to swell his winnings to 4,980*l.*, will be a first-class advertisement for him for some time to come. Saunterer is a happy importation of Mr. Blenkiron from Hanover, seeing those he left behind here won four-and-twenty times in succession, scouring 3,907*l.* Marysas, by whom Middle Park swears, and of whom so great a future is entertained, is mending his performances, as we perceive eight of his stock have amassed 4,183*l.* out of twenty-two contests. Oxford has been made by Student, and is pretty certain to become one of the most fashionable horses of the ensuing season, and Trumpeter, from having got a Cæsarewitch winner the first time of asking, will recommend himself to John Day's Peers of the Realm. Gemma di Vergy and St. Albans are close together, and when we recollect the enormous sums the yearlings of the latter fetched at the Royal Sale, and that 5,000 guineas have been refused for the Saint, it speaks well for the former, who has now sought 'fresh fields and pastures new' in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and those who are above him in the returns, are his seniors on the list in point of age. The ensuing season will witness the *début* of

some horses at the stud, in whose progress the public will be much interested, inasmuch as they were all popular in their time, viz. Ely, Lord Clifden, and Dollar. The former has 'gone into residence' at Hampton Court, which is the best *locale* that could be secured for him, and with the Queen's mares, he will have a chance, such as is afforded to few young horses. The Dollar takes very well at Rawcliffe, and the report, the Company had purchased Lord Albemarle of Mr. Saxon, is incorrect, as he is the property of a private gentleman, and merely stands there at livery. Blair Athol is still the shining light of Fairfield, and a good friend to the wine merchant, for we believe his health has been drunk oftener than any horse in Yorkshire. Mr. George Thompson is now established in his Stud Farm at Skelton, and made it one of the completest places of the kind we ever came across. The soil being of a light description and well drained, is well adapted for breeding blood stock, and the loose boxes and paddocks are arranged according to the best of models. The farm consists of about three hundred acres, half of which is in grass, and there are fifty loose boxes for mares, with other accommodation in proportion; and as the situation is only two miles from the Shipton and Haxby stations, and four miles from York, there will be no difficulty in sending mares. Ben Webster and Lord Clifden are the pillars of 'Moorlands,' and the former's foals are promising enough to keep him on, and Lord Clifden being the only son of his neighbour, who has won the St. Leger, is certain to find favour with Yorkshiremen. In appearance, his Lordship is handsomer than when he was in training, and although his legs look light, when they measure eight and a-half inches below the knee they cannot be said to be small. Besides the winner of the Chester Cup and the St. Leger, there are a couple of useful thoroughbred stallions suitable for the foreigners or for getting hunters: one of these is by Weatherbit, out of Qui Vive, once sister to Vidette, and the other by Wild Huntsman, out of Bessy, by Van Tromp. Altogether, the place is well worth running over from York to see, or being taken in its way to or from Fairfield and Rawcliffe, although to compete with these places Moorlands does not aspire. The Duke of Newcastle has secured Lord of the Isles to stand by the side of Exchequer at Clumber, and we do not think there was a better horse vacant in the market. At one time the Lord was very fashionable, and if William Scott is successful in good mares for him, he will not be long in restoring him. His son, The Scottish Chief, has had plenty of admirers at Acton, and will advertise both himself and his sire simultaneously. Lord Combermere has purchased Buckenham for the use of his tenantry, and Adamas, the quondam pet of Epsom, and who, if he had only got through the Derby, would have robbed the Sporting Press of the services of 'Mr. Mellish,' and several other popular members, goes up at Albert Gate on the date of our publication. There is no better bred horse in England than Adamas, and size is the only quality in which he may be said to be deficient.

Our Hunting Despatches are of the most favourable character, and from the Far West District of Lord Portsmouth to the Great Northern Diggings of Lord Wemyss, good runs have been the rule, and bad ones the exception. King Frost also seems to have relented in his severity, and repented for his behaviour last season; and both horse and hound would be glad of a change, if only for a short respite from their duties. Of want of scent there has been no complaint, and the 8th has been considered the best day for it that has been known for years, the following packs having had burning scents and excellent sport on it, viz., the Pytchley, the Worcestershire, Mr. Tailby, Mr. Selby Lowndes, Lord Brownlow's Harriers, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Drake, the Craven, and the York and Ainsty. In Hampshire, the Hambledon have been

doing capitally the last three weeks, which has quite made up for the shortcomings in November. Probably their best thing was on the 22nd, when they had a woodland run through the Forest of Stanstead of 2 hours and 50 minutes, and ran to ground. Lord Paulett, in order that the keepers should not have a chance of such a customer, determined to dig him out, and after three hours' hard work, 'by the lantern dimly burning,' he came to hand. The H. H. have had some excellent runs in their up country, but nothing to speak of on their Tuesdays, owing to the shameful way hounds are overridden, and always by the same parties. Of the juice of the Vine Mr. Arthur Whieldon has not been sparing, and his friends have been enjoying it with rare gusto. Mr. Neville has come out again with his St. Huberts, and had a magnificent run from Winchester Race-course with a stag last week, during which Mr. Arthur Yates, whose riding of Bristles and Beverley at Reading was good for sore eyes, particularly distinguished himself; and Mr. Richard King (own brother to Salpinctes), and 'The Hampshire Chronicler,' on a very useful brown horse, rode every yard of the run; which ended by the deer, after escaping from a railway station, taking refuge in a bookseller's shop. The Craven have gone on with their good sport; and if the young Master is favoured with a series of runs of the same sort as he had from Woolley Downs and Coke Wood, he will soon bring back the original prestige of the country, which has been completely frittered away. The O. B. H. (Lord Melden's) had, *inter alia*, a rattling 50 minutes from Gerrard's Cross to Pollard's Wood a short time back. Hounds raced, and men stood still, from the deepness of the ground; and how some heavy Fellow(e)s managed was more than others, and lighter fellows, could understand. In 'the Shires' the worthy Master has been 'up and doing,' verifying to the letter the high character he enjoys in the field. His red-letter days have been the ones from Maidwell, Sywell Wood, Misterton, and Dodsford; and that Lord Spencer preserves as well as he rides, is proved by the fact of six brace of foxes having been already killed on his estates. The 'return lists' of Mr. Tailby are also very good. York is full of hunting men and hunters, the 11th Hussars having, it is said, no less than 140 horses among them; and although they are of course not a little quizzed about their white aprons, which they wear in the railway to protect their boots and breeches from dust, it must be admitted they ride like 'The 'Six Hundred' of Tennyson, and go like birds out of a trap. Colonel Fraser is decidedly 'the flower' of the flock from the Barracks, and he goes hard when hounds run, and stays to see the fox killed. Lord Wenlock, Colonel Harman, Captains Molyneux, Lane Fox, Fairfax, and Riddle, and Messrs. Robinson, Bower, and Browne have all been riding very well. These are men who will turn with hounds, and do not pride themselves upon cutting the pack in two. Horses are in good request, and anything that is fit to go commands a large price. The Bedale, we are informed, had a good run on the 18th from Clifton Castle to Hunton, and after they had done 8 miles in 50 minutes they ran into their fox in the open. The new Huntsman, Christian, is quick, anxious, and clever for his age, but the rage for game will not allow either him or his hounds to learn much about hunting foxes. The Holderness have been having sport, particularly on the 14th, when they had a capital run from Thorpe Whin of 1 hour and 15 minutes, during which Miss Emily Hall distinguished herself by jumping the Foggerthorpe drain, after her father had been in and out. They also had another 'clipper' from Arras, very fast for 50 minutes, to Londesborough, and afterwards 30 minutes a little slower, Miss E. H. being still in the ascendant. Mr. Hall, although still very lame from the terrible accident he met with in the Highlands last autumn, yet climbs on to his horse, and rides over the country as hard as ever. He is cer-

tainly a game Sportsman, supporting fox-hunting heart and soul, and keeping up a splendid establishment with a very moderate amount of sport from the owners of the soil.

The York and Ainsty continue to show a fair amount of 'good days,' but foxes have run short the last month, and the talent and energy of Sir Charles Slingsby can do nothing against luck. The Bramham Moor have had a merry month, and the excitement about hunting is very great. Magistrates prefer the saddle to the bench, and prisoners are let loose. The game preservers come to the covert side to try and get 'guns' to shoot the pheasants, but are met with the reply, 'What! waste a day blazing at pheasants? Good-bye. They've found. Hark to old Beeswing! Hark! hark!' Goodall has killed his foxes well, and has had several good runs, particularly one from Deighton on the 6th, when, after two hours, they killed. On the 15th, they were at Thorp Arch, and their first fox, after forty-five minutes, was run to ground. Their second, from 'Champagne Gorse,' gave them one hour and 40 minutes, when darkness compelled them to stop. On the 20th, at the Boot and Shoe, they had a run in the woods of an hour, when they ran to ground; but their second fox they killed in 35 minutes, and, after a fine run from Wheat Wood to the Stourton Gorse, they killed their third fox very handsomely in 1 hour and 20 minutes. On the 22nd they were at Tadcaster Bar, and had a capital hunting run of 2 hours and 40 minutes, running into the fox in the middle of a field, amid awful grief and show up of those who ride in spurts and require 'flags.' On the 23rd they had no scent in the early part of the day, but a lively 35 minutes in the middle of the day, sent them home ready to enjoy a Bramham Christmas. Among the more important changes that are announced, is the relinquishment of the Buck Hounds by Lord Bessborough, who exchanges it for the Stewardship of the Queen's House Hotel. Who his successor will be is not known, but the Earl of Cork is talked of for it; and it is to be hoped he will be a more frequent attendant at the covert side than the last Master, who took but little interest in the sport. The Cotswold and Bicester countries will both be vacant at the end of the season, and as good subscriptions are offered in each, it is to be hoped that 'good men and true' will be secured for them. We are glad to see that 'The Field' is putting the sporting world *au courant* with all that is going on in the hunting field, and have engaged as many Special Commissioners as the Government for the Jamaica Inquiry into the necessity of stringing up Blacks like onions; and it is only fair to state the reports in question bear evidence of being the production of sportsmen and gentlemen.

Our racing gossip is not extensive, nor can we expect much at this season of the year—in fact, but for the Danebury marriage, there would be none to relate. Not even when Andover won the Derby was there a gayer scene at Danebury, and the demonstrations of respect were not confined to the employers, but extended themselves to the cottagers. As 'Punch' would say, the union was one sanctioned by reason, and smiled on by prudence, and in every respect, therefore, an equal match. And after the ceremony had taken place, John Day conferred on Cannon the appointment of Second Jockey to Danebury, which was equivalent to a dowry on his daughter. And as Cannon is both clever and respectable, there is no doubt but he will make the best of the advantages thus presented to him. The other festivities were worthy of the occasion, and so brilliant were the fireworks on the Hill in the evening, that the Isle of Wight folks imagined the Fenians had commenced their 'little game' in this country. The Ealing Steeple Chases were run in a fog that strongly reminded the visitor of the chief scene in 'The Corsican Brothers.' The majority of the animals that ran in them were more fitted for the kennel than the course; but

as long as the cockneys were pleased, we see no reason why we should complain. We hear also that if Governor Eyre should fail in exculpating himself before Sir Henry Storks and Mr. Russell Gurney from the charges brought against him by Exeter Hall, it is the intention of Her Majesty's Government to recommend him to the favourable consideration of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to fill up the post of Starter vacated by Mr. Marshall. If this be the case, we are certain public opinion will ratify the appointment, for it will be a guarantee against false starts and the maintenance of proper discipline at the post, and Jemmy Grimshaw will find he has got his master. But the news is almost too good to be true. Captain White, we regret to learn, lingers on without hope of recovery; and, indeed, nothing but the stoutness of his constitution and some of the oldest brandy that is to be found in Europe, which has been sent to him by that excellent sportsman Mr. H. Behrens, has kept him alive. In the race for existence, he struggles on as gamely as he was wont to do in that for a Plate at Melton, and when the cord is snapped, we shall have lost one of our best gentlemen riders as well as one of the last links between the Old and New School Racing Men.

Happily, our Obituary is again a brief one, and confined to Tom Ball, who for some years was huntsman to Baron Rothschild, and who died on the 14th December, at his own house, the Railway Hotel, Leighton Buzzard; and being so well-known a character, we must devote a few lines to him. Tom was named after an uncle, well known in his day as whipper-in to the Oakley hounds, during the mastership of Lord Tavistock. His first situation was in his native country, Bedfordshire, when it was hunted by Mr. Grantley Berkeley. He subsequently whipped-in to the Quorn, in Lord Suffield's time, and, upon the hounds being sold, he went with them for a season to the North. From thence he took service with Baron Rothschild, and whipped-in to Bill Roffey, and afterwards for two seasons to William Barwick, whom he succeeded as huntsman. But Tom Ball chiefly shone as a whipper-in. His riding was perfection, and no one could beat him over the Vale of Aylesbury. He was light and wiry, and his hands so good that no horse ever pulled with him. One peculiarity of his riding, was that, when going over a fence, he leaned back to such an extent that his cap almost touched the horse's tail: indeed, it almost amounted to a fault. His nerve was undaunted, and, when he was riding to save a deer, no fence, however big, would stop him. Upon one occasion, in the meadows below Wingrave, he rode a small but favourite horse, named King Pepin, over some high post and rails with two ditches. The jump was measured and the horse was found to have cleared nearly eight yards! His exploits in the Vale upon Grouse, Paddy, King Pepin, Harkover, and other of his well-known mounts, will long be remembered by those who witnessed them. Accustomed as he was to active habits and out-of-door pursuits, the huntsman's cottage at Mentmore suited him far better than the life of a publican; and, although he was always an abstemious man, his health gradually gave way, and he died quite in the prime of life. The death of Sir John Malcombe, formerly well known in Steeple-chase circles as 'Olivers Baronet,' is also just announced.

CHRISTMAS AT THE THEATRES.

HERE we are again at the pantomime season—period of undisguised and exuberant delight to youngsters, time of anxiety to mater and paterfamilias, who believe in such things as coughs and colds, and have a righteous horror of draughty passages and breezy lobbies, wherein the cab or clarence or brougham that transported their juvenile convoy from home, is waited for after the performances are over. But, my little people, you must mind and

wrap yourselves up as mamma desires, so that papa may not say to-morrow morning at breakfast, 'Really, my dear, the children were so troublesome and disobedient, last night, that I shan't think of taking them to see another pantomime.' Grand and gorgeous ones indeed there are for you this Christmas; they're all 'stunning,' says my nephew Charley, and I think he is entitled to give an opinion, as he has been round with me to see them all. First, having dined with me at the club and taken his couple of glasses of Burgundy like a Briton, to say nothing of sherry and etceteras, he has most obligingly condescended to accompany me to nearly all the metropolitan theatres, from Covent Garden down to — well, I won't say down to anything. Hereafter follows the result of our experience.

The Directors of the English Opera Company are certainly no niggards in expenditure, either in the way of scenery or costume; indeed, in 'Aladdin' they may be said to have been almost too extravagant, for the dresses and mountings are gorgeous beyond description, and the whole thing is put upon the stage, as if money had been of no consideration. I do not propose entering into the plots of any of the pantomimes, but intend to confine myself to general remarks. With the exception of the splendidly managed scene of the 'Flying Palace,' I may as well at once say, that the Covent Garden novelty does not come up to its predecessor of last year; there is a baldness and want of connection about it, that one would not have expected from such a veteran author as Mr. Blanchard, *e.g.*, the *Princess* scarcely has half a dozen speeches in the burlesque opening. However, it doesn't do to be too critical in these matters, and what shortcomings there are are amply made up for by the 'ballets,' the first of which, in a street of Canton, is of itself alone worthy a visit. Little Rachael Sanger, formerly of the Brighton Theatre, was a most excellent *Aladdin*, and was well supported by the ever-green Brothers Payne, who seem to come out more lively and active every season. As to the transformation scene I will say nothing, but that it is magnificent, and must be seen to be appreciated, while the music is selected and arranged by a no less skilful hand than that of Mr. W. H. Montgomery.

'Fortunatus, or the Magic Wishing Cap,' is the novelty supplied by Mr. Blanchard for old Drury, and here he has been more successful. The famous nursery story has been dealt with in a graceful and amusing manner, and Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton have spared neither labour nor expense to do it full justice. I have therefore no hesitation whatever in awarding to them the palm for having produced the best pantomime of 1865, and foresee for it a career of triumphant success. Probably the scene that will find most favour with the juveniles is *King Pippin's Court*, where that high and illustrious monarch (Master Percy Roselle) rules over a nation of young people. And a nice turbulent set they are, with their plottings and counterplottings and revolutions. Upwards of 200 children are on the stage at one time, and it is marvellous to see the accuracy with which they carry out the author's idea by look and gesture. Miss R. Falconer makes an excellent representative of *Fortune*, and Miss Augusta Thompson, as *Fortunatus*, takes care to exhibit a graceful figure to the best advantage. The transformation scene is another feather in the cap of Mr. W. Beverley, and represents 'the Fairy Factory of the Wheels of Fortune.' For purposes of information, let me state that there will be morning performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday during the month of January, commencing at two o'clock.

Vive 'the great Planché!' in sooth, there is magic in the name, and so the Haymarket audiences seem to think, for every night they applaud it to the echo. The sensation of enjoying a delicious anything is often marred by the feeling, that we shall not have the opportunity of doing so again. With

something akin to this, I sat through 'Orpheus in the Haymarket,' for the veteran extravaganza writer has so long rested on his oars, as to make us fear that the present breach of his retirement will be the first and last. However, let us enjoy what he has supplied us with, and that I am sure everybody will, without the slightest difficulty. Offenbach's music is retained, and it is done full justice to by Miss Louise Keeley (who, by the way, will shortly retire from the stage), as *Eurydice*, David Fisher as *Orpheus*, and Mr. Bartleman as *Pluto*. Miss Helen Howard has been 'specially retained' to fill the part of *Public Opinion*, and Miss Nelly Moore, Miss H. Lindley, and Miss Snowdon are *Venus*, *Diana*, and *Juno*, respectively. Mr. Buckstone not only deserves the appreciation of the public for securing Mr. Planché's services, but also for the liberality with which he has placed the extravaganza on the stage.

At the Adelphi, 'Rip Van Winkle,' the best acted of worst written plays, attracts with undiminished success. Mr. Toole has returned, and plays before and after the drama in a couple of farces. 'La Belle Hélène,' Offenbach's last operetta, is being arranged as an extravaganza by one of our best burlesque writers, and it will be produced shortly at the Lyceum. Owing to Mr. Barnett's forgetfulness or want of courtesy—I don't quite know what he calls it; but the same thing has happened to me on a previous occasion—I am unable to give personal opinions on Mr. Fechter's impersonation of *Edgar Ravenswood*, but on all sides I hear it is masterly in the extreme.

At the St. James's Miss Herbert has put up with a very poor and rotten old extravaganza, touched up, which was played about fifty years ago at the Lyceum. It was then called 'Harlequin Hoax:' its present title is 'Please to Remember the Grotto.' The only good thing in it is Frank Matthews' face, as the Clown; all the rest is 'bosh.' But if this is bad, what matters it, when 'The School for Scandal' is so admirably performed? Every part is well filled, and Miss Herbert as *Lady Teazle* has never played better in her life. Indeed, those who like to see a thoroughly good play thoroughly well performed cannot do better than pay the St. James's a visit, where they will find all requirements satisfied.

Henry Byron to the fore again, at the Prince of Wales's, and this time with a *travestie* of 'Don Giovanni.' Now, with reference to the author, it is a favourite phrase with the critics, 'He never wrote a better burlesque; it is 'sure to be his greatest success;' and, strange to relate, he merits it, for each production of his is an improvement on the last. The present is smart, and bristles with bad puns, to say nothing of a most amusing arrangement of characters. Of course the burlesque is well played; it could not be otherwise, with a cast that includes Marie Wilton, Fanny Josephs, and John Clarke. All I can say is, 'Go and see.'

At the Princess's, Mr. Vining—I should say Charles Reade, LL.D. and—well, I will not use Dr. Pangloss's term—still perseveres in his endeavour to ram down the throat of the public that most disgusting of disgusting plays, 'Never too Late to Mend,' which, when once seen, is not likely to be forgotten. 'Sensation' may be pardoned, when its sole object is to appeal to the peculiar taste of a peculiar section of playgoers, because we all know well enough how much lifelike truth and probability there is in it; and therefore Myles-na-Coppaleen's tremendous header was accepted as a glorious triumph of stage arrangement. But when an author in a piece strives to point a moral by putting in the mouths of his characters ordinary dialogue, and placing them in certain places and conditions, he should see that he neither misleads the ignorant nor offends the common sense of the intelligent. In both these respects the Princess's drama appears to me to err, and I much

doubt, with all their boasting, whether either Mr. Reade or Mr. Vining will be much the richer men for their gross outrage on truth and decency.

Mr. Horace Wigan, at the Olympic, finds 'Henry Dunbar' so attractive that Messrs. Best and Bellingham's new burlesque is shelved for the present. Of the dramatic version of Miss Braddon's novel I feel bound to speak in terms of unqualified praise, for I think he must indeed be ungrateful, who, after having his attention and interest entranced for the whole evening, sets himself to work to pick holes in the picture he has found so pleasing. Further than this, the 'cast' of the piece is efficient in every respect, and as a triumph in character conception the *Major* of Mr. Vincent cannot be too highly praised. As *Henry Dunbar*, the outcast, Mr. Neville gets himself up for the middle-aged man in a way that of itself deserves commendation, and adding to that irreproachable acting, he affords a finished portrait of a man trying to live down the memory of a great crime. What of Kate Terry? Why, good, of course; ladylike, womanly, graceful as ever, playing with all her usual intelligence. What more, then, can we want?

The New Strand—for such it really ought to be called in its present elegant shape—has found it unnecessary to alter its bill of fare at all. Frank Burnand's 'L'Africaine,' to my mind, is the very best of all that young dramatist's brilliant and sparkling productions; and it is done full justice to by a most efficient and energetic burlesque company, who seem determined to exert themselves to make it 'go.' The music, without being pretentious, vindicates an honourable claim to originality; and Mr. Frank Musgrave has triumphantly proved how infinitely to be preferred is novel and specially-composed melody to the barbarous music-hall rubbish and nigger 'break-downs' with which burlesques have hitherto abounded. Stoye as *Vasco d'Gama* finds ample opportunity for displaying the quality of his voice, and he is ably supported by Miss Swanborough as *Inez*, whose vocalization seems to improve every season. In short, 'L'Africaine' not only ought to please the public, but, if I am not mistaken, will most opportunely replenish the coffers of the management. A *petite* drama, by John Brougham, entitled 'Nellie's Trials,' will shortly be produced, and I understand Milly Palmer will make her reappearance in it.

Of the other theatres a few words will suffice. The Royalty has a new burlesque entitled 'Prometheus,' of which the less said the better, except that the writing is poor, while the acting is good. Miss Lydia Maitland, Fanny Reeves, Nelly Burton, and Fred Hughes are the principal performers. At 'Ashley's,' as the unwashed always will call it, 'Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son,' affords ample opportunity for Mr. E. T. Smith's skill in scenic arrangement, and Mr. Charles Brew's artistic brush. The transformation scene is remarkably beautiful, and I have no doubt will draw transpontine audiences vastly. The New Surrey has commenced an active existence with a pantomime in no respect inferior to those for which the old house was so celebrated; and I am sure all sincerely wish Mr. Shepherd success in his new enterprise.

With this much, then, I think I have mentioned all the theatres any of the readers of 'Daily' are likely to visit, and so will put on my hat and great-coat, and go home to bed. The performances are over, the gas is turned out, the house is wrapped up for the night; Harlequin is drinking his glass of brandy-and-water at the Albion; Clown is sitting by the bed of a sick wife; Columbine is wearily dragging her legs up the creaking four pair of stairs in her humble lodging in Bloomsbury; and Pantaloon is in bed and asleep. And so ought I to be. So adieu, kind friends, till next we meet.

D. S.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. CHARLES BARNETT.

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1866.

DIARY FOR FEBRUARY 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	Th	Pheasant and partridge shooting ends. Salmon fishing begins.
2	F	Hereford and Wolverhampton Coursing Meetings.
3	S	Anniversary of the Wemyss Testimonial.
4	S	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.
5	M	North of England Coursing Meeting, Belsay.
6	Tu	Carmarthenshire Hunt Steeple-chases.
7	W	Frank Buckle died, 1832, aged 65.
8	Th	Earl Fitzwilliam died, 1833, aged 85.
9	F	Anniversary of the Great Findon run of 45 miles.
10	S	The Hon. Grantley Berkeley born, 1800.
11	S	QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
12	M	Harry Hieover died, 1859.
13	Tu	Shrove Tuesday. Birmingham Steeple-chases.
14	W	Ash Wednesday. Birmingham Steeple-chases.
15	Th	Waterloo Coursing Meeting (commencing 13th).
16	F	Waterloo Coursing Meeting ends.
17	S	Sam Hibbs, the hunstman, died from a fall.
18	S	QUADRAGESIMA SUNDAY.
19	M	Beckhampton Coursing Meeting.
20	Tu	Lincoln Spring Meeting.
21	W	Lincoln Spring Meeting. Plenipotentiary died, 1854.
22	Th	Wolverhampton Coursing Meeting.
23	F	Windsor Steeple-chases.
24	S	Windsor Steeple-chases.
25	S	SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.
26	M	Ashdown Coursing Meeting. Eclipse died, 1789.
27	Tu	Nottingham Spring Meeting. Chertsey Steeple-chases.
28	W	Chertsey Steeple-chases.

Charles Barnett

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. CHARLES BARNETT.

IN February last year we had the pleasure of giving to our readers a Portrait and Memoir of Lord Hawke, the oldest Master of Hounds in the North of England; and we now, in the same month, offer a companion likeness and sketch of a gentleman who enjoys a similar distinction in the South, viz., Mr. Charles Barnett, who, for no less than thirty-seven seasons, has been Master of the Cambridgeshire Hounds.

Mr. Charles Barnett was born on the 31st of October, 1796, at Scratton, in Bedfordshire, and is the only son of Major-General Barnett, of the 3rd Foot Guards, who died of the malignant fever which raged at Gibraltar in 1804, and to which so many of our troops fell victims. His mother was the daughter of Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart.; so he may be said to be descended from the United Service. Mr. Barnett received the rudiments of his education at the well-known private school kept by the Rev. W. Carmalt, at Putney, from whence he was removed to a private tutor, to be prepared for Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he entered, in 1815, as a Fellow Commoner. At that period the regulations respecting hunting were more liberal than in the present day—so much so, that the authorities, when the subject of our Memoir was called up before them for being at the head of a small pack of harriers, merely requested of him that he would bring his season to a termination as quickly as would suit his convenience. It is needless to say that such a liberal and gentlemanly mode of treating the case had more effect than any fierce bulls or interdicts, and the hounds were immediately disposed of. On quitting Cambridge, and taking possession of his paternal acres, Mr. Barnett became a member of the Oakley Club; and with those hounds, as well as the harriers of Mr. Wells, of Biggleswade, he laid the seeds of his hunting knowledge. In those days railroads were unknown, and cross-roads so bad, that going to cover on wheels was out of the question; and, as the meets averaged fifteen miles and a half from Scratton, Mr. Barnett's heart must have been in the sport for him to have been with them five days a week. This was under the régime of the late

Duke of Bedford when Marquis of Tavistock, who had for his huntsman William Wells, one of the best of his day. From him the young Squire of Scratton received encouragement and instruction, sufficiently profitable to cause his merits to be recognised in the most flattering manner, by the offer, in 1829, of the Cambridgeshire country, which he accepted. Previous to this, Mr. Barnett had been requested by Mr. Wells, of Biggleswade, to accept his very superior pack of harriers, which he hunted for two seasons, showing the best of sport to the large fields that used to go with them. And he only parted with them on account of his marriage, in February, 1826, with Elizabeth, third daughter of Sir Peter Payne, of Blenheim House, Bedfordshire. By his union with this lady, whose father was contemporary with George Germaine, Sam Ongley, and that hard riding school, Mr. Barnett's love of the sport was still further increased, and his Mastership was received as a popular one. On taking office as M.F.H., Mr. Barnett found the country well supplied with foxes, for pheasants were not preserved to the same extent as they are now. The hounds, however, needed the introduction of some fresh strains, as no regular system of breeding had prevailed in the kennel, by the Messrs. Hurrell, since Sir George Leeds was at the head of them. And Lord Southampton, taking Leicestershire at the time, and purchasing the Oakley Hounds from the Duke of Bedford, kindly presented Mr. Barnett with several couple of this noted pack, with the very best results, giving him the opportunity of commencing the breeding of hounds, which he has pursued to the present day. Cambridgeshire was considered by the immortal Meynell as the best scenting plough country in England; and as such it remained for some years after Mr. Barnett presided over it. Now, from numerous enclosures having been made, and baulks ploughed up, its merits have somewhat diminished, and the scent is not as good as it used to be. But, from the Brampton woodlands, which are most valuable to the country for Autumn and Spring Hunting, for which they have been up to the present time reserved, there has been no complaint of want of scent. In the Warden country, however, which is lent by the Oakleys, the return of the killed and wounded has not been as large as usual, from some laxity on the part of the owners of the coverts. Still, there are stout foxes in the country, and as good sport may be seen with the Cambridgeshire as with any provincial pack.

As a breeder of hounds, Mr. Barnett must be allowed to have taken a very high position; for, although he has bred hundreds, he has only shown three times, viz., at Islington twice, where he took a first and second prize, and at the Alexandra Park, where he was also placed first. With the Cambridgeshire he has crossed most with the Fitzwilliam and Belvoir blood; but of late he has gone to the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Fitzhardinge, patronizing the Woldsman of the former, and the Ottoman of the latter. Mr. Barnett breeds especially for substance and nose—qualities which are particularly requisite in his own country. And Famish, Buxom,

Bashful, and Fashion, and her two sisters, are as handsome and clever a sample of bitches as any kennel can produce, while their working in the field is all that could be desired.

Considering the number of years Mr. Barnett has been hunting Cambridgeshire, it is extraordinary he should have had such few falls, which speaks well for his ability in getting across a country; and his horses have rarely refused with him, because they have been made to feel that he meant getting over his fences. For a great many seasons—in fact, during the whole of the first portion of his career in Cambridgeshire—he was always with hounds. And his contemporaries must recollect his favourite, Phosphorus, of his own breeding, who carried him for four seasons without a fall, and behaved similarly well with Lord Dacre. The Bishop, Walter Gay, and Forester are also names which will be familiar to old Cambridgeshire men. And here we would take the opportunity of refuting a popular error, that Cambridgeshire fields are difficult to keep in order, from the high spirits of the Cantabs, who, so far from annoying the Master from over-riding hounds, invariably yield to the slightest expression of his wishes. In this they had an excellent example set them by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who, when at Maddingley, frequently patronized the Cambridgeshire; and, on one occasion, when he came out late and missed a good run, and a second fox was drawn for, which gave him a capital forty minutes, he expressed, the next day, to Mr. Barnett, with the best taste, his fears that he might have been the cause of the hounds being kept out so late. And Mr. Franklin, of Eltisleigh, the proprietor of the Leeds Arms, where the Prince refreshed both man and horse on his return home, still wears on his watch-chain the sovereign which His Royal Highness gave him for a glass of cherry brandy, and the change for which he refused to take. During such an extended management as that of Mr. Barnett, it cannot but be supposed he has had occasional difficulties to encounter, but these have been got over by good tact, conciliatory demeanour, and a firm resolution to do nothing that would damage the cause of fox-hunting. Neither will it excite any astonishment to learn that his services in the cause of the Noble Science have been appreciated by those for whose amusement he has for such a lengthened time endeavoured to provide. For, some years back, the Hunt presented him with a massive silver cup, at a large dinner at Cambridge. And, still more recently, a full-length portrait by that first-rate artist, Stephen Pearce, was given to him by the members of the Hunt and his private friends. In the picture, Mr. Barnett, whose likeness is a speaking one, is taken on his favourite Irish mare, Mallcoon, with Splendour, General, Glory, Gladsome, and Handicap, pet hounds, surrounding him. At the banquet which accompanied the presentation, and which was presided over by Lord Hardwicke, a fuller expression was given to the merits of Mr. Barnett, as a Master of Hounds, and to his good qualities as a country gentleman, than any language of our own could convey. The son of a Master of

Hounds, Mr. Barnett has transmitted his own love for them to his sons, Captain Barnett and Mr. George Barnett, both of whom are regular attendants in the field, and well qualified to take the management in the absence of the Squire.

This Memoir would be necessarily imperfect were it to conclude without an acknowledgment of the services Mr. Barnett has rendered to Agriculture, to which he has devoted himself all his life. His short-horn herd have constantly obtained premiums; and he himself for many years has been one of the most active members of the Royal Agricultural Society, having gone through various stewardships, and is now attached to the Finance and other Committees of that body. In short, the interest and activity he displays in all that concerns the welfare of Bedfordshire—taking especial interest in the working of the Poor Laws, as is shown by having been Chairman of the Biggleswade Board of Guardians ever since its promotion—will render the name of Barnett as Household a Word in the county as that of Russell or Whitbread.

THE STUFF OF WHICH DERBY WINNERS ARE MADE.

No. IV.

IN the previous articles I have discussed the principal strains of blood from which, in the male line, by far the greater proportion of our Derby winners have been made. There are a few cases of chance success which do not fall within the category of any of the various families already brought under notice; but those exceptions are so few, and so purely accidental, that they cannot influence in any way a discussion as to the most desirable strains of blood to patronize, or from which we may calculate upon producing a more than average proportion of winners of large races such as the Derby. Beadsman, Wild Dayrell, Pyrrhus the First, Cossack, and Merry Monarch, for example, were instances of success undoubtedly due to other causes than their own inherent excellence, and the success has not been repeated by any other scion of the same blood, that it would be but an idle waste of time and space to discuss at any length the ‘stuff’ of which they were made, or the more successful combinations and arrangements of which the blood of their several sires was susceptible.

Merry Monarch won in consequence of the disasters which happened to Alarm and The Libel—horses immeasurably his superiors. Pyrrhus the First would never have been first, had not Will Scott, who rode Sir Tatton Sykes, been disgracefully drunk and contumacious. Cossack’s win was owing to the masterly riding of Templeman, and not to his own superiority over Van Tromp, as subsequent running proved beyond all question. Wild Dayrell met a small field of platers, the only horse of any pretensions, Lord of the Isles,

being out of all form. Figuratively speaking, a good donkey or butcher's hack could not well have lost on that day; and, although Wild Dayrell was a much better horse than was required to beat such a field, and a good horse, I cannot believe him to have been the wonder his partisans have always contended he was. Of Beadsman's Derby, the less said the better.

There is, however, one of the great families which is deserving of more than a passing notice. I allude, of course, to the descendants of Bay Middleton—The Flying Dutchman, Andover, Ellington, Brown Duchess, and Dollar. Bay Middleton, of course, is dead long ago, and his best son was the Dutchman, who in turn has a better representative than himself now at the English stud. It cannot but be a source of congratulation that so magnificent a horse as Dollar has—contrary to the practice which has almost degenerated into a custom—been rescued from our Gallic neighbours, and is established at Rawcliffe Paddocks. The converse plan has been so much in vogue of late years, that the French have run away with our best blood, and have since turned our own weapons upon us with considerable effect, so that it is doubly satisfactory to find this horse, for some years at least, settled in our own country; first, because it is lamentable to reflect how many of the really good strains of blood have been allowed to die out in this country—the Defence and Orville blood, for example; and had it not been for the purely accidental birth of the horse Sir Tatton Sykes, the Sorcerer blood (through Melbourne) would have been extinct; and in consequence of the absurd practice of breeding in vogue, and the small amount of care, skill, and reflection brought to bear upon it, Melbourne has not a single son at the stud capable of keeping his memory green for a much longer period, so that within a very few years this blood will again be almost, if not entirely extinct in the male line: a few mares may exist, but I already begin to see signs of its disfavour and want of ‘fashion.’ I shall presently proceed to discuss the causes of its failure, and attempt to show the why and the wherefore of its degeneracy, which I think can plainly be traced to other sources than want of merit in itself. The more ‘families’ of thoroughbred horses we can foster in England, the better will it be for breeders, for the Turf, and for the country in general. There can be no more certain and effectual cause of degeneracy and decay, than the ‘playing on one string.’ Stockwell, like Aaron's rod, threatens almost to swallow up every other strain of blood. This cannot but be deplorable; and its consequences will, I am sure, be most seriously felt before many more years have passed over our heads. Breeders, like the impulsive and hysterical public, fond of excitement, run after any popular idol. I by no means wish to disparage Stockwell, and willingly admit his sireship of many good performers; but, considering that he has had the cream of the ‘Belgravian mothers’ for some years past, he has also got an unprecedented number of bad horses; and, were it not that scurry stakes and half-mile spins were so much in vogue, his name would not, I

am confident, occupy so prominent a position in the financial ledger as it does. Staying, and struggling endurance in good company, are not, as a rule, the chief characteristics of Stockwell's progeny. Such impulsive fiddling on one string, which the breeders have latterly adopted, displays neither sound policy nor sound judgment. The greater variety of family representatives we keep in this country, the greater number of good horses shall we produce, if only ordinary care be taken in matching and mating sires and dams. All this has incidentally emerged from the mention of the fact of Dollar being a stallion in England. His excellence as a racehorse (and I think it will readily be admitted that he was quite as good, if not a better performer than his sire) is a further corroboration of the facts I have adduced in this series of papers, and the conclusions I have endeavoured to draw from those facts, that there is *a limit* to which the several strains of blood seem to confine themselves in their alliances, and that, in most cases, that limit is confined to very narrow bounds. In the case of The Flying Dutchman, for example, it would seem to be confined exclusively to but two other strains—the Tramp and Royal Oak mares. Dollar's dam was Payment, by Slane, the son of Royal Oak. Ellington and Gildermire were out of Ellerdale, by Lanercost, grandson of Tramp. Brown Duchess was out of Espoir, by Liverpool, the son of Tramp. Cape Flyaway was out of a Melbourne mare; but those who hope to breed Derby winners must furnish better 'stuff' than Cape Flyaway, if they expect to cope with the Gladiateurs, Blair Athols, Kettledrums, Macaronis, and Rustics of their rivals.

DOLLAR .	{	The Flying Dutchman .	{	Bay Middleton .	{	Sultan.
					Cobweb.	
	{		{	Sandbeck.		
				Barbelle	{	Darioletta.
	{	Payment	{	Slane	{	Royal Oak.
					{	Orville Mare.
{		{	Receipt	{	Rowton.	
				{	Sam Mare.	

The besetting sins of the descendants of Bay Middleton and The Flying Dutchman have been their weak backs and loins; as a Scotchman very truly remarked of the bay, 'He has twa big ends 'and nae middle.' Now this fault has certainly been surmounted in the case of Dollar, who is one of the truest-shaped horses at the stud. His sloping shoulders, well-placed legs, and his almost unequalled length from hip to hock, explain his speed; whilst his undeniable blood, every strain of which was good, together with his sound constitution, fully account for his endurance and gameness; although his head is rather plain, and inclined to the Roman, which some of the knowing ones contend he inherits from his granddam, Barbelle, whilst others, on the contrary, assert it to be a family failing of his grandsire, Bay Middleton's; from whichever side he

gets it, however, it is well set on to a fine neck, and the forehead is broad and really intelligent-looking, which perhaps accounts for his tractableness and good temper.

Having shown the sort of 'Stuff of which Derby winners are 'made,' I shall now proceed, I hope not at wearisome length, to explain the causes of success in some sires and dams, and the failure of others from whom much was expected. If my argument has nothing else to recommend it, it perhaps deserves a moment's consideration for its *novelty*, and from the fact that no one else has ever attempted to explain in any way satisfactorily the causes of success or miscarriage. It is true we have been flooded with a lot of windy verbiage about 'double crosses of Waxy and Blacklock'—of the skill of Lord This, or the want of it in Mr. That—and over the defunct carcasses of Blacklock, Sweetmeat, and Pantaloon, the respective partisans have waged as fierce a war, and one of almost as long duration, as the Trojans and Greeks did for the possession of Helen. Not having any favourite strain, but welcoming excellence, in the most cordial manner, from whatever fount of blood it may spring, I will proceed to adduce a few reasons for the consideration of my readers, which will go some length to clear away a lot of dust and rubbish which has been allowed to accumulate around this very attractive subject. I will first of all adduce a few cases of the utter failure at the stud of horses having had abundant opportunity to display their merits, and who were good horses themselves on the Turf. I think there will be no dispute that the following list—which might easily be extended—comprises the names of horses who have been good performers, but have been all but complete failures at the stud:—West Australian, Tomboy, Kingston, Fandango, Fisherman, Vedette, Wild Dayrell, Surplice, and Teddington. The failure has, of course, been more complete in some cases than in others; but in no single instance—with abundant opportunity—has any one of these horses begotten a foal which has turned out as good as he was himself. By goodness I mean, of course, stoutness, and the power of endurance, of carrying heavy weights, and struggling gamely at long distances, as most of these horses could do. No one will be likely to put in a plea on behalf of West Australian. He is an admitted failure. The Wizard was perhaps his best son; but what a 'falling off' from the form of 'The West' there was there. Fandango! Will any one put in a plea that he has been a success at the stud? I think not. Fisherman? No. Vedette? Very doubtful. These were all good, stout, game horses. Vedette, it is true, has got a few smart half-milers, but where is there one within pounds and pounds of his own form over two miles? Kingston's stock have been lauded to the skies, but I could never see with what show of reasoning, for they are almost invariably jades; and if I were asked to select the progeny of any one horse which had displayed a jady disposition in a marked manner, I should at once pitch upon Kingston's. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there can be no question that the Editor of the 'Sporting Gazette' was perfectly correct when he described

Thalestris as 'the rankest jade in training;' and this is the family failing. Eleanor, Queen Bertha, and all the family have been sadly deficient in heart. Ely, of course, will be advanced as the one to overthrow this sweeping conclusion. I admit Ely's merits, but I don't place him on the same pinnacle of fame as his admirers do. He was always ignominiously beaten when he met good horses that were in form, and at even weights. His successes have been over effete horses, those out of form, or not wanted. And, moderate as were Ely's performances, his sire, Kingston, cannot in any case be credited with more than half their worth; and I hardly think he deserves so much, for The Bloomer, like Queen Mary, has thrown good foals to various horses, *e. g.*, Fairwater—a far better animal than Ely—to Loup Garou; Penarth to Verulam; and to his dam, therefore, Ely undoubtedly owes more than a moiety of his excellence. Like some overrated people, Kingston died at the right time; for otherwise he would have been discovered to be little better than an impostor. Those of his stock—with one solitary exception—have not been sufficiently promising to induce us to wish the country to be flooded with Kingstons. That exception I hold to be King John, who is the best shaped one of his sire's get, and, for the purposes of a sire, on the principles which I shall now proceed to explain, far better bred than was Kingston himself; though I shall never believe that, with no mishap, would he ever have equalled his sire as a racer.

In all the cases I have adduced there can be no question that the horses have inherited their stoutness as racers from the blood on their dam's side; and I am inclined to believe, as the result of very considerable attention given to the subject, and the investigation and unravelling of the pedigrees of many horses, that when this is the case those horses must fail at the stud, because they cannot transmit their dam's stoutness to their offspring. Whether this be the explanation or not, the fact remains that horses very stoutly bred on their dam's side, or say, rather, those which inherit their stoutness from their dam and her ancestors, do invariably and inevitably fail at the stud. This applies to horses (the male sex) only; for I shall proceed to show that this, which is a drawback to a sire, is an advantage in a dam. Fisherman's gameness is, I suppose, indisputable. Let us see how he was bred; and, in order the more clearly to convey my meaning, I will tabulate his ancestry for several generations back, so as to display to view the whole of the 'stuff' of which he was made.' And I think my readers will be of my opinion—the stout blood largely preponderates on the dam's side.

It will be seen that in the male line Fisherman traces through Bustard, Castrel, and Buzzard, up to Woodpecker, certainly the least stout of the sons of Herod. Mainbrace is much more stoutly bred; in addition to Tramp and Muley she possesses a 'double cross' of Waxy blood. Fisherman's stamina and gameness as a race-horse are therefore satisfactorily accounted for. He inherited those qualities from that source whence they only can be derived—from his

mother ; for I am a convert to the doctrine that a horse in a great measure receives his stamina from his dam ; and what I now wish more particularly to advance is, that when he does so in any remarkable degree, he will be almost certain to fail as a sire when put to the stud.

FISHERMAN	Herod . . .	Bustard . . .	Castrel . . .	{ Buzzard, by Woodpecker.
			Miss Hap . . .	{ Alexander Mare.
		Daughter of . .	Orville . . .	{ Shuttle.
			Rosanne . . .	{ Sister to Haphazard.
	Mainbrace.	Sheet Anchor . .	Lottery . . .	{ Benningbrough.
			Morgiana . . .	{ Evelina.
		Daughter of . .	Day Middleton	{ Dick Andrews.
			Nitocris, Sister to Memnon .	{ Rosette.
				{ Tramp.
				{ Mandane.
	Muley.			
	Miss Stephenson, by Scud.			
	Sultan.			
	Cobweb.			
	Whisker.			
	Manuella.			

I will now adduce the case of Fandango, a game and good horse beyond all question, and whose stock, taken as a whole, have been a lot of almost unparalleled wretches. Fandango was by Barnton out of Castanette by Don John, her dam Nickname by Ishmael. Here, again, for the sake of perspicuity, I will place the whole of the ancestors for several generations before the reader at one view :—

FANDANGO	Barnton .	Voltaire . .	Blacklock . . .	{ Whitelock.
			Daughter of . . .	{ Coriander Mare.
		Martha Lynn .	Mulatto . . .	{ Phantom.
			Leda . . .	{ Overton Mare.
	Castanette.	Don John . .	Waverley or Tramp	{ Catton.
				{ Desdemona.
		Nickname .	Ishmael . . .	{ Filho da Puta.
			Misnomer . . .	{ Treasure.
			Waverley or Tramp	{ Whalebone, by Waxy.
				{ Margaretta.

In this case I think it must be admitted that the stout blood preponderates on the dam's side, and, as in Fisherman's, there is a 'double cross of Waxy' blood. Don John was, no doubt, the son of Waverley, and not of Tramp. But admitting for the moment that he was the son of Tramp, that does not lessen the stoutness of his breeding, for the Tramp blood was unquestionably as stout as that of Waverley.

Vedette is almost similar to Fandango. Their sires were own brothers, and Vedette was out of a mare by Birdcatcher, her dam Nan Darrell by Inheritor, son of Lottery, the son of Tramp. Nan Darrell's dam was Nell by Blacklock. I take it that the blood of Vedette's dam was stouter than that of his sire. I am not about to open up the 'great Blacklock question,' of which, I think, we have had more than enough; but I cannot refrain from expressing my opinion that I think both parties, in the warmth of their zeal, have missed the real gist of the question. The partisans of that blood, in putting forward its claims to stoutness (which no honest and candid man can admit that it possesses), have entirely overlooked its real characteristics, which I take to be, in many cases, great speed with almost unequalled action. I have seen all the crack horses for the last twenty years, and there is not one of them which has come up to Voltigeur's superb action—that is, in my opinion. The only horse who has approached him in that respect was the winner of the Derby of the following year—Teddington. I never saw Velocipede, but my old friend John Scott told me that his action also was very fine, and much resembled Voltigeur's. Give every one his due. I think no one can dispute the speed and the action occasionally possessed by the descendants of Blacklock in the male line; they are very fast, and sometimes they have unequalled action. Strangely enough, these qualities have never been claimed for them by their very hot-headed partisans, who have put forward claims which are readily demolished; and they have thereby laid themselves open to ridicule and ignominious defeat. For instance, the chief bone of contention has always been the 'stoutness' of the Blacklocks. It has been clearly demonstrated that they do not possess this quality, and I cannot say that I ever saw much of it myself in them; on the contrary, I have frequently seen them shut up in the most currish manner when the pinch came. And the opponents of the blood have the best of the argument when they say that if the blood is so stout and so valuable, that, as in the cases of other stout strains, the more of it a horse possesses the stouter he ought to be; whilst the contrary is the fact the more crosses and 'double crosses' he has of Blacklock blood on his dam's side the worse horse he is. And there is no getting over the fact, that the very best horses we have ever known have had none of the blood at all in their veins. In the controversy the following horses were adduced as instances where the Blacklock blood was entirely absent; and as nearly every first-class performer is comprised in the list, there is no getting over the fact,

which in a former paper I noted, that we *can* have a horse of the highest excellence without a particle of Blacklock blood in his veins :—‘ Gladiateur, Dollar, Tim Whiffler, West Australian, Teddington, ‘ Kingston, Sir Tatton Sykes, Thormanby, Newminster, Flying ‘ Dutchman, Van Tromp, Harkaway, Alarm, Venison, Bay Middle- ‘ ton, Gladiator, Priam, Plenipotentiary, Surplice, Orlando, Cother- ‘ stone, Touchstone, King Tom, Andover, Blink Bonny, Cymba, ‘ Isoline, Fille de l’Air, Catherine Hayes, Songstress, Virago, Alice ‘ Hawthorn, Crucifix, Beeswing.’ If to this list were added the names of those horses who possessed but a single strain of it, or but an insignificant quantity—Blair Athol, Asteroid, Sweetmeat, Macaroni, St. Albans, Caller Ou, Saunterer, and horses of that class who possessed but one or two strains of it, and that not in the direct male line, we should have all, or almost all, the good horses of the last thirty years.

Surplice is an admitted failure ; and I think the failure is explained on the grounds I have advanced. Without reflecting in the least degree upon the qualities of his sire, Touchstone, I think Crucifix was more than a match for him in stoutness and stout breeding. A sire is expected to transmit the qualities he inherits *in the direct male line* to his offspring. My intention here is to show that he cannot do this when the ‘ grey mare is the better horse ’—in other words, when his dam is much more stoutly bred than his sire. On the first blush of the matter this may seem trifling, but that there is some great and unchangeable law of nature at work in these matters is only too apparent. What we want is a Newton to eliminate all that is casual, and, by cleaving to what is essential, educe order from chaos. Until such a lawgiver appears we may each of us do our best so as to approximate as nearly as we can to that perfection which we can never reach. That a few simple rules might with advantage replace the present disorder and confusion is unquestionable. Let us each, then, contribute our mite to the common treasury for the good of all, pondering reverently as we advance, for the ground on which we tread is scarcely less than holy.

That sufficient attention has not been paid to the *arrangement* of the various strains of blood of which a horse is composed is obvious enough. In the vegetable world chemistry and microscopic science have wonderfully simplified and elucidated matters. We know, for example, that the same elements of which a crumb of bread is composed also enter, in almost the same proportions, and without any extraneous addition, into the composition of strychnia, a most noxious poison. May it not be that in the animal kingdom—in the breeds of horses, for example—we may have the same elements (strains of blood), *but variously arranged*, making all the difference between a Gladiateur and a veritable weed ? Animals belong to a higher grade than vegetables ; and if different arrangements of the same simple elements prevail in the vegetable kingdom—in other words, if various changes be rung on the oxygen, hydrogen, and

carbon entering into the composition of all vegetable substances from a grain of wheat to a grain of strychnia, may not a various shuffling of the same cards (so to speak) make all the difference in the excellence or worthlessness of horseflesh ; and although each and every one of them must of necessity be composed of so many strains of Herod, Eclipse, Trumpator, Waxy, Blacklock, Birdcatcher, Melbourne, Orville, Pantaloon, or Partisan strains, may not the different *arrangement* of these various atoms determine the amount of excellence in its possessor ?

West Australian's glorious career on the Turf forms a striking contrast to his ignominious career at the stud. The same reasons exist in his case as in the others I have adduced, and which, I think, explain and account for his failure. He was by Melbourne, out of Mowerina, by Touchstone, her dam Emma, by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy. Here the preponderance of stout blood is on the side of the dam. Melbourne was no match for the 'double cross' of Waxy' and the other stout strains which entered into the composition of Mowerina ; and therefore, when West Australian was put to the stud, the 'contending elements' struggled for victory, and, as he could not transmit his male ancestor's qualities, he begat stock which were simply a reproach to his all but unrivalled fame.

Now, the sisters of the West, if properly mated, would be very good brood-mares, and would produce foals of much higher excellence than could ever be begotten by their brother ; because in brood-mares the stoutness is wanted on the dam's side. Blink Bonny is a case in point, how the stout blood preponderated on the dam's side in her case. If, instead of being a mare she had been a horse, she would never have begotten a Blair Athol.

The Baron and his sister, Countess, afford an illustration of this principle by contrast. It will be admitted that The Baron was a success as a sire ; and it cannot, I think, be denied that his sister was a complete failure as a brood-mare. The weak place in The Baron was on his maternal granddam's side, who was Miss Pratt, by Blacklock ; but as a sire, this would be an advantage to him, for the Whalebone blood, which he inherited in the direct male line, fortified as it was by that of Whalebone's brother, Whisker, who was his maternal great grandsire, would be allowed full play ; and the speedy, though soft blood on his maternal granddam's side, would oppose but a feeble resistance ; and The Baron was allowed to transmit to his offspring those qualities for which the blood of Whalebone is so famous. And what was the weak spot in The Baron (the Miss Pratt strain), but which to him was of so much advantage, would, in the case of his sister, be really operative *as a weak spot*, and her offspring would lack stamina.

It may, therefore, be taken as a rule without a single exception, that all horses with a disproportionate amount of stout blood on their dam's side will be failures as sires ; and that all the instances of remarkable success have been those cases in which their dams were

much less stoutly bred than their sires. I will adduce names in support of this view. Emilius was unquestionably great as a sire: let us see where the stout blood lay in his case. He was by Orville, out of Emily, by Stamford (son of Sir Peter). I should think that nobody could be found who would contend for Stamford's blood being stouter than that of Orville; that is, that in the long run its numerous representatives displayed more stoutness than did those of the Orville blood. It must be conceded, I think, by every impartial inquirer, that the blood of Orville was stouter and more likely to assert its influence than the blood of Stamford. Of Emilius's success as a sire there can be no question. Venison and Sweetmeat were, to some extent, successful as sires. They were both more stoutly bred in their paternal than in their maternal lines. Melbourne was a failure as a racer, for want of stoutness on his dam's side; but the disparity was not great between sire and dam; still there was a trifling advantage on the side of Humphrey Clinker, and therefore, when put to the stud, Melbourne was far more successful as a sire than he was as a racer, and, in consequence of the stoutness of his two parents being nearly balanced, he 'nicked' with a greater variety of mares than good sires usually do. Take the case of Stockwell. There can be no question that he is much more stoutly bred on his sire's side than on that of his dam. His sire, The Baron, was inbred to Waxy, and both strains were in the male line, *i. e.*, they were both sons of Waxy, and not one a son and the other a daughter. The properties of the Waxy blood would, therefore, be handed down from The Baron to his sons. Stockwell's dam is Pocahontas, by Glencoe out of Marpessa, by Muley. Glencoe was by Sultan, the son of Selim, the son of Buzzard. This blood is not considered so stout as the 'double cross of Waxy,' which Stockwell inherits from his sire. The Waxy blood, therefore, has full swing in Stockwell's case; and I think that will be found to be the reason why Stockwell's amours are not indiscriminately successful, but show a preference for mares of the Touchstone blood—and those too, who, in addition, have stout blood on their dam's or granddam's side. If the blood of Stockwell's sire and dam had been more evenly balanced in stoutness, he would have been successful with a greater number of mares than at present he can be said to have been.

Orlando's is another case pointing in the same direction. In his best day he was a successful sire: let us examine his breeding. He is by Touchstone out of Vulture, by Langar, her dam Kite, by Bustard. Not only was Vulture herself a speedy, flashy mare, but she was descended from a speedy and flashy family. There can be no question that Touchstone was more than a match for her in stoutness—hence the success, such as it has been, of Orlando. There was no sister of Orlando; if there had been, she must inevitably have been all but worthless as a brood-mare.

Alarm is an example of an extraordinarily good horse, descended

from two choice strains of blood—the Partisan and Defence strains. He was somewhat more stoutly bred on his dam's side than on his sire's, and has, therefore, not been a success at the stud ; but his daughters will be invaluable as brood-mares, as the blood is sure to crop up again in the next generation, and the Defence blood will be as valuable as it is scarce. There can be no question that, for the purposes of breeding first-class stock, the blood of Defence, either in the male or female line, is unequalled. And here I may take occasion to repair a slight which, unwittingly and unconsciously, I inflicted on one of the best horses now at the stud. In my first article, published last July, I remarked that the famous blood of Defence was extinct in the male line in this country ; that our French friends had appropriated this, as they had some other good things. I am glad to find that one of the truest-shaped descendants of Defence is now located at the Rawcliffe Stud Farm. I allude, of course, to that truly magnificent-looking horse, Lord Albemarle, who is the only direct male descendant of the blood of Defence now in England. I always like to render unto Cæsar Cæsar's due, and I therefore award the praise of unearthing or reviving this horse where I am informed it is due, to the Editor of the 'Sporting Gazette,' who has the credit of 'fishing up' one of the most valuable horses we have seen for some years past—valuable for his scarce and unrivalled blood, and valuable also for his symmetry and fine temper. As a performer on the Turf, he certainly was not a grand one ; but this is just the reason why, if breeders will give him the opportunity, he will be an unmistakeable success as a stallion. When I have revealed his ancestry it will be readily understood why a horse so bred, however speedy he might be, would never be able to stay over a distance of ground. On his sire's side, in the male line, he has the famous Defence blood, and his paternal granddam was also stoutly bred. On his dam's side he has also another strain of the Whalebone blood ; but this, too, comes in the male line, as the grandsire of his dam : where he wants stout blood most of all, *on his maternal granddam's side*, there he gets the only flashy strains in his whole pedigree. His want of staying power is therefore most satisfactorily explained—indeed, he could not well have been otherwise than a half-miler, bred as he is ; but if he gets a supply of Partisan mares—mares by Kingston, Venison, Sweetmeat, and Gladiator, which I am pleased to see are to be let off at half-price—there is no earthly reason why he should not get stock as good as Gladiateur himself ; the more especially as he is a better-made horse than his half-brother, Monarque ; and, like Monarque, he is

‘ Blessed with temper, whose even ray
Can make to-morrow happy as to-day.’

LORD ALBEMARLE	The Emperor	DEFENCE . .	Whalebone . .	{ Waxy.
				{ Penelope, out of Prunella.
		Daughter of .	Defiance . .	{ Rubens.
				{ Little Folly.
	Coral (Sis. to Coronation)	Sir Hercules .	Reveller . .	{ Comus.
				{ Rosette.
		Peri	Design (Sis. to Dangerous).	{ Tramp.
				{ Defiance.
		Ruby	Whalebone . .	{ Waxy.
				{ Penelope, out of Prunella.
	Ruby	Rubens	Wanderer.	
			Thalestris.	
		Revenge's dam	Buzzard.	
			Alexander Mare.	
		Revenge's dam	Williamson's Ditto.	
			Agnes, by Shuttle.	

I have spoken of the two strains of Waxy blood, and both in the male line, which The Baron got through Whalebone and his brother Whisker, as explaining the source of his excellence, and the excellence also of his son Stockwell. Lord Albemarle, it will be seen, possesses in like manner a 'double cross' of this desirable blood, and, as in The Baron's case, both in the male line—the principal one, the choicest of all the descendants of Whalebone in the direct line from sire to son—for I place Defence in advance of Camel, Sir Hercules, Waverley, Stumps, and the other sons of Whalebone. The second strain comes to him through Sir Hercules, the *sire* of his dam, so that there can be no question, whatever be the value of the Whalebone blood, that this horse is the one to transmit it pure and undefiled to his offspring. I hope I have now made the *amende* to his lordship for overlooking his existence when I discussed the 'stuff of which he is made' in the July number of 'Baily,' when treating of Gladiateur's kindred.

Owners of horses are proverbially thin-skinned, and neither like their property to be overlooked nor undervalued; but as I am very grudging of praise, and never speak a word of it unless it is deserved, it gives me the more satisfaction to add my mite to that pile of admiration which, raised by other writers, is intended to mark our sense of the services likely to be rendered to the state by Lord Albemarle.

Another instance or two of the possession of a 'double cross' of the same blood in the male line, and I shall bring this long article to a close. Of the Partisan blood we have an instance in Carnival, whose sire was a grandson of Partisan, and the sire of his dam was also a grandson of the same horse. Carnival, therefore, possesses a double strain of that blood; and, whatever be its qualities, he will transmit them to his offspring with more force than will his seven-eighths of a brother, Macaroni. This I know will go against the grain, but I am content to leave the result to that unerring judge—Time.

CARNIVAL	{	Sweetmeat . . .	Gladiator . . .	{	Partisan.
			Lollipop . . .	{	Pauline.
	{	Volatile . . .	Buckthorn . . .	{	Voltaire.
				{	Belinda.
			Zeila.	{	Partisan.
				{	Fawn.
	{	Jocose . . .	Pantaloan.	{	Banter.

I am not, of course, speaking of the best performer, but of the horse which, *as a sire*, will the more surely be capable of transmitting the peculiarities of the blood of Partisan to his progeny.

In this case, as in that of Lord Albemarle, the better of the two strains comes in the direct tail male line; that is, I think the Partisan strain through Gladiator and Sweetmeat is superior to that through Venison and Buckthorn, in the same way that I think Defence a more desirable representative of the Whalebone blood than Sir Hercules.

Idle Boy is an example of a horse possessing a double strain of the Waxy blood, and both strains in the male line; but the better of the two strains came to him through his dam's grandsire, and the least valuable of the two through his paternal grandsire. Of the brothers, Whalebone and Whisker, I regard Whalebone as immeasurably the better of the two; and had their relative positions been reversed in the ancestry of Idle Boy, we should doubtless have had much better stock from that horse. Idle Boy's sire was Harkaway, the son of Economist, the son of Whisker. His dam was Iole, by Sir Hercules, the son of Whalebone. For the purposes of a sire, if he possesses two or more strains of the same blood, and the qualities and characteristics of which blood it is intended that he should perpetuate, it is of the first and last importance that the best and choicest strain of it come to him direct in the male line through his sire; and for a brood mare, on the contrary, that all the stout blood, or the chief part of it, come to her through her dam. Stockwell, The Baron, Lord Albemarle, and Carnival are examples of the former position; Queen Mary, Mowerina, Blink Bonny, Alice Hawthorn, Pocahontas, The Arrow (Cambuscan's dam), Marmalade (Dundee's dam), Queen Anne (Kingston's dam), Haricot (Caller Ou's dam), and Pauline (Fille de l'Air's dam), are examples of the latter.

In another article—a short one, to atone in some measure for the unexampled length of this—I shall bring what I have to say to a conclusion, for this year, at least. In that paper I shall attempt to account for the way in which, in one generation the sons of a horse by their shortcomings may irretrievably damn their sire's reputation; as the sons of Melbourne have all but erased the glorious deeds of their sire (as a stud horse) from our memory; and conversely how the sons of another horse—those of Kingston for example—may eclipse their sire's renown, 'revivify the flame, and bid it burn afresh.'

ANOTHER DAY IN THE PRINCIPALITIES.

IN the March number of 'Baily' we attempted a description of a run in the Principalities with an old-established Cambrian pack; and we now resume the pen with the view of chronicling our notes of reference on the movements of the opposition or subscription pack, the Master of which had so excited old Owen's ire. We have before expressed our commiseration for the Master of a subscription pack, dependent solely upon the tens and twenties—fives not rejected—raised by the supporters of the hunt, to keep up the establishment in something like decent order; but in this case, all seemed Masters—the largest subscriber of fifty taking upon himself the office of chief manager in the field, when the reputed Master failed to keep his place with the hounds, which, by the way, happened to be of no unusual occurrence, from his heavy rotundity of person, and disinclination to incur unnecessary risks of neck or limb.

'Ah!' said old Owen, 'that man's always a jeering and sneering 'at other folks' horses and hounds, sparing nobody and nothing that 'comes under his eye; but he looks like a big pumpkin on horse-back, and dar'n't ride at a fence higher than my knee, for fear of 'rolling out of the saddle.'

Well, it was rather a cheerful morning, when we swallowed an early breakfast (in too great haste for good digestion), to be present at the early meet with this pack—the hour of fox-hunters congregating in Cambria, even in these latter times, being about nine o'clock. During the autumn months we don't regret getting up sometimes in the middle of the night for cub-hunting. There is something refreshing and invigorating in these balmy mornings to compensate for the curtailment of our slumbers; but shaving by candlelight, with cold water, in nippy, wintry weather, is not at all to our taste, when arrived at years of mature age.

We knew, once upon a time, an enthusiastic fox-hunter who, winter or summer, took a plunge into a stream flowing by his house, always before breakfast, breaking even the ice not to be disappointed of his favourite cold bath. Poor fellow! he fancied by this course to keep off the grim tyrant of mankind to a very distant day—yet the cold water failed in producing the expected result.

With a pleasant friend as companion, we trotted on after breakfast to the place of meeting—the kennels; such kennels! in such a situation as we have never seen before, occupied by what is called a pack of foxhounds. Harriers we have found tenanting hovels and outhouses, dirty as cottagers' pig-styes; but, in a professedly foxhound establishment, we naturally look for a certain amount of cleanliness and order in their lodgings and treatment, quite agreeing with Somerville, 'O'er all, let cleanliness preside.' Here, the goddesses Discordia and Cloacina seemed to hold united dominion. Half-gnawed bones of horseflesh lay scattered about at the very

entrance to the kennel, not less disgusting to the sight than offensive to the olfactory organs.

‘What a place to invite people to meet at!’ whispered our friend, as we sat in our saddles, on rising ground, contemplating this revolting scene beneath, which, with a very little care and tact, would have presented a very different aspect. Nature had done everything as to beauty of scenery in this pretty spot; man all to mar her handiwork. The clamorous lot of hounds within this den for wild beasts were meanwhile exposed to our view, yelling for their outlet, to breathe the fresh air: as to height and appearance,

‘A motley and uneven crew,
Resembling rather lamb and ewe.’

Whilst engaged in this survey, our friend pointed with his whip to a little cur, making his breakfast off a highly-flavoured shin of raw beef, in a secluded nook, not far from the grand entrance, ever and anon raising his head and casting a furtive glance around him, to see if he had been detected in his pilfering.

‘Oh! we see him,’ we replied.

‘And what think you?’ was the next question.

‘Our thoughts are yours.’

A stir among the *crowd*—we had penned, thinking of other meets; here, no crowd had gathered, but some dozen men on horseback were looking about, waiting the arrival of the Master—a puffy, red-faced man, with features expressive of jollity and good-humour, the most prominent of purple hue indicating an indulgence in something stronger than buttermilk. His casque being raised, with ‘Good morning, gentlemen,’ a bald, shining pate is exposed to view; and, after the shaking of hands with intimate acquaintances, and a nod of recognition to those less favoured, the Master gives the word of command—

‘Now, Tom, let ’em out!’

‘A Babel of tongues answers the summons from the kennel, and the opening of the door resembles the bursting of a mill-dam, the pack pouring out with a roar like pent-up waters. By the outcry the little cur dog is scared from his repast, and, with tail between his legs, scampers off in hot haste. Furrier sights him, and in a moment the pack is in full cry down the lane—stopping them being a forlorn hope. They raced him for half a mile, best pace, until his cottage-home saved his brush.

‘Ah!’ exclaimed our friend, laughing heartily, ‘pretty burst—quite à la Beckford!—short, sharp, and decisive: would have eaten him, but for the old woman slamming the door in their faces.’

‘That’s right, Jack!’ cried the huntsman, to a big, burly fellow on foot, with a huge thong, as thick as the end of a cart line, who met the party on their return, and was laying it on every individual indiscriminately who chanced to meet him; but Fleecer, with several other delinquents, not relishing the idea of passing through this eathery ordeal, levanted right and left over the fences, in defiance of

Jack's whipcord and anathemas ; when Tom, fearing a rebellion, bethought himself of softening matters down a little with a few notes of his trumpet—I don't say horn, because the notes produced from his instrument sounded more like a combination of sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, or those issuing from Baron Munchausen's frozen tube when released by a thaw.

'Well, gentlemen,' pleaded the Master, when something approaching order had been restored, 'just a flash in the pan. I like 'em all the better for it; plenty of devil in 'em, gentlemen. None of your namby-pamby sort, slipping out of their kennel as demurely as young misses from a boarding-school going for a walk with their teachers. Oh, no! nothing of that kind. High-mettled fox-hounds, like ours, will have a fling at something. D—n your limbs, Furrier!' muttered the Master, *sotto voce*, aiming a savage wipe at him as he passed his horse, with such vengeance that, missing the hound, the weight of his thong nearly pulled him out of the saddle; 'but you shall have more whipcord than boiled beef for supper!' which was allowed only on hunting days, with porridge; other days the boiling was dispensed with; their mode of living reminding us of the old lines written on the Prophet Jonah, when in the body of the whale, which we paraphrase as under—

'In the filthy kennel lying,
Forced to breathe polluted air,
Nought but flesh to feed upon, sir,
And, besides, to eat it raw.'

After this little *émeute* had subsided, we jog on to the covert first to be drawn, Jack still having a cut at every hound loitering behind, however pressingly engaged, this being a rare opportunity for catching him easily, when the mistaken individual supposed himself in a situation demanding forbearance. Even old Solon did not escape Jack's whipcord, although growling at such unceremonious treatment. Well or ill, we reach the covert's side; not, however, before the party—or pack, if it pleases you so to describe them—impatient of further restraint, had gone ahead, clear from Tom's surveillance, and dashed *in medias res*—or rather, *in mediam sylvam*—ripe for mischief.

Within the compass of a pig's whisper—rather an ambiguous simile—Furrier, Firefly, and Freeman are throwing their tongues right merrily, and the chorus begins to swell. At this moment—the most exciting to a genuine foxhunter—we are joined by Mrs. Trevor, Miss Llewellyn, and Edwin Meredith, who had come on wheels to the place of meeting—too late, however, to witness the first burst from the kennel.

'We are just in time,' remarked the first-named lady to Mr. Griffin; 'but really your hours of meeting are so antediluvian, that it is barely possible to take a hasty breakfast and arrive in time.'

'Had I been aware of your intention to honour us with your presence,' the Master replied, with a low bow, 'I should with

‘the greatest pleasure have given you another half-hour before proceeding to draw.’

A graceful bend of her head and neck was the only response to this generous speech ; when Edwin said—

‘A quick find, and I hope we shall have an opportunity of seeing how the C. S. H. can unite in killing their fox handsomely, as they have found him.’

‘Not a bit, Master Edwin,’ growled old Owen, who had been permitted to have a look at the C. S. H. ‘They haven’t found a fox—mayhap a hare, or rabbit, or fitch.’

‘Oh, yes, Owen ; you are mistaken ; the pack is in full cry. Ah ! and there he goes a brusher over the drive !’

‘But there is no brush to him, Master Edwin !—neither more nor less than an old Jack hare !’

A rating and cracking of whips immediately follows, the Master cursing, *ore rotundo*, and the mettlesome pack is at length stopped by half a dozen amateur whippers-in dashing in upon them when they get into the low coppice.

‘What a disappointment !’ exclaimed Mrs. Trevor ; ‘I really thought fox-hounds would not condescend to hunt hares.’

‘The young hounds are a little impatient this morning,’ urged the master ; ‘short of work, my dear madam ; too much dash and flash ; but when they do find their fox, you will see how they rattle and run him !—they say pickles of boys always turn out the best and cleverest of men.’

‘You were not a pickle, of course, in your boyish days,’ the lady replied, with a very provoking smile, which sent the spurs into the sides of the Master’s horse.

‘Habet,’ laughed Edwin Meredith, as Mr. Griffin rode hastily away. ‘The arrow has gone home into the bull’s-eye. You are very skilful in archery, Mrs. Trevor, which I have often noticed at our pleasant meetings in the old forest yonder. Shafts from your bow or lips rarely fall short of their mark—but pray spare your humble servant.’

‘Oh ! I dare say you were a very naughty boy at school, Mr. Meredith.’

‘Thank you,’ he said, raising his hat ; ‘but the trumpet is sounding a retreat : we may have better luck in the next covert.’

In spite, however, of Tom’s tooting and Jack’s rating, the malcontents, feeling secure in the high wood, commenced their devilry *de novo*, running hares and rabbits incontinently ; and Furrier, making a gripe at a cock pheasant nestling under a bush, the feathers were still sticking to his jaws when he emerged ; some with pink faces, others with the heads of hares and rabbits in their mouths, affording unmistakable evidence of the unlawful work in which they had been engaged.

‘Riot enough for one day, sir,’ observed old Owen, touching his hat—coming out unprofessionally, the cap had been left at home. ‘I don’t think you seed anything of this sort with our hounds,

‘although that Mr. Griffiths (Griffin was a nickname, not inappropriately applied) do abuse ’em by bell, book, and candle.’

‘Certainly not, Owen; your pack were very orderly, although not lacking in spirit.’

‘Well, sir, here they comes, two or three at a time, squandering all over the fields, as if they hadn’t a huntsman belonging to them, and didn’t know the meaning of the horn.’

‘Sure of a fox in Hazlewood,’ remarked one of the hunt to his companion, trotting by us.

‘Glad to hear it,’ muttered Owen; ‘we shall see then, mayhap, what they can do with him.’

‘Hang that bloody young bitch Jezebel!’ screamed a young farmer, as the above-named hound had seized upon a lamb lying under a hedge, and away he rode full gallop to the rescue. Ere, however, he reached the spot, Grasper had come in to Jezebel’s assistance, and seizing his hind quarters, the unfortunate lamb was torn in twain, each hound scampering off with his booty. The ire of Farmer Evans becoming highly excited at such barefaced audacity, the spurs were applied rather freely to the young four-year old he was bestriding, who, not relishing this severe pricking, set up his back, kicking with the most pertinacious violence, until the farmer was obliged to vacate his seat in the pigskin, and take soil—in other words, he found himself tail under on mother earth, without being at the moment quite cognizant of that fact; in short, after performing a little pirouette in the air, he had come down with such stunning effect, that myriads of stars were dancing before his eyes, and he lay apparently a dead man. While pocket companions were freely offered by solicitous friends to rouse him from his lethargy, Tom was blowing away to collect his scattered forces, and glad to hide his diminished head in the next big wood, where he began his *ysicksing* with a few couples of old hounds. Anon, old Solon challenges, greatly to his relief.

‘A fox for a thousand!’ roars the Master. ‘Have at him, old boy! hoic! hoic! hoic!’

Responding tongues of hounds there are few; the chorus does not swell as it ought to do; a chop only here and there: evidently it is not a find. The few that do speak at all proclaim it to be a stale drag. The cheering of huntsman and Master cannot alter the chase. The Solons of the pack hold to the line through the covert and out the other side, but not away. A cast is made forward by Tom, without success, when old Joyful coming up, feathers on the scent under the wood hedge, and again the covert hides them from our view. The same dull, dragging work continues until they are once more in the open, and then across three or four enclosures into a smaller covert. A sudden crash—nearly every tongue let loose.

‘Fresh found, by Jingo!’ shouts the Master. ‘Now, gentlemen, you will see how these daredevils can go.’

All is expectation: some hearts beating quick with excitement, others with nervous apprehension, as they survey a dirty-looking

brook, which bounds the further corner of the wood to which the cry seems tending. But hark! what is that which checks at once the throbbing pulsation in every breast? A rate from the huntsman. Riot again! war hare! war hare!

Tired of pottering on a cold, hopeless drag, the seasoned hounds had joined the younger, and even the six-year hunters ran mute in the ruck. How to describe the visage of the Master at this damper to his highly-raised expectations, this disgraceful conduct of his pack! Rage, malice, disappointment, seemed concentrated there; yet although his lips moved and quivered, no word escaped them. Vengeance was rankling in his heart, and he dashed into the covert, with fury flashing from his eye. An uproar followed, Furrier being caught by the hind legs, and double-thonged unmercifully.

‘Ah! sir,’ said old Owen, sidling up to us, ‘I’ve picked up all about it: neither more nor less than a bagman.’

‘How did you make that discovery?’ we asked.

‘You remember, sir, that gent in a green plush coat, telling his companion as he passed us, of a sure find in Hazlewood. “Wish “I was certain of it,” said t’other. “Don’t you twig?” said the plush man, with a wink and poke of his whip in t’other’s side, and he whispered something in a lower note, which I didn’t hear. Well, sir, I watches this gent, and see’d him slip a dollar into the woodman’s hand, when we first heard ’em opening on the drag. Says I to myself, I knows what’s up now, though I guessed it afore. Well, sir, when the plush man rides on, I rides up. “Went off pretty brisk,” says I to the woodman. “Ees sir; I believe hur did too—just turned round for a minute when I shook un out o’ the bag, cocked up his leg, and trotted off as if he had been sarved this trick afore.” “An old warrior;—how long has he been let loose?” I asked. “Above an hour.” So you see, sir,’ continued Owen, ‘this old fox, when unbagged, goes straight through the wood, and out the other side; looks about him—knows his home don’t lie thereaways—doubles back, and off in the opposite direction, and by this time I’ll warrant, sir, he’s safe and snug in his own earth.’

‘Most likely, Owen. The mystery of this chopping drag hunting, is now fully explained; he was too good a fox to wait when he heard this hullabaloo and rioting, cracking of whips and blowing of horn; and whilst these curs were making the worst of their time, he was making the best of his. Now then, I suppose there is an end of working upon this stale scent. Master and huntsman are out of temper, and they look exceedingly disgusted with the malpractices of their darlings.’

‘Lor, sir,’ remarked Owen, ‘there ain’t five couples out of the lot worth more than their skins; and then for the people—Master, huntsman, and the whole batch of gents—they just, as my old father-in-law used to say, knows when ’tis daylight, and that’s all. They ain’t got no notion how hounds ought to be managed, any more than this old hoss I’m a riding, if they have so much.’

We fully subscribe to Owen's opinion. We have seen scratch packs of various denominations—calf-hunters, drag-hunters, beaglers, hare-hunting foxhounds, blue mottled harriers, and other hounds—held together in some sort of order; but as to the management of the C. S. H. pseudo foxhounds, we can only compare it to that of the butler or groom (we forget which) who once had the audacity to undertake the hunting of the Vine Hounds. Yet with all this extraordinary ignorance of what foxhounds ought or ought not to do, or be done by, the members of this hunt looked with sovereign contempt upon any individual presuming to offer an opinion antagonistic to their own. 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;' and happy in their own ignorance, there let them remain. We describe what we have witnessed or gathered from eye-witnesses.

But the day is young; we are again on the move for another covert, Master and field agreeing in the hopelessness of recovering the line of the first fox. This time there is really the finding of a wild one, and wild cheering from half the field when the animal shows his nose outside the wood hedge; headed back of course, a ring round covert breaks again—again headed—the funklers most vociferous, hoping he may be killed without giving them the trouble of following him over the open. The pack, however, don't rattle their fox as they ought to do when at such close quarters. There is something amiss—what is it? Old Owen, ever creeping about to see how the hounds are working, solves the mystery by saying, 'A heavy vixen, sir.'

'Does the huntsman know it?' we asked.

'Quite well, sir, and the Master too; and they mean to kill her if they can.'

We need go no further into details; the worrying of this unfortunate fox—'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of 'Askalon,' that this murderous deed was done by *genuine foxhunters*. Such men would scorn a cold-blooded action like this, revolting to manliness and mercy. Beckford, it is true, expressed the opinion that a fair foxhunter and a foolish one were synonymous. When pronouncing this judgment, he was thinking of pursuing a wild strong healthy dog fox, of whom, considering so many bad days, bad starts and other drawbacks, every advantage might be taken in moderation to keep on good terms with him; and we know from experience that a really good fox cannot be brought to hand without pressing throughout from find to finish. The scent of a fox does not hold like that of a deer. Ten minutes' law to the first is virtually more than twenty-five to the latter. The fox with a thorough knowledge of his country has a point to reach, and his purpose is to reach it as quickly as possible. The uncartered deer is like a stranger in a foreign land; he knows not which way to turn, and looks about him bewildered what to do, until, pressed by the cry of hounds, he is forced to fly anywhere. The deer generally runs against the wind, the wily fox goes down wind; and thus the former leaves a stronger trail behind him. When Beckford wrote on fox-hunting, it was on

fox *hunting*, not fox *racing*, so much practised now-a-days. The game was fairly treated at first, not mobbed and hustled about as soon as on his legs; hounds were allowed to settle down steadily upon his line, and then 'catch him by all means short of telegraphing.' There are times when foxhounds must be lifted; and the same authority adds, 'Those which won't bear lifting are not worth keeping;' in fact, this forms part of the 'Noble Science'—a necessary lesson in a foxhound's education. They must be lifted when driven over the line on a middling scenting day, by a hundred and fifty horsemen pressing hard upon them. You must get them out of the crowd, out of greasy fallows on the going off of a white frost. They must also be held forward when encountering a flock of sheep. Here, again, the huntsman must render some little assistance. No doubt, really good hounds would work over or through such difficulties if allowed time; but time is precious in the chase of a fox who is running fast whilst you are loitering. This was Beckford's meaning when writing about a 'fair foxhunter and a foolish one being synonymous.' Harriers may be permitted to hunt over fallows step by step, their game most probably having squatted in the middle of the field; and it is for this reason that the same authority pronounces the huntsman to a pack of harriers as totally incompetent to manage foxhounds. The former has no necessity to press forward, but the motto of the latter is, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Killing a heavy vixen was never contemplated or countenanced by him or any true fox-hunter. Such, by chance, may be chopped or caught by hounds inadvertently—accidents of this kind do occur in the best regulated families. Here, however, there was no accident. The Master of the C. S. H. determined on the murder of this hapless vixen, to blood his curs, and it was done.

'Ah! sir,' said old Owen, 'this is dreadful work. I be ashamed to be seen with 'em any longer; but by all accounts they are always doing things of this sort. A young farmer told me they had another vixen brought a few days ago, which dropped her cubs in the night, and the next morning they had her out before the hounds, but the poor crittur got away from 'em.'

Like Owen, we were not eye-witnesses of the finale of this unsportsmanlike work; but it seems after the bloody deed had been done, another covert was to be drawn two miles distant, to which, whilst wending their way, a countryman accosted the Master—

'I've got summat at whoame ye wud like to see.'

'What is it then?' was the gruff reply.

'A fine un; master cotched him last night in a drain hard by, whar I wur at work.'

'What's the price?'

'Lave it to yer honour.'

'Half a sovereign?'

'Well, sir, I'll take it: for I be bad in want of money.'

'How far is he off?' asked the Master.

‘About a mile ; and I’ll fetch un, as soon as you have had a glass of grog at the public yonder.’

The party accordingly drew up at the Fox and Goose, whilst the yokel went off on his mission. He had been gone more than an hour, when the head subscriber—not being a bagman—exclaimed, ‘I say, Griffiths, this is devilish cold work sticking up here, waiting for that lazy rascal ; let’s go and find a wild one for a change.’

‘Stop a bit, old fellow—a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—I’ve paid the ticket.’

‘You’re deuced like a ticket-of-leave man, Griffiths—can’t be broke of your bad tricks.’

‘Not worse than yourself, Mr. Ironclad.’

‘D—n your impudence,’ retorted the other ; and one hasty word bringing on another, the compliments flew about in such coarse language, that Mrs. Trevor whispered to Winifred, ‘Really, my dear, we cannot remain any longer within ear-shot of this blaspheming. Come along, this is no place for us, and it will be some time before I again honour the C. S. H. with my presence.’

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

WHEN I parted from you last month we were still wandering about in the intricate paths of hôtels. Ah ! happy early Christians ! who had everything in common, and indeed nothing in particular ; who shared your food, your tents, your money in common. You must have had some dirt and discomfort ; but then you did not want a ‘Baily’ to tell you where to go, or an intrusive adviser to warn you what to avoid. Civilization has its drawbacks—its duties as well as its pleasures. We are uncommon Christians now, and must have ‘good beds and civil attendance ;’ but the deuce and all is to know where to find them. In my last letter I threaded English Paris, and pointed out where ‘fashionable,’ county, and respectable England, *en voyage*, had better go ; now I will cross the water. On the other side of the Seine, where as yet the Senator Haussman (profanely called by a ‘wicked wag’ just arrived from London the Pull-down-house-man) has but little perpetrated his work of devastation and improvement, there are still hôtels at which you can live at the prices of that period anterior to railways and telegraphs, when you came from Boulogne or Calais in a ‘diligence,’ which also brought the Paris supply of fish, which arrived usually in a condition which would have pleased our First George, who, being served with the best Colchester oysters, remarked, ‘Nasty insipid things ! why they’re quite fresh !’ In these hôtels you can live at a fair price ; and really those on the Quai d’Orsay are clean and good enough for any one.

Why visitors to Paris do not live more in lodgings I cannot imagine. They are not cheap—but then nothing is cheap in Paris

(it is as well to dismiss the question of cheapness—at least when combined with comfort—from your mind at once); but if you go to a good English agent—say Arthur's, in the Rue Castiglione—he will find you accommodation at a rate much below hôtel prices, and see that 'native talent' is not brought to bear on you too strongly. A French lodging-letter will flay you alive if he is left alone with you, and, indeed, to quote the words of an old friend, would 'skin a flea for its hide and tallow.' There are decent *maisons meublées*, where bachelors can revel in latch-keys, and keep even the very smallest hours without scandalizing any one; and if you happen to drop on a good establishment, this is a free and independent life. Having got our traveller into Paris, and told him where he may be lodged aristocratically, comfortably, economically, freely, the next thing to do is to feed him.

In nothing so much as in the question of living—I mean material living—breakfasting, dining, and occasional supping—is the utter ignorance of the English visitor revealed. There is, even in these international days, an idea that you have only to walk into the first restaurant you see, and you will be sure to get a good French dinner. Never was such a mistake! A good French dinner is almost as difficult to get here as in London. And here I once for all declare that French dinners are overrated, and assert that, at one or two establishments (Boodle's and White's, for instance) in St. James' Street, I have eaten better dinners than I ever saw here. True, cooking is an art. Admitted that, like the poet, the *chef* is 'born, not educated,' yet even the most distinguished *artiste* must be to a certain degree dependent on his materials. Now France is behind us in meat, and absolutely 'nowhere' in vegetables; so Paris dinners fail in two essentials. But when French talent is brought to bear on English materials the result is highly satisfactory, and likely to produce such an expression of regret as that which I once heard issue from the lips of Sir H——P——, after a house-dinner: 'Yes, 'you're right; a fine dinner: but it's over. What a pity we can- 'not dine again till to-morrow!'

Besides, what is a 'French dinner' in Paris? Your readers perhaps picture to themselves a thin soup, an idea of fish, and a series of aerial *plats* culminating in woodcocks. Lord bless you! that is an English-French dinner, commanded by a professor, and cooked by an *artiste*. A real French dinner—such, for instance, as you get at the best clubs of Paris is—as different as possible, and as substantial as the meal usually brought in by the men with big heads in the last act before the transformation-scene of a pantomime, when the Giant-king Humguffing entertains a party of Enormities. Why I dined lately with three other men at the 'Cercle des Chemins de 'Fer,' the best dining club in Paris, and our *menu* would have fed a convent. I was quite overwhelmed. Our smallest *entrée* was a 'calf's head!' And this is the *haute cuisine bourgeoise*, the best native cookery. Still, you can dine well—nay, even cheaply—in Paris, if you go to the right place. And now I am

going to lay down a golden rule. Whenever you have found a place where you have dined well, stick to it. Rolling stones gather no moss. Bees may sip honey from flower to flower; but theirs is a hurried and uncomfortable meal, depend upon it. No; do not 'flirt' with your dining-places; be constant, and your true affection shall be rewarded. The *Patron* sees that you were pleased, and have come again, a second time; as he wishes to see you a third, he whispers to his *chef* to pop in another truffle; hints that *foie gras* is a good *plât*, and tells the *Sommellier* to get out the best his cellar affords. The *Sommellier* sees that you appreciate your *Cos d'Estournel*, so he airs it for you; and finally, the *garçon*, with that gratitude which is born of 'past benefits and the hope for 'more,' waits on you as he waits on no stranger.

You can dine in Paris, even now, for any price from fifty sous to fifty francs; though I fear 'present prices' must have militated very strongly against the '2 francs 50 centimes' dinners (which within my memory were—if you carefully confined yourself to the simplest *plâts*, and eschewed *entrées*,—very fair average eating); and now I should fear the presence of 'horse' must be detected; and, although the 'horse is a noble animal' (as we all read in our spelling-books), yet I prefer riding to eating him, any day, the Hippic Society notwithstanding; and, though I have sometimes seen him a 'good 'thing' in a handicap, I can't 'stand him' in a kitchen.

But the question is, where to dine well, and not at an extravagant price. If price is no object, I say then, at once, go to the 'Maison 'Dorée;' seek out 'David'—the aged 'David,' who told me lately that he had been for twenty-five years in the establishment, and that it had never been closed, night or day—and tell him your wants. You will have the best dinner in Paris, and more than average wines; but the price will be alarming. At this restaurant dined, for years, Doctor Véron, one of the true *gourmets*,—not *gourmands*,—there is as much difference between the two as there is between dining well and eating too much. The best of everything was nearly good enough for this 'ascetic;' and the dinners which he, in company with his secretary, ate every day, were quite an advertisement to the house. 'What is that *plât* which looks so good, and 'which the old gentleman in the velvet cap takes to so kindly?' would ask a *blasé* diner. 'Oh, that is *poulet à la danseuse sauce poivrée*,' would be the reply. 'Then get me some.' One word more about the Doctor and his secretary. They always came to the corner of the street together; then parted, and entered the 'Maison 'Dorée' by two different doors.

Durand's, at the corner of the Rue Royale, is one of the best dining-places here. As is the case in most good restaurants, there are two salons—one where they smoke, and one where they don't. Wise people will always dine in the smoking salon, where the waiting is always better. In the former you are sure, at Durand's, to find a nice lot of people; and, say what you will, it does make a difference to your comfort whether your neighbour eats like a pig

or a Christian. I know nothing more likely to spoil a delicate appetite than to see the 'next table' bolting his food like a boar, and telling the *garçon* to bring the next dish as he puts down that to which he is about to devote his rabid attention. At Durand's you find men in evening dress—diplomats, secretaries, and attachés. During a long life I have always found that diplomacy and dining go together; so I always drop in where I see Secretaries of Legation studying the protocol of the day.

The Café Foy is dreary, dear, and, I think, a thing of the past; the Café Anglais nothing particular—rather like a bad 'Long's.' Voisin's, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, again, is rather like Limmer's, inasmuch as there are no carpets, and that plain dinners are eaten by plain country gentlemen. They have a cellar there, though, which accounts for the constant attendance of certain natives, and travelled English 'who have known Paris since the Peace.' There is a dry champagne—quite still—which I recommend your readers to taste; and I will just allude to some Bordeaux, price 20 francs a bottle, which is cheap at the money. Lord —, who came here for a week, tasted it the first night, and stayed here, in consequence, three months.

This delay reminds me of what happened once at a place in the United States of America. Diligence stopped, and thirsty traveller (he was an Englishman touring about for pleasure, and so, of course, was in a tearing hurry) alighted and asked for drink. They gave him a certain Sauterne cup; he drank, and, Oliver Twist-like, asked for more, and again more. The driver got impatient, and said he would only wait for one more pint. 'Then,' said our thirsty soul, 'take down my luggage, and I'll stop.' He did so, till he died of D. T., deeply regretted, especially by those with whom he had had dealings. But to return to the Boulevards. You can get a fair dinner at the Café Riché, but the room is always so full, and the waiters in such a hurry, that I would rather dine worse in a quieter way. Surely if ever the Arab saying, 'Hurry is the devil,' is sooth, it is when dinner is concerned!

The 'Trois Frères,' and, indeed, all the great dining-places of the Palais Royal, where our grandfathers, fathers, and those natural enemies our elder brothers used (Confound them and their extravagant ideas!) to waste their substance in riotous living, have all suffered by the creation of a new Paris. Many of your readers must remember perfectly well when the Palais Royal quarter of the city was alone lighted and moderately paved, and then, naturally, all strangers went and dined in the restaurants of those brilliant galleries. Now all is changed: the Boulevards are the centre of English Paris, and many strangers are here for weeks without visiting the haunts of their ancestors. Still, on grand occasions 'Les Trois Frères,' like 'Todgers's,' 'can do if it likes, mind you;' and the supper of the 'Bal des Cocottes' last year was a triumph of culinary science. If you are known at Philippe's, Rue Montorgueil (formerly the Rocher de Concale), you may still dine there both cheap and well; and

although it is out of the way, I think I should advise everybody to give it a chance. You can go to the Palais Royal or the Châtelet after, you know, and so not have lost a day. But I confess I have reserved my favourite restaurant to the last—Vachette's, *ancien Brébant*, on the Boulevard Montmartre, is still quite French. There you may still eat a dinner cooked after the fashion of that day when the French style was yet 'pure architecture,' not barbaric design overladen with vicious ornament. The Duc d'Escars, Minister to Louis XVIII., was almost the last man who really kept up a true French kitchen. He died for the cause, however, for having had a breakfast *hors de ligne* with the king, they were both taken sick nearly unto death; and, indeed, as far as he was concerned, quite unto death, for he died of a *paté de foie gras*; and the wits of the day said, 'Hier le Roi à été attaqué d'une indigestion dont le Duc d'Escars est mort!'

Prince Talleyrand was a noble eater, but so *blasé* and so 'used up' that he had to keep cooks of all nations, and ask his *chef* every day if it was not possible to 'have a new pleasure?' He was the Sardanapalus of the French kitchen, and undermined its solid structure. But this is a digression. At Vachette's you can still get a cheap and good dinner, or, what is more difficult, a *dear* and good dinner. A small society of certainly not the dullest people in Paris dine there every Sunday. The Sunday dinners, including digestion, the wines, and the 'bill,' stand the 'reflection' of Monday morning. Can you say more? 'When I awake after one of our Sunday evening sittings,' said lately, Charlie H——, 'I feel that I must have done a good action over night:' so calm and quiet is the reaction of pleasant society pleasingly cared for.

But to live well in Paris, you must not only know where to get a dinner cooked properly, but you must know how to order it. I know no more lamentable sight than to see 'Reynolds, proprietor, travelling with his family and two domestics,' blundering through a *carte du jour*—a bill of fare. I do not mean to repeat the old story of poor dear Theodore Hook, that starved Sheridan of Toryism, and say that anybody orders the 'first four dishes,' and finds himself sitting down to two clear and two thick soups; but I do mean to say that they make very nearly as absurd mistakes. I myself not long ago witnessed a scene at the Maison Dorée. A family party ordering a family dinner for four. They ordered—no, *He* ordered—he who spoke French, that dinner, and ordered it for *four*. Now, dinner for 'four' is about dinner for nine. They had *Potage à la bisque*, a charming but satisfying compound, of which a healthy young man with an appetite still redolent of Eton can eat about three spoonfuls: that the waiters brought calmly. Four portions of *Sole au vin rouge* (a charming dish, but succulent) is a strong order. Four *filets de chevreuil à la mort subite* is also a 'command' which attracts the attention of the waiters: yet they bore it well, and without saying a word till the *soufflé* for four appeared, and then even waiters gave way as that vast heap of airy nothing was conveyed to the astonished

Reynolds. Why, he had ordered dinner enough to have fed on Christmas day the whole parish of Pains-cum-Damp, in Essex; in which county his estate lies, and might have gone down into his ancestral tomb (don't I know it and the two cherubs, who could sit down, at any rate, in spite of the story?) as a 'benefactor to his 'parish' for less money.

The best way to order a dinner in Paris if, as most of your countrymen really are, you are without those ideas of combination which result in a *menu*—it applies to all classes—nay, I have invariably found the Duke (I know ONE) whose dinners at home are 'works of art,' the result of great forethought and a French *chef*, the veriest duffer when we come to practical dining, and the host must exercise his self-reliance and 'prier David' for a dinner. 'Bon diner, you 'know old fellow, tout ce qu'il y a de mieux, you see. Un diner 'fin, chic.' The best way, I say, is to throw yourself at the feet of some friendly waiter, and say to him, 'Oh! garçon' (translated, you know, that means 'boy')—'oh! garçon, I am a waif and also a 'stray; I have drifted on to these shores, where truffles, I am told, 'are like cockleshells on the sands of the mud-sounding sea, where 'every man is a cook and every cook a *chef*' (don't say a *cordon bleu*, because that only means a female artist), 'therefore give me a 'dinner, and I will disburse so much a head.' If then you fall into the hands of an honest waiter—his name will probably be Emile, all waiters are christened or at least called Emile or François—you will get your dinner and your 'addition,' the genteel name for a bill, possibly because if you stray at all from the paths of your *menu*—that is, your contract—if you eat a radish (three francs), a prawn (five francs), or a pot of butter (one franc), they 'add it on' most handsomely. In dining in Paris, as in going to heaven, you must keep on the strict and pointed-out path. If you err, well then you must pay for straying. You will get your 'bill,' I say, less of an 'addition' than you—as a stranger in gates, where, depend on it, every resident is eager to 'take you in'—have any reason to expect. At Vachette's I have a friend, a waiter. I say unto this man, 'Boy, I 'have six aborigines of the savage country in which I first drew my 'bills, I mean my breath. These aborigines dine with me to-day at 'eight. Let there be dinner.' At eight there is dinner. At a small hour next morning the guests go (certainly not empty away). They say they are content with what they have had to do: I am content with what I have had to suffer—the bill: can man say more?

There is a droll section of society, not all 'bagmen' either, as you would reasonably conclude, but people who hunt in the 'shires,' and have a vague, sketchy idea of a London season—a season beginning the Friday before the Derby and ending on the Monday after Ascot, which 'carries England with it.' 'Ubi solum ibi patria' is truly their motto; and having gone to the trouble and expense of coming abroad, and being sorry, and possibly sick, in the bad ship 'Rumble-Tumble,' Cot, Captain, they still wish to have English food, habits, customs, drinks, and newspapers, as if they were at home again.

'As I own for one, Mrs. Prettyman, I wish I was—I wonder what John is doing about the sow!' Now there is a haven in Paris even for them. There is a spot devoted to beef and beer, to 'hot joints,' to good old British tarts, with cheese and celery—called a good deal 'salary'—to follow; where you can read the 'Daily Telegraph,' eat cold meat and hot pickles (and you may do worse things than that), and hear the latest news from the manufacturing districts of England and the racing districts of France. This 'angle of the earth' is as much England as the courtyard of the British Legation, and he who enters the Byron Tavern, Rue Favard, may fancy himself, as he drinks his pale ale, 'back again in London;' but this is, to be sure, scarcely the end and aim of travelling.

I often wonder why people do come abroad. I asked the question lately of the 'Dodger'—everybody knows the 'Dodger;'—he began life at sixteen as a queen's page, and has been everything since, from a guardsman to a philanthropist; who is always abroad,—especially if he is much asked after at his clubs. 'Why do men come abroad?' said he; 'why you're stupider than ever—and, if I recollect, you were born in Essex, and belong to B——'s. Why, my dear fellow, for the pleasure of going home, and still saying 'they've been there—the former luxury especially.'

I believe he was right, that loose and disreputable Gamaliel, at whose feet so many goers and comers have sat. Well, memories crowd on one as one sits down at the early cockcrow (I always write when I come home from my balls), and reflects on the times that have passed, and the friends who have 'gone!' I knew a man—an artist, who, coming to Paris to see the *vie artistique* of Paris, fell in with other resident artists, and the result was that he dined every day at the 'Taverne de Londres,' always having mock-turtle soup and 'duck and green peas' (it was in July), because it was so like some well-frequented tavern near Covent Garden; and going at night to Mabille, because it was so like Cremorne! 'Then,' says elder wisdom, 'why not stay in England, dine at the 'Cow and Thunderbolt,' and dance at Cremorne?'

I am not going to lecture you, oh, respectable reader of Baily! but the Lord be good to us! you *are* droll sometimes, whether you hail from 'household' barracks and 'clubs'—which are CLUBS?—not 'succursales' of an overgrown society; or from 'Volunteer' gatherings and the parts beyond 'Childs' Bank,' which a friend of mine once described as the 'Ultima Thule' of civilized life. 'What do you think Archy asked me to do to-day?' 'Can't say.' 'Why, he begged me to go to "Bishopsgate;" thought he wanted to mount me with the hounds. Said I'd go if I could do it in the day—doing duty, you know, and that sort of thing. Told me you went in a Hansom. I said "Bill, and that sort of thing?" But he said "No —merely see trustees." Said at once, "Done with you, old fellow, if it's not beyond Childs'. Never go into the City, you see, unless I am in the Tower. My "trustee" you see, generally lives in the 'West End.' I say, then, that you are droll travellers, a good many

of you, to whatever section of society you belong, and very often seem to come abroad only to make disagreeable comparisons with 'what you have at home.' Mde. de Staël said long ago that 'travelling was a sad pleasure;' and I never enter into an hôtel much frequented by my countrymen without bearing unwilling witness to the truth of that assertion. To endeavour, then, to alleviate the sufferings of those of my countrymen who go abroad, is my mission in the pleasant pages of 'Baily,' and if as yet I have kept one stranger out of a bad hôtel, or rescued him from a wretched restaurant, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain.

BLUE AND BUFF.

'Prosit amicis, noceat nemini.'

'OUR Van never goes from pillar to post.' Such, O Baily, I know to be the fiat of those authorities who grease the wheels of the above popular vehicle. I bow to their '*Wills*,' and accept their decision; but, nevertheless, I cannot think that a short record of the doings of the Badminton hounds during the present year will prove unacceptable to your readers. Those who are familiar with the colours which form the title of these few lines will pardon any inaccuracies which may occur, while those to whom some of the allusions may not come home with the force of household words, will not repudiate the chronicle of the doings of a pack of hounds second to none in England, and owned by one whose very name suggests the *beau-idéal* of the British sportsman. Not visiting this country until the beginning of the year, I can only quote the report of the earlier good sport which these hounds enjoyed, and of which the following statistics are a proof. Up to Christmas

The Dog Pack	hunted	34 days,	killed	39 foxes,	and ran to ground	12 foxes.
The Bitch	"	"	36 "	"	37 "	" 27 "
The Mixed	"	"	24 "	"	35 "	" 11 "
		94 days			111 foxes	50 to ground.

Jan. 1, 1866.—A good beginning makes, &c. Accordingly, on New Year's Day we began with the following sport. Found at Silkwood; a ring run through Easton Grey, Pinkney, and Foxley; back to the Rough Ground, where they killed in 1 hour 40 min., the last part very good. A second fox gave them another good run, at the end of which the horses had all had '*quantum suff.*' On Tuesday, 2nd, the evening's draw at Blacklands resulted in a very good twenty minutes to Wheddams Wood, after which slow hunting through Bowood and on to Derry Hill. Fences big, and grief plentiful; but one noble Lord (whose riding rivals in impetuosity the course of his namesake on the other side of the Atlantic) was all there, as, indeed, was pretty certain from his previous performances

during his stay in the country. On the 3rd we got hold of a capital fox from Lower Woods, but, unfortunately, the time lost in getting the hounds off another fox in this mighty cover, prevented our running at any pace, though he took a beautiful line, which we held till near Charfield.

I pass on to the 6th inst., when we found at Draycot Park and killed in the Birdmarsh Cover, after a run of a little over one hour. In the evening we found at West Park, and went to Hullavington at racing pace, at which point the fox turned short to the left, and effected a disappearance, for which even the sagacity of Tom Clark was unable to account.

Yours truly, my dear Baily, is one of those unfortunates who lives beyond the outskirts of this extended country, and who is occupied with the perpetual problem of how to hunt five days in the week with three horses (no horse to come above three days a fortnight). The solution of this problem you will find (if you try) attended with some difficulty, and necessitates occasional absence from the cover-side. Add to this, the claims of King Frost, and the charms of the Berkeley hounds, when that pack is within reasonable distance, and you will see that my diary must skip over many good things which occurred in my absence. That the sport up to this date has been continuous is proved by the 67 brace of foxes already disposed of at this writing, a number which is sure to be increased ere these lines meet the eye of your readers.

On the 10th we found a fox at Highams, who gave us a somewhat ringing run to ground at Easton Grey, after which the hounds were directly halloed on to another fox, which was eventually lost two miles beyond Malmesbury.

Jan. 15th.—It will be remembered by admirers of Mr. C. Dickens's celebrated works, that Mr. Micawber, who was perpetually waiting for *something* to turn up, looked to *coal* as the article in which his fortunes were to be developed. Following this precedent, the first appearance of Mr. Micawber on the Badminton drag occurred at *Calpit Heath*, and with a result amply satisfactory to the feelings of Mr. M., Mrs. M., and the twins (if any). Finding our fox in the Laurels at Acton, we got away on capital terms, running parallel to the river Laden, and without a check till close to Wickwar, this 28 minutes being as hard as hounds could go. Hitting it off, we crossed the road, and running over Mr. Barber's farm close to Charfield Church, we carried the line into Hunt's Gorse, but could make nothing further of it. This was a real good thing, the pace being such as to seriously inconvenience the heavy weights through the ploughs, as one '*Hale*' and Hearty constituent of the Blue and Buff can testify; but, *place aux dames*: Mrs. Granville Somerset rode through the run with great pluck, both before and after an ugly-looking tumble; and of the gentlemen, '*Coote qui Coote*,' I must single out the Marquis of Worcester, while Colonel Kingscote afforded a very pretty illustration (with *cuts*) of the art of riding to hounds. We have all heard of the expression of 'straight as the

'crow flies,' but though one 'Crowe' flew over a wall since measured 5 feet 6 inches, his feathers were considerably damped at the brook. Three Graces in the run, and another expected: the non-appearance of the latter was ascribed to unpunctuality at the cover-side, and one wretched man (who really ought *not* to come out hunting) suggested a villainous remark as to '*Grace after meat*' having got his '*deserts*;' but upon inquiry I found that Mr. H. G. had been engaged in the philanthropic office of doctoring a friend's horse severely injured in the run; so that, after all, the race of Samaritans is not quite extinct. It is stated that since the above run Mr. R. H. has entered into a contract for a regular and liberal supply of hats during any future visits to this country.

16th inst. proved a shocking scenting day; but finding at Lackham, we ran a very good fox at a very bad pace through Corsham Park, and past Longstone up to Heywood, where we lost him after 1 hour and 35 minutes. Those who look to their maps will find the points of this run very good; and as we were running down wind entirely, no little credit is due to the hounds, and to the way in which they were handled by Clark, whose management of the hounds this year gives constant satisfaction.

17th inst.—Yours truly stayed at home, still intent on the problem. The hounds met at Newnton, found in Trull, and after a racing 48 minutes past Cirencester Woods, Reynard took to the enemy's country, and sought refuge at Sapperton Church; but as the Clark was there as soon as he was, a kill in the open proclaimed the latter master of the situation. Colonel Kingscote, who enjoyed an *angelic* mount on old Bridegroom, the steeple-chaser, went particularly well, and there was a '*Bill*' out (dated Dauntsey) that took a deal of discounting ere finally negotiated.

Jan. 18th.—And now, would that I could do justice to the sport of this day; but the seductions of a near meet with the Berkeley hounds were potent; and, if I failed to enjoy myself, no blame can attach to the yellow-coats, who showed magnificent sport from Rangeworthy, *viâ* Tytherington, Hitchington, Alveston, and Tockington, to the back of Thornbury, where they killed in the open, after 1 hour 45 mins. The Badminton hounds found at Surrendel Woods and ran at first as if for Pinkney, but turning to the left, ran through Luckington and Allen Grove, on to Burton, where their fox was headed short back and returned through Allen Grove and Cherry Orchard, into the park, where he was pulled down close to Bull Park in 58 minutes, without a check. The first 35 minutes were most brilliant; and up to Allen Grove I hear that but five men were really with hounds. In the present state of the law as regards libel, I deem it most unsafe to particularize, so will only add that, though one noted heavy-weight was 'miles away' at first, no man can give away three stone to thoroughbred horses in a run of this calibre. Captain Biddulph and the Marquis of Worcester found they had *Little* to beat towards the end; but that *Little* took a deal of doing; while the *Bill* mentioned on the 17th was *renewed* to-day,

and eventually *taken up* in a deceptive bog close to the park. Mr. Micawber, and the huntsman on old Canary, were also to the fore, while the young Squire of Hardenhuish got two such 'Imperial crowners,' while riding very forward, as would have sickened the majority of aspiring Nimrods. After a copious lunch at Badminton, the hounds found again at the Faggot Pile, and had an excellent 1 hour 10 mins. back to Surrendel Wood, *viâ* Centre Walk, Grittleton, &c., where they killed again in the open, thus finishing such a day's sport as will be long remembered in the country. I hear that 'Pounded Candy' was a sweetmeat quite unknown during the day; but on the 19th reappeared in a moist form, after swimming the canal near Greatwood, within two fields of a bridge! No one was more surprised at this performance than the hounds, who immediately threw up their heads, so that nobody took much by the motion.

On the 22nd, a very wet day, a ringing run of 1 hour 45 mins., from Mr. Estcourt's cover to ground: part of the run very good pace.

On the 23rd, a lovely day, and, under the influence of such Merry Weather, we found at Bowden Wood, ran through Spye Park, past Sandy Lane, through Bowood, on through Wheddham Wood, pointing for Blacklands, but turning, he went over the Vale, to Heddington, and on to the Marlborough Downs. Within a mile of Roundaway, the far-seeing Jack West (first Whip) got a view of him, and they coursed him in the open, Sulphur rolling him over single-handed after 1 hour and 25 minutes, while Granby and Challenger were next best. Sulphur has every right to this distinction, his dam (Saucebox) having distinguished herself long ago in a combat with a badger, which is still remembered. The hounds found again in Lockswell, and had a capital ring of 47 minutes, when darkness obliged the run to be stopped.

On the 24th a fox took a capital line from Silkwood; but we were unable to get the hounds on from this large cover; however, another fox having gone to ground, was unearthed, and turned down close to the 'Hare and Hounds,' whence he gave us a brilliant 33 minutes to Kingscote Wood, where the earths were open. This proved a regular steeple-chase over the walls; and I must add to some names previously mentioned, that of the Hon. Fred Morgan, who went in the front rank on a five-year old.

On the 25th we had a capital run of 1 hour over the cream of the Doddington Vale; the first 17 minutes was fast and select. On the 26th they found at Biddlesee, and had an excellent 48 minutes, in which Colonel Miles went well, finishing with an hour's run from Compton in the evening, pointing at first for the Downs, and then turning to the left by Highway Hangings to the Hillmarton Country.

I find my remarks have far exceeded the limits I had intended, and I therefore hasten to a close, with the hope that the Duke of Beaufort's hounds may long continue to show such sport as the

present season has witnessed, and that his Grace may succeed in shaking off the gout, which obliges him at present to wear his hand in bandages. Need I add, that no event could possibly be more popular in these parts than Rustic's success in the forthcoming Derby?

'Quanquam oh ! sed superent, quibus hoc, Fortuna, dedisti.'

Yours,
GREAT HOPES.

P.S.—I reopen my letter to mention that 'The Saint' (quadruped) has actually returned to this country. His 'Trials' while absent are said to have exceeded in number those of Saint Dunstan; but they failed in converting a really brilliant hunter into a moderate steeple-chaser. After all, there is nothing like the right animal in the right place, and therefore let us hope that, when his last 'kick' is directed towards the traditional 'bucket,' he may in spirit wend his way to those happy hunting-grounds where crowds in a gateway are unknown, and where the vales surpass, if possible, those of Sodbury or Christian Malford.

CRICKET.

FACTS AND FIGURES CONCERNING THE 78TH SEASON OF THE MARYLEBONE CLUB.

UNDER another heading it was intended to precede the accompanying tabular statements with a commentary on the whole of the Cricket played last Season under the authority of the Marylebone Club; but the theme was so interesting, and the incidents worthy of comment so many, that the paper was found to far exceed the recognised limits of a magazine contribution; so the commentary was turned up, the compiler contenting himself with recording the leading cricket facts that occurred in the last—and best—season played by the M.C.C.

The leading fact of the season was the honour conferred on the Club, the ground, and the Cricketers, by the several visits paid by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who witnessed a portion of the play in the Two Elevens, IZ v. Household Brigade, and North v. South matches.

Fact No. 2 is the undiminished attraction of the Public Schools' and Universities' matches, which continue to draw to the old ground those brilliant, fashionable, and glorious gatherings of the rank, beauty, intellect, and manhood of the country, never seen on any other ground.

Fact 3, is the undeniable fact that some of the most brilliant, artistic 'all round' Cricket witnessed in 1865 was played on Lord's ground.

Another great fact of the season, was the hollow defeat of the Players by the Gentlemen at Lord's, a timely and welcome victory after eleven successive defeats.

The thousands that flock to Lord's ground whenever the leading professionals of the country play—as in the All England v. United, North v. South, and Gentlemen v. Players matches,—is a cheering fact, and the professional meeting of the great players of England in these matches proves that 'schisms'

and all such nonsense, find no home or help at Lord's, and that by bringing the men together the M.C.C. are *de facto* the quiet but practical peacemakers of the cricket community.

A very pleasing fact of the past season is, that all the set matches of the Club played at Lord's—whether for two days only or more—were played out, none were drawn; proving that when foul weather does not interrupt play, and the wickets are in fair order to both bowler and batter, three days are ample to play out any match, even when the number of runs made reach 800, as they 'all but' did in the North and South match at Lord's last year.

One more fact of the 1865 season at Lord's was the enlargement of the old pavilion, thus affording increased accommodation to the members.

A few other noteworthy facts of the season consist in the disappearance of the ancient 'stocks' that the scorers underwent purgatory on, and erection instead of a comfortable, covered box for their use; the working of *two* telegraph boards enabling all on the ground to note how matches progress, and 'booking the bowling' in all matches played on Lord's ground under the sanction of the Club. These and other slight improvements indicate the Committee's repudiation of the 'rest and be thankful' system, and that, when the liberality of the friends of M.C.C. and Cricket enable them to clear off the unpaid portion of the debt for the lease, the Committee will effect those great and required improvements that will make Lord's what it ought to be—the best and most attractive Cricket ground in the kingdom.

It is a fact without a precedent that in 1865 the M.C.C. (out and home, and 'extras' all included) played no fewer than 41 matches. For readier reference those are divided into two sections: *i. e.* those played by the Club, and Club and Ground Elevens, and the 'Extra' matches. These lists of matches are put together regardless of playing dates, being classified in order that it may be seen at a glance how admirably the Club fulfilled one of its leading missions—the encouragement of the fine old game among the gentlemen of England.

THE TWENTY-SEVEN CLUB MATCHES PLAYED IN 1865.

M. C. C. v. Harrow.	M. C. C. v. Knickerbockers.
M. C. C. v. Eton.	M. C. C. v. Royal Artillery (2).
M. C. C. v. Winchester.	M. C. C. v. Rickling Green.
M. C. C. v. Westminster.	M. C. C. v. Surrey Club (2).
M. C. C. v. Harrow and Eton.	M. C. C. v. Sussex (2).
M. C. C. v. Oxford University (2).	M. C. C. v. Bucks.
M. C. C. v. Cambridge University (2).	M. C. C. v. Norfolk (2).
M. C. C. v. Gentlemen of Scotland.	M. C. C. v. Suffolk (2).
M. C. C. v. Gentlemen of Kent.	and
M. C. C. v. Gentlemen of Yorkshire.	First Eleven v. next 21 of the Club.
M. C. C. v. Civil Service.	

The above matches resulted in 13 victories for the Club, 10 defeats, and 3 draws.

The Club's successes were over the Knickerbockers (in one innings), the Royal Artillery, the Cambridge Eleven (twice), the Oxford Eleven, Surrey Club and Ground, Winchester, a combined Harrow and Eton team, the Gentlemen of Scotland (in one innings), Suffolk (in one innings), Norfolk (twice), and Westminster School.

The Club was defeated by Bucks, the Gentlemen of Yorkshire (in one innings), the Oxford Eleven, Rickling Green, Harrow School, Civil Service Club (in one innings), Sussex, the Gentlemen of Kent, the Royal Artillery, and Suffolk.

The 3 drawn matches were *v.* Surrey Club and Ground (a two-day match) on the Oval; *v.* Eton College at Eton; and *v.* Sussex at Brighton, where rain prevented play on the second day.

In the above 27 Club matches, no fewer than 116 different members, and 9 professionals of the M.C.C. played; their most conspicuous 'batting facts' in these 27 matches being the following:

The Hon. C. G. Lyttelton displayed some exceedingly fine hitting, scoring 322 runs in the six innings he played for the Club. A moiety of those innings has some very remarkable facts attached to them; thus in his only innings played for the Club against the University Eleven on Fenner's ground, Mr. Lyttelton at once hit his way to the front of all M.C.C. hitters, by scoring 129 runs. It was stated these 129 runs were hit off in the extremely short time of two hours. If so, this must be one of the most remarkable instances of rapid run making ever hit. The hon. gentleman's 67 scored on the Oval, against the Surrey Club and Ground, was another great fact; as it included 'the hit of the season,' a superb ondrive of a ball bowled by Humphrey, that grounded within six yards of the tavern, and for which 6 was run. A subsequent rough measurement of the ground the ball flew over evidenced that from hit to pitch the distance was somewhere about 95 yards. In his first innings at Lord's against the Cambridge University Eleven, Mr. Lyttelton had an early taste of the lobs; these he quitted awfully, making a 4 to the Racket Court, and a 6 to square leg (clear over the printing hut), from two successively bowled balls. Mr. Lyttelton's six innings that have placed him so prominently at the head of the Marylebone Club hitters in 1865, are 129, 25, and 35 against Cambridge; 2 and 67 against the Surrey Club and Ground; and 64 against Oxford.

The Rev. E. T. Drake's four innings resulted in his scoring 13 and (very rapidly) 79 against Cambridge, 31 against the combined Schools Eleven, and 44 against the Gentlemen of Scotland.

Mr. J. J. Sewell's high average was attained by 21, not out, in the Club match of 11 *v.* 21; 41 against Suffolk, and 6 against Norfolk.

Thos. Hearne had but few chances of scoring for the Club; his batting facts are generally great ones on the Brighton ground, whereon, last season, he hit two innings of 50 and 56 for the Club against Sussex.

Mr. C. G. Wynch never hit in better form than he did in 1865, and that is 'a fact;' his Club scoring was 39 against Oxford, and 58, 10, and 8 against Norfolk; but—

Mr. R. D. Walker was the Club's hitting hero of '65. Commencing with the first match the Club played in May, Mr. R. D. never left them until the return at Brighton was over in the middle of August, when he finished highest aggregate scorer: he hit runs in all his innings; making 42 against the Knickerbockers; 2 and 51 against Bucks; 53, 18, 6, and 28 against Cambridge; 13, 3, and 16 against Oxford; 9 in the Club match; 39, not out, against the Schools; 34 and 6 against the Gentlemen of Kent; 8 and 30 against Sussex; and 9, 29, and 103 against the Surrey Club and Ground; this last was the only triple figure innings made in 'the Club' matches last season. This was truly a fine innings, and a great batting fact. Mr. R. D. went to the wickets with the score at 11, there he stayed until 'time' was called, having then scored 98; he left next morning with the M.C. score at 205, a moiety of these runs having himself contributed.

It was a 'Walker's' day all over the first day of that match, as, at the end

of that day's play 300 runs had been scored; of this number the three brothers had contributed 173, thus:—Mr. V. E. 41, not out, for Surrey; Mr. I. D. 34, for Surrey; and Mr. R. D., 98, not out, for M.C.C.

Mr. H. Fellows, in his second innings of 13 against the R.A.'s, hit two 6's from two successively bowled balls.

Mr. Charles Buller's hitting facts for the Club were many and brilliant; he began with a finely played innings of 82 against the Artillerymen; against the Cambridge Eleven, on Fenner's ground, he scored 26 and 58, not out; in the two matches against the Surrey Club and Ground he made 26, 44, and 16; and against Sussex 30 and 7. Other excellent scoring brought Mr. Buller to the position of second highest aggregate scorer for the Club, and proved him to be a most valuable acquisition to the playing force of the M.C.C.

J. Oscroft; in this young player's 52, not out, against the Gentlemen of Yorkshire, he hit a leash of 6's.

Mr. E. M. Grace's highest innings for the Club was 82 against Suffolk, at Lord's; he was unlucky at Canterbury, as a fine hit to leg went to safe hands before he scored; but in his second innings against the Gentlemen of Kent he made 26.

Biddulph's principal batting facts for the Club were 24 and 32 against the R.A.'s; and 6 and 42, not out, against Oxford.

Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald's most telling facts with the bat were 9 and 35 against the University Eleven at Oxford; 51 and 2 against Suffolk; and 67 in the Club's match of 21 v. 11, this innings being played against the bowling of Messrs. Traill, R. D. Walker, and E. M. Grace.

Grundy commenced his fourteenth season with the old Club in May, against Bucks, and in the latter end of September finished up in Norfolk. He took part in twelve of the principal Club matches, and scored 0, 23, not out; 12 and 62 against Cambridge University; 43, 30, and 5 against Norfolk; 18 and 5, not out both innings, and 5 against Surrey Club and Ground; and 5, 17, and 19 against the Oxford Eleven. These were the veteran's highest batting facts for his favourite old Club.

Nixon's most interesting achievement with the bat was against Rickling Green, where this civil son of a highly respected cricketer made 6 and 45, not out either time.

Alfred Shaw's highest scores were 7 and 37 against Winchester; his best contribution was 32 and 7 against Sussex, on the Brighton ground. He played in 12 Club matches, his aggregate score and average evidencing his utility to the Club.

Wootton's highest innings in '65 for the Club was 26 against Sussex; his next best 23 and 11, not out, against Surrey Club and Ground.

Mr. W. Nicholson's partiality for the game appears as ardent now as in 1843, when he led the Harrow Eleven to their twofold victory. Mr. N. played in 7 Club matches last year; he scored 29 and 12 against Sussex; 16 and 8 against Bucks; and 12 and 12 against the R.A.s at Woolwich.

Lord Turnour's 51 against Eton, and 29 and 9 against Rickling Green comprise the leading facts in his Lordship's batting efforts for the Club; and

Mr. H. E. Bull's 37 and 28 against Oxford was the most successful innings the Hon. Secretary for Bucks played last season for M.C.C. For remaining batting facts *vide* the following analysis of the

**BATSMEN'S FIGURES IN THE TWENTY-SEVEN 'CLUB' MATCHES
PLAYED IN 1865.**

BATSMEN.	No. of Matches played in.	No. of Innings played out.	Times not out.	Largest Innings.	Aggregate No. of Runs Scored.	Average per Innings.	Over.
Hon. C. G. Lyttelton	4	6	—	129	322	53	4
Rev. E. T. Drake	3	4	—	79	167	41	3
J. J. Sewell, Esq.	3	2	1	41	68	34	
Thomas Hearne	3	5	1	56	145	29	
C. G. Wynch, Esq.	3	4	—	58	115	28	3
R. D. Walker, Esq.	12	18	1	103	499	27	13.
C. F. Buller, Esq.	11	17	1	84	410	24	2
E. M. Grace, Esq.	4	6	—	82	142	23	4
Biddulph	6	6	2	42*	126	21	
Hon. E. Acheson	3	4	—	41	79	19	3
R. A. Fitzgerald, Esq.	9	13	1	67	219	16	11
Grundy	12	16	4	62	259	16	3
W. M. Rose, Esq.	6	6	—	42	88	14	4
Captain Stephens	5	5	3	22	70	14	
Viscount Turnour	5	9	—	51	124	13	7
Nixon, Jun.	6	9	3	45*	118	13	1
Alfred Shaw	12	19	—	37	242	12	14
Wootton	7	8	2	26	102	12	6
H. N. Tennent, Esq.	5	7	1	31	81	11	4
J. A. Pepys, Esq.	3	4	—	25	45	11	1
H. E. Bull, Esq.	7	11	—	37	109	9	10
W. Nicholson, Esq.	7	12	—	29	116	9	8
Captain Parnell	9	13	1	43*	110	8	6
S. Churchill, Esq.	4	3	3	10	26	8	2
A. Infelix, Esq.	5	8	—	41	60	7	4
Captain H. Arkwright	6	7	2	15*	47	6	5
C. Marsham, Esq.	4	8	—	25	50	6	2
J. Round, Esq.	4	6	—	19	38	6	2
H. W. Fellows, Esq.	5	7	1	13	43	6	1
E. G. Sutton, Esq.	3	4	—	10	24	6	
Hon. C. Carnegie	7	12	1	18	71	5	11
H. B. Kingscote, Esq.	3	2	1	5	11	5	1
Captain Oldfield	3	4	2	9*	21	5	1
Norley	3	4	2	11	20	5	
R. Forster, Esq.	4	5	2	7	22	4	2
Captain Maxwell	3	4	—	9	18	4	2
Earl Gosford	3	5	—	14	21	4	1
Sir J. Blois	4	7	—	11	25	3	4

* Not out.

IN TWO MATCHES ONLY.

	First Match.	Second Match.	Total.
J. Oscroft scored	3 and 52*	11 and 11	77
V. E. Walker, Esq.. . . . "	33* and 30	13 and 0	76
F. Norman, Esq. "	5 and 0	12 and 49	66
T. F. Fowler, Esq. "	23	38*	61
S. C. Voules, Esq. "	32	23	55
R. D. Elphinstone, Esq. "	6	18 and 24	48
A. L. Smith, Esq. "	18 and 7	16 and 6	47
W. S. Prideaux, Esq. "	15 and 3	14 and 13	45
Hon. Capt. Grosvenor. "	22	9	31
N. C. Allix, Esq. "	1 and 14	2 and 13	30
E. W. Craigie, Esq. "	6 and 6	18	30
E. E. Bowen, Esq. "	9 and 5	1 and 10	25
F. W. Smith, Esq. "	1 and 6	0 and 14	21
E. W. Tritton, Esq. "	10	9	19
M. P. Fitzgerald, Esq.. . . . "	1	17	18
R. D. Balfour, Esq. "	7	5 and 3	15
Colonel Marshall "	4 and 1	7 and 3	15
A. H. Lynch, Esq. "	6 and 3	4	13
R. Marsham, Esq. "	3 and 1	1 and 7	12
G. Herbert, Esq. "	3	0 and 6*	9
R. Bass, Esq. "	3 and 3	0 and 1	7
W. Pickering, Esq. "	1	0* and 0*	1
Phillips "	0	1	1

* Not out.

IN ONE MATCH.

Hon. E. Thesiger scored 40 and 63	F. Lubbock, Esq. scored 0 and 17
A. M. Evans, Esq. " 74	J. Perkins, Esq. " 15
H. G. Phipps, Esq. " 72	Colonel Buchanan " 14
C. A. Leigh, Esq. " 19 and 37*	W. Richards, Esq. " 14
J. Alexander, Esq. " 1 and 44	S. Frazer, Esq. " 10 and 3
C. C. Roberts, Esq. " 40 and 1	G. Stepney, Esq. " 3 and 10
J. A. Leigh, Esq. " 6 and 34	W. H. Benthall, Esq. " 13
A. A. Leigh, Esq. " 16 and 17	P. Norman, Esq. " 0 and 12
A. T. McNeile, Esq. " 13 and 15	W. Wheeler, Esq. " 12 and 0
W. Pepys, Esq. " 26	The Marquis of Bow-
Capt. Lambton " 11 and 15	mont " 11 and 0
H. M. Hyndman, Esq. " 23	H. Reade, Esq. " 1 and 10
G. N. Marten, Esq. " 2 and 19*	G. R. Johnson, Esq. " 10
Hon. T. De Grey " 0 and 19	Captain Stewart " 11
J. St. J. Frederick, Esq. " 9 and 10	
G. A. Duntze, Esq. " 16 and 2	
R. A. Bayford, Esq. " 0 and 17	
Lord Skelmersdale " 8 and 9	

* Not out.

BOWLING FACTS.

In running over the Club's bowling history of the past season many facts of interest have cropped up; here follow a few of the raciest:—

Grundy, of course, is prominent with these 'facts;' he commenced the season for the Club by bowling 60 overs (34 maidens), for 61 runs and 5 wickets, against Bucks. In the Surrey match, on the Oval, he began by bowling 12 overs for 11 runs; he then started off with nine successive maiden overs, most of them bowled to Humphrey; and in the return Surrey match

at Lord's, the evergreen had two wickets with the two last balls he delivered in Surrey's first innings. In the first innings of Cambridge, at Lord's, Grundy commenced by bowling 20 overs (11 maidens), for 11 runs and a wicket. In the Norfolk match, at Lord's, J. G. began working the second innings of Norfolk by bowling 9 maiden overs in succession; at a subsequent portion of the innings he bowled 13 overs for 3 singles; and in the return match, at Dereham, the veteran bowled 53 overs (27 maidens), for 53 runs and 6 wickets.

Wootton was most successful for the Club on the old ground, as in the four Club matches he played in at Lord's his bowling had 45 wickets, *i.e.*, 10 against Surrey, 10 against Sussex (8 in their second innings—6 of the 8 bowled), 11 against Cambridge (8 in their first innings), and 14 against Oxford (9 in their first innings). Of these 45 wickets, 25 were bowled.

Alfred Shaw.—In the 12 Club matches this young professional bowled 464 overs for 464 runs—a creditable bowling fact that. Against Suffolk, Shaw bowled 28 overs (8 maidens), for 23 runs, and a wicket; but his best bit of bowling was against Sussex, at Brighton, when he delivered 64 overs (33 maidens), for 54 runs, and 4 wickets.

The most interesting of the 'facts' will be found in the following statement of the principal

BOWLING RESULTS IN THE MARYLEBONE CLUB MATCHES OF 1865.

BOWLERS.	No. of Innings bowled in.	Overs bowled.	Balls.	Maiden Overs.	Runs Scored from Bowling.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Wickets 'bowled' down.	Total Wickets taken.	Average Number of Wickets per Innings.	Average Number of Runs per Over.
*Grundy	21	619		297	781	—	—	28	54	2	121
Alfred Shaw . . .	18	464		240	464	—	—	34	61	3	71
R. D. Walker, Esq.	16	405		146	627	—	—	15	45	2	131
Wootton	12	327		128	535	2	—	30	52	4	41
E. M. Grace, Esq.	7	196	2	84	271	3	—	12	30	4	21
Capt. H. Arkwright	10	165	3	40	348	—	—	14	43	4	32
*Nixon	4	106	2	30	207	2	—	5	17	4	11
*Norley	3	86	2	30	110	—	—	6	11	3	21
Capt. Parnell . . .	4	83		46	109	2	—	6	10	2	21
J. Oscroft	2	65		36	71	—	—	5	9	4	11
Earl Gosford . . .	3	62		20	110	7	—	2	9	3	1
Rev. E. T. Drake .	3	58	1	19	83	—	—	6	12	4	1
Phillips	2	46		31	27	1	1	1	4	2	—
S. C. Voules, Esq. .	2	43		16	77	1	—	1	1	—	11
V. E. Walker, Esq.	2	42		11	85	—	—	—	1	—	12
*Capt. Oldfield . .	3	38		13	61	3	—	1	4	1	11
W. F. Traill, Esq.	1	28		11	47	—	—	3	5	5	1
Sir J. Blois	3	27		8	71	1	—	1	4	1	12
R. Marsham, Esq. .	1	18		7	24	1	—	—	1	1	1

(14 other members bowled a few overs)

* Exclusive of the following, the bowling analysis of which matches does not appear to have been taken:—

- v. Eton, wherein Grundy had 4 wickets (2 bowled).
- v. Rickling, wherein Nixon had 8 wickets (all caught out).
- v. Westminster, wherein Norley had 5 wickets (3 bowled).
- v. Westminster, wherein Nixon had 4 wickets (2 bowled).
- v. Royal Artillery at Woolwich, wherein Capt. Oldfield had 3 wickets (2 bowled).

But perhaps the most curious bowling fact that occurred in 'the Club' matches last season was the following 'neat thing in slows,' bowled in the first innings of the Gentlemen of Scotland :—

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Rev. E. T. Drake . .	10 and 2 balls	4	16	5
Captain H. Arkwright .	10	6	7	5

This was the whole of the bowling in that innings of 23 runs.

This combined attack of Church and Army proved too much for the bonnie Scots; but it is to be hoped that there is a better cricket time coming for 'Scotland yet.'

EXTRA MATCHES PLAYED BY M.C.C. IN 1865.

Harrow v. Eton.
Rugby v. Marlborough.
Rugby v. Charterhouse.
Woolwich v. Sandhurst (military academies).
I Zingari v. Free Foresters.
I Zingari v. South Wales.
I Zingari v. Household Brigade.
The Universities.

R. A. and R. E. v. The Rest of the Army.
Household Brigade v. Quidnuncs.
The Gentlemen v. The Players.

PROFESSIONAL MATCHES.

All England v. United Elevens.
North v. South (at Lord's).
North v. South (at Canterbury).

These 'extra' matches—unlike extras in a match—have been prolific of so many quotable 'facts and figures' of curious and high class cricket, that the great difficulty is what to quote, and what not to. It has been the pleasure of the compiler of these facts to have witnessed as much first-class cricket played as most living men; but in all his many seasons' wanderings he never witnessed finer all round cricket in any one match, than that played on Lord's ground between the All England and the United Elevens in 1865. The bowling of Grundy, the defence of George Parr and Daft, the all-round hitting of Yorkshire Stephenson, the leg hitting of Parr, the long-stopping of Rowbotham, the long leg-fielding of Daft, the point work of Carpenter, and the cover-pointing of Smith (of Cambridge) was as near perfection as possible; but it was on the first day, when Grundy and Atkinson were bowling to Hayward, Parr, and Daft, that the cricket attained its highest form of excellence; then it was indeed 'rare cricket all;' for so true was the bowling, and superb the defence, that Grundy actually bowled 17 successive maiden overs to Parr and Daft, and but for an overthrow for 2 those successive maidens would have numbered 21 instead of 17.

The North v. South matches at Lord's and Canterbury were also productive of the best of cricket, as they ought to have been, for in the selection of the Elevens 'schism' was powerless, and the best players of each division met and played their best. At Lord's it was a hitter's match all over, as no fewer than 798 runs were scored therein. The well played 100 of George Bennett for the South was ably and scientifically countered by the four hours' cricket played by R. Daft in scoring 78 for the North. Carpenter's two hours' battle for 34, with the best of the South bowling, was another rare display of first-class cricket; and so was the 57 of T. Hearne, and the 54 of Surrey Stephenson against the North bowling. But at Canterbury the bowlers came out in strong form. At one phase of that match Grundy bowled 27 overs (18 maidens), for 12 runs and 5 wickets, and at another time young James Lillywhite bowled 13 overs (11 maidens) for 3 runs and a wicket. But of all the extraordinary cricket facts the past season developed, the most extraordinary was the commencement of the North's first innings at Canterbury; for when Smith's, Rowbotham's, Carpenter's,

Thewlis', and Tarrant's wickets were all five down, 11 overs only had been bowled, 8 runs only scored, and 20 minutes only gone by; but before that innings was finished, Wootton, Biddulph, and Tinley scored 70 runs between them, and the North's innings after all was only 43 runs short of the South's. There was a fine display of batting in the second innings each side: Hayward's 40 was a superb display of defence, Surrey Stephenson's 53, not out, was—for both hit and defence—one of the best innings he ever played; and for dashing, fine, hard hitting, the 53, not out, of Tarrant was equal to anything done in the match, wherein was some queer fielding, and some remarkably fine; a left-hand catch at point by Mr. E. M. Grace, that prevented Carpenter scoring; the clever catch (after nearly slipping down) by Smith that finished Mortlock's innings; and the finest catch of the season, made at long field by Griffith, that won the match for the South, when Tinley and Tarrant had brought their side to 28 only short of winning, were the most notable fielding facts. Let us hope that for seasons yet to come the M.C.C. will gratify the cricketing public by retaining in their programme this trio of first-class matches.

The Gentlemen v. The Players was fruitful in 'facts' of interest, the most interesting fact of all being the success of the Gentlemen by 8 wickets. Another probable fact is, that had not T. Humphrey and Smith scored 71 between them in their first innings, and George Parr played his fine innings of 60 in their second, the Gentlemen would have won in one hand. Mr. B. B. Cooper's fine driving innings of 70 and excellent wicket keeping was *the* fact in the match, and equally fine cricket was the 44, not out, played by Mr. Mitchell, and the fielding at point of the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton; but the most exciting cricket in the match was the fast, fierce, and punishing hitting of the brothers E. M. and W. Grace, who opened the Gentlemen's second innings with 75 to win, and when the younger brother left for 34 they had hit and run 57 off in 31 minutes; Mr. E. M. Grace left soon after for 30, including a monster hit from Bennett through a window of the tavern dining-room. Another fact—and a curious one—is that 15 of the Players were out from catches (all 10 in their first innings were caught), the only three bowled, were bowled by Mr. E. M. Grace, whose bowling had 11 wickets.

THE UNIVERSITIES.—The great fact in this match was the superb batting of Mr. Mitchell, whose 57 and 35 went far towards winning the match for Oxford. (It was the fourth University match Mr. Mitchell has played in; in these four matches he has scored 254 runs, averaging 42 and 2 over per innings—the highest batting average ever attained in these matches.) It was an unfortunate fact for Cambridge that they lost 2 wickets before they scored a run, and a singular fact that Mr. Ashley Walker went in one down, no run scored, and took his bat out for 38 out of a total of 119. The fielding was fine, that of Mr. Booth for Cambridge magnificent, but the fact was, that although there were individual cricketers of great excellence among the Cambridge gentlemen, their Eleven were not equal to Oxford, whose victory was gained by their superiority as 'an Eleven,' and so won the odd match for the Dark Blue.

In the Public Schools' match the superiority of Harrow was patent from the start; the dark blue fairly won on their merits, but their success was materially aided by the excellent judgment displayed by their Captain, Mr. Stow. The Eton Eleven appeared 'under a cloud' all through. It is to be hoped that their defeat in '65 will prove a valuable lesson for them for '66, and that by assiduous practice 'all round' they will in July be able to meet lobs, twisters, mediums, fast, or any other description of bowling, in a form worthy the school that has produced such batsmen as M'Niven, Bagge, Leigh,

McBell, C. Lyttelton, A. Lubbock, Tritton, Tuck, and others; but, above all, they must take kindly to the advice so earnestly given to the gentlemen of England on page 44 of 'Cricket Notes,' and 'look after their bowling.'

Rugby's easy victories over Marlborough and Charterhouse are facts due to the fine hitting of Mr. H. W. Vereist, and the steady, faithful, and effective cratching of Alfred Diver; Mr. Vereist's innings of 84, 23, not out, and 48 in these matches were promising cricket displays: his loss will be great to Rugby, and so to Marlborough will be Mr. Baggallay's, whose 35 was the highest innings played at Lord's in the two matches against Rugby last season.

The continued absence of the Winchester Eleven from the now splendid series of Public School matches at Lord's is as great a fact as it is a general regret; but in the gentlemanly clanship and exciting interest taken in the first contest at Lord's between the Elevens of the Woolwich and Sandhurst Military Academies last season, there appears a fair chance of this match—in time—rivalling in interest and attraction any of the Public Schools contests. May it, and thus add to the many brilliant meetings we trust yet to enjoy on the old ground at St. John's Wood. So much for the past. Attention is requested to the following communication on—

THE FUTURE OF THE M. C. C.

The future of the M.C.C. may be said now to be fairly established. It is a matter of history that in 1864 Mr. Dark parted with his interest in Lord's Ground in surrendering a 29 years' lease for the sum of 11,000*l.* Many people thought that it would be impossible to raise this sum, as proposed, by voluntary contributions; but the course adopted by the energetic Treasurer, Mr. Kynaston, and stimulated by repeated reminders from the Secretary, has proved eminently successful. The sum of 8,000*l.* has been paid, and the remaining 3,000*l.* it is still anticipated may be raised without appealing to the Club's resources. The manifest advantages derived from a personal canvass and individual support require no comment; and we can but congratulate the Club that it owes the preservation of its ground not to the extraordinary liberality of any one magnate, but to the combined assistance of its members and friends in every part of the globe. Aid has been sent to the 'Donation Fund' from almost every part of the British empire; and nowhere has the question, 'Shall Lord's become a bone for the builders to pick?' been more promptly answered in the negative than in India, from various parts of which substantial proofs of the ties that connect Englishmen with the land of their birth have been received. An extended term at an increased ground-rent has been obtained from Mr. Marsden, who became the ground landlord some few years ago for an absurdly small consideration—something under 6,000*l.* He must be congratulated on this lucky purchase, and the Club also on obtaining a term from him which we think will gratify the cricket propensities of the present generation and a large section of the next. It is not generally known that Mr. Dark has been connected, in one way or another, with Lord's Ground for sixty years, and during a large portion of that time the affairs of the Club were, to a great extent, under his control. It must be a great source of pride to him in his old age to see the great increase of members, as well as the influence exercised upon cricket by the society of gentlemen for whom, during a long and trying period, he held the reins; he, in fact, almost reared from its infancy the very promising claimant for public support now so well known by its initials, 'The M.C.C.'

The Club has not been tardy in asserting its position as the First Cricket Club of England. The terms of the purchase had scarcely been settled before great and urgent improvements were foreshadowed; it was at once felt that the premises should be made worthy of the rapidly increasing list of mem-

bers, and that the new broom should at once enter upon its proverbial office of making clean. The results of the first year's independence were viewed with satisfaction not only by the members but the public; and we are confident that that satisfaction will be materially increased after one more season's criticisms. A large portion of the ground has been relaid this winter, and an experienced ground man has been appointed to take charge of the ground and see to its proper order throughout the year. A pavilion has been erected that will accommodate 1,000 members; and from the roof—which has been constructed for that purpose—an excellent view of the game will be obtained. An additional exit is contemplated; and before another year has gone over our heads, we have no doubt that a handsome entrance, with a more commodious and sightly 'tavern,' will be added to the list of improvements. A permanent Grand Stand at the north end of the ground for the special accommodation of ladies at grand matches has been mooted, and we feel convinced that the Committee will in due time carry out this and several other schemes for the benefit of the aristocratic public who frequent Lord's Ground. The Club property is now vested in five trustees, all of whom are well known in the cricketing world either as old proficientes or constant patrons of the game, viz., Earl Dudley, Earl of Sefton, Hon. F. Ponsonby, W. Nicholson, and R. Broughton, Esqs. The working Committee consists of sixteen members of the Club, three of whom retire annually. The office of Secretary, now held by Mr. Fitzgerald, is no longer a sinecure, and it must be a great necessity to him to secure the services of young members on the Committee, in order to carry out effectually the practical part of the season's programme: while the financial and other important business is subject to the control and unwearied attention of such well-known coadjutors as Mr. Kynaston, the Hons. F. and S. Ponsonby, the Hon. R. Grimston, Mr. Fellows, and others. From the prestige and position of Lord's Ground the M.C.C. has derived much advantage, and in these unfortunate latter days of cricket division it is gratifying to reflect that it represents no party, but is, strictly speaking, 'a National Club. With the quarrels amongst the players (if there really is any quarrel at all amongst *them*, which we much doubt) it steadily refuses to have anything to say. The best professional talent of the country will invariably be invited to attend, and we do not anticipate the possibility of any refusal on their parts. The Committee have made certain regulations connected with the play which we think will be hailed with satisfaction by at least that section of the cricket public who do not wish to see our noble English pastime degenerate into a pot-house speculation. The players who engage themselves in matches at Lord's will be bound to obey the orders of the ground. Time will be strictly enforced, and that mistakeable 'thirst' which seems so prevalent on many grounds will here be made subject to the doctrine of 'reasonable refreshment.' We are informed that a nephew of Mr. Dark will henceforth be employed by the Committee in the all-important office of Collector of dues to the Club, and Steward generally, to carry out their wishes; and if he only brings with him to his office one half of the zeal that his uncle displayed in a similar capacity for his own interest, we shall be very much surprised to hear of the old Club being in Queer Street. The Club now numbers near upon 900 members, and there is strong evidence of a tendency to increase; and, in concluding our remarks, we can only express a sincere hope that success will not eventuate in stagnancy, that the Club will support its executive, and each individual member do his best to carry out the principles which have guided his Club through a long and honourable career, and which, we firmly believe, have entitled it to be known amongst cricketers as 'THE FIRST CLUB IN THE 'WORLD.'

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

With little Sport to record, and, indeed, no great deal of Life to reveal, I enter on my task of sending you the monthly Paris return. We are rather in a transition state, neither quite *in* the Paris season nor quite *out* of the country season. Shooting ends throughout France on 10th February. The season has been fair, but not excessively good, and the partridge shooting was quite ruined by the want of rain, which for weeks destroyed all scent, and caused high-priced pointers to run about like common dogs, and even setters to look out for water, like retired drunkards who have taken the pledge and abandoned brandy and '*del. tre.*' for the pump and respectability. Covert shooting is never any test of a good or bad season. A head of game is now only a question of a telegram, so many hampers and a mail train. The Imperial parties have had some good days, and the Empress and Princess Metternich figured, on one occasion at least, high up in the list of killed and wounded. There was a good day, too, last week, at Prince Napoleon's, at Meudon; and, indeed, shooting seems to be quite in the ascendant here. They even talk of going seriously into pigeon handicaps, which are to be one of the amusements of a new Club, the house of which is to be erected on the shores of the lake of the Bois de Boulogne, and the professed object of which is skating. The new Club has met with a reverse at its very birth; for the weather gets milder and milder; and I fear that our young Paris friends, if they wish to skate, must this year join our droll countryman who, in the middle of the hottest day of August, may be seen doing 'outside edge,' 'inside edge,' and the other ornamental vagaries of that perilous pleasure on the asphalt of the Place de la Concorde.

My bulletin of hunting is a mere skeleton. At Compiègne the season ceases with the departure of the Court; but at Chantilly there is always one or two days galloping for the trainers and their hacks, and, indeed, last week they had a really good run. Hunting, however, in its strict sense, is now and will always remain English. A run without a fox would be, in my opinion, nearly as good fun as a run without jumping; and here you cannot find a fence—the most inveterate 'larker' whoever, like the Honourable Crasher, 'treated his horse to unnecessary timber' could not find the mildest hedge or the lowliest rail in this Diana-forgotten country. This year, I hear, they are going in seriously for steeple-chasing; and we are to have a race open to all hunters who have been ridden in Europe; so the field ought to be large; but I confess I do not expect much more fun from the steeple-chases than from the hunting. In Sport, as in Art, there should be no mediocrity. A steeple-chase of weeds out of training, ridden by native talent over a manufactured course, seems to me but a duffer's delight when all is said and done. Apropos, I found, in the 'diary' of an old friend, the following account of the first of these perilous adventures in France:—'The very un-Gallican spectacle of a steeple-chase took place at Jouy, on 3rd April (1834). There was as much scrambling and as many falls as might be expected amongst so many young hands, most of whom hung on by their heels. M. de Vaublanc won. At the Opera, at night, some one said that the race was won more by luck than judgment. This immediately caused a quarrel with M. de Vaublanc; a challenge ensued, and M. Manuel was run through the body for expressing his opinion.' Well, they do manage those things better in France now, and are content with the normal dangers of a steeple-chase, without adding the supplement of a duel. We had a trotting match on Monday, in the Bois de Boulogne, which was so wild in its excitement, that I should not have said a word about it only that a young Neapolitan nobleman, riding down to see it, was thrown from his horse and literally killed on the spot. Of legitimate racing I have, of course, but little to say at this season. I still hear that Auguste is a good horse, though I have reason to believe that if there is a second Gladiateur in France, he will be found in the stable of M. Lupin, and in the form of own brother to Dollar, that worthy son of the Dutchman and Payment. It may interest some of your readers to know that, up to the year of the 'revenge of Waterloo,' Count

de Lagrange, in spite of several good horses, had had a rough time. Expenses, you see, are always going on; winners are not always to the fore. The Count is now *recouped*, but his laments of the anterior period remind one of poor Lord George's answer to some one who congratulated him on winning a stake—'And the forfeits!' Count Dampierre's stud was sold at the 'French Tattersall's' on the 24th. I asked a friend what they were like. 'Not one worth the first letter of the Count's name,' was the reply. I heard a droll story the other day which upsets all calculation, and puts 'good information' quite on one side. The scene was the Bois de Boulogne, the time, the day of the Grand Prix de Paris, 5th June, 1864, when they betted 7 to 4 on Blair Athol. Heavy swell, with a heavier book on Blair, not liking certain symptoms, retired to refresh himself and think things over before the saddling bell rang. Two of the genus bagman were also partaking of what they called 'cham,' (which should be spelt with an s). 'Well, Bill,' says one, 'Blair will win, I suppose?'—'Nonsense,' says Bill, 'Blair won't—No. 4 won the first race, No. 6 the second, and, as sure as I'm a Dutchman, No. 5 will win the next; and I have backed it for two of their sovs.' In ten minutes 'No. 5' was up, and Vermouth, at 100 to 1, had won. The 'swell' lost, and paid; but it cured him of betting. 'After all my calculations,' he said, 'a man they call Bill went and won easy.'—(He went into the Church.)

Our Carnival has not been very lively yet. A *demi-monde* ball has had the best of it at present: the jewels would have dazzled an 'Arabian Night.' The *bals masqués* are dull—dull and unprofitable. Breakfasting, too, at seven, at the 'Riche,' is not either conducive to morals or manners, health or wealth. The theatres are good; and, as I have detected Mr. Webster (with a note-book), Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Robertson, &c. here, I dare say you will have a chance of seeing some of the pieces. The only thing is, I fear, that we get loose by degrees and beautifully looser, and that, like certain brands of Burgundy, our sentiments will not stand the sea, or be liked when uncorked on the other side of the Channel. Patti is here, looking like an angel, singing like melody, and acting like Thalia. Orpheus was nothing to her, for she moves the French, who are worse than stocks and stones where music is concerned. Theresa has got a new song, so improper that it makes the hair stand up on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine; so I need not tell you that everybody, from the duchess to the lorette, goes to hear it. There has just been a ballot at the Jockey Club, and another English member has been elected. I mention this as 'pills' are administered very handsomely; and perhaps—regard being had to the misfortune of last season, a misfortune now accounted for by softening of the brain—not without some justification.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—January Jottings — Breeding Bulletins — Chronicles of the Chase—Monthly Mortality and Turf Tattle.

JANUARY is a month which entails no slight amount of labour among Trainers, Breeders, and Handicappers. The first named have to get as good a line as they can do about their young ones in time for the entries, the second are canvassing for mares for their horses, and the third are racking their brains to bring good, bad, and indifferent animals together. By this they bring upon themselves not unfrequently a vast deal of ill-will from their owners, and a strong amount of hostile criticism from Analysts, Critics, andirate Correspondents. Probable handicaps are made by racing enthusiasts, and given to the world; but they may spare themselves the trouble, as their attempts are never condescended to be read at head-quarters; and the practice, although not forbidden by any Act of Parliament, or Rule in the Racing Calendar, is viewed by the authorities in something of the same light as a Fenian Document at Dublin Castle. Relative to the Spring Handicaps, there has not been the mount of excitement there was wont to be in olden days, when 'The

'Emperor' had laid against sixty horses before the weights had come out, and Davis booked bets from half a sovereign to a monkey in a red ledger, the size of those used in the London and Westminster Bank. The privacy of Mr. Topham's bedchamber at the Grand Hotel, Covent Garden, has not been disturbed, as it was last year, in the anxiety to see the weight upon a once popular favourite; and the prompt step adopted by Mr. Skinner, of expelling the offender from the house, and 'warning him off' the Music-Hall, thus driving him to the Oxford and Canterbury, has been productive of the best results; for the Cestrian Handicapper has been permitted to sleep the sleep of innocence, and kept his lips as hermetically sealed as the lids for the preserved meats in an Arctic ship. Of course their publication will be, to the host of Sporting Writers, like Government Aid to the factory lads; and it is frightful to consider the extent to which the various analyses will be woven out. The introduction of Reports from Training Quarters into newspapers is quite a new feature, as it has hitherto been confined to the weekly Circulars, whose success has, no doubt, prompted the step. With the Million it will certainly be well received; but the Upper Ten Thousand, and those owners who race for profit, and not for honour, are said to be decidedly hostile to it, for they do not care to have it known in London that a horse has had a dose of physic, or flung a plate, before they themselves receive intelligence from their Trainer, more especially at a period when the markets are so sensitive. However, this being a gambling age, those who feed the public with the most food are certain to have the larger share of patronage. Special Commissioners have had a busy time of it, judging by their reports in the various journals; and by the ubiquity of their movements it would seem they had as little rest as the Guard of the Limited Mail. At one moment they are engaged wandering through the exposed paddocks of the North, and in the next, pencil in hand, they are basking in the pleasant sunshine and well-protected pastures of Mamhead in the South. Then the Suburban Farms of Middle Park and East Acton claim their attention; and the contents of all of them are made the most of and dressed up as palatable as a salad. Our own experience has been very limited, and confined solely to the latest edition, viz., the East Acton, which is within reach of 'the stones.' This establishment, at the very antipodes of Eltham, is, as yet, only in its infancy, and is intended more for a depôt of stallions than the site of a breeding stud, although one existed there before the Royal Paddocks were in existence, inasmuch as it was the station of Sir Hercules and the birthplace of Birdcatcher. A better *locale* can hardly be found, as it is accessible by road or rail, hansom, dog-cart, or omnibus, being only five minutes off the turning from the main road of Acton, which from Tyburnia is studded with the mansions and villas of wealthy citizens and Merchant Princes. Following the inscription on the direction-post—'To The Scottish Chief,' we were ushered into his presence in less than five minutes. In training he was always a favourite of ours, and we were prepared to see that fine but shelly frame filled out to some extent, and to find that eighteen months had done much to furnish him. But the progress he had made exceeded our calculations, and he had developed himself into one of the handsomest horses of the day; and, to quote an oft familiar phrase, he is as full of quality as an egg is full of meat. His head has a deal of character about it, his neck is well put on, and with those shoulders for which he was so admired as a three-year old, his arched loins, and powerful hind-quarters, he is as good to meet as to follow, and only requires to be seen to be appreciated. His companion, Costa, is also a handsome horse, round as an apple, but not so big as The Chief, and what may be termed a very useful second barrel to his Lessee, who, it will be seen, in

starting as a Breeder, has preserved his tastes and fealty, inasmuch as Costa is linked with the musical association of the St. James's Hall, and The Scottish Chief with his loyalty and nationality. The boxes in which the horses stand are well constructed, and 'Waste not, want not,' seems to be the motto of the proprietor; for the doors have been made of old Champagne cases; and when the series of them are completed, it will be strange indeed if more than one winner of the Champagne Stakes is not reared in them. The paddocks which adjoin are of good size, and the farm which supplies the Restaurant with comestibles and vegetables shows what Scotch husbandry can effect. The piggery is worth an inspection, for we saw some 'winter favourites' quite as well cared for as if they had been in the Derby; and we took leave of the new Stud with the conviction that if Mr. Donald proceeds as he has begun, he will revive the prestige of 'the old house at home,' and Birdcatcher & Co.

Of Derby *canards* the usual quantity have been afloat, and without them we do not know how racing men would get through their long vacation. None of them are great readers of anything but handicap books; and even billiards, of which there has been a great deal among them, tire after a time. Banquets likewise, even though they rival those formerly given to a Governor-General on his departure to India, must pall; and, therefore, unless they had some incident in connection with a Derby crack to fall back upon, they would perish by exhaustion. The rumoured commission of the Duke of Beaufort in favour of Rustic, as well as the private interview which a few of our best judges have had with the son of Stockwell, and Village Lass, as the Analysts love to call him, negative the idea that from 'a race-horse' he is transferred into 'a coach-horse.' Lord Lyon is said to have no feet, and to be a shifty, dodging sort of a horse that will not settle down into his work. If this be the case he must have altered very much from the Criterion, in which it cannot be denied he made excellent use of his feet, and made all the others 'shift' for themselves. Some 'Lord Burleighs' do not like Mr. Sutton backing him so openly the other day, on the principle, they suppose, of 'Timeo Danaos dona ferentes.' But that gentleman is as open in all his dealings as either the proprietor of Rustic or Student, and it does not often occur that the three first favourites for the Derby should belong to such high-principled Sportsmen. Student has been ailing a little with a cough, such as a young lady might catch at this time of year by going out without a boa round her neck; and, as was natural, the upshot of his being in the stable for three days was the cry that Student is the legitimate successor to Liddington, and should be dealt by accordingly. To this statement we pay as much attention as we should do to a sentence of death or banishment from the head of the Irish Republic in New York; and fit and well at the post, the Student, we are satisfied, will be found too near to be pleasant to the other favourites. Auguste is reported to be a good horse, but a rogue; and as the *amour propre* of the Parisians must make them back him, in all probability he will see a shorter price in 'The merry month of May,' when the tide of emigration from the other side of the Channel sets in. From Janitor being galloped between two horses every morning, fears are entertained of his having caught the Chattanooga complaint. We trust, however, for the sake of the Baron, who has fought so hard for a Derby, that this step on the part of Hayhoe is only a ruse to throw the enemy off their guard, and if Janitor were to throw open the great race to him he would be certainly most appropriately named. Redan, whose early preparation will be the subject of rigid investigation by an intelligent Middlesex Jury, always finds supporters, and rumour asserts him to be doing as well as could be expected. He has likewise the advantage of being 'liked' by Jemmy Grimshaw, whose vast and lengthened experience of Derby horses

fully qualifies him to speak on Redan's merits. The Blue Riband is fading, and we read the almost stereotyped announcement 'that certain great Northern Bookmakers' are going for The Stabber, a horse as dark as his name, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary. John Scott, with the Fenning walking-stick in hand, never misses a single morning parade with The Knight of the Crescent, whom he has tried through Hebe to be a fair horse; and if his life were to be the cost of his success, we believe he would willingly yield it up, to show he had done his duty to so staunch an employer as Lord Exeter. In Ireland the Curragh folks are fond of Tom King, whose stable companion, Solon, we perceive has been so well taken care of by Mr. Topham, that the money he has been backed for at Chester might as well have been cast into the Channel. We have thus endeavoured to let our readers know as much as ourselves of the horses whose names they see quoted so often in the newspapers, and fancy our ideas will be found as correct as those of our neighbours, although we are bound to state we have not a single tout in our employ; and have sent out no postage-stamps to gentlemen with classical aliases. Neither have we been tempted to enter into a correspondence 'with a deserted Trainer's Wife,' who appeals to the curious in racing matters. This line of conduct has been adopted on our part, not from any fear of being brought up before Mr. Justice Wilde, but because, according to our judgment, a Trainer base enough to desert his wife was not very likely to tell her the truth about his Derby horses; and, if we make no mistake, our readers will re-echo our sentiments by the old chorus, 'And so say all of us.' Much, in our opinion, will depend upon the nature of the spring; and, as what is one man's meat is another man's poison, so the ground that may be favourable to the preparation of one favourite may be antagonistic to that of another. And therefore we will postpone our judgment until Easter Term.

At Middle Park, we are given to understand by those who nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice, that Mr. Blenkiron's intention of making King John fashionable is not a visionary idea of our own, but one that will very probably be realized, as he is good-looking enough to be anything. Saunterer has been done well by the Hanoverians, and so good a return for the purchase money has been secured by them, that we may expect them again in the market. And it is to be hoped the purpose for which he was purchased, viz., that of improving the chargers of the Household Troops, has been answered, and that Millais, when he has to paint a second edition of 'The Black Brunswicker,' will give us a young Saunterer. At the Royal Paddocks at Hampton Court, Ely, who arrived about three weeks back in charge of Tom Oliver with his ash stick, is the great 'lion.' Good horse as he is, putting him at fifty guineas seems rather overstepping the mark; for if he had won both Derby and St. Leger, as well as the Grand Prix of Paris, he could not have been set higher. But perhaps the measure is adopted to prevent him being overrun with mares; and if [this be the case, it is likely to be successful; although it is only fair to state that half his subscription has already been taken. Recent pilgrims to Rawcliffe are full of Lord Albemarle, who, it seems, has been rescued from the Fenians in Ireland, to do suit and service in Yorkshire. A Defence horse, in the present day, is truly valuable; and if he combines the power and quality which his Lordship is said to possess—for we have never seen him—he is certain to take. From the encomiums bestowed upon him by Dr. Shorthouse (praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed!), many have been led to believe he is the property of that gentleman. But we have reason for knowing that the Doctor has not got a hair in his tail, and only saw him when he went to inspect him professionally for his present owner. The feel of The Dollar is also liked as much as in the empire of Maximilian, and a fair amount

of coinage is certain to be issued. At Middleton One Row, they have had no foals as yet, but the yearlings are good-looking, and getting very forward. Virago, having proved barren to Amsterdam, will be put to Cavendish. Some of the Neasham mares, it is said, will go to The Marquis, who is, and always was, a great favourite in the North. The visit of John Day with Mr. Secretary Megson, to Highfield, which was duly chronicled in the Sporting papers, like that of the Duke of Cambridge with Colonel Macdonald to Sandhurst or Chatham, has resulted, not in the condemnation of the establishment, but in despatching of Figtree and Winifred to Prime Minister. At Mentmore, the seat of King Tom, we perceive, on the 'Visitors' Book,' the name of Paradigm: so it will be seen that Colonel Pearson is determined her produce, for the future, shall not be wanting in stoutness. The Fairfield Haras is proceeding at a railway pace, Mr. Jackson having built not less than 104 boxes, and more are in course of construction. He has also purchased the Turf Tavern and Paddocks at Doncaster, which is certain to pay him well, as there is no town in the north of England where property is becoming so valuable. Blair Athol is as popular as ever with the Tykes; and, in modern times, no animal has been so frequently toasted. His allotment of mares, all the property of his owner, must give him a rare chance; and never had a young sire such a future before him, when we consider that he is to have Bouquet, Calcutta, Dividend, Ladies' Clifden, Louisa, and Tatton, Phœbe, Rosina, and Tunstall Maid. The division allotted to Neptunus are also very good; for they consist of Abbess of Jerveaux, Effie, Gertrude, Henham Lass, My Mary, My Partner, Summerside, Terrific, and Wax. He is likewise promised a fair proportion of first-class hunting mares. The Tunstall Maid's filly, whose yearling by Stockwell, to which we particularly called attention when a foal, we are pleased to see looked on with equal favour by that good judge 'Beacon;' and he likewise indorses our remarks relative to the colt out of the former, who is on the list of St. Albans. In the South the connections of John Day have gone far to fill Trumpeter, even if the public running of his stock did not attract mares to him; and the pick of the Mamhead mares which have not been deemed suitable for Crater, the earliest filled horse of the season, have been distributed among 'the cracks of the day.' Mr. Gulliver has, fortunately, escaped from the waters which have nearly inundated Oxfordshire, and frustrated our intended visit to him. Adamas, when put up at the opening of the year, found no purchaser, and went back to the place from whence he came; and truly did that original and pleasing writer, 'Orange Blossom,' remark, that the difference in the half-length between him and Blink Bonny resulted in the difference of some thousands in value. Seldom, of late years, has 'Bell's Life' contained such a series of pleasant papers as this gentleman has been contributing during the past month; and his sketch of the 'Morning of a small Yorkshire Race Meeting' is a perfect photograph.

The question of going on with hunting during the prevalence of the Rinderpest has been much agitated, and a few words on the subject may not be out of place. According to our own notion the case is solely a Farmer's question, and hunting men would do wisely to bow to the wishes of that class, seeing how dependent they are upon them for their amusement. And it does seem an anomaly that, while cattle cannot be moved from one district to another without a Magistrate's order, horses and hounds can traverse the country from farm to farm with equal risk of carrying the infection; and, although it may seem ridiculous, and make our readers smile to think that their old favourite the Cow at Tattersall's cannot cross Westminster Bridge to visit the Sixth Duke of Bedford, who is located on the Surrey side, without the order of a couple of Magistrates, yet the precaution is justified by the

exigencies of the times. But to hark back to our starting-point. The Duke of Grafton, we learn, viewing the matter in the same light as ourselves, has decided that his hounds shall cease hunting, in deference to the desire of those over whose land he hunts. Sir Watkin Wynne, with his usual common sense, has stated that hunting must, of course, depend upon what the farmers felt; and in the neighbouring country Lord Grosvenor is about to consult the Cheshire farmers upon the subject. But at Nantwich the Board of Guardians passed a unanimous resolution against a discontinuance; and Lord Grosvenor stated that throughout his Hunt he had only met with one dissentient farmer. The rumour to which we were the first to give currency, that Lord Cork was likely to succeed Lord Bessborough as Master of the Buck Hounds has been confirmed; and his Lordship's first day when he took office fully realized the anticipations of his friends. Married into the family of Clanricarde, he rode like one of them, which is no slight praise; and by his good-nature and courteous demeanour, the happiest auguries have been formed of his Mastership. Davis's retirement at the end of the season is officially announced; and if ever a faithful servant of her Majesty had reason to ask to be relieved from further attendance upon her, he must be said to be the man. The Sporting World have already marked their sense of his worth, and it will now devolve upon the Crown to testify its approbation of his honourable career in an arduous and trying office. Were he not more used to handle the whip than the pen, he might amuse himself in his 'Hours of Idleness' with the Reminiscences of his various Masters. Such a work, from the fund of anecdote which could be introduced into it, would be very interesting, and meet with a ready sale in this Sporting age. We fancy, however, he could never call up any management equal to that of Lord Chesterfield. Lord Dacre gives up the Hertfordshire country, after being at the head of it for no less than twenty-seven years, and it is rumoured he is likely to be succeeded by Mr. J. G. Leigh, of Luton Hoo. The Bicester country having been resigned by Mr. Drake, the Master's horn will be passed to the Hon. W. North, which creates a vacancy for Warwickshire. Sir John Trollope's friends will be glad to hear he has reconsidered his intention to give up the Cottesmore; but Mr. Stubbs retires for certain from the Albrighton. From 'The Shires' the despatches are of the most flattering character, and there are none of those long faces to be seen at Melton and Leicester that were worn last season, when the frost was of the same duration as the pantomimes. Now horses and men have almost had enough, and would not grudge 'The Ice King' a day out, in order that they might run up to town 'to have their hair cut,' and see 'L'Africaine' at the Strand. In the Pytchley country Mr. Anstruther Thompson has had full scope for his hunting knowledge, and when, up to a fortnight back, he had been out 96 days, and killed 46 brace and a half of foxes, no other evidence is needed of his 'being the man for Galway.' Mr. Tailby has been lucky with his foxes, which have tried the mettle of his field, and the speed and stoutness of their cattle. The Quornites have recovered from the slough of despondency into which they had been cast by the threatened resignation of Mr. Clowes, who was so delighted with the two hours and twenty minutes he had from Scaptoft Gorse that he declared he would go on if he could get the Subscription, a hint which was jumped at, and will, no doubt, be adopted. In the Cotswold country there has been a dispute about territory, which has produced a correspondence in 'The Field,' as voluminous as if it had been conducted by Prussian and Danish Ministers for Foreign Affairs relative to the occupation of the Duchies. The interest is purely local; and it is to be hoped, in diplomatic language, that a basis may be found upon 'which both parties can treat,' so that an easy settlement of the *vexata questio* may be come to. Mr. Lowndes'

hounds, which have had but an indifferent season up to the last month, have lately got into a vein of good sport. On January 6th, with an afternoon fox from Christmas Gorse, they ran for 45 minutes over the Hogston country, only wanting a kill to make the run complete. But January 17th was the run of the season. A fox was found in a double hedge-row under Holborn Hill, who took them for 55 minutes over the cream of the Vale of Aylesbury, without touching a ploughed field; they then hunted him through a portion of the Claydon Woods, and finally lost him beyond Wootton, in Mr. Drake's country. Colonel Hunt and Mr. Lambton were in front through the best part of this run. On the 20th these hounds found at College Wood, and ran continuously over the country, only being cast once, for 2 hours and 40 minutes, killing their fox at Heath, near Leighton Buzzard. The extreme points of this run are 17 miles apart. The hounds are supposed to have only changed foxes once. On the 24th, from King's Wood, a large woodland, they had a fine run of 1 hour and 25 minutes over the Teddington country, and killed. King's Wood not being a favourite place, but few persons were out with them. From Hants we hear that matters have mended much for the better since the tempestuous weather, which was destructive of scent as well as of ships, has ceased, and the Hambledon, in particular, have done first-rate, for on the 18th they had a run of 20 miles from Stripes Hanger, over the stiffest part of Sussex, between Midhurst and Petersfield, killing just at dark in Stedcombe Bottom, after 2 hours and 35 minutes. The pace for the first hour and a half was very severe, and the country awfully deep. On the 23rd they had a rattling burst of 38 minutes from Torrington Wood, killing handsomely in the open, close to the Railway Station, at Ditcham. But their 'screamer' was on the following day, from Allington, where an afternoon fox took them from Mr. Gater's covers nearly to Botley; then bending away over a heavily-fenced country in the Thornhill direction, he made for West End, and turning back from thence, 'took a return ticket' for Allington, where he took refuge in the large earths by the river. The time was just under an hour, and the pace so terrific that not a man, after crossing the railway, was ever within three fields of the hounds, until just at the finish. In the neighbouring country Mr. Whieldon has been treating his friends to plenty of the Juice of the Vine; and, considering that foxes are far more difficult to handle than in the Shires, owing to the numerous woods, the number of earths and holes which it is almost impossible to stop efficiently, and the frequent change of foxes, which are ever ready to take up the running, and thus save the life of a beaten fox, his last week's return speaks well for Master, Horse, and Hound. On the 22nd they had a very fine run of 1 hour and 40 minutes, from Dean's Wood, over the stiffest part of the Vale country, and killed handsomely. The following day they also had good sport; and on the Thursday they killed a brace of old dog foxes, having a very fast thing with their second fox from Painter Forest to the Vine, making four noses during the week. The Hursley men talk a good deal of a very good run from North Stoneham, the seat of the Master, when they ran over the strongest part of the Hambledon country; and out of the hundred and fifty who started only ten got to the end: among them was little George Tubb, who in personal appearance resembles 'Mr. Edward's' twenty years ago, and promises to equal him as a horseman. Of the others who went well were Mr. George Hunt, Captain George Day and his wife, and Turner, the late Huntsman to the Vale of Blackmore. January 18th was also a red letter day with the H. H., who met at Brown Candover, the residence of Mr. Frederick Bailey (who has been a most useful *aide-de-camp* to each succeeding Master of the H. H.), and had a very fine run from Chilton Wood, the hounds going as hard as they could for 1 hour

and 10 minutes over ten miles of country, and cleverly killing their fox at Wield Wood. The whole of this fine run was over the open. Mr. Deacon has had very fine sport, and he has more than realized the expectations formed of him by his friends. No Master can make scent, but when he has none he is very patient; and he still has much to put up with from the impetuosity of some of his Tuesday friends. We must say a word for Mr. Frederick Yates's harriers, who have had excellent sport. Every hound in the pack can hunt, and the Master is as patient as Job under his most trying circumstances. It is also a quaint sight to see Barbarossa and Tambour Major (both new purchases) whipping in. The latter, since he has been *altered* (as the old lady said of her quondam Tom cat), is as quiet as a sheep. Tambour is now the joint property of Mr. Yates and Captain Shaw, who will ride him in the Grand Military. Winchester has had its share of Christmas sports. Mr. Dear gave his usual Christmas hunt to the pedestrians, and everybody who could get a pack from John Tubb turned out. The sports began with a mile race between Mr. George Tubb, on his pony, aged nine, weighing 3 st. 6 lb., and Mr. Pyle, on his grey horse, who gave his antagonist only 11 st. and won by one length. Mr. Tubb, the sporting livery-stable keeper, kept the game alive by turning out a fallow deer at Littleton, when Harry Goater gave a swell breakfast. Among the field were Jem Goater, S. Mann (of Newmarket), Harry Goater and his son and heir, who says 'he will be nothing else but 'a jockey,' and Mr. Richard King, who rode Belle of Kars. The deer was taken at Alfred Day's at Leckford, who joined on his pony. The Blackmoor Vale have had capital sport, killing nearly every time they have been out; and Press, the Huntsman, never goes home without having killed or accounted for the animal.

Again we have accounts of good sport in Yorkshire, and the old city has been very lively, thanks to hunting and hussars. On the 15th the 11th Hussars gave a ball, and all the neighbourhood flocked into the city, determined to be jolly. On the 16th the York and Ainsty met at Wixley, which is easy of access by railway. At 10.15, the station at York was a gay and busy sight, more than fifty men in 'pink' requiring tickets, horse-boxes, &c., from York to Cattal, natives and strangers all anxious to have a day with Sir Charles—and a proper dusting he gave them. It was amusing to watch the old hands, who had slipped away from the ball in time to get 'forty winks,' securing their seats 'early on.' Then came the 'young lot,' just 'saving their distance,' and that well-known, clever, and civil official, Mr. Station-master Oates, had hard work to start the train; and not a little fun was created at a notoriously unpunctual and very popular young man, who, with one foot in the carriage, begged for the delay of another minute, that he might drink his regular B. and S. But all arrived at the place of meeting in good time. Sir Charles Slingsby and his hounds looked heavy and serious,—and no wonder, with a large field of all nations 'come out to ride.' The instant the hounds were thrown into the wood, Lislands, a fox was found, but he could not get away at first. After a turn in cover, however, the hounds went away, but not on very good terms with the fox. Hunting him at a moderate pace by Martin Village to Grafton Whim, there the pace began to be very good, and the field were soon scattered, the hounds getting clear of the horses, taking a wide bend back to Lislands, skirting the wood and going straight to Thorpe Green Whim: time, 1 hour 30 minutes. The fox, dead beat, crawled into a rabbit-hole. However, 'spades were trumps,' and Sir Charles won the game. The country was deep plough, and many good men went honestly to hounds, and were much pleased with their run. The hounds worked well, and Captain 'Park Lane,' riding a remarkable brown mare, was talked of as having the best of it,—a

good performance with so many talents going. Mr. Barton, of Stapleton Park, got an ugly fall ; his horse failing to clear a very large place (which the lucky 'Guardsman' just got over), chested the bank, and broke his back. Everybody was sorry for the poor animal, and for the owner. However, horses are to be obtained—two things only necessary, money and pluck to lay it out ; and a telegram to 22, Mount Street, will soon fill an empty stall. On the 18th the York and Ainsty had a very good day from Buckles Inn, and after persevering with a ringing fox all the morning, killed him. They then found again at Colton Flag, ran to Asham Boy, Bishopthorpe, Acastar, and back to Colton Flag, 1 hour 10 minutes, the last twenty-five racing up wind. Unluckily, the hounds changed foxes, and ran on to Hutton, where Sir Charles whipped off. The Hon. W. E. Duncombe resigns the Mastership of the Bedale at the end of the season. Game is the root of all evil ; this once famous country is now unfit to live in ; and it is a melancholy reflection to think that a very great number of the landowners do not support fox-hunting. A leading Squire, once a Master of Hounds, is now a dealer in pheasants, and has no foxes ; and when Sir Bellingham Graham and other men of that date, sit in the window of 'Boodle's' and read their 'Baily,' they will at once spot their old friend, and we can hear them 'wonder where he expects to go to.' The Bramham Moor hounds continue to have excellent sport, seldom going home without a 'nose,' though the scent has not been so good as last month. Old Ned Johnson, the first whip, fell heavily on his shoulder, and has been off work for a week. This man is an example to many. It is his eighteenth season with Mr. Lane Fox. His object in life has been to remain in his place, as firmly as he does in his saddle ; consequently he is much respected. Mr. Foljambe has sold his hounds to Lord Galway, who is recovering from his severe fall ; and the best thing the Hurworth have had was on the 18th, from Welbury to Arnecliffe Wood, in forty minutes, over the best part of their country, without a check.

Our Obituary List, we regret to find, is a long one, for it extends from the Land of Cakes to the Old Kent Road, and includes some rather remarkable names. First and foremost, Scotland has to mourn over one of her most promising young sportsmen, in the person of the Laird of Barnton. And little did we think when, only three months back, we were commenting upon his riding of Iconoclast, and describing the cheering which his father's admirers gave him, when he broke the ice, by winning his first race, that so soon we should have to record his being snatched away from us. He was at the head of 'Young Scotland,' and had given a fresh impetus to the Turf of that country, which, we much fear, it will not receive again. All 'The Scottish Chiefs' followed him to the grave ; and perhaps the best consolation we can offer to his afflicted family is the old Greek one,—that those whom the gods love, die first. Our next subject is Sir Francis Holyoake Goodricke, who was formerly better known as 'French Holyoake.' When he had only a moderate income, and before he came into the fortune of Sir Frederick, through Mr. Williamson's asking the latter for a cheque for a hunter he bought of a farmer for him, which he did merely to prove to the man he never received the money, he was looked upon as a good fellow and a good sportsman. But with the fortune and the Baronetcy, which followed it, his whole nature changed, and strongly illustrated the truth of the Latin passage—

'Crescit amor nummi quanta ipsa pecunia crescit.'

He became ascetic to a degree, and read prayers with Sam Worrall, whom Bill Scott once dreadfully offended by calling 'Half-Bible, half betting-book.' The bulk of his money was in a banking-house at Wolverhampton, where it fructified well. General Charrettie was the type of a school, almost as extinct

as the Pelican of the Wilderness, and he called up visions of the mighty dead. He was an extraordinary character,—witty, bold, complaisant, shrewd, and wide awake as the Great Northern Eagle. He was in command of a troop of Life Guards, at Waterloo, and afterwards of a company of steeple-chasers at Cheltenham; and when the Plough was 'the Limmers' of the provinces, he was the cock-of-the-walk; and so sensible were the inhabitants of his exertions to promote the amusements of the town, that they presented him with a handsome piece of plate. In the laws of duelling he was a perfect Blackstone, and his opinion was held in the highest respect. One of the best anecdotes told of him was on the occasion of an affair of honour he had at Boulogne with an English gentleman, who had given him cause for offence. The parties, who had crossed from Dover, met on the sands at the appointed time, and while the pistols were being loaded, the General was accosted by his antagonist, and asked whether he would grant him permission to pay his devotions for a few minutes. 'Oh, certainly,' was the reply. But after a quarter of an hour had elapsed, without any symptoms of the religionist tiring, the General's patience became exhausted, and he went up to him, and while the latter was on his knees, taking off his hat, he politely wished to know when he thought his prayers would end, for time was precious? To which the other remarked that, considering the General was so dead a shot, he ought not to grudge him a short time for self-communion, as he did not want to be sent out of the world with all his sins on his head, without one intercession for forgiveness, especially as he had apologized for his conduct. 'What apology?' cried the General. 'I have never heard a word of it; and to whom, sir?' 'Why, to 'your second.' Upon which the General said, 'That alters the case altogether;' and making inquiry of the gentleman who was his friend and a brother officer, he found it was true, but the latter was afraid to mention it, as he thought he never would listen to it. In an instant his anger was diverted from his foe to his own second, whom he threatened to try by a court-martial. But in the end the matter was made up, and the whole party returned to Dover together. His steeple-chasing days were in those glorious times when Tommy Coleman headed a large cavalcade from the Turf Tavern at St. Albans, and when Beecher, Powell, Bean, Barker, and Jim Mason were the aides-de-camp of the Elmores, Andersons, Lambs, and Fairlies, and furnished public-houses with prints of their favourites and their exploits. His great match with the Squire ended in a draw, as both would have been disqualified, but the local chroniclers of the day attributed the General's acquiescence in the proposal to a desire not to have any misunderstanding with his old friend. Of Shakespeare he was as fond as a hen of one chick, and he backed himself to win a match at billiards, a steeple-chase, and play Falconbridge in one day, all of which he accomplished with ease at Cheltenham. The last time he favoured us with a recitation from his favourite poet was close to Bartley's in Oxford Street, when he gave us a slice of Richard III. But the *mise en scène*, consisting of 'busses, Hansoms, carts, and railway waggons, was so different from 'the 'tented scene' at the other end of the street, that we confess the delivery could not be so appreciated as it deserved to be. His scene with the Marquis of Salisbury's keeper has already been given in the weeklies, so we need not recur to it again. His purchase of Gorhambury was rather singular, and occurred in this manner. The colt by Buzzard, out of Brocard, had run at Gorhambury in a Two-Year Old Stake, where he cut one of his legs so much that he was never fit to try again that season. And towards the end of it the General and Mr. Josh Anderson came in a fly to the training-ground, and asked the name of the colt who was walking in the string, and having received the information they went away. Two days after Lord Verulam was asked

by Mr. Weatherby to put a price upon the Brocard colt, and he named four hundred pounds, and by the next post Mr. Weatherby wrote his Lordship word that the money had been paid to his account, and asked for a delivery order, which he at once forwarded, and with this animal the General ran a good second for the Derby, beating those strong favourites, Gaper and British Yeoman, a long distance. At pigeons he used to shoot with Lord Kennedy, Colonel Anson, and that school, and could hold his own with the best of them, generally having the office when the trapper's half-sovereign was on, and the back squeezed. In the press controversy arising out of the Tarragona affair he took great interest, and assured 'Argus' if he had been served as that writer, the present Earls of Winchilsea and Glasgow would have been far younger men. His verses on the Squire's Great Match, which appeared in our pages some years back, proved he had some claim to be considered a poet, and at the Arlington he challenged the Earl of Winchilsea to write verses against him for a monkey, but the offer was declined with thanks. His faults belonged to the age in which he flourished, which, it is to be hoped, will be considered some atonement for them, now 'Poor Tom's a cold.' We would fain draw a veil over the closing scene of his life, but justice compels us to state that he refused the aid of religious instructors, and his last hours bore a strong resemblance to those of the Man about Town in the Diary of a late Physician.

Mr. Harry England was the representative of another school, which is almost equally extinct, viz., that of 'The Sporting Bung,' who, with a fast trotter, a varmint trap, and a white bull terrier with a black spot on his eye, used to think nothing of going down to Newmarket and back three or four times a year. A tenant of Mr. Harvey Coombe, he slaved for that gentleman to the very last, and greatly contributed to the prosperity of his brewery. He was forgotten, however, by 'The Old Squire,' and he never looked up afterwards. He trained with Joe Rogers at Newmarket; and he it was who came at the head of a hundred of Combe and Delafield's draymen to Mickleham to take away Cobham from John Scott, in consequence of which step Lords Westminster, Wilton, Chesterfield, Derby, and the other employers of the Stable, passed a vote of confidence in John Scott, and had it published. Of Trotters Mr. England was at the head, and in concert with the Pardoes and Dan Haywood, of Newgate Market, he was concerned in all the famous matches of the day, with Confidence, Nonpareil, Tom Thumb, and Co. Of the Prize Ring he was a stanch supporter, and generally found the money for the big men. Of Tom Spring he was a stanch backer, and at the fight between Sayers and Heenan, when the former was beaten, he lent the knife to cut the ropes, and put an end to the battle. Throughout his career he bore a good reputation at Tattersall's; and he was one of those rarities, a favourite of Thomas's.

We cannot conclude our remarks on things in general without calling attention to the attractive character of the programme of the Punchestown Steeplechases, which appears in our Advertisement sheet. The Marquis of Drogheda, upon whom the entire management has devolved, has so arranged the races that every class of horse that can jump has a chance given him; and the prizes are of that rich value which will well compensate owners for the risk and trifling expenses of sending them over. The country is by no means too severe, the rules of fair play most zealously maintained, and the 'purity' of the riding guaranteed by the strict rules prepared by Lord Drogheda, who, as Commander-in-Chief, is responsible for their observance. And we need hardly add he has made every arrangement to protect man, horse, and your contributors from the hands of the Fenians. Next month we shall have more to say on the subject.

B A I L Y ' S
Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes,
and Turf Guide.

No. 73.

MARCH, 1866.

Vol. XII.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. FARQUHARSON.

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LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.
1866.

DIARY FOR MARCH 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	TH	Derby Spring Meeting.
2	F	Derby Spring Meeting.
3	S	Stockbridge Spring Meeting.
4	S	THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.
5	M	Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.
6	TU	Liverpool Spring Meeting.
7	W	Liverpool Grand National Steeple-chase day.
8	TH	Liverpool Spring Cup day.
9	F	Anniversary of the death of Mr. Gully, 1863, aged 80.
10	S	Date of Sale of John Parsons Cook's Stud, 1856.
11	S	FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.
12	M	Tregonwell Frampton died, 1727. Partisan died, 1835.
13	TU	Warwick and Doncaster Spring Meetings.
14	W	Warwick and Doncaster Spring Meetings.
15	TH	Lewes Spring Meeting. Grand Military Steeple-chases.
16	F	Croxton Park Races and Lewes Spring Meeting.
17	S	St. Patrick's Day. Fuller Pilch born, 1803.
18	S	FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.
19	M	Sir William Don died at Hobart Town, 1861.
20	TU	Northampton Races commence. [died, 1860.
21	W	Northampton Races. The Spencer Plate day. John B. Day
22	TH	Royal Artillery and Chepstow Steeple-chases.
23	F	Touchstone foaled, 1831.
24	S	Leinster Coursing Meeting.
25	S	PALM SUNDAY. Lady Day.
26	M	Boston Steeple-chases. Duke of Grafton died, 1863, aged 73.
27	TU	Zoological Society of London founded.
28	W	Scottish National Coursing Meeting.
29	TH	United Border Hunt Steeple-chases.
30	F	Good Friday.
31	S	Cock-fighting prohibited by Oliver Cromwell, 1654.

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J. J. Furukawa

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. FARQUHARSON.

A GENTLEMAN who for no less a period than fifty-two years hunted the whole of one large English county, and a great portion of another, without demanding any other return from his friends than the preservation of foxes, ought to be able to introduce himself to our readers; but Mr. Farquharson's advanced age and retiring disposition compel him to rely on ourselves to act as his M. C. in recapitulating his career in the Field.

James John Farquharson, of Langton House, Dorset, was born on the 9th of October, 1784, and was the son of Mr. Farquharson, an East India Merchant, who in the year 1728 purchased the Manor of Littleton and the adjoining estates. As our worthy collaborateur, the Master of Fox-Hounds, has stated in our October number, he was educated at Eton, and subsequently transferred to Christchurch, Oxford, where he took his degree, and was regarded as the embodiment of an English Squire. Being at the advanced age of eighty-two, it is not to be supposed that many anecdotes of his youth are in circulation, and all that we have been enabled to gather of him was, that even while pursuing his studies he was distinguished for the liberality of his disposition and his passion for sport of every description; and, as a proof that he availed himself of the earliest opportunity to carry his views into execution, we may remark, that in 1806, the year before he became of age, he purchased a pack of hounds of Mr. Windham, of Dinton, in Wiltshire, and had the magic letters M. F. H. appended to his name. And as these initials were associated with him for over half a century, the appellation of 'The Nestor of the Chase' may not be deemed inapt. In his onset Mr. Farquharson was fortunate enough to secure the friendship of the late Mr. Beckford, who gave him many a wrinkle worth knowing, relative to the hounds, as well as the country which he himself had hunted; and that the seed fell on good soil needs no recounting. To deal *in extenso* with a career so brilliant and lengthened as that of 'The Old Squire,' which is his household name in Dorsetshire, would be impossible; and therefore we must confine ourselves to a mere outline of his doings in the

field, and allusion to that chosen band of Sportsmen who were for so long a period his guests and the sharers of his sports. Prior, however, to entering into details of life at Langton, we should state that the noble fortune of its proprietor enabled him to do things in a more princely manner than usually falls to the lot of a Commoner; and a Meltonian, who thought there could be no hunting out of 'The Shires,' would have been rather surprised, supposing he had been dropped from a balloon into Dorsetshire, at seeing Mr. Farquharson at the covert side with one of the finest packs of hounds in England, and frequently no less than twenty first-class hunters for his friends and tenants. From the extent of his country, which included all Dorsetshire and part of Somersetshire, Mr. Farquharson had two establishments, one at Langton, which is situated in a beautiful park on the banks of the Stour, and the other, which is more of a hunting-box than a mansion, at Cattistock. The stables at the former place are scarcely to be matched in the South of England, being an oval of Bath stone buildings, with a covered ride all round, well aired and lighted, and with oak stalls for thirty-four horses; and at the Eastbury kennels, which usually contained seventy-five couple of hounds, there was accommodation for fifty additional horses; but, from some unexplained cause, Eastbury was a bad place for breeding hounds, and, to keep up the strength of the pack, constant drafts were obliged to be had recourse to. Of the general condition of the hounds it is needless to speak, for were they not under the care of Tom Treadwell, father of Mr. G. Lane Fox's late huntsman—a sufficient guarantee even to the most sceptical?—and there is not a kennel at the present time in which the Farquharson blood is not held in the highest repute. Hunting pictures were not then so fashionable as they have recently become, but the New President of the Royal Academy could not have coveted a happier subject for his canvas than 'The Lawn Meet at Frampton,' as he might have given us 'The Squire' on Claret; Ben Jennings on Hamlet; Solomon, the first Whip, on Scorpion; and Sam, the second one, on Wizard. He could even have found a corner for Impey, the celebrated terrier of Billy Butler, who was shaved like a poodle, and would find a fox in a furze brake sooner than any hound in the pack. The body of yeomanry, which were the best mounted of any in the country, would have well filled up the background. Dorsetshire, at the time of which we speak, literally swarmed with fox-hunters; and so idolized was 'The Squire' by the farmers and labourers that the setting of a trap was an unheard-of act, and the life of a fox considered more sacred than that of a John Cross. This extreme popularity of Mr. Farquharson arose from the innate goodness of his heart, which caused him never to utter a harsh word to one in an inferior station, and to be always considerate as to their wants and requirements. That his hounds and servants knew their business is best proved by the fact which 'The Druid' has recorded, that during the twenty-one seasons of Jem Treadwell he brought to hand no less than 1,344 brace of foxes! He kept two packs, a large and

small one, but his preference was for the former one, which always went into the Vale, because he thought they steamed away more, and gave a better account of their foxes, whether their fences were big or little. Of the Turf in the West of England Mr. Farquharson was a strong supporter, and the Calendars tell us how, with Grey Marquis, Presentiment, Garus, and Black and All Black, he used to sweep off the Plates at Blandford, Salisbury, Weymouth, and that district which has since been farmed by Messrs. Parr and Brayley. The charge of his small team was confided to Percy, father of the present trainer of that name; and he was always anxious to have Conolly up, to give his tenantry the best chance of winning their money. A great many of his hunters he was in the habit of breeding himself, and the sires he used were Cadiz and his son Hobgoblin.

Dorsetshire, at the time of which we treat, was a different county to what it is now; and, although there were no professed philanthropists like Lord Shaftesbury or S. G. O., hurdles were less esteemed than in this more advanced age. The Clergy hunted and shot, gave their flocks a good twenty minutes on a Sunday, and never thought of Rome, except in connection with their school days. Port wine they drank like soda and brandy now, and always had a bottle for the sick poor. And in order to encourage early rising and matrimony, they invariably married the labouring classes gratis, provided they came before eight o'clock in the morning, and therefore did not interfere with their going to cover; consequently they had no difficulty in getting a church rate made. And gentlemen always went out to dinner in pattens, because Broughams had not been invented, and 'Insects' were unknown. Foremost among them all was Billy Butler, the great favourite of George the Fourth, who, when Prince of Wales, used to live at Critchhill, the present seat of Mr. Sturt. Billy was one of the most original creations in the West of England, and for very many years enjoyed the living of Frampton, and if he was not bred to the Church, the Church was bread to him. As a sportsman in the natural sense of the word, he was second to none—always knowing where a fox was to be found, a fish killed, or a woodcock flushed. And although not a bruiser, he always managed to get to the hounds. As a *bon vivant*, his superior was never known; and the late Lord Sefton must have regretted never having made his acquaintance, for they would have been as inseparable as the Siamese Twins. Of his fancies in the gastronomic line, we must append a few instances, lest our description of him may seem overrated. At that time, the late Lord Digby flourished in almost feudal state, and Billy declared 'that although he had no idea of heaven in the next world, he knew what it was in this one—viz., Lord Digby's dining-room with the red curtains drawn.' In those days a bottle of claret in a Squire's house was a rarity, still Billy always found one at the Squire of Frampton's; and when asked whether he would have port or claret, he replied, aside, 'We will kill the Portuguese first, and then tackle the Frenchman.' George the Fourth, who made him a present of a famous hunter called Vinose, who died nobly, bringing him

home after a dinner party, once tried a practical joke on him. Knowing his partiality for woodcocks, he caused to be served up a couple or owls with woodcocks' heads attached to them, and fresh worms for the trail. Billy snapped at them, like a trout at a Mayfly, but one mouthful was sufficient to tell the tale, and it took a skinful of wine to wash out the remembrance of the taste. In his household management he was ably seconded by his managing director, 'Bessie,' who was at once groom of the stables as well as of the chambers, and served his inimitable English fare to perfection. Another of the celebrities was the Rev. Charles Phellips, the incumbent of Peddle Trent Hide, whose hospitality assumed the force of a proverb, and who had a bottle of magnesia, a wine glass and teaspoon kept in every man's bedroom, and as may be supposed, not without reason. As a sportsman, he took more to coursing than hunting, but he never missed a day when hounds were within reach. Among the Squirearchy of the Somersetshire part of Mr. Farquharson's country, we must not omit mention of the head of the family, Mr. John Phellips, of Montacute, who nobly acted up to the tenour of the motto which for centuries has adorned the entrance of that fine old baronial residence, and which runs as follows:—

‘Through this wide opening gate
None come too early, none return too late.’

The present Mrs. Farquharson is the widow of this gentleman; and, it is not too much to say, shares the popularity of the subject of our sketch.

Mr. Williams, surnamed the Bangalore, was also a great card, and one of the best workmen of all the White Collars. He received this sobriquet from telling Mr. Farquharson, who rallied him about his ignorance of a fox (the hounds having refused to acknowledge his halloo), that he had one chained up for three years at his bungalow in Bangalore; and one evening he not a little amused the Squire, who had taken him home to Cattestock after a long day, and had provided him with clothes to dine in, by refusing a clean shirt, saying to him, ‘No thank you, sir—I *shirted yesterday*.’

Mr. Browne, the Squire of Frampton, was also conspicuous as a fox preserver; and it is to be regretted that no picture was ever painted that would preserve for the country the grand meets in front of his house; for from all parts there was assembled there the *élite* of Dorsetshire, including those stanch supporters of the hound, Lord Ilchester, Lord Digby, Sir W. Oglander, Mr. Napier, a tremendous hard-riding heavyweight, and Mr. Hodges and his lovely daughters, who were the belles of the county. These were natives; while the Devonshire brigade numbered Mr. and Mrs. Buck, the supposed handsomest couple in England, Mr. George Templer, of Stover, the heaven-born sportsman, poet, and orator, Sir Salusbury Trelawny, of Trelawny, Sir Charles Trelawny, of Coldrenick, a present Master of hounds, Mr. Bulteel, of Flete, M.F.H., Mr. Phillipps, of Landue, M.F.H., Mr. W. Coryton,

of Penteller Castle, Mr. Carpenter, of Mount Tavy, &c. Amongst others from that far locality was one who was well known by the name of St. Dominick, whom Mr. Templer described as being

‘The Dominican friar, ripe for all sorts of fun,
From pursuing a fox to confessing a nun.’

The friar was skilled in the niceties of the culinary art, and had taught his Dorsetshire landlady and her dairymaid the particular process of making the famous brown bread and clouted cream of Devonshire. After a severe run in the Cattistock country, a large party, of whom the late Lord Digby formed one, partook of the hospitality of St. Dominick. The bread and cream were extolled, and Lord Digby was so pleased with the brown bread, that he exclaimed, ‘I shall take some home for my housekeeper to see whether she cannot make some similar.’ ‘No, no, my Lord,’ cried St. Dominick, ‘eat as much as you please, but, by G—, you shall not pocket any.’ The hermit cell of the friar was very far west, and the habitual watercress must have embittered the charity of his nature.

When Mr. Templer’s horses went into Dorsetshire, a stable cat was perched comfortably on the clothing of one led horse, and Latitat, his favourite fox, on another. The Dorsetshire men were incredulous of the hunting and coursing properties of the Stover foxes, and insisted upon being too far ‘east’ to be victimized by the men of the ‘west.’ Private bets were made to a considerable amount, but the chief wager consisted in a rump and dozen—equivalent, in those days, to a banquet—with a Zuyder Zee of wine. Two brace of foxes were sent up from Stover, under the care of Will Taylor, to Cattistock. The rabbits were trapped, put in a sack, and turned out before the foxes. The results were successful and convincing, and have already been recorded in ‘Baily.’ The White Collars paid for their incredulity with the best possible grace and heartiness, and the sun of fox-hunting went down that evening in the midst of a rubicund but not strong colouring sanctified by the *pax vobiscum* of the holy Friar of St. Dominick, who had come up for the occasion.

In the hunting-field, Mr. Farquharson’s equanimity of temper, although often frightfully tried, never deserted him. And a stronger instance of forbearance was never exhibited by any M.F.H., than when, after that splendid run from Cruxton Furzebreak to Eggerton Hill, and from thence to Carne, where they killed their fox on the Morton Heath, he lost his favourite hound, Wrangler, by a kick from a horse, whose master had been repeatedly warned to keep clear, while the hounds were worrying their fox. His punctuality was only equalled by his urbanity; and thrice it has been his lot to receive from the Dorsetshire sportsmen the most undeniable proofs of their attachment to him. The first of these Testimonials was made in 1827, when a Vase and Shield, worth eleven hundred and fifty guineas, were presented. Again, on his Jubilee year, he received a still more munificent present, in the shape of a superb pair of silver

candelabra, worth eighteen hundred guineas. And on the occasion of his resignation, in 1858, his picture, by Grant, was subscribed for and given to him by the present Lord Shaftesbury, at a large public dinner at Dorchester, at which the sentiments of regard in which he was held were appropriately expressed and reciprocated. Strong and earnest were the representations made to him to forego his resignation; and Mr. Gerard Sturt was never happier than in his address to him on the point. But the Nestor of the chase felt too strongly the fact of Mr. Digby taking away his covers, Sir Henry Hoare following suit, and Lord Portman also interfering with him, to yield to the universal request of his friends, who boasted that he had only three opponents in the county. But all was of no avail; and at Eastbury, on the 9th of June, 1858, the valuable pack were dispersed over the country, and Mr. Farquharson, the Meynell of the West, retired into that private life, in which he is as much esteemed as in his public one; for his whole aim seemed to be to act up to that standard, which realized the idea of an honest man being the noblest work of God's creation. And there is scarce a Sportsman's house in Dorsetshire whose walls are not adorned with the portraits of himself on Botanist, and Treadwell on The Pony. As a practical agriculturist, Mr. Farquharson has always ranked very high; and, since he has reached his eighty-second year, he cannot be expected to be spared to his friends much longer. But when his hour comes, he will have the consolation of knowing he has fulfilled his duties in this world as far as could be expected from him, and that he has left behind a name, of which Dorsetshire may well be proud, and which will never be forgotten while she remains an English county.

The Photograph from which our picture is engraved is by Mr. Pouncy, who enjoys the first position in his profession in the West of England.

THE NEW ENEMY TO FOX-HUNTING.

HAPPILY for our hunting brethren in scarlet and green, our vaticinations in November last, as to the severity of the winter just passed, have not been fulfilled. The generally accredited harbingers of approaching sharp weather disappeared nearly as quickly as they arrived. Flocks of fieldfares and redwings departed from our neighbourhood without stripping our hawthorn-bushes of their fruit; and the flights of wild fowl to the south ceased. Our predictions, however, as to good sport have been verified. Foxes have proved stout, and long and good runs with them the result. Every pack of hounds appears to have been doing well, and we have heard few complaints about the old grievance—want of scent. Rain, rain, rain, from every quarter—whether the wind blew from north, east, west, or south. Such a deluge of waters we do remember some ten years ago; but such continual gales, with boisterous weather, never. And yet, in looking over our diary, we find very many days, both

before and after Christmas, dotted down 'mild as May.' Taking it throughout, we believe the past winter season to have been the most extraordinary in the present century; and we have slipped through it, in the most comfortable way, without requiring a great-coat. We are here reminded of an old proverb as to a mild winter—

' When the grass grows in Janiveer,
It grows the worse throughout the year.'

Macintoshes have, however, been in requisition to throw off the water; but we prefer a good drenching, even to the skin, as less detrimental to health than the use of these oilskin or india-rubber steamy apparatus, which is far more injurious to the system than many imagine. Whilst in a state of inactivity, driving, or sitting on horseback at the covert-side before business begins, it is a luxury to feel dry whilst torrents of rain are falling around us; but on the first whimper of a hound being heard, away with your waterproofs and cigars, and face the elements as a genuine foxhunter ought to do, openly and fearlessly. Nobody catches cold by getting wet to the skin as long as his frame is in exercise, and the exhalations from his body have free scope for escape. Check the pores of the skin, by the use of any impervious coating, and the wearer of it sooner or later becomes a 'gone coon,' from rheumatic affections. Many years ago, when these india-rubber overcoats came first into fashion, we were induced to put one on, as we had to pass through a deluge of rain to our place of meeting. 'Well,' we thought, 'this is very comfortable; so nice, so warm; whilst every other fellow's teeth are chattering with cold.' Certainly it was an awful day; and, save for being huntsman, as well as Master, we should never have faced such weather, hot as our love then was for fox-hunting, since there seemed no prospect of sport, and we should, on that account, have preferred changing our day to one more propitious. But when fixtures are once made and typed, a Master of Foxhounds is expected to keep them, *nolens volens*, even 'in thunder, lightning, and in rain;' and we have known men—disaffected, fault-finding members of the Hunt—drive to the place of meeting in such weather, solely for the purpose of seeing whether the Master had kept his appointment, and then drive home again.

The rain continuing to pour down, without a glimpse of light peering through the clouds, which were of the true Indian-ink colour, we at once commenced drawing for our fox; and in a trice he was upon his legs, and away so quickly that there was no time to pull off our waterproof and strap it on the saddle. For a couple of miles we raced him over a grass vale, by which time every pore in our skin was distilling so uncomfortably, that, in passing the door of a mill, to avoid a pounder or flounder in the mill-pond, we tore the offensive garment from our shoulders, throwing it into the arms of the astonished grinder of corn, standing in the doorway. From that day to this, we have never ridden beyond a foot's pace in one of these oilskin coverings, deeming a thorough good soaking much less liable to give cold and rheumatism than steaming.

During the past season—past we cannot call it, since we are penning these lines in February—little interruption to hunting has been offered by our old opponent, Jack Frost; but in certain districts a new antagonist to sport has risen up; a veritable hydra-headed monster, called the cattle-plague by some, by others an epidemic. The latter term is evidently a misnomer, since epidemic—a Greek word—means a disease common amongst human beings, not cattle,—call it, if you please, *λοιμός*; but we should like to be informed how this malady—be it what it may—can by any possibility be conveyed by disinfected animals, of a wholly different nature, from one farm to another. We quite approve the resolution of Masters of foxhounds, in localities where this scourge prevails, to yield to the suggestions of farmers by ceasing to hunt in that neighbourhood. We know full well what a debt of gratitude is due to the cultivators of the soil under common circumstances; and when a dread has been expressed by them, as a body, of this contamination being spread by hounds carrying on their feet the seeds of contagion from one farm to another, Masters of hounds have acted wisely and very properly. Being, however, now a non-hunting man, and wholly disinterested spectator of these events, we offer to our old friends and supporters in the field a few suggestions, which may not prove undeserving their attention. Now at the onset, the cattle-plague, murrain, or rinderpest—by whichever name you are pleased to call it—appears to us a contagious disease, that is imparted from one animal to another by contact, or by inhaling the same polluted air; but, being entirely different in its nature from the foot-rot in sheep, it is, in our opinion, a palpable absurdity to suppose that hounds not at all liable, or by any means susceptible of such infection, could convey it from one field to another. The fact is this; we are suddenly visited by a scourge in cattle—not, however, unknown in foreign countries, and in this also many years ago—and instead of setting about, in a quiet suitable manner, how to resist the evil, we are running helter skelter, like men from a house on fire, hoping rather to avoid, than taking steps at once to check the destroyer. We are told that all remedies hitherto used have failed. Then we say, try others. If the animals must die under the disease, as many assert, there can be no harm done by trying experiments; and were a clever surgeon or medical man consulted, instead of a cow-doctor, the true nature of the malady might be ascertained.

The example set by Lord Leigh, although most magnanimous and praiseworthy, in reference to less wealthy neighbouring farmers, by destroying a large part of his fine and valuable herd of cattle immediately upon the pestilence appearing amongst them, cannot be followed, as a general rule, without bringing ruin upon small occupiers of land, whose chief dependence has hitherto been upon the produce of their cows, and also the destruction of beasts to an alarming amount throughout Great Britain. It strikes us as a very bad practice to huddle a lot of cattle together into one penning, yard, or field, where, as a matter of course, if one animal becomes

infected, the rest will, almost to a certainty, catch the disease also. We should adopt the very opposite course to this. Separate them into small divisions—twos, threes, or fours, placing them as far distant from each other as the limits of the farm would admit: this would be our precautionary measure; and shelter for each lot might easily be provided by a few thatched hurdles, erected as a temporary shed, giving them lime-water to drink, with their usual fodder. Lime-water is thus prepared:—Take a large lump of unslacked lime about the size of a man's double fist; put it into a tub, and pour four small buckets of spring or clear cold water upon it, stirring it well together. A small bowlful of this liquid to be added to the water given to the cow. By these means some portion of the stock might be saved. There are, however, other diseases in cattle presenting similar symptoms at first with the plague, particularly in this rainy season, which may have been mistaken for it, and animals killed directly on being taken ill, without allowing time for its further development. An instance of this has lately fallen under our own immediate observation, in the very next field to that in which our house stands. Our neighbour has three cows now in milk, all running together, and about a month since all three were suddenly taken ill; and as another cow a short time previously in the same neighbourhood had been killed and buried, when supposed to be attacked by this rinderpest, the news spread rapidly that three fresh cases had occurred, and farmers flocked to the spot, from the principle that '*Ina res agitur proxima cum aries ardet.*' Sundry shakings of heads and ominous looks were exchanged by the knowing ones on this occasion; and the advent of the cow-doctor, who had been sent for immediately, most anxiously expected. The professional having arrived, and made his examination of the patients, the inference drawn from his observations seemed rather to confirm the bystanders in the opinion of this being an unmistakable case of rinderpest. Such, however, was not the opinion of the owner of the cattle, a gentleman of large landed property, and well acquainted with all agricultural matters, in which we quite coincided. The fact was that these cows, having been exposed to a very severe deluge of rain and sleet whilst lying down in the field, added to their feeding on raw mangold-wurzel, were seized with cramp, and so chilled, that when found by the herdsman in the morning one of them was for a [time] unable to rise, but being forced to do so, and led into a warm homestead, she began soon to recover the use of her limbs. The cow-doctor administered his usual drench upon such occasions, and we prescribed, as much more efficacious, plenty of hot gruel, with the greatest amount of warm treatment possible. On the third day, after being thus treated, all the cows had regained the use of their limbs; and the worst of the lot having been placed in a small loose box, the perspiration stood upon her back like a hoar frost in the morning—so much so, that we advised her attendant to throw open the door, to give her more air, the crisis having passed. Within a fortnight these cows were all right again, and their milk,

which had been suddenly checked at the fountain-head, began to flow as usual. Now we venture to ask the question whether, out of all the remedies prescribed for veritable rinderpest, a warm Turkish bath has ever been used, or a hot vapour one, impregnated with muriatic acid? When these are not available rugs dipped in hot water might be applied. Every means ought to be adopted likely to subdue this disease; and we doubt not that there is, although not yet perhaps discovered, an antidote to this poison in the system of animals as well as a remedy for all diseases to which humanity is subject. We have expatiated more than we intended upon this subject, which, however, is of momentous interest to fox-hunters as well as farmers; and an evil of such magnitude requires the serious consideration of every man who has the welfare of his country at heart.

Of all the good runs we have seen this season on paper, that with the Pytchley the 2nd day of February appears to take precedence—the Master handling his own hounds—time three hours and thirty minutes, over some six-and-twenty miles of country, and from point to point sixteen: the finishing stroke only being wanting to complete one of the finest chases on record. We do not wonder what became of the two hundred and fifty out of the three hundred men on horseback which are wont to swell the Pytchley field, because we have had ocular demonstration how quickly they lose their heads or their horses, even in a short sharp burst of fifteen minutes. They may have a very good eye to business in some other line, lacking that good eye to hounds without which no man will see the end of a first-rate fox-chase. Beckford, it seems, entertained a similar opinion of many men attending his hounds, who says, ‘I look upon them as gentlemen riding out for exercise, and never feel so happy as when I see them riding home again.’ It does not much signify to the Master for what purpose many of his field congregate at the place of meeting, provided they abstain from doing mischief or interfering with the hounds; and the sooner they are told off in a run the more agreeable to him, and probably equally agreeable to themselves. This famous run with the Pytchley, or rather Captain Thompson’s own particular pack, was from the well-known fox covert in that country called Waterloo Gorse; and this sturdy old fox well deserves the name of the Waterloo Hero. It appears, from the account sent us of this run, that the day proved propitious for scent, and the fox had a fair start, which we have invariably insisted upon as the surest method to insure good sport; and it does appear passing strange to us, when men are so anxious to have a good run, that they will pertinaciously adopt the most certain means to defeat their object. When a deer is uncartered, people don’t ride madly after him, screeching and hallooing as if they were just let loose from a lunatic asylum; and why, in the name of common sense, are they at liberty to indulge these vagaries with a pack of fox-hounds? Excuses, however, must be made for those ignorant of the rules of fox-hunting, in adopting such a course of proceeding when they behold

those who *ought* to know better, and *do* know better, setting them so bad an example. Gentlemen huntsmen of long experience and celebrity, such as Captain Anstruther Thompson, are not likely to err by over great haste, bearing in mind the old Latin motto, 'Festina lentè,'—*Anglice*, 'Too much haste, less speed.' Hurrying, scurrying, and whooping a fox when first found, and clapping the hounds on to his brush ere he has gained a hundred yards in advance, is just the very thing to mar a good run, if not pulled down in twenty minutes, with his mouth wide open, which a young one may be, and a young one only, when forced to fly up wind. An old fox under such pressure would serve you the trick you intended to serve him, and when clear of the *clangor virūm* tooting of horns, and cracking of whips, with the merry pack close in his wake, seize the first opportunity of shortening sail, turning away from his line, right or left, and chuckle with such a wide grin as foxes only can afford, on seeing his scientific friend the huntsman holding his enemies a mile forward, while he had leisure to run two miles in a different direction, and to pursue that course down wind he had resolved upon when diverted from his purpose at first starting. There are times when old dog-foxes come very unexpectedly to hand; in the clicking season they travel long distances to visit the young brunettes of their species, and after philandering, and dancing attendance upon them all night, and late into the morning, are not in time to run very far before a fresh, vigorous pack of hounds. Twice during our career as huntsman we have bundled over a brace of old foxes thus weakened, in a marvellously short time, and from the same covert, where we suppose they had been wrangling and fighting about some dark-eyed damsel the greatest part of the night. That dog-foxes do fight most furiously at this season, we can relate an instance within our own knowledge. Some years ago, a woodman in the Craven country, when going to his work in Aldbourne Chase, found a brace of dog-foxes so fiercely engaged tooth and nail that they heeded not his approach, and, walking straight up, he knocked one over with his crutch, stunning him for the moment, and said the other could scarcely scramble away. Such contests are rarely witnessed by human eyes, but this fact testifies to their occurrence. The brace of foxes we found under similar circumstances did not run more than twelve minutes, if so long, before the hounds, and the morning being very warm, with a hot sun, hastened their discomfiture. One fell quickly in covert, and, after disposing of his carcase in a very summary manner, we trotted after the other, which had been viewed away whilst we were breaking up his rival, and overtook him in a wood not quite a mile distant, where he stopped to rest a minute or two before pursuing his way homewards. The pack were at him with the crack of a whip—for ours was a notoriously quick lot to get up their game without saying much about it—and away went the elderly gentleman in a terrible fluster. One glimpse of his mode of travelling over the first field satisfied us that his sand had nearly run out. These two gay Lotharios were brought to hand with far less trouble than it would take to kill a

brace of cubs in August; and a few seasons after we met with two other old foxes thus prostrated, which were disposed of in like manner.

Our system in hunting hounds was the silent one. We possessed little knowledge of hound lingo, and, to speak the truth, were by no means desirous of making ourselves more intimately acquainted with it. Perhaps in candour we ought to say that, not being gifted with a melodious voice, we were chary of having our harsh notes compared with those of a very mellifluous brother Master, who could make music like Lablache without any physical inconvenience. His 'Yoi overs, hoic in hoic, yoi wind him, have at him my boys, eleu—eleu—eleu,' elicited the admiration of his Hunt, filling the woods and dales with these charming echoes. It possessed this disadvantage, however; foxes had timely notice of their enemies' approach, and accordingly made themselves scarce: noses were easily counted on this kennel door. Now, apart from the selfish gratification of exhibiting the powers of his vocal organ to the public, we should like to know of what possible benefit this *yoicing* and *hoicing* can be to foxhounds. Are they afraid of their game that they require all this cheering to find it, and, like cowardly terriers, to be patted and hallooed on to go into a badger? Or does their huntsman suppose that his darlings, from his silence, would fear he had left them, like the cruel uncle did the children in the wood, uncared for and unassisted; and that from this dread, unless assured of his whereabouts, they would leave off drawing for their fox and rush out again to find *him* instead of finding their game? Such, ridiculous as it appears, does appear from their conduct to be the idea of ten huntsmen out of a dozen—professionals, we mean, for very rarely have we known gentlemen, hunting their own hounds, to indulge in very loud vociferations. Somehow or other, whether from choice or physical defects, amateur huntsmen of celebrity have been generally squeakers. We have witnessed the performance of many such in our time, and never knew more than a couple who were gifted with the *ore rotundo* talent, or at least desirous of exhibiting it; and it has ever been our impression, since the day we first handled the horn, that good hounds never wanted any encouragement to dash into covert and set about finding their fox as quickly as possible. There are, it is true, hounds which will not draw covert, particularly gorse, for fear of pricking their pretty faces, such, in our opinion, not being worth their porridge; and yet some huntsmen like to have a few couples about their horses' heels for the purpose of throwing them in upon a fox when crossing the drives. This is an idle practice, and invariably makes idle hounds. Upon the principle of catching your hare before you can eat it, you must find your fox before you can hunt him. Young hounds are sometimes slow to enter into their work, and may be tolerated up to Christmas at the latest, but beyond that we would not keep them.

In large establishments, the wealthy Master can afford to keep many good-looking hounds, which don't do much good in drawing for or killing foxes; but as we could afford to keep only cats which

would catch mice, lookers on were not included in our list of seasoned hounds ; and the celebrated Jem Hills, late huntsman to the Heythrop, one of the most enterprising men of his day, or any day, was heard to declare, after hunting with our pack, 'that he had 'never seen hounds draw covert in such style before.' This we considered a high compliment, emanating from one notorious for quickness in getting on to his fox, and killing him afterwards. Fox-hunters of the present day will persist in holding their own opinions, *malgre* anything that may be proved to the contrary ; and we have been obliged more than once, since handling the pen instead of the horn, to convict, not convince, them—that appearing a hopeless case—of the folly of supposing that hounds, for the last ten years, have been yearly increasing their speed. What, then, are we to expect of them ten years hence, in the season '75 and '76, if such an absurdity as increasing speed can be entertained for a moment by any sensible man of practical experience? We are continually seeing in print condemnatory reflections upon *laudatores temporis acti*. Men of the old school (we will go back, if you please, to the latter half of the last century) were never heard to boast of their hounds' speed. 'Ah!' I hear a fast man exclaiming, 'poor devils! they didn't know what pace meant.' Did they not? Can your race-horses of the present day beat Eclipse as to pace, or your foxhounds equal—I don't say surpass, well knowing they cannot—Bang's Bluecap or Colonel Thornton's Merkin? Can any hounds, in these days, run four miles in seven minutes and half a second? *Our own Correspondents* and *Special Commissioners* seem to think that they know more about hounds and horses than all the rest of hunting men put together ; and we were amused by the witty comments of 'The Gentleman in Black,' in last week's 'Land and Water,' on these infallibles. In describing the run of the season with the Pytchley, the 'own Correspondent' of that paper honestly admits 'that it was an accursed affair, and such a run altogether as I hope I may never be called upon to assist at again.' We admire him for his candour. No doubt it was a tremendous affair to those unaccustomed to such things, and we have an impression that more than three-fourths of the Pytchley field, on that occasion, shared the feelings of 'our own Correspondent.' The majority of men who go out hunting with foxhounds in these utilitarian times, think of this chace pretty much in the same way as Beckford expressed his opinion about hare-hunting, 'If you make a 'serious business of it you spoil it.' Experienced Masters and genuine foxhunters place little reliance upon the reports so pompously paraded in sporting papers by 'Special Commissioners,' 'own Correspondents,' and men of that class, who have been continually scribbling about things they don't understand, from the time of Nimrod down to the present season of '65 and '66. Few, very few of them, have been *practical* men ; and poor Harry Hieover candidly admitted, some years ago, that 'about the pedigrees and 'performances; of the best foxhounds in the world, he cared not a 'rap, provided they could go the pace.' Others, being sent down

on a special mission to visit kennels, pick up all the information they can collect from huntsmen and servants connected with them, of which they make merchandise in print, comparing one hound with another, as if they were the most experienced judges of all the essential points in a foxhound; whereas they are giving us, in reality, the opinion of the Master or huntsman, and we know, as a common failing incidental to our nature, that, in such cases, *geese* are too often represented as *swans*. Take one of these 'Special Commissioners,' and turn him loose amongst fifty or sixty couples of hounds, with a mute attendant to guard him from injury, and we should easily fathom the depth of his knowledge.

We were beginning to fancy, from a couple of sharp frosts in succession, that a little respite might be given to jaded hunters; and Masters generally, we believe, would hail with pleasure now the approach of their old opponent, if visiting them only for a few days; but as at this time of the year the sun begins to exercise a powerful influence over frost-bound ground about eleven o'clock A.M., we cannot expect any very serious obstruction to hunting, save by a heavy fall of snow, and this we remember to have occurred, in a season similar to the present, about fourteen years ago. March being a very ticklish month as to scent, we do not anticipate many recurrences of such 'accursed' affairs as the Pytchley run on February 2nd. It afforded us great pleasure to hear of our old friend, Charles Payne, having had something of the same kind, in a country the very reverse of that he had so long hunted; and although at first he must have sadly mourned his separation from the Brixworth ladies, we believe the beauties in the Wynstay kennels have considerably ameliorated that bereavement. Upon the whole, we congratulate the true admirers of 'the Noble Science' that even *pace* men are beginning to understand the nature of good hunting, and to estimate its value, not by minutes, but by miles.

P.S. Since writing the above, we have seen the letters of Lord Leigh and Mr. Worms in print, and are rejoiced to find that the latter gentleman has discovered a remedy for this dreadful scourge amongst cattle, and so simple as to be within the reach of the poorest cowkeeper.

THE WOODCOCK AND THE SNIPE—THE POACHER AND THE PREACHER.

BY M. F. H.

'MARK COCK!' How often have we lavished, volubly, the reverse of blessings upon the noisy chawbacon that, with stentorian lungs, aided by a dozen of his fellows in chorus, may have screeched out these fatal words whilst Russell was drawing the deep coverts of Townleigh or Eastcott, on the steep banks of the Hayne river, thereby causing the young hounds to stare and rush to the braying lout, in vain anticipation of a find. Many and many are the pangs spared to the impassible Guy, that, attired in the handiwork of Bartly, Hammond, and Poole, without a particle of hound knowledge

—nay, believing the pack to have been fed that very morning—deems himself a sportsman: and the Thackeray snob wears a huge nosegay sent per train from Covent Garden at his buttonhole. To him the annoyance of ‘Mark cock’ would be trivial, if any; or he might judge that a surplusage of hallooing would impart life and spirit to the young entry. Yet these fellows congregate in shoals round the covert-side, and, in the plenitude of conceit, call themselves foxhunters, whilst they head back the fox into the mouth of the hounds! Give it them well, my Lord Duke! Spare them not; for they are lower in sporting grade than the shouting chawbacon with his ‘Mark cock!’

One woodcock—and one alone—it has been our fortune to kill. On drawing a thick wood at Ashleigh, near Lifton, the hounds came out without having spoken, although they had evidently crossed a line of night scent, for Governess, by Templer’s Harlequin out of Sir Arthur Chichester’s Guilty, and the Belvoir Rosamond, by Rockwood, were nervously anxious. These hounds were never failing, and knew their duties better than we could tell them. Into the wood we went again, diving down into the deepest and thickest corner: ‘Leu at him, Rosamond! good hound!’ A shrill note from her daughter, Roundelay, by Russell’s Mercury, with a deep chop from the dam, and he was up from out a tangled mass of hazel and sedge on the bank; a right merry crash, and away, for’ard! away! In going out at the lower corner of the wood, there was a small pool of water, caused by a choked drain, covered by a high arch of brambles, through which, head down, we had literally to force our way. There was a clatter of wings, and the birds, unable to get free from the bramble arch, fluttered about the head of our famous mare, Rosabel, and we knocked one down accidentally with our hunting-whip, imagining it to be a brown owl; and then, bang through and away, for’ard! On returning home, we found one of our trusty fox-keepers at the kennel door, awaiting our arrival, with a woodcock which he had brought from Ashleigh Wood, with the information that it was the identical bird we had despatched with a blow of the whip. A flight of cocks had come in during the night, and thus the one solitary woodcock we ever killed was brought to hand.

It does not follow, that because a person may not handle a gun himself, he should be indifferent to the sport by others. An inborn tendency to make oneself master of the nature and habits of wild animals leads to a watchful study of their peculiarities; and the boy that is fond of bird-nesting, hunting rats, setting springles on the moor for curlews, searching for peewit-eggs, and feeding robins on the nest, will not be neglectful, in after life, to perfect his acquaintance with every animal, *feræ naturæ*, that comes within the range of sporting cognizance. His devotedness to one all-absorbing sport will not throw him off the lighter line of others. We had the advantage, during the Eton holidays, of having for our instructor the greatest poacher in the district. If a net were wanted on the sly, Jack Blatchford had it ready; if we rode our pony to the far moor, in quest of curlews, Jack was at the forest gate, behind the Dart-

moor inn, with a supply of new springles, with a stumped-tailed greyhound for possibilities, and accompanied by the gamest of rough terriers, that could hunt up to a plover's nest with unerring accuracy. It was a sensible regret to us, the not being able to introduce Jack of Devon to his two compeers in Bucks, Jack Garraway and Jack Hall, of Brocas Lane, Eton. 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' saith the preacher; and we were trained accordingly by this triumvirate of Jacks.

Leaving the Three Cocks at Glasebury, we came on to Brecknock, and put up at the Wellington hotel, of limited liability. Everything was fresh and clean, with a good cook, civility, attention, and French beds. It is passing strange that, in a country priding itself upon propriety and civilization, beds, the essentiality of comfort, should be of a class that would not be tolerated in the commonest inns of France or Italy. Perchance it may be a Saxon appendage, brought over formerly by the bestial Germans. Low four-posters, musty merino hangings, smelling of the fleece, with mattresses uncleansed from generation to generation, but plentifully inhabited by working classes, and feathers to match, form the staple of the 6/. franchise pallets that are to be accorded the privilege of a vote upon the principle of numerical representation. In one item there has been a vast amendment since the days of Dean Jonathan Swift, for he relates in his 'Journey through Wales,' that, having complained to his landlady on account of a want of cleanliness in the sheets of his bed, the dame replied, 'Cot knows he need not be so nice; they had not been lain in but six or eight weeks; she took them fresh off her husband's bed.' Cambrian dames of the hostelry are ever kind and accommodating. Once upon a time, George the Fourth came unexpectedly from Ireland, accompanied only by Lord Coningham, and went to the principal hotel of a border town in Wales. Preparations were hastily made to receive the royal guest; and the landlady—a person of considerable attractions—was foremost in proffering her devoted attentions. Byron's 'finished gentleman from top to toe' was not backward in noticing the handsome hostess; and he paid her the tribute of his admiration in the gracious and winning manner that he could so well assume. On retiring for the night, an opportunity was offered to make a proposition not in accordance with the strict notions of propriety. The lady was silent,—and undoubtedly indignant at the unmerited insult,—eh? After a time, when recovered from the shock to her purity, she curtsied and said, blushing, 'Not less than 100/., please your Majesty!'—*Ay de mi, Albama!* There were three articles which we were unable to procure in the capital of South Wales, 1866,—a Seville orange, lavender gloves, and a map of the county.

Starting early, with one of the best shots in the principality, we wended our way by Peytin-du, towards the upper country on the Builth road. The three Peytins—Gwyn, Du, and Glas; otherwise black, white, and green—were purchased by Llewellyn, the father of Sir David Gam, for three hundred marks, of William Peyton, the son of Sir William Peyton, of Oxfordshire, from whom the

name of the manor is derived. The transfer took place in the reign of Henry IV. There are visible remains of the fortalice ; and a woodcock was flushed not far from what must have been a remnant of the ancient moat. It was a fair shot, missed by one of the party who was generally reputed to be an able 'hand. Furious, he threw his gun against a bank, and, rubbing his hands in violent excitement, with a nasal and aboriginal twang, thus apostrophised the peccant detonator, ' You d——d ungrateful cripple ! by G—, I got ' you from the Colonel for a bet about that infernal Devonshire cider ' against Hereford, and now, after a griping bellyache, by G—, this ' is your return ! And 17. extorted by that Exeter rascal for carriage ! ' If it wasn't that I keep you on purpose to shoot that unmitigated ' villain, I'd break you into bits, by G— !' And after this storm of displeasure, the unsuccessful Purday was once more shouldered.

Passing by the picturesque churchyard of Llandefaillog, with its church standing upon a rock on the banks of the Honddhu, and encircled, without a break, by magnificent yew-trees, our way led to the short valleys eastward, leaving Castle Madoc to the left. We had three spaniels—a couple of the small, or Cocker kind, and one large water-spaniel from the north of Devon. The latter sort—thoroughbred—is becoming scarce. The half-bred descendants are of a very inferior kind, and are deficient in the main characteristics of size and capability of endurance. They stand nineteen and twenty inches ; are short-necked, rather upright in the shoulders, with great muscular power, particularly strong in the back and loins, long-eared, and with short thick coats, glossy and curled. Some of the best belonged to and were bred by Mr. Woolcombe, of Ashbury ; but they are fast disappearing ; and the crosses that have been made, with the design of improvement, have signally failed. They are close workers through deep and rough morasses that the delicate springer would barely face—at any rate, he would quickly tire—and are chary of tongue until straight upon their game. In the lower part of the old park at home, as schoolboys might say—would that we could return again to the time of Keates's floggings in the library, and other sorrows of juvenile flesh—was an undrained marsh on a slope of five or six acres called Clark's Alders, with plenty of warm springs, and abounding in alders, low withies, and rushes. Thither was sure to come the early woodcock—first in flights ; then, after their dispersion, two or three couple would remain ; and lastly not more than one. But the snipes were in wisps of dozens. For hours we were wont to watch their movements from a hole in the wall of an old deer-shed, abutting upon and commanding the whole marsh. The woodcock is a surly bird, and reigns absolute in his appropriated domain. When a poacher upon his royalty makes his appearance, he squats himself down, swelling out his feathers, and keeping his head turned on one side, his prominent eye, like that of the hare, not enabling him to see well forward. On the arrival of his opponent, he rushes on and breasts him over, tumbling together, for they are exceedingly weak on their legs, and may be said to fight in a sitting posture. Woodcocks were often taken in Devonshire by the means of cock roads.

These were open lines or roads cut straight through a tall wood, and large nets, the breadth of the road, were spread out from tree to tree at either end. In the dusk, at owl-light, the keeper arranged his poaching apparatus, and sent his spaniels into the covert, and the flushed birds, flying into the open space, made for the light at the end, and were taken in the nets. It was a reprobate practice, worthy of oakum-picking, yet fifty years ago there was not a park in the west of England without its woodcock road. The snipes—common snipe (*Scolopax minor*)—congregate in numbers in the early season, working their ground, when on the feed, with a leader always on the look-out for casualties, who gives occasionally a low chirruping call. With a loud signal tweet, they all rise at once. In those days they went away in a wisp, high up in air, round and round] in circles, far out of sight; yet they always came back after a time and settled in the alders. Our private tutor in venery had an Ashbury spaniel called Rust, from the colour of his coat, so steady and chary of tongue that he often enabled his master to bring to bag, from this spot, six or seven brace of snipe, but never more than one woodcock. Snipes are far from being shy birds, and in hard seasons will permit a very near approach, provided always there be no sign of a gun. Why should this be? A Christmas present of Bewick's birds from the old maiden aunt, ever afterwards carefully studied, inspired a taste that we satisfied by patient vigil in the old deer-shed. Alas! agricultural progress has drained the once inviting marsh of Clark's Alders; Jack Blatchford and Rust are gone to their long home; and the blanched posts of the rotting deer-shed alone mark where was the noted snipe-ground of our early day.

Wales, in many respects, is better adapted for cock-shooting than Devonshire. The deep and solitary dells hold the birds closer. Where a warm spring gushes out from the hill, and amidst fringes of copse, streams away to the lonely valley, there it is safe to find one or a couple of cocks. If flushed above, the bird wings his way to the lower ground; and when sprung again, returns to its upper haunts; for, pent up between the steep hills, it rarely takes a long flight away from the favourite glen. A patient working dog is required, with a short and not lavish tongue. When flushed more than once, a cock lies extremely close and is hard to move. No sooner is one shot, than in a short time, if the dell be out of the wind, sheltered, and with the warm spring open, another supplies its place. The same rule of possession holds good with all animals. A large trout, taken in a small, but deep and quiet pool, is invariably succeeded by another tyrant amongst the minnows; and when an old Hector is killed right away from a favourite patch of gorse lying to the south, another comes and reigns in his stead. A retriever, in these vales, is a positive necessity. It is impossible at times to get at game in such rough ground; and, although spaniels and setters may be taught to recover, it is more or less chance work, and merely tends to satisfy the vanity of the master by saying that he possesses an excellently trained dog, capable for all purposes. The short flight of the woodcock makes it easy work for the marker, which

was the part we had to perform during the day, and we were amply rewarded by the wild and primitive scenery of the valleys, with the fine reach of the distant though ever present mountains.

‘Post tenebras lux’ is the motto of the republican scamps of Geneva, which, in the present instance, may be thus freely translated: ‘After toiling long in bog and copse, a good luncheon becomes metamorphosed into a Baily pastime.’ It has been written in a former page that we eschew and ever have eschewed gunnery in the deed; albeit on the first of September, and at the battues of a worthy relative in Norfolk, we invariably turn up ‘promiscuously’ at luncheon time. In coming to the meet once with a well-conditioned appetite, a stray shot from an unamiable practitioner gave our hat a jaunty inclination; we were sorely amazed, sherried incontinently, and nerve and hat recovered their equilibrium. It is pleasant to regale *sub dio* in genial weather; in the beginning of November, however, shelter and a bright fire add to the comfort of the system. And let it be said, verily and indeed, that the present generation of Cambrians, repudiating the more serious lapses of their ancestors with the game-leg, whilst retaining a trifle of poaching, are warmly obedient to the olden practices of hospitality. He must be a warranted cur that eats, drinks, and is merry, and straightway predicates foully of his Amphytrion. Let us hear what Jonathan Swift, the very reverend Dean of St. Patrick, says of his Cambrian hosts and of their country, premising always that he was the most malicious satirist, the most heartless seducer, and the most whining parasite that ever crossed the Welsh border or profaned a surplice. He says: ‘The country looks like the fag-end of creation—the very rubbish of Noah’s flood. ‘The hills are the highest I ever saw, so that there is not in the ‘whole world a people that live so near to, and yet so very far from, ‘heaven as the Welsh do.’* Mr. Dean held forth, in the same strain, to his patron Temple, of his Irish flock, to whom he was the real wolf in a pastoral frieze. ‘They are such great lovers of cleanliness ‘that they never shift above four times a year, and that exactly upon ‘quarter day, except it happen to be leap year.’ And Michael Angelo Titmarsh, of renowned memory, opinionated that St. Patrick’s dignitary had never tubbed in his life. ‘Their beasts are all small except ‘their women and their fleas, both which are of the largest size.’ We hope, in the one case, that the fleas were lively, well-trained, and could go and stay. On the other hand, the unhandsome philippic bears, on the face of it, its own interpretation. It is clear that the stalwart Stella of the Cambrian caravanserai, fair, fat, and forty, was cunning of fence, ‘et femineo ululatu et unguibus,’ lavish of punishment. Unlike the aforesaid Fum the Fourth, the very reverend possessed not a soul above buttons, never got beyond coppers, and failed, for the nonce, in partaking of the popular delectation of fallen angels. ‘Their priests have just Latin enough to entitle them to ‘the benefit of clergy, and no more. Five marks a year will com-

* ‘The Briton Described; or, A Journey through Wales.’ By the Very Rev. J. Swift, D.D. Printed for J. Torbuck, in Clare Court, near Drury Lane. MDCCLXV.

‘fortably maintain one of these illiterate St. Johns, his wife, and six children, nor do they deserve a penny more than they have. They are universally the sowgelders and alehouse-keepers of their respective parishes.’ Nevertheless Souter Johnny’s incense, Abel-like, went heavenwards, whilst the pluralist, clothed in purple and fine linen, and heavy with a permeating malignity, surmised that he was ‘not respected,’ ‘was wroth, and his countenance fell.’ ‘I heard a parson recommend in publick a person that had the French disease, first to the mercies of God, next to the charity of all pious well-disposed Christians that knew not how soon it might be their own condition.’ De te, venerande, fabula narratur; and now, leaving the ‘owld sarpint’ of Ireland to dwindle into idiotcy, let us on to more pleasant pastures.

A relay of Welsh ponies was ready to take us on four miles to the Llandefalle moors for snipe shooting. Trotting gingerly over rocks on a supposed parish road, which was actually a brook with diminutive waterfalls, a man was seen skulking through a hedge in the distance with a couple of dogs. As one of the party was of authority, it was determined to give chase and circumvent the rogue. In the valley beyond was a short way to the moorland by a foot-bridge, and above and below there were fords over the mountain torrent, deep from the previous rains. The parties by the ford quickly gained the common, watching the valley beneath, whilst the third worked the straight line by the plank bridge. Not a being was to be seen, except a man in a smockfrock carrying a bundle of potatoes on his shoulder, trudging his way up the hill path. He came out quietly upon the common, with his head down and hugging the moor fence. It was Gwillim the notorious poacher. He was a broken-down farmer, without means as without character, and trusting to his connection with persons of respectability to escape punishment when caught in his delinquencies. ‘Ha now, inteet and inteet, I haf been nowhere but for some potatoes; I haf no dok, no gun, and never shoot noting but crows for my prother Daffyd.’ The head line had been made good, and the cast back was sure to answer. Under the opposite hill, from whence Gwillim the poacher had come, nestled a small cottage with a low thatch, invisible but for the ever-prevalent whitewashing of the scanty wall. On approaching the hut the short yep of spaniels was distinct, and when the old crone tremblingly and reluctantly opened the crazy door, it was not long before a velveteen jacket, with a brace of hares and a woodcock in its capacious pockets, and a double-barrelled Westley Richards, were found concealed under the truckle bed. It was of little avail either to deny or to resist; Gwillim had been poaching on the best ground of the mountain harriers, and with low growls the rascal went his way, muttering and cursing, with many a lingering look at his favourite gun in the hands of one of the rejoicing keepers.

No sport can be livelier than snipe shooting on a table moorland with springs and patches of water on all sides. The well-trained dog ranges close, and pop, pop, right and left, again and again, make this snap-shooting more racy and brilliant than any other.

It is a mere chance, however, for the ground that on one day may afford brilliant shooting, on the next shall be altogether bare of snipe. The caprices of the bird are, at times, unaccountable, yet it may be always found in open ground on a bright gaudy day, and is then solitary, wary, and most difficult of approach. After a fair share of sport, and another ascent, we cast anchor at Maesgwn, the hospitable domicile of one of the most warmhearted and honest of yeomen in the county of Brecon.

‘Howe’er it be, it seems to me
 ’Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.’

Even with the assistance of ponies—and those of Wales can go anywhere, over everything, through briar and bog—the call upon the muscles is severe, and after a long day amidst the Welsh hills, the maxim of ‘Rest and be thankful’ has, there and then, a more deserving application than in ministerial rambles after a Will o’ the Wisp. Neither was this day of sporting recreation devoid of spiritual teaching.

From the vale beneath a rustic funeral slowly ascended the hill, preceded by a sectarian minister singing a hymn, in which the mourners and followers joined in chorus. There was no mock formality of woe. The tear was genuine, and the sigh of the mourner blended with the solemn melody that hymned forth lamentation, yet told of hope, mercy, and forgiveness. The simplicity of a hill funeral does not fail to subdue the most petrified in the world’s ways, and as, yielding to the sense of mortality and of a dread future, the head is involuntarily bared, a mental orison flits through the rapid thought even of the unfaithful, and he prays inwardly for the departed and for the living.

‘Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
 In still small accents whispering from the ground,
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.’

Although the poor labourer had barely arrived at middle age, intemperance had loosened the silver cord long before the time appointed by the Psalmist. The chapel was situated on the brow of the hill, on the banks of one of the many sheets of water in that wild and mountainous region, that at various times may have served the purposes of suicide, infanticide, murder, and baptism. The coffin was lowered, the prayers said, and the grave was closed. The preacher passed into the pulpit. He was a short, puffy man, florid, with a juniper tinge and a cunning eye. He held himself, if others did not, in high repute, and in order that his talent should not be hid under a bushel, he had started as a candidate for a neighbouring borough. In his address he had pledged himself to abolish every abuse that had or had not a name, and to turn poverty into wealth. He went in for the whole animal. On the present occasion, in the pure dialect of Radnor, he thus delivered himself.

‘Fearly pelosed prethren, I am here among you to make a creat breachment upon a tead pody. My text is in the Piple. The

'ferse, inteed, I cannot fery well remember, but I am sure it was
 'there. The words are these, "Pe soper." I will stick to my text,
 'I will warrant you. Our creat crandfather Atam was a fery coot
 'old man, inteet inteet, truth he was, and lif'd in Paradise, a fery
 'fine place, I will warrant you. He had all things profided to his
 'hands, like Sir Watkin. He needed not to buy a spoon, nor
 'nothing. He had all sorts of trees as at Maeslwch Castle—blumb
 'trees, bear trees, sherry trees, and codling trees, but for all that
 'hur was fall. Our creat crandmother Efe must needs go rop an
 'orchard. The Tephil showed hur the way, for there is no mis-
 'chief on foot but the Tephil and the woman must haf a finger in
 'the pie, and you know how Nell Gwynne of Precon sold oranges
 'to King Charrals. So hur was come home and persuade hur hus-
 'band to eat some of hur stolen apples. It was Cot's mercy it did
 'not stick in hur throat and choke him. After this she was profe
 'with child, and prought to ped of a prafe poy, Cain; but unlucky
 'rogue like hur mother. After this hur was prought to ped of
 'another prafe poy and call hur name Apel. Oh! that was coot
 'lad. Oh! fery like our pelofed old Colonel; if hur prother Cain
 'had not come pehind hur pack and knock hur brains out, like Sir
 'Dafydd, only he struck Richard Fawr in hur pelly. This was mur-
 'thering villain. Oh, this sin of murther, my pelofed, prought heafy
 'shudgment, and what do you think it was? I will tell you, then.
 'It prought these 'tornies and pumpailiffs, to rop the people of their
 'farms and money. After this, my pelofed, was come another sin
 'upon the earth, and what do you think that was? I will tell you,
 'then. It prought these consuming locusts, these hellish vermin,
 'the excisemen and custom-house officers, to pry into every nook
 'and look into every corner for trop of cood trink. Cot confound
 'them all, and from them, Libera nos Domine, that is to say, Coot
 'Lord, deliver us! My pelofed, I will come to my text, I will war-
 'rant you. Pe soper, look you. I peseech you, beware of this
 'loathsome sin of drunkenness and gin-trinking, for our creat crand-
 'father Noah had no sooner scape scouring in the ark, and cot safe
 'to land again, but he went to the first alehouse he could find, and
 'there was trink, trink, trink all day and all night, and then come
 'home trunk and puse hur boor wife and family, like Bill Evans into
 'Precon and Dan Prosser down to Talgarth. So, I doubt, it is to
 'many of you. My pelofed, when at the treadful day of shudgment,
 'when I shall be call to gife an account of the sheep delifered to
 'my sharge, and when the Lord call I will not hear, and when hur
 'call again I will not answer, and when hur call a third time I will
 'say as old Eli bid Samuel say, "Lord, speak, thy servant heareth;"
 'and when he ask me for the sheep delifered to my sharge, before
 'Cot I will tell him flat and plain that you are all turned coats!—
 Vivant.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

THE much-dreaded order to kill has by this time reached the re-
 motest parts of Britain where the rinderpest is raging. That orde

is not to be obeyed in special counties. The Aberdinians have demonstrated that, in spite of local efforts, if plague spots are left unmolested anywhere, it is impossible to foresee where, or how, the cattle plague poison may be blown to, swim to, or carried by objects which travel, when stock is housed, and almost every four-footed creature tied or securely imprisoned. The order is universal; it emanates from Parliament; it has been extracted from the Government somewhat in the way that a dentist draws a carious tooth; and, owing to the Government measure not being satisfactory on various points relating to the traffic in cattle and disinfecting railway trucks, a noble fight has been sustained by some of the more moderate members of the Opposition, headed by a clear-headed, sensible, and convincing, though not eloquent, member, Mr. Ward Hunt. There has been a tendency to party squabbles occasionally, but on the whole the temper of the House was not favourable to equivocation and delay. The object once clearly before them, politics were set aside, and meetings were held, early and late, in Westminster, to solve the question and attempt this country's riddance of a plague which never should have visited it. The Cattle Plague debate must ever be memorable, for more reasons than one. Apart from the importance of the subject in a national point of view, it has been of engrossing interest to some because it involved a question of political economy, which brought the renowned Mr. Mill on his legs for the first time, led Mr. Bright to deliver one of his well-toned, eloquent, and dreadful speeches, and gave Mr. Lowe a number of chances, which he did not overlook, of digging into his old friends and former colleagues, smarting the member for Birmingham, and measuring his strength with the great logician whose voice is squeaky, limbs far from robust, but whose understanding is too well trained to be far, if at all, behind that of the so-called 'Lansdowne Pet.' We listened attentively to many of the discussions, and, admitting the earnestness of all, and the talent of some, we are compelled to declare that the House often missed the point and was misled, from an absence of special knowledge on the vast subject of cattle disease prevention which has too recently engaged the attention of public men in this country. It is a great pity that a golden opportunity has been allowed to slip for establishing a sound and permanent national insurance system, which would for ever get over the difficulties which impaired the vision of Mr. Mill, and induced Mr. Gladstone to pay a compliment to Mr. Bright.

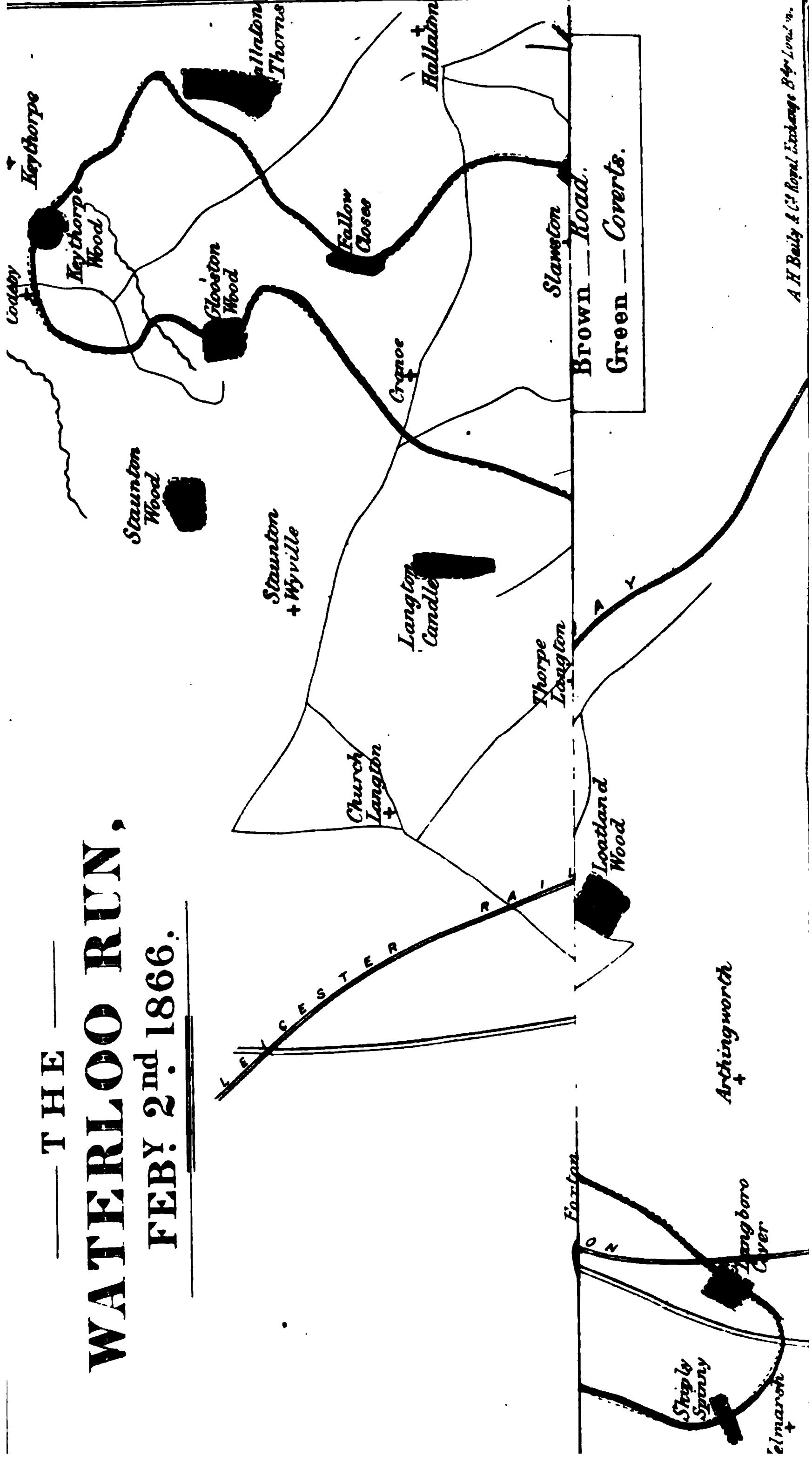
There is a prejudice against cattle insurance, and one which, like all other prejudices, is due to ignorance. Those who would aid the good cause refuse to acknowledge that there exist ample data on which to base calculations as to the losses amongst cattle and the premiums which insurers should pay. There are the voluminous books of several large and many small defunct insurance societies, which have not yet been sold and sent to the buttermilk or paper-maker. These books would certainly require much time and expert brains to extract from them all that is useful and reliable; but the general facts which the information they contain would establish are

known already. Most persons may think that it is not from the transactions of bankrupt societies that useful information whereby to avoid insolvency in cattle insurance can be obtained ; but on this subject, the errors of the past have been so patent and avoidable, that, once established, they indicate the safe road for future use. Books in Chancery or in the hands of liquidators and solicitors, prove that cattle insurance companies were first formed here when foreign diseases had been introduced by foreign stock. The premiums were too low, the operations of all the companies too limited, the fatal lung disease unsparing in its attacks, and cattle disease prevention unknown. Companies amalgamated, raised their premiums so as to meet the liabilities past and present, lost their insurers, and were wound up. No associations of any great note survived. The last and the best of the large ones, which could not, in spite of years of economy and prudent management, make up for its early losses, perished in 1860.

Farmers have got sick and tired of paying premiums, and getting nothing when their cattle die. We wrong them when we think they would not patronize a system affording a guarantee that, in the event of losses, they should not find themselves minus their premiums as well as their cattle. In their rough way they have established many local insurance associations ; and all they asked for of late was money in loan to meet the gigantic losses in certain counties, with a proper understanding as to the repayment of sums advanced for such a purpose. The mutual associations have failed, as a rule ; and the Government has been compelled, under the pressure of the moment, to adopt a system of indemnity. It is well for any country when a government has the means and the power of dealing energetically on the outbreak of such a plague as that one now raging here. The French Government didn't wait to consider how and where the money was to come from when it handed a few thousand francs to a French professor, and despatched him to the Belgian frontier last autumn to kill out the plague. There was no fight between town and country, and no speeches by political economists in consequence of this prudent and rational use of public funds for the salvation of the nation. Would it not have been better for us all, had our Government been in a position last August to spend a hundred thousand pounds, and thereby save the country the millions sterling and the valuable cattle which have been and are still perishing ? It may shock some political economists that I should hint at such a method of dealing with the nation's funds ; they may see in this, that which I certainly fail to perceive, an undue protection of a class against losses accidentally incurred. It was no accident, and it was not the British farmers' negligence that brought the Russian plague into England last spring. It was a direct, foreseen, and inevitable consequence of the way in which our ports had been thrown open to diseased as well as to healthy cattle from all parts of the world. No one dared to hint the possibility of such a calamity as the present as a direct consequence of free-trade. This was viewed, and viewed erroneously, as a Protectionist's cry. Would that we

THE WATERLOO RUN,

FEBY 2nd 1866.



had enjoyed protection from the pest-carrying bullocks of eastern Europe! We should have had better, sounder, and cheaper meat at present—not better, sounder, and cheaper than if we had carried out our wise free-trade policy with due regard to the history of cattle plagues and the adoption of means for their prevention. Had we done that we should not be paying what we are for meat. The present price is absurdly high, and entirely dependent on losses by disease. We could have kept pace in supplying our increasing population had we known how to trade in foreign animals and at the same time preserve our own.

Without blaming the farmers, let those who can guide a safe and rational system of free-trade acknowledge blunders of the past, attend to disease prevention in the future, and secure to this country the first great condition essential to the prosperity of any cattle assurance scheme. Having framed wise measures for preserving our animals from extraordinary outbreaks of plagues, and having collected all data from the ponderous books in Chancery, let the Government initiate an insurance system. Why Government? Simply because without such support we never can expect, after the experiences of the past twenty years, that the farmers over the whole country will freely and regularly pay their premiums. The wider the area of operations the better; and to secure the greatest width, we must give the farmer the best security against a repetition of many forms of catastrophe which are fresh in his memory as having succeeded each other in rapid succession since 1844. We could undertake in five years to have the average mortality amongst horned stock in this country below three per cent. For twenty years it has never been below five, and often not below seven. Have the whole stock of the land insured, apply the resources of science for the extirpation of disease whenever it appears, and the present and past disasters must remain matters of historical interest, not causes of constant and enervating alarm. The farmer has been injured. He has fought nobly and with praiseworthy resignation under most trying circumstances. He has been placed in a position in which he really could not help himself, and all that is wanted now for his future prosperity is the institution of a system which must spring from the Government, without in any way taxing the masses and offending Messrs. Bright and Mill.

THE WATERLOO RUN WITH THE PYTCHLEY.

WHEN game-preserving, at least in its modern form, was unknown, and foxes, having to travel further for their food, were both wilder and stouter than at the present day, our great-grandfathers were able to boast of runs of great severity, passing oftentimes through more than one county and a dozen or even a score of parishes. But we much doubt whether the longest run recorded in the Pytchley chase book could compare with that which we are about to chronicle, and which took place on the 2nd of February last. So many different accounts having appeared of it, we conceive our readers will welcome the fol-

lowing record, which they will see is stamped with the hall-mark, guaranteeing its authenticity. The meet was at Arthingworth. Mr. Thomson had been staying with Sir Charles Isham, and the hounds called for him as they passed. He had seventeen couple and a half out, as well as his hunters, Valeria and Rainbow. Dick Roake rode Usurper, Tom Firr was on Fresco, and his own son, Master Charles, on Amulet; Man of the Age was also sent on for Mr. Thomson, but he was lame and had to go home. The morning was very wet, the wind south-west, but the weather cleared up about eleven o'clock, and there was not a very good scent in cover. At five minutes past two they found in Waterloo Gorse, but the fox lay so close among a heap of dead sticks, that Mr. Thomson had to draw all round the cover, and back to the top, before he moved. Graceful found him, and Morris hallooed him away towards the tunnel. Mr. Thomson was at the other end of the cover, and before he could get to the hounds they had checked near the road, having been ridden off the scent in the first field. Upon joining them he swung them round through the fence, and the hounds hitting the scent, went away again, over the brook and spinny at Arthingworth, and crossed the railway. The field on the other side was full of sheep, and the shepherd told Mr. Thomson the fox had gone into Langborough, and just as he got to the gate the fox was hallooed away on the other side, and the hounds running hard, crossed the Harborough road on to Shipley spinny and right up the hill towards Clipston. Here the run began in earnest, but a few of the field were thrown out by Dick viewing another fox, and blowing his horn. Two fields further on Mr. Thomson fell at a strong bullfinch, which he charged up hill, and lost one of his spurs, which, however, he picked up, and put in his pocket, having a conviction he should require it. By this mishap he lost half a field, which he could not regain. There was lots of grief, even at this early period, those going to hounds being divided into two lots, the right-hand one, which had the advantage of the other division, consisting of Custance, the jockey, Tom, the whipper-in, the Hon. Charles White, Colonel Fraser, Mr. Topham, and a score besides. In the left brigade might be seen the Master, Messrs. Mills, Delacœur, Boyd, and others fighting on a field and a half in the rear. The hounds ran on without a pause past the spinny between Oxendon and Clipston, leaving the former village on the right. At the road beyond, opposite Mr. Kirkman's house, there was a slight hesitation, but Governor hitting the scent off, they streamed away again, and crossed the bottom at Farndon, which Mr. Vivian went at first, and fell. Colonel Fraser, with Messrs. Nethercote, White, and Topham, were the first at the succeeding fence, and followed the hounds down the hill towards Lubbenham, into the Harborough road, where Dick and Master Charles Thomson nicked in, but the latter shortly after having a shy at some rails, tumbled over them. On leaving the road the hounds raced down the big field and crossed the Welland, at the Harborough corner, as if Lubbenham cover was the fox's point. With the assistance of Dick, Mr. Thomson lifted the railway gate off its hinges, which enabled him-

self, and a few others who were with him, to catch the hounds at the Harborough and Lubbenham road, from which they turned their heads towards Bowden Inn, running hard, and getting the few left into difficulties. Here Mr. Birch Reynardson fell at a nasty fence uphill, and his horse remained in the ditch, and two fields further on Mr. Thomson's mare was reduced to a trot. But in the nick of time, he heard Dick whistle behind him and say 'Take my horse, sir, he has ten minutes left!' and changed on to Usurper, who, however, gave him a regular burster at the succeeding fence, which was a drop, taking at least five minutes out of the ten out of himself by this performance. But yet the Master was enabled to catch them again at the railway bridge at Bowden Inn, where they paused for a moment at a ploughed field. The hounds had now crossed the rail, to the right of the Langton road, Flasher being the first over, and from thence down to the brook pointing for Langton Candle. Custance was the only one of the field who was fortunate enough to clear the brook, into which Mr. Frank Langham and several other good ones fell. The Master and his man Tom, together with Messrs. Mills and Langham, were lucky enough to scramble out on the right side. The majority of the field had before this taken to the road, but Mr. White and Colonel Fraser's horses standing at Bowden Inn, those gentlemen were enabled to get fresh pipes to play upon. On the top of the next hill the fox was headed, and turned along the valley, where Mr. White coming up on his fresh grey, kindly offered him to Mr. Thomson, who, however, said he did not need him. A Mutual Assistance Society was now established in the way of pulling down rails and making gaps, and the hounds crossed the road between Thorpe Langton and Great Bowden, leaving Langton Candle on the left. But going up the next hill Usurper had shot his bolt, and Mr. Hay lent Mr. Thomson a brown thoroughbred horse to go on with, but like his predecessor, he gave him a fall immediately, pushing through a half-closed gate, and a second one shortly afterwards at an uphill jump out of deep ground. But the horse went on galloping so well that Mr. Thomson did not lose his place. The hounds then bore to the left, between Staunton Wyvill and Cranhoe, uphill to a spinny, through which Royston and Monarch were the first to carry the line, notwithstanding a flock of sheep in the next field. Carrying on well past Glooston village, and through several fields also full of sheep, Ferryman guiding the scent and drawing forth from the Master the exclamation of 'Hurrah for the Duke of Beaufort!'—'I always told you so,' responded Captain Clerk. On they went like bells through Glooston Wood (Mr. Tailby had been in it the previous day) towards Skeffington. On coming out of the wood, Mr. Thomson, who had lost a shoe, changed horses with Mr. Walter de Winton; but at the deep bottom, at the end of the field, where Custance had got his horse fast, Mr. Thomson's usual luck befel him, as his new animal refused. Luckily, however, Dick was in readiness on the other side with Rainbow, to whom he scrambled over, and was all right again, Mr. John Chaplin and another being alone before him, and these he caught by making use of the road to

Godeby. Here Captain Coventry, who had borrowed a horse of Mr. Angell at Lubbenham, joined them in a pair of trousers, and the four went on together to Keythorpe Wood, the middle ride of which, Singer, Streamer, and Ferryman were the first to cross, and on towards Ram's-Head. Three fields from here, the fox tried the earth, where Mr. Tailby had run to ground and dug out on the previous Tuesday, and one hour and fifty minutes had elapsed since he had been found, and eighteen miles of ground crossed over. Here there were something like two lines of scent, the body of the hounds bearing towards Ram's-Head, the others to the right towards Hallaton Thorns. But Tom, who was a field behind, viewing the fox, and calling out to his Master, 'Yonder he goes!' Mr. Thomson lifted the body of the hounds and they ran on to Fallow Closes, the pack being now reduced to thirteen couple, Merryman, Streamer, Relish, Ransom, Dragon, and Singer generally leading, and all working well along the bottom, and Frantic, although she had not been out for weeks, was among them. They ran past Mr. Studd's house, down to Slawston cover, and some men on the hill viewed the fox only one field before them when they pressed through the meadows to the Welland. They then turned to the left along the bank of the river, as far as the road, which goes to Medbourne station, and again turned to the left to the windmill. Here a check occurred, the fox having been coursed by a sheep-dog; and although Mr. Thomson persevered, with a failing scent, until it was almost dark, he was obliged to stop them at half-past five, having run for three hours and forty-five minutes, the fox then being viewed hardly two fields from the hounds, Graceful being the last to acknowledge him at night, as she had been to speak to him in the morning. We should state that this run, which was over the finest parts of the Pytchley and Mr. Tailby's countries, the hounds were for the first hour and fifty minutes never off grass with the exception of three fields. No more satisfactory proof could be given of the condition of the hounds, than that Mr. Thomson was enabled to get them home without the aid of a whipper-in. Of the four couple and a half that were left out, all, with the exception of one hound, found their way back to the kennels within twenty-four hours. After the run Mr. Thomson received every hospitality from the Rev. Mr. Piercey, of Slawston, and rode home on Rainbow, the horse which had carried him more than two hours without making a mistake, a pretty good performance for a five-year old. Mr. Thomson had gone on for one hour and forty-five minutes without a whipper-in or having the hounds once turned to him. Captain Clarke, who was the only man who had gone through on one horse, helped him with them through Market Harborough, and he got them home to the kennel at Brixworth, a distance of eighteen or nineteen miles, about ten o'clock. Mr. Thomson sat down to his dinner at ten minutes to eleven, after which he posted over to the Hunt Ball at Market Harborough, where he was received with an ovation worthy of the hero of so good a run and such a sportsman.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

As I have before hinted, it is rather a mystery to me why some people come abroad. I confess that my idea of travelling is not to 'go there and back again to see how far it is;' not to hurry to Paris, we will say, and order 'Bradshaw' ('Continental Bradshaw, you 'know, waiter—garçon—what is it? Confound the fellow! he 'don't understand English') with your dinner, and study, as you eat your soup, how to get home quickest. Still everybody travels (I presume) to amuse themselves, and if going home is the one dear delight, they are quite right to enjoy it by repeated anticipation. After all, we have known a great many men who 'hunted,' to whom going to cover and riding home early was the essence of the amusement.

But having brought our visitor to Paris, we are bound to amuse him. We have lodged him, and prevented his being starved;—and here let me note, that three people in Paris are the devil! Dinner for one is dinner for two; dinner for two dinner for four;—two people can see out of a small private box—four out of a large;—two people can go in a 'brougham,'—four as cheap in a barouche—but *three* is a fatal number. If, then, you come over with your mother and father, bring your younger brother; if with your uncle and aunt, persuade them to include in the party your favourite cousin; if with the loved of your heart and her mother, try to get a 'young fellow of 'her own age,' for whom the old lady is suspected of having entertained a *tendresse* before she married the father (since dead—so all is proper) of your charmer, to join the party. So shall you have, better and cheaper, both your dinners, your theatres, and the conveyance to them; moreover, you will escape what the Irish gentleman described as the 'greatest bore to me, mee dear fellar, a *tête-à-tête* with another party listening.' As a rule, the French are much given to social—I may say sociable—duets: if they exceed that number they go at once into great chorus. They are an odd people. A friend of mine, of a highly domestic turn, being then strange to France and Parisian manners, used always to dine out with his wife. One night he overheard a remark, 'Why they're all 'alike!' He asked of a French friend the meaning of this comment, evidently applied to him. 'Why,' said his friend, 'the fact is they 'do find it strange. You see you always dine here with the same 'lady.'

The French, you will perceive, are not strictly either a domestic or a constant race—but we all have our faults. I have said we must amuse our visitor. To begin, then, we will send him to wander up and down the Boulevards—he is sure to do so whether we send him or not, for nothing, I think, is so striking to a stranger, nothing so different to a London lounge, as the walk up Regent Street or Bond Street, and the oft-interrupted stroll from the Madeleine to the Passages de l'Opera. We want a fine day in

early spring to really enjoy it—then it is a scene! The bright-looking shops, where, be it said in fact, nothing is cheaper or better than in London—the picturesque kiösks, the newly-budded trees, the iron chairs crowded with fantastic nurses bearing highly-decorated babies—there are more nurses, and consequently more babies, or *vice versâ*, than I have ever seen in any other city between China and Peru—between anywhere—Cornhill and Cairo—Piccadilly and Palmyra. Then the contents of the shops, if not good, are certainly novel and pretty; the people, if not pretty—and certainly they are not that—are happy looking. You are away from home, from letters, newspapers, and ‘If you please, sir, Jones has called with his ‘little bill, which he would esteem a favour, which he has a sum to ‘make up,’—and so you are in the humour to be pleased. It may, too, be a ‘flower-market’ day—Tuesdays and Fridays are—and really I know nothing prettier than the *Marché de la Madeleine* on those mornings. Flowers, too, are never dear in Paris. Summer and winter, a few francs will keep your rooms decked with those unrivalled ornaments; and then—but this is a mere detail—very pretty little people very often go to market to buy pretty little flowers. In our early days *grisettes* and *lorettes* used to go and purchase pots of violets and early rose-trees (*vide* Paul de Kock); that is all changed: now, wrapped in *cachemires*, they ride in splendid equipages, are ‘painted and decorated’ with diamonds, and have ceased to admire nature. Still others remain with purer tastes. All I know is that when Blank Blank was here with his sprained ankle, he was wheeled into the flower-market every Tuesday and Friday, and stayed there much longer and more contentedly than he ever does at his office in D—— Street. You will want a cigar during this stroll. Now I should always bring them over. If you are clever you can stow away dozens in your portmanteau, and tell the officer that ‘they are a few ‘for your own smoking,’—or you can innocently ask ‘What must ‘I pay for half—no, three-quarters of a pound of cigars?—nothing ‘else to declare.’ So shall you be passed without duty. If, however, you do not bring them over, you must buy fair cigars at a high price (‘*Patagos da Londres*,’ fivepence each, are as good as any), next door to the *Grand Hôtel*. You *must* smoke, too, in self-defence, for the natives stifle the air with such atrocious dried produce of some suburban gardens—possibly artichoke leaves—that you will be poisoned if you do not repulse it with genuine tobacco. It is an odd thing, too, that no Frenchman can smoke a cigar through without letting it go out—say five times; so that you have five whiffs of five lucifer matches made of such brimstone as is not to be found elsewhere—at least not on the surface of the earth.

Having lounged and smoked——. But stop! In the summer, breakfasting in a restaurant which looks on a great thoroughfare is one of the pleasantest ways of studying Paris. To a weary traveller who only arrived last night, having, perhaps, *en route*, required the kind attention of the steward, I know nothing more restoring than to break his fast, smoke his cigar, and make his plans for the day as he

looks at the kalëidoscope of the Boulevards. And then, having lounged and smoked, we really must not waste all day, but 'go and see something, old fellow.' But to 'go and see something, old fellow,' especially if just arrived, and below your usual condition, it is necessary to have a conveyance. I need hardly tell your readers that the cab tariff of Paris is different from that of London. Here you pay by 'course' or by 'hour.' The price varies according to the class of your vehicles, from 1.25 to 2.25 per hour (1s. 0½d. to 1s. 10½d.); the cheapest and not slowest conveyances being the little four-wheel double broughams (like children's hackney-coaches), with two little ponies; the dearest being a decently clean, heavy brougham—a *voiture de grande remise*—which is fetched by your concierge, if in lodgings, or by your porter, if you are in a hôtel, and is driven by a man with a red face and waistcoat, a glazed hat, and an expression of entirely republican independence. For a 'course,' you may be driven from one end of Paris to the other, provided you do not stop, and the man will drive you (very badly, keeping you on tenter-hooks) at a moderate pace. 'By the hour' ('à l'heure'), you may go where you like, call on all your relations, and, if so minded, stay out 'till the cows come home.' But, Lord! you will go so slow! Every coachman expects something to drink (*pour boire*), and is polite or insolent in proportion to the sous bestowed. At the end of the day, by either method, 'course' or 'hour,' the 'fare' will find he has had a very indifferent drive, and has paid about as much as would have kept a brougham for a week. My humble advice to 'persons about to visit Paris,' is to job a carriage. John Hawse, of the Rue Marignan, has about a hundred; and if you can get one of them you will have a clean carriage, a good horse, and a boy who can drive, and find you have paid few, if any more francs than you would have disbursed to the insolent animals who here call themselves 'coachmen.'

Coachmen! I never see one of them without wishing to ask, 'Who feeds the pigs when you're driving?' Poor pigs! they must be so neglected in France—at least in the Paris season—that it is no wonder they have got rinderpest or pork plague. Droll scenes happen about these fixed fares. Not long ago an English traveller was benighted between the Place de l'Opéra and the Grand Hôtel, to which he was bound. It is exactly across the road—say one hundred and fifty paces. He wisely called a cab.

'Grand Hôtel!' cries fare.

'Plait-il?' asks the tamer of horses.

'Grand Hôtel! How dashed stupid these French are—don't understand their own language (he spoke it like a native—Englishman). 'Grand Hôtel!!!'

'Good!' says driver, and sets him down.

'What's this place?' asks fare.

'Grand Hôtel, stupid!' replies coachman.

'Humph!' says passenger, and tenders a franc—that would not do; offers two—that would not do; finally pays two and a half,

and was going, sulky, into the gate, when coachman says, 'Milord, ' then, gives me nothing for myself !'

This was too much even for my good-natured friend. He went to bed, and left Paris next day—at once and for ever !

While on the subject of conveyances, I may as well say that Roast has also very good carriages to let ; and John Hawse, above mentioned, will find you a 'mount' to ride in the Bois, on which, if 'got up' properly *à l'Anglaise*, you will probably attract the attention of all the coquettes and cocottes of Paris.

It would require a guide-book—Galignani's, price eight shillings, is the best—to tell our 'young friend' categorically what to see. If a soldier, he is sure to march over and see the guard mounting at eleven in the *Cour d'honneur* of the Tuileries. Soldiers are like actors—if one is off duty he always goes to a review, if there is one ; if the other has a free night he goes to the play. Then he—he—everybody—goes to the Louvre, as well he and they may, for there is not so glorious a collection of art in Europe. What acres of canvas covered by Rubens ! (I dislike them ; but that is my want of taste.) What Titians—Murillos (loved of gods and men) ! What Albanis and Claudes ! And then the statues, from the Diana down to the Neapolitan Fisherman—all good ! Then there is pottery, and the wonders of Egypt, and the newer glories (including the First Napoleon's cocked-hat and tights) of the gallery of Napoleon the Third.

Constitutional government is, no doubt, a very fine thing ; but if you wish to build galleries, and then fill them with wonders of art, give me a military despot who simply conquers Europe, and selects her best works as trophies to send home ; or an Imperial government, which 'says unto this man, do this, and he doeth it,' instead of asking 'Faithful Commons', for a vote, which ends in a dungeon for statues, and a dark, damp cellar for pictures.

'What a pity,' said an artist, walking not long ago in the Louvre, 'what a pity they ever sent back any of the spoils of the First Empire ; they do keep things so well here !'

And so it was ; but, you know, till the last attempt, *restorations* have never succeeded in France. If any one wishes to see the private apartments in the Tuileries, this is what I should advise him to do—write a polite note to the Grand Chamberlain, Tuileries, and ask for a ticket—wait four-and-twenty hours, when he will have the permission, and then—go somewhere else. Truth to tell, the suite of so-called private rooms are not worth seeing empty and by day.

The Luxembourg is in 'great form' now, and can be seen any day but Monday for the trouble of driving there. The collection of modern French pictures now exhibited there will please even those who know nothing of painting *quâ* art, but go simply to be amused and look on a fine picture or statue as they do on a fine sunset, a fine landscape, a lovely woman, a splendid horse. For my part, I believe these amateur visitors have the best of it. If a man fancies

he knows anything, he is always striving to display his fancied knowledge by picking out faults instead of seeing beauties ; yet the end and aim of travelling, if not stationary criticism, should be to be pleased. Why go to Rome to find out that St. Peter's is a mistake ? Why not, instead, go and feast your eyes on the dying glories of the Coliseum, and bask in the golden beauties of a Pincio sunset ? But to return to our subject. In the Luxembourg now are some of the best pictures of Horace Vernet, Eugène Delacroix, Rosa Bonheur (a ploughing scene—charming, but not so fine as one I shall see to-night, when I have written this chapter, in the gallery of the President of the Corps Legislatif), Couture, &c. These pictures, however, are constantly changed ; and so, perhaps, when one of your readers takes my advice (surely *one* will), he will see scarcely one of the pictures to which I allude ; but he will be sure to see the best modern pictures of France.

To me, the old quarter of Paris in which the Luxembourg stands, is a reminiscence and a pleasing picture. I remember when it was thought 'dangerous' at night to cross the Seine into that 'other city.' The gardens of the old palace (which some two hundred and fifty years ago was raised by the architect of the Palazzo Pitti, and in which Medici and Orleans, Brunswick and Bourbon, the Directory, the Consulate and the Empire ; the Restoration, Revolution, and Louis Blanc ; Louis Philippe, and, finally, M. de Troplong and the Marquis de Boissy, have all played their parts), are to me—and will be to you, oh my one reader, if you go there on a fine summer's afternoon—one of the few remaining characteristic scenes of Paris. There are still nurses who are *bonnes* ; children who still wear wooden shoes ; students with slouched hats and hair ignorant of scissors ; and old pensioners who are such old soldiers, that an allusion to that bronze medal which does *not* glitter on their breasts, will awaken stories of Borodino, the retreat, and the final catastrophe of him who was to them a god. Then the Pantheon gleams in the setting sun. The garden is alive with flowers, and the statues are kindled with a fictitious, flesh-like life, as the day sinks in the west, and you drive home to dinner. Why the drive home is worth all the money. The streets are not like the streets of Paris of to-day ; the houses are not at all like the Senator Prefect's houses ; the people, too, are different—dressing themselves chiefly *au bon diable*—a 'good devil' who keeps a wholesale warehouse where you can be clothed from head to foot for thirty-six francs. They eat differently, too—like tripe, onion-soup, garlick, sausages, *et id genus omne* ; and go to the Odeon, and hear a play in six acts and seventy-two tableaux.

'You don't like the picture at all,' you say ? Well, I am sure I did not assert that you did, would, or could ; yet I will quote Charles Mathews in England, and say—

'When a man travels he should not feel queer
If he sees a few things which he does not see here ;'

and, moreover, should go and see them. If you live with English

entirely when abroad, why come abroad? Now, at Rome I remember an English colony, which lived in English lodgings, were called by English servants, breakfasted (this was a very particular point) on English tea, English cream, English bread, English butter, and York ham,—eggs rather puzzled them, for eggs take their nationality from their nest,—were driven out by English Smith, and spent their spare time at an English club. Club gave a ball one night. ‘Going to ask any natives?’ asked a cosmopolitan member. ‘Natives be hanged!’ replied Committee; ‘what business have they here at all in our season?’ ‘Oh, none, of course,’ replied abashed Cosmopolitan; ‘but still, Rome is their country!’

Now that Roman season was charming. I, for one, wish I was back in it, with its delights of a climate in which there still exists that spring of which poets sang—

‘Oh! primavèra gioventù dell’ anno,’

and that sort of business.

Delightful! But my colony knew about as much of Rome and Romans, when they steamed away to Naples, after Easter, as they did when they left Stucco Gardens, Albertopolis, in November. Take care, my friend and reader, lest *mutato nomine de te fabula narratur!*

Well, weary and worn out with your day’s pleasure—alas, my friend! how true is Madame de Staël’s saying, ‘In seeking pleasure we lose happiness,’—you go home to your hôtel, and, having settled and carried out your campaign of dinner—illustrating it, of course, with plates and cuts—you think you will take your coffee on the Boulevards (‘weather permitting,’ as they say at the top of the hunting appointments), and go to the play. The best coffee in Paris is to be had at the Maison Dorée; the next best at Tortoni’s, next door. Coffee is now the dearest thing in Paris—and that is saying a good deal—and it is no longer better than in London. There is a prevailing idea here that the coffee-berry is not necessary to the brewing of coffee—in this I am an awful conservative; however, you get the best to be had in Paris where I have told you; and having settled your ‘café’ with ‘curaçoa sec,’ and your bill with napoleons, you will go to a theatre.

Now going to a theatre in Paris is by no manner of means so easy as it looks ‘upon paper’—or rather, I should say, in the papers. A good piece—which, perhaps, our aunts in the old house at home would not consider so—usually runs for four hundred nights, and it is necessary to book your place a week or ten days beforehand. This is awkward, if you wish to go ‘promiscuous,’ as Mrs. Gamp would say. Then, if you go down and find you have had your walk for your pains, you get cross and excited, and are immediately spotted by an outside ticket-seller who marks you for his own. He offers a place—a stall, say—the real value of which is five shillings, but for which you pay sixteen and eightpence; and when you take your seat to see ‘Ève and the Serpent, or the First Indigestion,’—spectacle in five acts and twelve tableaux—you find

that your seat is like the lid of a box, on springs, and that your view is intercepted by an iron pillar. Then you naturally use bad language, and tear your hair—mentally, if not physically.

Again, you cannot trust a French box-letter. They show you a deceptive 'plan,' and you take 'Box X.Y.Z.—4 places.' A horrible old woman, behind a brass thing like a fire-guard, looking herself like a parrot in a brass cage, and with a voice almost as pleasant as that of that 'cussing and swearing' imitative bird, assures you that it is the best box in the house, and that you can see everything, from the ankles of the 'danseuses' to the top-knot of the 'little cherub' who sits up aloft, and 'takes care' of her small sister-cherub in the last act. You bolt your dinner; you eschew coffee; you neglect that cigar, without which you are hardly 'a man and a brother,' in order to be present as the curtain rises over the first scene. We are now, in imagination, at the 'Variétés,' of the 'Lovely Proserpine,' which has run two hundred nights without a check, and where nobody is dressed in anything worth speaking about. You find yourself in a sort of black hole of Calcutta as to heat—in an atmosphere which would give Tarifa, in Spain, seven pounds and an easy beating—and this is 'trying high,' for the Tarifeès always hold their noses when not smoking or chewing garlick; and at an elevation which only admits of your discovering that the *prima donna* is getting, and the *prima tenore* has become, bald. You remonstrate, and are derided.

If, then, you want to go to a theatre, either go yourself—you being a very cunning master, not only of the French language, but of the French theatres; or failing that—as it usually does fail—send some decent *commissionaire*, known to you, and leave it to him.

I was at the Chatelet the other day, and found that the box given to me was let to somebody else. There is now on the Boulevard an office, at which, without going down to distant theatres, which is a day's work, you can take places at any one of those 'houses of entertainment.' This, provided it is well done, and that on arriving at the 'place of execution' of the opera, or other sentenced performance, you do not find your place let to somebody else (which I regret to say has happened), will be a great boon to the public. There is another question, however, that a gentleman travelling with ladies must always ask before he takes places at a Paris theatre—'Can ladies go to this part of the house?'

In many of the houses ladies are not admitted to the stalls, the only comfortable places for any one, and the only ones into which a long Englishman can stow his legs. Again, if you go to see a particular piece, ask when it begins. They will tell you to a minute, and you can arrive as the curtain rises. Thus you will avoid an *entr'acte*; that is, twenty-five minutes between each rise and fall of curtain; in which interval every Parisian child, woman, and man goes out; but if one English man or woman does the same, there is a whisper—no, a cry!—'See then those English, how they are

‘awkward!’—*gauche* is their expression. As for the performances of the French theatres, I will not take on myself to adjudicate.

‘*Autre temps, autre mœurs.*’ ‘Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.’ Yes, and more than sufficient for to-day and to-morrow too. But perhaps it will change, and the ‘other times,’ which may bring over here the readers of ‘Baily,’ may bring ‘other manners.’ However, there is one doctrine which—thank goodness!—we can always preach to our countrywomen, ‘To the pure all things are pure.’ And so, if by accident an unhappy male *chaperon* (why don’t they call the other *chaperonne*?) finds that he has taken his innocent charges to see a *risquée* representation, he may forgive himself, from the conviction that they are clad in mail of innocence, and that the shafts of what is now discharged as wit from the Paris stage will glance off their imaginations like hail from a mirror.

‘What theatres to go to, then?’ will ask Paterfamilias.

The Française, if you want art in its extreme, tempered with perhaps a little dulness. They play pieces in verse, and verse, in France, means rhyme;—now rhyme in declamation, is the devil! Still, going to see the great actors of the Française is a treat to be missed by no student of France; the performance is correct, chaste, classical, perhaps dull.

But then you can go off to the Palais Royal, close by. The plan is this. You send your ladies a little, perhaps, yawning to their beds, and then you go and see the last two bulletins of wickedness published at the little theatre at the other end of that palace yard which the Orleans dodger turned from a royal palace to a popular bazaar. Then you should go, another night, to the Chatelet and the Lyrique. I couple them, for they are far from habitable Paris, unless, indeed, you live at the Hôtel du Louvre (and really you might nearly as well live at St. Cloud). At both you see good performances. I should mention the ‘Lanterne Magique’ and the ‘Henri Quatre’ at the Chatelet, and the higher order of art, the ‘Flauto Magico’ and ‘Faust’ at the Lyrique; and the ‘rapid stranger’ may manage to see the tit-bits of both houses on one night, if he manages well. I have never yet known a visitor to Paris who had time to go two nights to those two great playhouses! A few nights ago a friend—nay, I will give his name—Scurry of the 200th Light Infantry, said to me, ‘I always travel during my long leave, and am always amused. The only thing which beats me is a Paris theatre. They are too amusing; at any rate, too long; so I always go to the Bouffes or to Dejazet.’ Skirmishing playgoers will do well to follow in the steps of our Light Bob. But there are other theatres; and as they say at public dinners, ‘with your kind permission,’ I will couple with them the best places to dine before going through what really is, from length, discomfort, and temperature, a real ordeal. If you want to be horrified, and have each hair of your head stand erect, like ‘quills upon the fretful porcupine,’ then go the Porte St. Martin. There you may hope for horrors, and assist at such ‘conclusions’ that going to bed you shall stay awake, as if you had got one of those

‘fretful porcupines’ under your sheets. If inclined for a milder attack of the horrors, go to the Ambigu-Comique—both theatres are ever so far off, and close to the Porte St. Martin—there you will find five or six acts of excitement. Before going to either, dine—restore yourself, as the natives would say—at Bonvalloi’s, on the opposite side of the Boulevard.

At the Vaudeville one is usually amused. Indeed, if you want to see the mirror held up to nature —(French nature that is, for when they attempt to reproduce English nature they simply give us a ‘negative’)—I say go there by all manner of means, and dine previously at Champroux, in the Place de la Bourse. If you can laugh to music, which I confess I cannot—adding, that I think a ‘comic opera’ is a musical mistake at all times and in all places—go to the Opéra Comique, ‘Dame Blanche,’ ‘Marie,’ ‘La Fiancée du Roi des Garbes’ (at once the prettiest and the—and the—and the—well—shall we say the least strictly moral? of any I have seen on the stage). This is the improper ‘farrago’ of the improper *libretti* of that theatre at the corner of the Rue Favart. Go there—go there, I say, but don’t hold me responsible. You will be astonished perhaps. Then you can go and refresh human nature with Bordeaux at the Café Anglais, or beer at the ‘Byron’ Tavern. I have seen men weeping over the ‘memories’ of that house. But alas! Byron did not frequent it—one Biron kept it.

As I write this I receive the playbill of the day: it contains the list of performances at twenty-five places of public amusement; so really it is rather an ‘embarrassment of riches.’ There is then for the diner on the boulevard, the (theatrical) ‘world before him where ‘to choose.’ I have not spoken of the operas. Those readers of ‘Baily’ who come over here from London, where there are the two finest operas in the world, will not care for ‘Robert le Diable,’ at the Grand Opéra, or for ‘Trovatore,’ done to death at the Italiens. The ballet at the Grand Opéra is fine, however.

Next month I shall have a word to say about ‘singing coffee-houses’ (as I heard them literally called by a Birmingham bagman), Teresa and her ‘fat beast,’ cacenos, bals, and other ‘afternoon amusements.’ I was once walking home with a friend, a very early riser—it was then five A.M. on a hot June day. We had been to two balls, three clubs, one board of green cloth, beside paying visits. ‘After all,’ said Harry, ‘the afternoon is the best part of the day, and these after-dinner strolls in the fresh air very pleasant. I dare say, too, old fellow, that this air is very healthy. I am sure I’ve heard so.’

A RUN FOR LIFE:

OR, THE FOX’S ACCOUNT OF A SHARP BURST.

BY AN IRREGULAR TROOPER.

FROM earliest youth I must have been destined for *a trooper*, as my first recollections of education are associated with the fact that I was

always being *horsed*; and if the doctrine vouched for by many learned pedants be true, *viz.*, 'that there is much virtue in the 'counter-action system,' perhaps I may be also indebted to my worthy pedagogue for a *cool head*, as he was always most energetic in the administration of *latent heat to its antipodes*. Poor old gentleman—the gentle exercise amused him and never harmed me, and all his old pupils still in the flesh will bear me out in my assertion that he never spoiled a child by sparing the rod. I have a reason for going back to those days, gentle reader, for this morning, whilst looking over my log to find some sporting incident for my esteemed friend 'Baily,' my eye caught the word *variety*, and immediately the old adage I used to copy in bold round hand flashed across my mind, and I bethought me that there had been but little of that *charming* quality in my yarns of late, they having always related to the hunting of wild beasts. I turned over page after page without finding anything appropriate, until I came upon the following adventure, which I transcribe, as it gives the fox's account of a hard run, or hunting looked upon in a new light.

In the early part of the summer of 1854, before any actual fighting had taken place between Russia and the Western allies, I was employed on special service in the Danubian Principalities, and in order to carry out certain duties more effectually, I received from the grand Seraskier Riza Pacha an Imperial Firman investing me with the rank of colonel and bey in the Ottoman army. The Russians were then concentrating their forces for the investment of Silistria, where I spent some very pleasant days, enjoying the hospitality of Ibrahim Pacha, the civil governor, and receiving the kindnesses of a brother from Moussa Pacha the commander of the garrison. The fortifications had been most materially strengthened by the construction of a number of detached forts round the *enceinte* of the place, which works were projected and thrown up by Colonel Ghach, one of the most scientific military engineers of the day, a gallant soldier and a delightful companion. Poor fellow! the Sultan had not such another strategist and practical engineer in all his host as that gentle fair-haired *homme de lettres*, now, alas, no more; and although, like the gallant Butler, he did not live to reap the laurels he had gained, it was his skill and energy that enabled the sturdy Arnaouts and Albanians to baffle the ablest engineer in the Russian service, General Schilders, and to sustain the continuous assaults of his legions during the thirty-nine days' siege. There being very little stirring at head-quarters (Omar Pacha being engaged in making an appearance before the allied army) I preferred the excitement of the predatory warfare that was being waged along the line of the Danube to the dull routine of camp life. Constant skirmishing was then going on between the Bashi-Bazouks, the most irregular of all irregular horse, and the Cossacks, who often enough were supported by other cavalry.

Iskinder Bey, a celebrated free lance, said to be of Hungarian origin, but a perfect cosmopolitan, having a smattering of every known

language, and who had fought almost under every banner in Christendom, was in command of a considerable force of cavalry that formed part of the most advanced line of observation then extending along the right bank of the Danube from Wedin to the Sulina mouth.

One hot day in the beginning of June we were encamped at a small village a few miles to the westward of Ruschuk, when a Wallachian gipsy spy brought in a report that the Russians, fearing that Odessa was about to be attacked by the allies, were abandoning the line of the Danube, and retiring into Bessarabia. The bearer of this news also stated that he had seen a long train of Arabs laden with military stores, escorted only by a couple of squadrons of Hulans and some Cossacks, within three miles of our camp on the opposite bank of the river.

Old Iskinder's one eye glistened at this news, and assembling about four hundred of the best-mounted men in his force, in less than an hour we were wending our way towards a bend in the river where some boats were secreted. This spot had for some days been selected as the most suitable place for crossing, the stream not being very rapid, and a masked battery of field guns had been constructed on a slight eminence, so as to command the approaches to the river on the opposite side in case of our having to retire and recross in the face of an enemy. The passage of the Danube, although presenting difficulties that might have deterred more disciplined troops, was but an every-day occurrence to these predatory Suwars, most of whom dispensed altogether with the aid of the boats. Fastening their arms and ammunition in the folds of their turbans, they plunged into the stream and swam over alongside of their horses. As the reports of our scouts led us to believe that no opposition to our crossing was anticipated, at the risk of being thought effeminate, I stripped to the buff, and placed my arms and clothes in a boat before swimming my horse over, for in this climate nothing is more conducive to fever than allowing wet clothes to dry on the person.

Unfortunately for me (as it turned out) the rude craft containing my gear stuck amongst the reeds, and was a long time in effecting the passage, so that I had no clothes to put on upon reaching the other side, and whilst in this dilemma, I heard a cry of alarm, followed by shouts of 'Moskofler!' 'Moskofler!' not a very pleasing announcement to one in my condition, being destitute of even a fig-leaf. However, I was master of the situation, for borrowing a turban from one, and a shawl from another, I extemporised a make-shift so as to hide my nakedness; and, seizing a lance, vaulted on my horse, when 'Richard was himself again.' I found the vanguard giving chase to a small party of horsemen, who evidently thought discretion the better part of valour, for they were making 'a strategic movement to the rear' as fast as their nags could lay legs to the ground.

Regardless of my personal appearance, I joined in the pursuit, and

Desert-born, the pride of the camp, and the most perfect charger that trooper ever bestrode, soon overtook the leading files of the Bashi-Bazouks, and was fast nearing the fugitives, who, scared at my approach, dismounted and knelt beside their horses. Had they turned out to be Cossacks doubtlessly I should have come to grief; besides their being six to one, I was riding bare-back (my saddle being in the boat) and armed only with a blunt unwieldy lance; however they turned out to be only Wallachian peasants who by accident had stumbled upon our scouts. Fearing lest they might disclose our movements, I had them marched back to the main body; and then was glad to get once more into my clothes, for the rays of the sun had begun to scorch my shoulders. By the time this little arrangement was completed, and my horse saddled, the whole of our party had crossed and were forming up ready for service. From information gleaned from our captives, we learned that the Russians had established a camp some six miles distant, and that the train of Arabs we had intended to surprise had by this time reached its shelter. As the enemy were represented to be in force, with infantry and artillery, any offensive movement by daylight with our small numbers was out of the question, and the old chief and his Suwars were almost beside themselves at having taken so much trouble to no purpose, and being thus baulked of their booty. It was, however, determined that some blow should be struck if possible before returning to our old rendezvous, and for this purpose the gipsy spy, who knew the country well, was again sent out to reconnoitre the enemy's position and gain such information of his movements as would enable us to attempt a *coup de main*. In the mean time every preparation was made for passing the night where we were, the utmost precaution being taken to guard the bivouac against surprise. We expected the gipsy back before sundown, when it was intended that our operations should commence; but darkness set in, and hour after hour passed without his reappearance, so at last we concluded that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. To add to our impatience, and make matters worse, several heavy showers fell in the course of the night, which did not serve to increase our good-humour, as we had no tents with us. My great chum was a young Hungarian, named Fritz von Roth, but better known under the Turkish cognomen of Nishan Bey, a nephew of the patriot Stephen Ludwig Roth, who was shot by the ultra Magyar faction on the ramparts of Clausenburg. I first fell in with him during my sojourn at Rustchuck, where he was acting as 'yaver,' or aide-de-camp, to Sied Mirza Pacha, the governor of the province of Silestria, and as our tastes assimilated, we soon became boon companions, and at the time of my narrative had seen some sharp work together, which had cemented our acquaintance into an almost brotherly friendship.

I was too old a campaigner ever to neglect creature comforts, and although we travelled in light marching order, my provision wallets were well found, and half a dozen Cording's waterproof sheets not only protected our horses from the cold night air but furnished us

with a shelter from the inclemency of the weather. As we lay snug under our *tent d'abri* it was determined that at dawn we would have a reconnaissance on our own account, in case it was found advisable for our troops to recross the river; and having advised the old Bey as to our intentions, when the first streaks of grey in the east announced the approach of day we prepared to set out.

I had half a dozen well-trying followers eating my salt, upon whose pluck I could always depend, and as they were all fairly mounted and armed, I did not anticipate any difficulty in escaping if we found the enemy too strong for us.

As soon as it was light enough to see our way we set out, taking one of the Wallachians, mounted on a shaggy little horse, as our guide. Luckily for our comfort the rain ceased, and after a ride of rather more than an hour we came to a deserted cattle shed, from whence we could see the enemy's camp, surrounded by piquets and a chain of Cossack videttes, about a mile and a half distant. Here we dismounted, and giving instructions to our people to remain on the *qui vive*, Fritz and I, accompanied by my Arnaout Chaoush, crept forwards to a slight eminence, from whence, with the aid of my telescope, I could see all that was going on. Our guide was evidently correct when he stated that the Russians were in force, for the camp before us was that of a brigade at least, if not of a division, and we could count twelve guns drawn up in front of a number of caissons and ammunition waggons all painted green. We watched the night piquets being relieved, and saw the videttes extend their circle far into the plain, whilst the rolling of drums and the braying of trumpets seemed to betoken that either some movement was intended or that a parade was about to take place. Whilst our attention was engrossed in watching these proceedings, an ejaculation from the Chaoush caught my ear, and turning my head I saw a hare, evidently much exhausted, coming towards us pursued by two greyhounds. They killed within fifty yards of where we were standing, and Fritz and I having secured both dogs with our pocket handkerchiefs, picked up the hare and hid ourselves behind a patch of bush to watch events. We were well armed. Fritz had a double gun and a revolver, I had a double rifle, one of the best that ever was turned out by the Bishop of Bond Street, and another revolver, whilst the Arnaout carried my Colt's six shooter in addition to his own carbine. In a few minutes a horseman, whose flat cap and grey coat sufficiently announced his nationality, suddenly made his appearance on the crest of a rising ground, at the best pace which his tired horse could go. Evidently disconcerted at the disappearance of his dogs, he pulled up, and must have been anything but agreeably surprised to see three barrels pointed at his breast, whilst Fritz, who had a smattering of Russian, peremptorily ordered him to dismount. Perceiving that resistance was out of the question, for he would have been a dead man long before he could have slewed round the gun that was slung on his back, he got off his horse and came towards us. In the twinkling of an eye he was disarmed, and his arms were pinioned by the Arnaout

with the cloth of his turban, whilst almost at the same time three of our people came up with our horses, as they had caught sight of a party of Hulans apparently *en route* towards the camp.

Having lifted our captive (who proved to be a lieutenant of cavalry) on to his horse, and given him in charge of the men, we cantered up to the rest of the party who were watching the horsemen now fast approaching our position. They appeared to be about twenty in number, and seemed riding in loose order, whilst in the rear a prisoner was mounted upon a led horse, with his arms pinioned behind him, who looked very like our quondam friend the Gipsy spy. My suspicions were soon converted into a certainty, for a glance through my glass clearly revealed his dogged, swarthy countenance, which, though looking rather dejected, did not betoken fear. Although my party consisted of only nine, all told, I determined to attempt a rescue, for the spy was a useful man and much trusted by the Bey. I immediately explained my plan of action to Fritz, which was, that Ali and I were to remain in ambuscade in the cattle shed, whilst Fritz and the rest of the people were to hide themselves in some thick covert until the troop had passed along the road, and then make a dash on the rear and release the gipsy in the confusion that would ensue. Having made certain that none of Fritz's party were likely to be discovered by any one coming along the road, I took up my post behind the ruined wall of the shed, having my double rifle as well as the six shooter ready for work, and a brace of revolvers in case of their coming to close quarters. I had not long to wait; the tramping of horses' hoofs warned me of their approach, and in another moment I saw them debouching from behind some cover and defile past my *cache*. As they passed within a hundred and twenty yards of the shed I coolly picked off the two troopers on each side of the prisoner, dropping them from their horses dead or mortally wounded, and commenced firing promiscuously, as the fairest shots were presented to me. This unexpected attack from an unseen enemy produced the effect I had counted upon; they broke back in confusion, and were almost simultaneously attacked by Fritz and his party, who first fired a deadly volley amongst them, and then charged, when all who were not hit scattered and bolted. Having released the gipsy and mounted him upon one of the horses we had captured, we were preparing for a retreat, as our shots had evidently been heard by the advanced videttes, and horsemen were seen galloping in our direction, when one of our scouts came rushing up with the intelligence that the party we had surprised was only the advance guard of a large force who were advancing in our direction. I immediately ordered the Chaoush and the rest of the party to make the best of their way towards our camp, under the guidance of the gipsy, whilst Fritz and I, who were better mounted than the rest, should remain behind to reconnoitre.

In the shed I had observed a large heap of straw and refuse that had been protected from the rain by the remains of the broken roof; and this, after a little difficulty, I managed to ignite. When I saw

that the flame was not likely to be extinguished, I threw on a quantity of wet straw and brushwood, which caused a column of dense black smoke to rise that must attract the enemy's attention from a considerable distance. This done, we jumped on our horses, and gave leg-bail, galloping off at right angles from our former route, and making a *detour*, thus hoping to rejoin our people, whom we knew were far away by this time. We were not, however, destined to get off thus easily, for hardly had we emerged from the cover than a continuous blazing of carbines was heard in our rear, and a hundred and fifty Cossacks and Hulans were yelling like demons on our track, whilst the *ping* of their leaden messengers sounded closer to our ears than was agreeable. A sharp burst, however, took us out of range, and then commenced the chase in earnest: we were riding for our lives, and nothing but the goodness of our cattle would carry us through. For myself I had not the least fear, for Desert-born was of the purest Medjid blood; but I had serious apprehensions for my friend, as his horse, although a well-bred animal, was not in running condition. We directed our course towards the river, in a bee line; and in a short time I knew we were distancing the bulk of our pursuers, as their cries became less and less distinct. On looking round, however, I perceived three fellows, evidently officers, although dressed similar to the troopers, who were much better mounted than the rest, and seemed to hold their own with us, although about four hundred yards behind. Fritz's horse was beginning to show distress, for the pace was terrific; and now not a sound was heard but the hard breathings of the horses and the stroke of their hoofs. Ping! goes a bullet past our ears; and now I knew was my time. Bidding my companion to keep up his speed, I pulled up my well-trained charger, and dismounting under cover of a bush, dropped on my knee, and fired right and left at the leading pursuers. The man who had just discharged his carbine dropped dead, with a bullet through his chest, whilst the horse of the second rolled over mortally wounded. This unexpected *rencontre* damped the ardour of the third, for he pulled up until he was joined by some more of his party, when the chase was continued. Having rid myself of the most dangerous of our pursuers, and inspired the rest with a wholesome fear of the powers of my grooved bore, I jumped on my horse, and, reloading *en route*, soon overtook Fritz, who at my recommendation now eased his horse a little, as the pace we had been doing was killing, and could not possibly last. I calculated that we had covered five miles of ground since first the chase began, and I believed that we were still three miles from the Danube, for in the excitement of the run I had not paid much attention to the landmarks, which in this part of the country are few and far between. We breathed our horses until the clattering of hoofs behind us again intimated the near approach of the enemy, and again bullets whistled around us. My rifle killed when their smooth-bored carbines were useless, so I turned in the saddle, and with another right and left brought down a couple of the leading horses, which, however,

scarcely checked the rush, for they evidently thought that we must now fall into their hands. I therefore exchanged my unloaded rifle for the six-shooter carried by Fritz, and prepared to execute my former manœuvre by pretending to be wounded, and, pulling up my horse, I flung myself full length on the ground, which caused a yell of intense satisfaction to burst from a knot of the leading pursuers. Their triumph, however, was of short duration, for as they rushed up to immolate me I raised myself on my elbow, and coolly gave them the contents of my six barrels at *bout-portant*, which emptied as many saddles, and turned their shrieks of rage into cries of despair. With a derisive shout of scorn, and a peculiar if not graceful action, intimating contempt, I jumped on my horse, and in a few moments was again cantering alongside of my friend.

The ground now became very broken; and my companion's horse, thoroughly blown, put his foot in a hole and fell heavily, rolling over his rider and breaking his bridle arm. For a moment I was disconcerted, but *nil desperandum* was ever my motto; and, helping Fritz into my own saddle, I clambered up behind him, and my good horse, as if aware of the dangers that threatened us, galloped along with scarcely any apparent diminution of speed.

This game I knew, however, would not last; so, reloading my six-shooter, I drew my revolver out of my holster, and bidding my companion to hurry on, as the camp river could not now be far distant, I slipped off the horse and hid myself in a thick bush. My friend remonstrated with me in vain; but finding my mind was made up, he rode off in the direction I had bidden him. Shortly after his departure I heard a yell of triumph, which informed me that my friend's fallen horse had been discovered; and shortly afterwards a group of about twenty Cossacks came galloping past and yelling like fiends. As there were too many for me to tackle with any prospect of success, I waited patiently, refraining from pulling trigger, although prepared to act in case of being discovered. At last an officer and two orderlies came cantering along within fifty yards of me. I took deliberate aim at them, one after another, at a distance from which I could have hit any button on their coats, and bounding forward, seized the bridle of the officer's horse, which was dragging his master's corpse along the ground, as the foot and spur had caught in the stirrup; and, exchanging my turban for his flat cap, and donning his grey tunic over my own gear, I jumped on the horse and got clear off, just as another group was seen approaching in the rear. They must have heard the shots, and perhaps suspected something, for they tracked me, and, I dare say, d—d me to their hearts' content in good Russian; but I paid no heed to their shouting, and made the best of my way towards the front, avoiding any horsemen whom I encountered in my way, as I had no great faith in my disguise, and had only two charges left in my six-shooter, with no cartridges to reload. Passing to the right of the group which I recognised as the one leading the van of our pursuers, I drove my spurs in my horse, and, after a hard gallop, again caught

sight of my companion, when I doffed the Russian gear, and shouted until he slackened his speed, when I rejoined him. I shall never forget his joyous look as he made sure that it was myself, and not some hungry-looking Cossack that was pursuing him. The danger was now nearly over; for we were close to the river, and several of our own people, hearing the shots, came out to meet us, and completely changed the aspect of the game. The tables were turned; my fellows, with their fresh horses, had no difficulty in disposing of our pursuers as they came up in detail, and in a very short time we had taken over twenty prisoners. As soon as we arrived at our old rendezvous, where only a portion of our force remained (the Bey and three hundred men having recrossed the river), I invited the lieutenant we had first taken to an impromptu repast, of which his own hare constituted the standing dish; and after enjoying a good joke at his expense, which he took in good part, I bid Fritz to tell him that he was not to consider himself a prisoner of war, but that as soon as my men were ready to march, he should have his horse, gun, and dogs restored to him, and be allowed to return to his regiment, as one disciple of Saint Hubert should always assist another if it is in his power. He was almost overcome with this good news, and the tears rolled from his eyes as he shook me by the hand, and endeavoured to express his thanks. My men having fallen in, and all being in readiness for a move, I ordered the horse, gun, and dogs to be brought round, and wished him adieu. He insisted, however, on my keeping the dogs as a souvenir of our meeting; to which I consented, on his taking a little Koordistan horse in exchange, which I gave in charge of two Hulans of his regiment whom I allowed to accompany him. Had any one seen our parting, they might have thought it was the separation of old friends, for he embraced both Fritz and I, again and again, before mounting his horse. I kept the dogs during the whole of the war, and they furnished me with many a good dinner. When I left Circassia, they fell into the hands of Captain Mackintyre, of the Indian army, who played a conspicuous part at the affair on the Frigur River, when Captain Dymock, of the 95th, fell leading the assault.

I have enjoyed many a good run since that day; but I must own that I never knew what intense excitement was, until I had experienced the fox's sensation when he feels the hot breath of the hounds, and knows that nothing but his speed and his cunning can save his skin.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

BEFORE this paper is published, our racing season will have recommenced; not our legitimate season, be it said, but that bastard period of galloping over an easy course, here called steeple-chasing. On Sunday next they begin jumping at Lamarche. As a steeple-chase, it is an absurdity; but I defy any one who has ever sat on a saddle to go and look at the ground without wishing that he was then and there forced to ride over it. The fences are tempt-

ing, the going usually pretty good, and as for the brook, it absolutely makes your mouth water. We shall miss from our early race-meetings the pleasant presence of our late lamented Secretary of Legation; and even our second secretary will be away on account of the death of Lord Cliefden, who, by-the-by, was as well known in the city by the Seine as in its great rival sister on the banks of the Thames. While on this subject I may add that, as the French say, 'We have no chance' with our embassy. Mr. Conolly is about to leave us for Hong-Kong. I hope he is fonder of tea than I should judge him to be, from some small personal experience of him, and from his birth, parentage, and education.

The shooting season closed here on 16th February, when, on a very bad day—rain on and off, and one of those tempests which have blown incessantly for two months—an Imperial party of nine guns (when we count 'guns' now, however, we must do a little algebra $a \times a$, &c., and remember the second and third guns) killed in the coverts of Fontainebleau 343 head, and shooting did not begin till after one o'clock. Five thousand pheasants were bred in these coverts this year, and next year there will be more. The Empress and Princess Metternich have been doing good business, killing their hundred head a day. The Empress shoots with guns made by Lefauchaux, and is said to be a dead hand. The Emperor still clings to muzzle-loaders, just as the late Sir Richard Sutton did to flint and steel.

Chantilly is very busy; there are about six hundred horses in training there. How many of them are 'flyers' I do not yet know; but I confess that as yet I have heard of no whisper of one except, perhaps, Maravedi, own brother to Dollar. By-the-by, would the racing readers of 'Baily' like to subscribe to the English church built for the three hundred Protestant jockeys of Chantilly? We only want a couple of hundred, and we are anxious to prove to the over-righteous that because we are racing men we are not, consequently, heathens. A select party, including Count de Lagrange, M. Jean Howse, &c., &c., left Paris for Newmarket about a fortnight since. I do not, of course, know what they were about, but I will be bound they did: they always do. I was eating my lunch lately in the 'Byron,' when a small man entered, with a small wife and a small child. 'Do you know who that is?' I asked the hospitable Outhwaite. 'No.' 'That is little Kitchener.' Scenes arose to the mind's eye of the early days of that small jockey, who was included in the gigantic sale completed over the Goodwood breakfast-table—'everything, including the stable-pails and little Kitchener.' I remembered, for instance, the present Earl of Winchelsea riding a horse (I think it was African) for Lord George; there was a false start, and Lord Maidstone (as he was then) came away and went the whole distance. 'Very sorry,' said he to Lord George, who was leading him back, 'but I could not hold him.' 'Kitchener can,' was the brief reply.

I have been paying my annual visit to Mr. Gamble and his young friends in the 'Ecuries Imperiales' of the Tuileries. It is needless here to speak of those stables which every reader of 'Baily' knows, but I must say a few words about the stud. It is better than ever! Old Buckingham, the charger which the Emperor (12st. 7lb.) rode for fourteen hours at Magenta (quite one of the best days of the season) looks as fresh as paint; but for the honour of 'the Shires' I am delighted to proclaim that the first-class medal is given by Professor Gamble, and the public judges in general, to a new purchase, Percival, christened after Great Tom of Wandsford. He is the model of a Leicestershire hunter, and might have gone in this run with the Pytchley, which I am sure men must have come over to Paris to talk about. Now I

have a story of the Prince Imperial. Coming lately from the riding-school, he was met by the Emperor. 'Well, Lulu, how do you get on riding?' 'Oh, very well, papa!' 'Had any falls to-day?' 'Falls! oh, now, indeed!' said indignant Prince. 'Well, you'll never be a rider without having a good 'many,' said papa, recalling, perhaps, certain 'croppers' in those days when, to quote Mr. Kinglake, 'he rode fairly to hounds.' The Prince, on going to the riding-school next day, tried to throw himself off. 'What is your 'Highness doing?' asked the tutor. 'Getting some of those falls the Emperor 'spoke of,' said the child of France, 'for I am determined to be a rider. A very mild and retiring turn-out has just been launched in the Bois, and has created quite a sensation. Peter's very last new brougham. A 'stepper' looking all over like 'Cox,' the neatest harness by Peat, and the best-dressed boy in Paris, have caused several Parisians, of both sexes, who have lately had new broughams here, 'to throw stones at their grandfathers.' The French builders can turn out very light broughams; but then there is literally no room in them, and they will not last. A new system of shoeing has been introduced here; a ledge is cut round the bottom of the hoof, on which the shoe, little heavier than a racing plate, lodges, leaving the foot level with the ground. I am assured that it answers, and it has been tested for eighteen months. Emmanuel, the Bond Street jeweller, has just been bringing an action against M. Calliard, once M.F.H., now come to grief. The purveyor of pearls won the day, but his prices were so cut down, that it must have been one of those victories which are defeats. Most of the debt was naturally incurred for the sake of one of what is erroneously called 'the softer sex,' and the case has given rise to a new proverb—'It is like pouring water 'into a sieve or throwing pearls before Cora.' We have had a terrible time of dissipation—Carnival balls—bals de l'opéra—private masquerades—ministerial 'masques,' and every sort of inducement to prolong one's days, if that can be done by sitting up all night. I wish I could send you a sketch of some of the costumes. Pen cannot describe them. Suffice it to say, that I saw an Angel of Vengeance one night from whom I should never have fled away; and as to 'Africa,' I can say what is seldom said of that 'burning 'clime,' I saw a good deal of her and should not have minded seeing more. Now we are fasting and repenting, so I will close this and go and dine at the club.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February Flittings—Racing Retrospects—Hunting Historiettes
— Illustrious Immortals—General Gossip.

FEBRUARY, sacred to valentines, has been productive of very few sensational occurrences, although, we regret to state, there has been as much demand for the cypress as in December for the holly, and the Biographers have been kept with their 'steam up' during the whole month. The Courts of Justice, also, have been made familiar with racing matters, and the learned Chief of the Queen's Bench showed his Sporting Life had not been forgotten, by the pertinent questions he put to the impertinent plaintiff against the other 'Sporting Life' in the recent action for libel. The verdict was, of course, in its favour, but in point of form only, as, in reality, it is against it; for the recovery of the costs, we are assured, is as hopeless as the endeavour to shave a weasel asleep. However, the advertisement Mr. McCallum got will be read by so many thousands, that even people as far north as Sunderland will

hesitate before making him their financial Agent. The ignorance of Mr. Temple, who got the Fleet Street mount, in consequence of Mr. Hawkins having been taken off, at the last moment, by a prior master, was perfectly appalling, for he inquired if Gladiateur had won the Derby! From this we imagine the learned gentleman must have been in a state of coma during the whole of the last summer and autumn. But we have a strong idea that the ignorance of racing matters in courts of law, expressed by counsel and even judges, is only put on for effect; for at the present time Queen's Counsel are far more men of the world than they were wont to be; and frequenting clubs, and moving in London society, such an exceptional event as a French horse winning the Derby, within a few months, one would have imagined, would have been impressed on the memory; and we have no doubt Mr. Temple's butler, or any of his domestic servants, could have enlightened him on the point, and told him the Derby winner with greater accuracy than the title of the Prime Minister or the name of their parish minister. It is hard the 'Sporting Life' should be a loser by winning; but then, if its conductors will fight other people's battles, and try to save the already burnt children of the public from again going too near the fire, they must pay for their luxury and their attorney's bill of costs. The old motto, that 'threatened men live long,' seems to apply very peculiarly to Doctor Shorthouse, who has had sentence of death passed on him oftener than Mazzini in Austria, and yet, by the address which he puts forth, on the anniversary of 'The Sporting Times' becoming a 'yearling,' it would seem he was flourishing as a bay-tree; and he hints that he has tried his 'young thing' to stay, which is all we want to know, for we have seen it can go 'fast,' and that it is quick at starting. To us the Doctor resembles the pugilist in want of a customer, and as theatrical advertisers in the 'Era', would say, 'Edwin Parr might write.' The encounter between the pair would certainly fill Westminster Hall; but we fancy odds would be laid on the Carshalton Pet, and that his straight deliveries and effective upper-cuts would tell on his opponent. By this language we hope our readers will not think we are qualifying ourselves for the post of pugilistic reporter to the 'Record,' for we perceive the 'Standard' has come to recognise the existence of muscular Christianity, which, up to the present time, it has persistently ignored. The great bug trial has been an immense source of amusement in Yorkshire, where the noble victim has extensive estates, and the report of the proceedings was anxiously watched for and discussed. At one moment the 'Entomologists' were the favourites; but after the butler had taken his preliminary canter, the odds shifted, for his way of going was not liked, and, as John Scott would say, 'he seemed to go tied;' and when the noble defendant said he had never seen a bug in his life, all we can observe is that he must have been very fortunate in his early youth; for in those good days when George the Third was king, there was no hotel or other place of accommodation in England that did not swarm with them. The tenders for the design of the Sayers Monument were not so numerous as for the new Houses of Parliament or the new Palace of Justice, and the admirers of the deceased champion ought to be grateful to Mr. Frank Dowling, of 'Bell's Life 'in London,' for preventing the grave of their idol from being perpetuated by inflictions of New Road professors; and he has really chosen a very neat and simple plan, which consists of a square white marble tomb, at the foot of which there is a recumbent figure of Lion, with his name on his collar, signifying he bore him company to the last. The author of it is a Mr. Morton Edwards, who executed Lord Elgin's bust for the Fifeshire folks, and that of Lord Palmerston for the Town Hall of Tiverton. In justice to another artist, we are

bound to state that Mr. Edwards was only the favourite with the high art critics, for the pet design of the Corps Pugilistique was a mausoleum big enough for Tippoo Saib or Abd-el-Kader, with a lion rampant upon it, his fore-legs standing up like a member of the manly art of self-defence when he goes into the ring. So now, we suppose, we may say we have got to the last chapter in the history of England's Champion, and trust Mr. Dymoke will not feel jealous at the division of the honours paid to so distinguished an office. A very useful scheme is in course of carrying out, viz., the starting of a Club for athletic exercises among gentlemen, on a ground of their own, and carried out on the same principle as at Oxford, where the annual games have just been decided. Such an institution will be sure to be popular, conducted under the auspices of Colonel Bathurst and men of that stamp. Pedestrian matches may then be betted upon with safety, for they will be confined to members, who will not be limited to one exclusive class, but embrace all who have any pretensions to mix with gentlemen. As by the exhibition of the exercises of the Club a taste for gymnastic feats will be contracted, to the abandonment of effeminacy, it is to be hoped the undertaking will receive the support which it so fully deserves at the hands of Sportsmen.

The Racing World has at length woke up from its slumbers, and got to work again in earnest in the provinces. But at Tattersall's neither betters nor backers have got into their action, and Mr. Hill is fearfully short of work, as he has only laid three Derby bets during the month, and those only to a trifling sum. But, in truth, the Derby betting is at a dead-lock, and likely to remain so for some time, unless an accident should occur to one of the front rank, when Auguste in all probability would get the vacant step. The three favourites are 'alarmingly well,' as the Cornet said of his father, from whom he had good expectations, and no one will bet against them. Auguste still gives the Reporters an opportunity of writing down his name; and Louis Napoleon's New Year's Day speech at the Tuileries has not been looked forward to with greater interest than the pronunciamiento of Jennings, at his testimonial dinner at Newmarket,—for it was thought, in dwelling upon his past triumphs, he might allude to forthcoming ones. But we suppose, thinking silence was golden, he made no sign, although he was faced by an 'Emperor,' who was in immense force, and, who, playing with his ring, talked of the loss of his Artillery like his great prototype, after one of his actions. Being in the neighbourhood of John Day's territory in the beginning of the month, we made our way towards it, and paid our respects to the Great Chief of Danebury, who, attired in a white macintosh, was on his hack on the hill, surrounded, like Wellington, by his staff, and watching the operations of his forces. We leave to others to describe their movements, and give bulletins as to their health, and shall content ourselves by saying that Rustic had been polished into a gentleman, and if he had been 'Pooled,' he could not have had a better coat, and the Blue Riband had not faded, by having been kept out of the sun since August. After we had refreshed the inward man—for no one is sent empty away at Danebury—we were presented with a little real souvenir in the shape of a *brochure*, entitled 'Danebury Statistics,' from 1832 to 1865, and which is an exhaustive analysis of the Stable. The work is the production of the Rev. Walter Blount, the landlord and spiritual adviser of John Day, and who, from the extent of his calculations, and the accuracy of his figures, might well have undertaken the training of Messrs. Gladstone and Goschen. That the work was a labour of love, may well be imagined, when the summary which we append is taken into consideration. And the only recompense the worthy pastor has received for his arithmetical studies, is the amusement and interest he has created among the

friends of Danebury and a very large portion of the Sporting World. The Handbook was printed for private circulation, but we were fortunate enough to obtain 'a special license' for reproducing such portions of it as we thought fit, and beneath is the sample :—

DANEBURY STATISTICS FROM 1832 to 1865.
STABLE WINNINGS.

Year.	Winners.	Races.	Value.	Year.	Winners.	Races.	Value.
1832	5	23	2,102	1850	13	23	8,812
1833	6	20	3,345	1851	11	16	4,465
1834	11	32	5,185	1852	11	28	4,880
1835	14	57	7,121	1853	12	18	5,385
1836	14	48	7,429	1854	10	20	12,960
1837	16	42	17,845	1855	22	36	10,246
1838	17	46	18,583	1856	17	27½	13,153
1839	16	49½	17,760	1857	20	34½	10,510
1840	22	39	16,992	1858	15	28	12,447
1841	12	24	9,260	1859	18	49	11,343
1842	10	27½	3,891	1860	4	5	745
1843	12	33	7,735	1861	8	8	930
1844	17	32½	12,692	1862	9	20	5,061
1845	13	23	7,615	1863	19	41	7,674
1846	22	45½	24,030	1864	32	99	23,109
1847	15	37	19,340	1865	32	94	30,815
1848	16	31	12,463				
1849	14	19	7,075		510	1,175½	£362,998

SUMMARY.

342 winning horses.			
185 two years old	367	races . .	£118,481
198 three years old	471½	races . .	165,064
96 four years old and upwards .	337	races . .	79,453
Totals . .	1,175½	races . .	£362,998

PLACED FOR DERBY AND OAKS.

Year.	Derby.	Oaks.	Year.	Derby.	Oaks.
1836	Venison . . 3		1849	..	Woodlark 3
1837	..	Chapeau d'Espagne 2	1850	Pitsford . 2	Kathleen. 2
1838	Grey Momus . 3		1853	Cineas . . 3	
1840	Discord . . 3	Crucifix . . . 1	1854	Andover . . 1	
1844	Ugly Buck . . 4		..	Hermit . . 3	
1845	Old England . 3		1855	Kingstown . 2	
1846	Pyrrhus the 1st 1	Mendicant . . . 1	1856	..	Mincepie. 1
1847	Cossack . . . 1		1859	Marionette . 2	
1848	..	Cymba 1	..	Trumpeter . 3	

Upon those we will make no further comment, beyond that the balance-sheet of last season must give the backers of Rustic and Blue Riband some hope of having a good run for their money. And now Danebury has set the example, we should like Whitewall and Russley to follow suit, and then some interesting comparisons might be drawn between the trio, and much valuable information derived. The touts, as might be imagined, are in great force at Stockbridge, and partake freely of the juice of the Vine, at which hostelry they are located for the season, and, unlike their Northern brethren, they have become quite luxurious in their habits, having established a table d'hôte at the fashionable hour of

half-past four, and settle their bill of fare before they go out in the morning. Of course they have had a rough time of it lately, and from information we have received, Harry Goater, at Lyttleton, has given 'the old hoss,' as the Yankees would call the gentleman stationed in that district, such a quantity of strong work, that he has almost broken down, and goes very short indeed; and as his pipes are not in the best order—we do not mean his tobacco ones—some apprehensions are entertained that he will turn a roarer, and have to be put out of training. Of course both he and his brethren had to work extra hours for Lincoln, but we have not heard of much good resulting from it, except in a rather larger expenditure of postage stamps, for which Mr. Gladstone will no doubt be grateful. Lincoln would not have been itself if it had not been beset with meteorological doubts, and 'to run or not to run,' was the question uppermost in everybody's mind. The muster of the old and new school was very great, and we should imagine the Admiral, who was of the Blankney party, for the first time in his life saw a two-year old run in February, and his assistance at the first Meeting of the year, we regard as potent a sign of the times as the appearance of a comet in summer is significant of heat. As it looks like a conversion to the new order of things; for hitherto, as operatic stars never came out before Easter, so the *débüt* of the Admiral was always understood to be reserved for Northampton. For our own parts, we are free to confess we read the announcement of his name being among those whom the Reporters notice, with considerable satisfaction; for Lincoln has been too often the theatre of operations which it would not do to scrutinize too closely; and when he is known to have arrived, or be *en route*, the intelligence flies as quickly among little Trainers, who thought of having a day to themselves, as the intelligence of the Indian mutiny sped among the Hindoos; and a heavy blow and great discouragement to Plating robberies is thereby inflicted. From the number of starters for the Lincoln Handicap one might have fancied that Goodwood had been put back from August; and, to prevent a recurrence of Copenhagen sharing the fate of Manrico last year, Mr. Elliott was ordered to haul down his flag, and Mr. McGeorge hoisted it in his stead. Danebury and Epsom furnished the favourites, but Malton produced the winner in the shape of Treasure Trove, a very useful colt, the image of Colsterdaie, to half of whom he is credited in the Stud-book. He was very fit, and John Shepherd, who had had lots of time with him, found out by Lion, that he was good enough to win; so his owner came to London, to engage his jockey and do his own commission. There is no need to describe the race, as Barker got a capital start with him, and never was headed from the instant the flag fell. Although Custance rode with desperate energy to beat him on Saccharometer, he never could quite get up, and was beaten by a short head. But the 'Sac' party imagines that if the boy had not dropped his whip, their horse would have won, for he was so partial to his flogger, that the Treasure in all probability would have stopped to it, and Custance been just enabled to do him. Copenhagen, who was in such force that a stranger would have imagined that half the Danish nobility were present in the Stand, showed the speed for which he was credited at home, up to a certain point, but failed at the last pinch, and never could fairly reach the leading pair. Of course he underwent the usual revolution in public opinion, and a rather hostile feeling was entertained towards Rustic, but the manifestation was only verbose, and not a moneyed one, otherwise it would have been very quickly put down. The Brocklesby was quite as good a race as the Handicap; and Mr. Chaplin has to thank Custance for 'the working 'out of his Problem,' as he beat Jemmy Grimshaw on the Sacrifice filly, by sheer jockeyship, as the blind followers of the latter did not hesitate to confess. Rarely—in modern times at least—has any jockey been so much overrated as

this lad, who has been supposed to have acquired, during his apprenticeship, the seat of Jem Robinson, the knowledge of pace of Sam Chifney, and the deadly rush of Job Marson. Whereas the real truth is, that he is always rolling about on his animal, and although well enough in 'Scurries,' Plates, and Handicaps, he nearly always gets done when he has to finish beside such a jockey as Johnny Osborne, Custance, or Fordham. That time will give him experience, we have no doubt; and if he will only condescend to take lessons from his seniors, a great future is before him. The reception which Mr. Chaplin's tenants gave Problem on her return to scale, and which was taken up by the Ring, fully confirmed the character we gave him when his portrait figured in our Gallery. Taken altogether, if Lincoln is an augury of what we may expect during the season, the followers of Racing have good cause for congratulation. But we fancy the Marquis of Hastings and friends found Ackworth a pleasanter place to stop at than Copenhagen.

The steeplechase season has not been an unimportant one, although the crack events in this line are yet to come off. But the rule of 'The Committee of the Grand National' has been attempted to be shaken by Mr. Yates, who has, however, upon second thoughts, recouped the amount of the South Berkshire Stakes, for which his horse Bristles was disqualified. In this step he has not disappointed the expectations we formed of him, for he is a real good sportsman, running more for sport than money; and it would have been a pity if he had embroiled himself, at so early a period of his career, with the authorities whose tribunal he acknowledged when he subscribed to the race. And it is to be hoped that Mr. Sheward, the real, or reputed owner of Old Oswestry, will follow suit, and submit with good taste to what must be termed a cruel slice of ill luck. Lord Poulett's lot continue to be most in demand for Liverpool, and as all his representatives that have yet been in public this year have been there or thereabouts, there are fair grounds for the conclusion they will take their own parts over Aintree. Birmingham was a success: Harrow, from the mud and rain, only fit for scavengers: and the Guards had two good field days at Windsor.

Usually hunting men are stopped by frost, and not by open weather; but the exception has now become the rule, and half the studs in the Shires are *bors de combat*. About a fortnight back, Mr. Henry Chaplin was stated not to have a horse left; and other gentlemen of equal standing, and with similar resources in the shape of horseflesh, have been in a like position. For reinforcements, money has not been wanting, but the articles are not in the market, and Messrs. Mason, Rice, Cockerell, and Cox, have all despatched their Special Commissioners to the east, west, north, and south, but with very little benefit, and the Paris traffic is stopped. Resignations of countries are pouring in, we are sorry to see, and there will be more changes than have been known for years. In most cases, costiveness on the part of the subscribers is the alleged cause; and it is really too bad there should be as much difficulty in collecting subscriptions to hounds as getting in a church rate in the stronghold of Wesleyanism. The future of the Quorn will be decided after we have gone to press, but we hope and believe measures will be taken for its preservation. The Duke of Rutland has been able to show the Prince of Wales two good specimens of Leicestershire hunting, and his Royal Highness is said to have gone very well, and to have been very much amused by the moving accidents by 'field and flood' which he witnessed and heartily entered into. It is only in Norfolk, and now and then in Berkshire, that his Royal Consort can join him in the field, and we learn from an eye-witness in the former county, that 'Denmark's Daughter' enters into the sport like a thorough Englishwoman and the Mother of Kings; and on one occasion, when the animal she was riding

twice refused a hurdle, her Royal Highness would not be denied, and kept him at it until he took it. The retirement of Charles Davis, we will not prefix the Mr., for it would be an insult to do it, commences on the date of our publication, after sixty-five consecutive seasons in the service of her Majesty as her huntsman. The reason of his retirement, he himself informs us, is want of physical strength, for a ride of twenty-five miles home, after a three hours' run, is too much for him to go through. And on April the 1st he will commence being a gentleman at large, and by the express desire of her Majesty he is to live in his old quarters, and have a horse kept for him to amuse himself; and in trusting he may be spared long, we are sure we are only re-echoing the wish of all his friends, that he may still be allowed to take his part in the royal cortége up the New Mile at Ascot, for he has been so long identified as one of the leading performers in it, and regarded with universal interest as the finest horseman in Europe. In Hertfordshire, our anticipations of Mr. Leigh succeeding Lord Dacre have been realised, and we understand he is going to inaugurate his dynasty by the building of new stables and kennels. The members of the South Berks are inconsolable at the death of Mr. Montague, and have hunted since in black coats, and Mr. Hargreaves has done the thing well, and the pack have had rare sport. The Hampshire Hunt farmers gave Mr. Deacon a handsome entertainment on the 20th, to show their appreciation of him and the sport he has shown them, when mutual regrets were exchanged at the prospects of parting. The Hursley had a splitting thirty-five minutes on the 17th, from Damper's Oak to Armfield Wood, and the hounds ran quite away from the horses, Captain Bielgood being the nearest to them. We hear good accounts of the sport this month in the Craven country. Up to the 20th they had good runs every day they went out; since then the scent has been indifferent. The best things were on the 9th, the day after the Hunt Ball, when they had a very fast forty minutes, and ran to ground in Cutmore Borders. The next day they had an hour and ten minutes from Stone's Gorse, and killed in Moss Hill; and on the 12th they found in Great Holt, and ran very fast indeed for fifty minutes, over a very stiff country, and killed near Hamsted village. They also had a good sporting day from Catenwood on the 14th, killing their first fox, and running their second to ground after two hours and ten minutes. Harris, the huntsman, had a bad fall at the end of January, and will not be out again this season. Lord Poulett's whips have been both down with the measles, leaving him almost single-handed. But he had got on as well as could be expected, and is rather 'nutty,' we hear, on his Wickham Gate Day, which was all that could be wished. In Gloucestershire, the Cotswold difficulty has not yet been got over, and party spirit ran very high. With a view of investigating it, 'The Field' despatched a Special Commissioner, who, 'The Gloworm' stated in true ministerial phraseology, had drawn up a report, which was justified by the evidence he had taken in respect to it. The Duke of Beaufort's hounds could not expect such another month as January: their best days were on the 2nd, when their first fox was found in Greatwood, and ran to ground in the V. W. H. country, beyond Bassett, in thirty-four minutes. The second they found in Cleve Wood, and run over a beautiful line to within two miles of Swindon. On the 16th they found in Miles's Gorse, and ran *via* Swallett's Gate nearly to Christian Malford, where he turned to the right, and crossing the Dauntsey brook, went on to Garsden, and was killed under the windows at Charlton Park, a nine mile point. The Dauntsey brook was a bumper, but of the few who got over, none landed in better style than the Hon. Godfrey Morgan. The Berkeley hounds have been having fair sport, and their run from Blackthorn, over the cream of the Frampton country, when they killed their fox without a check, after nearly an hour's run, will be long remembered. It is a

matter of regret that the weather should cause a diversity of opinion as to what are hunting days and what are not, a catastrophe which occurred on the 22nd instant, when many were disappointed, as on former occasions. The fact is, the hounds have shown such good sport, that those who go with them cannot afford to lose their company even for one day. In Dorsetshire, the Vale of Blackmore have had some capital sport; and the refusal of Lord Portman to give the Duke of Beaufort a day at Chritelhill, has given rise to some rather strong remarks among the natives in the want of taste that it showed. Captain Hankey has sent in his papers to the Surrey Union, and his unpopular staff follow him. The Warwickshire Masters have had due honour paid to them by a Hunt Dinner at Leamington, when the announcement that Mr. Milne would remain in office gave great satisfaction to the North Warwickshire men; and Mr. North's advice to his constituents was conceived in the best taste. The 'Sporting Gazette,' which ought to be behind the scenes in Lincolnshire and Worcestershire, asserts that Mr. Henry Chaplin will succeed Lord Doneraile in the Burton country; and although Lord Coventry has refused the Worcestershire, which was naturally offered him on the retirement of Mr. Vernon, he will combine with the Committee in getting another day, or hunt the Crome side of the country with a pack of his own, and contribute generally to the sport. The Waterloo run with the Pytchley, to which we have given the prominence it deserves elsewhere, is the subject of as much discussion as the Rinderpest, or the Fenians; and 'Argus' was not very far wrong when he stated it would lead to a vast expenditure in claret. We leave the worthy Master of the Pytchley to fight his own battles, which he is quite capable of doing. But we fear with some of the dissentients the grapes are sour. Mr. Tailby shows no diminution in his good sport, as the sporting weeklies show, and to their columns we must refer our readers for his 'good things,' as we have not space to reproduce them; and we are glad to hear he is recovered from the very severe fall he had on the Gumley day. Hunting belts would seem to have gone out of fashion, as Elstoble, the great artificer of them, we perceive, has come to grief, and compounded with his creditors.

The Bramham Moor Hounds continue to rattle away and catch their foxes. Stephen Goodall's cry, 'For'd!—for'd!—for'd!' frightens the foxes, cheers the hounds, and makes the field look alive. An account of their good days would overload the 'Van,' and we therefore give one sample. Friday, February 16th, the popular fixture, Thorp Arch, collected a large number of sporting men, and at 11.15 the hounds were thrown into the picturesque cover on the banks of the River Wharf. Instantly the 'sweet music' was heard, and the fox broke cover, but was headed short back by the foot people, and was in danger of sudden death. However, this was no hand-fed fox; he was equal to the occasion, and, after a little dodging, went away boldly to the Thorp Arch Station over some bad-scenting deep plough, ran parallel with the railway to the banks of the River Wharf, putting his head straight over a splendid line of grassings pointing for Tadcaster, hounds clearing the horses, and settling to business. After the first mile the pace became good; and as the hounds crossed the Wighill and Tadcaster road all those who were near enough to see the hounds driving in a body over the wet fields felt the necessity of doing all they knew. 'Forrard!—on!' screamed the Master; 'they will be through Shireoaks in two seconds!' and forward they were streaming away, leaving Catterton half a mile to the right to Angram bottoms, and close to Angram village, where there was a check at the end of nearly eight miles straight. The hounds being allowed to cast for themselves hit him off again, and he now turned back, pointing his head west, and ran by Fairy Cars, Nova Scotia, the Loft, Hall Park Springs, keeping outside these covers,

nearly to Walton village. Here they got to slow hunting, the peculiar running of the fox showing how anxious he was to puzzle his pursuers. After leaving the village on the right, slow hunting to the field next Walton Wood. Here, most unfortunately, the Huntsman listened to a rustic, who said he had seen the fox go 'past the end of the wood, and held his hounds on round the wood, &c., losing much time. However, coming back to where he lost the line, the hounds in a most workmanlike manner hunted at a walk for a mile towards Wighill village. Now Lexicon speaks—now Flasher roars—now Sportsman drives—and up jumped the fox in a little spinny in the corner of a field. Again all who had watched this proceeding, and could raise a gallop, were at work. They left Duce Wood on the left, Helaugh Church on the right, Angram village on the left, and Bilborough on the left. Faster and faster they go; and he just reaches Atherton Wood, the hounds pulling him down in the ride 3 hours 20 minutes—the distance certainly more than 23 miles. Goodall was very much pleased with the stoutness of the dog pack; every hound was up, and all trotted away for their kennels with their sterns over their backs. Poor Charles Treadwell did indeed leave a first-rate pack behind him. The country was deep, the grief plentiful. Those who saw the run will not forget it. The Guards were where they always will be—to the front. Captains Fairfax and Lane Fox rode honestly and well. Mr. Robinson also was there to let the Bramham Moor men see that the York and Ainsty have a real good man.

The Bedale men are now anxious to keep their Master, the Hon. Ernest Duncombe, M.P.; and the 'liberal' fellows promise to subscribe a little more, and say they will keep a fox if he will continue to work for their amusement. He has plenty of pluck; and it is to be hoped he will give them another trial. The farmers are very anxious to keep a Duncombe to the front.

A couple of really good fights have recently been brought off in a manner to revive the hopes of the lovers of the Noble Art of Self-Defence; and having seen both losers, who wore the regular Sayers uniform when on duty, viz., plaid shooting-jacket, tight trousers, laced boots, and fur cap, we can satisfy anxious inquirers they are not the worse for wear.

The Coursers had a grand week at Waterloo, and the fact of Brigadier, the winner of the Cup, having been sold as a pup for five-and-twenty shillings increased the interest of the victory. Hebe ran to her old form, and Isaac afforded his backers such good hedging, that his Prophet Robin Hood, who assured the readers of 'The Field' that either he or Fieldfare would win, has woke up and found himself as much an idol as his namesake with the archers.

Our Tables of Mortality are so unusually large, that we fear our vehicle will bear a greater resemblance to a Hearse than a Van, but of course we are not responsible for it. Ireland has to mourn Lord Milltown; Cheshire and Lancashire grieve over Captain White; and Oxfordshire deplores Sir Henry Peyton. Northamptonshire will hardly miss Lord Clifden, as he so seldom visited his estate; but we perceive he has not forgotten it, as he desires his remains should rest in his family vault at Holmanby. The almost simultaneous death of so many celebrities naturally caused a rush on 'Scott and Sebright,' that Sporting Lemprière, which affords such manna to the Turf biographers, who are sure to find their subject in an instant, fit and ready for dissection. Lord Milltown was one of the most extraordinary men that ever crossed the Irish Channel, and his bodily deficiencies were made up for by his mental acquirements, which were of the very keenest order; and no Irish Peer could give him an ounce—which is paying him the highest compliment in our power; for among his associates were some who could be backed against the field at Newmarket or in St. James's Street. We were at Danebury when we read

the announcement of his death ; and as he had been one of the employers of the Stable, we thought we might get some anecdotes from John Day about him. But all that John recollected of him was, that he was invariably whistling, and had a bad memory for accounts. And we fear neither his Cæsarewitch or Chester Cup did much good for him, or he would have gone on longer. Captain White, who has been 'Saturday Reviewed'—an honour he could hardly have anticipated—has called forth a host of sincere regrets from the best Sportsmen in the country, and Manchester is justly proud of him, and has insisted upon claiming him as one of her sons, which we believe to be the case. Having already said so much of him, there remains but little to be added. We left him in January, wrestling with the common enemy, as strongly and resolutely as if he was riding for a Granby, or a Billesdon Coplow ; but he could not finish ; and, although he suffered very much the day previous to his death, he went out like the snuff of a candle—at peace with all mankind. Within a week of his death, he rallied enough to sit up in bed and write a letter to his young friend, the Hon. Master Cotton, who is now at Eton, with instructions how to ride to hounds ; and as the epistle will have a melancholy interest for our readers, especially the younger portion of them, we hope to be enabled to publish it in our next. The Captain's funeral was a striking one—every window in Glossop, in which churchyard he was buried, having the blinds drawn down. Only two friends, and Peter Collinson, the Huntsman of the Cheshire, besides his family, acted as mourners. But hundreds followed the great hunter to the grave, to show the respect they entertained for him in all the relations in life ; and even the Squire, who is as sensitive of his own honour as an Emery, we are sure will not feel annoyed at being bracketed with him in the same Walhalla. Neither is Peter likely to forget the last words he addressed him :—'*Mind, you must have plenty of bone, Peter, good loins and back ribs for those Saughton Copses.*' The Captain has left behind him a widow, one son, and two married daughters, in addition to his lasting fame as an English Sportsman.

Sir Henry Peyton will be especially missed in Oxfordshire, the scene of his own and his father's sporting triumphs. He was born in 1800, and educated at Harrow and Christchurch. After Nimrod's testimony to his riding, he needs no certificate from us ; and the character he earned in Leicestershire he maintained for many seasons in the Bicester country during the Mastership of the father of the present Mr. Drake, with whose hounds he was the leading man. With the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Anson in the adjoining Heythrop and Atherstone countries, he was also in the habit of showing them the way. He particularly distinguished himself in a tremendous run with the latter on his Edgcot mare. In a run also of an hour and forty minutes with the King's Stag-hounds from Weedon Hill over the strongest part of the Vale of Aylesbury, Mr. Henry Peyton had the hounds entirely to himself for the last hour, beating all the best men of the Royal Hunt, who had come to cut down the yokels. But all of a sudden a change came o'er the spirit of his dream ; and although he continued to hunt, nothing could induce him to jump the smallest fence. The last horse upon which he really 'went' was Lancastrian, afterwards the sire of the celebrated steeple-chase mare Miss Mowbray. He was almost as good on the flat as across country ; and with his own horse Glovecutter, and Isaac Saddler's Jocko, for holding and going about with whom, Y. King of Stockbridge saved halfpence enough to buy his present watch, he used to make great havoc with the welter weights at Bibury and other country Meetings. To steeple-chasing he was also partial, riding his own horse Bamford at St. Alban's in 1834, when he was not placed ; but he afterwards won a Hunt Steeple Chase on his own horse Winkey Bos, beating Lord Waterford and several others of that school. Although not so famed as a coachman as his father, in his

younger days he was considered a first-rate shooter to a drag. Of his love of good things many excellent stories are afloat, but the best we take to be was his sudden departure from the house of a friend whom he took *flagrante delicto* in the act of mixing the sherry and Marsala; and no power on earth could induce him to enter inside his doors again; and he had courage enough to avow the reason. In his breakfasts he did all in his power to promote the *entente cordiale* between the *cuisines* of France and England, and had his reward for his exertions in the strong indorsement of his views by his friends. He was also the first to introduce the fashion of wearing toothpicks in the field, and he was true to the last to his neat old-fashioned style of dress. For some time he lost the sight of both eyes from a cataract, but it was happily restored by an operation, and he was able to amuse himself according to his own fashion. He died like all his race have done, and are likely to do, viz., regretted and beloved.

Lord Clifden had been, for the last two years, nothing but a splendid wreck, and his sinking could occasion no pain to his relatives and friends, as it must have been a happy release from his pitiable condition. A more used-up being than the infant which Sir Thomas Lawrence has immortalized in his famous picture of Lady Dover and Child, grew into, could hardly be understood in the outside world. Reserved, selfish, and indolent, he seemed to live for himself alone. Many thought him proud, but in reality he was not so, for that would have cost him an exertion he did not care to make; and he was very goodnatured where he took. His confederate, Mr. Villiers, set him against several jockeys and trainers; but when the fatal incubus was removed, he renewed his relations with them, and they would always speak a good word for him. His luck with his race-horses, from Surplice to Homily, was, on the whole, very good, and far greater than he had a right to expect for a young beginner, and had his health permitted, we believe he would have gone on after his marriage. His carriage appointments and horses were always first-rate, and he astonished the Florentines and Romans by travelling through Italy with three carriages and a squadron of gendarmes, in case of being attacked by the brigands; and as we pursued the same route ourselves, in the week following the one in which he went from Florence to Rome, we can bear testimony to the exalted opinions the landlords of the hotels at Viturbo and other stages entertained of him; and in both those cities he laid out large sums in the purchase of works of art, which his accomplished mind could well appreciate. In his betting he was pretty fortunate, and he had enormous faith in 'Lord Frederick,' whom he followed like a child, and nothing amused him so much as his Lancashire patter. A curious illustration of the opinion he entertained of him we will give:—At one of the Newmarket Meetings a young gentleman, a member of an Essex family, and noted for his habit of whistling, came up to 'Lord Frederick' after dinner in the Subscription Room, and saying he knew he was fond of getting something out of an outsider for the Derby, asked him what he would bet him against a colt for the Derby. 'Why he is 'dead, I tell thee. What is the use of backing him?' was the reply. 'I 'know better,' said the young 'un, 'and I'll take 1000 to 15 about him.' 'Well, then, you must write down "dead or alive," and I'll bet it you.' The wager was accordingly booked; but before Lord Frederick, who is not a fast caligrapher, had finished writing, he was accosted by Lord Clifden, who had walked across the room, and said, 'What have you been doing, my Lord? I 'have been watching you with that young 'un, and I have laid a pony to a fiver 'you have got the best of the transaction.' 'Well, that is the strangest thing 'I have ever heard of, as I have got the best of the lad, for I have betted him 'against a really dead horse; but I have made him put it down dead or alive

'and you have won your fiver.' That we have not exaggerated the indolence of Lord Clifden, we will proceed to show by a couple of illustrations, which we think will clearly exemplify it:—Of a most impassible disposition, he was never seen but twice out of temper. Once, when at Newmarket, his valet was left behind at Cambridge with his clothes, and he was compelled to dine at the Rooms in his morning dress, old Bob Sly being extemporised into a body servant, and ordered to wash his hands before he helped him take off his shirt to cool; and the latter, we have no doubt, can even now recollect the terms in which he expressed himself as to his unfortunate position on the occasion. Another time his irritability positively rose into indignation, when Mr. E. R. Clarke subpoenaed him at Westminster to speak to his signature on a bill for a very large sum of money. But although he was released from his liability for it, he could not listen for an instant to the apology of the D'Orsay for calling him, but he demanded, in a tone which even Captain White might have envied, to know the cause why he was called out of a bed at so early an hour, and before he had had his breakfast; and he never would look at him afterwards. By his end we hope the young generation of patricians will take example, and we will let his follies lie with him in his family grave at Holmanby.

Sam Day's end was more sudden than could have been expected, for he was at Tattersall's on the morning of his death, full of spirits and fun as usual, and anxious for a new employer. Like his family, he was a brilliant horseman, and rode more Derby winners than any one, although we dare say if Old John had had the same mounts he would have done the same thing. But Uncle Sam, as he was always called, was a compound of good and ill-luck, the weather being fine one morning and bad the next. After he had won his second Derby on Priam, he very soon gave up riding, and took a farm near Reading, where he endeavoured to benefit mankind by making two blades of grass spring up where only one grew before. But this occupation not proving profitable, however patriotic, he put the flannels on again, and again won a Derby and Oaks, for Mr. Gully, on Pyrrhus the First and Mendicant. Then after a short time he retired in favour of his nephew Alfred; and the rest of his life was consumed in training a few horses and breaking his leg, which he did three times. An accident of this sort occurring to a man once in his life generally has an effect on his temper, but with Uncle Sam it never told; and even on the third occasion he never murmured, but bore the affliction with his usual fortitude, and some people might have imagined that he rather liked it. Throughout the number of years he was in the saddle, his honesty was no more questioned than his ability, and he will be much regretted by those who were capable of appreciating his good qualities. He was in his 65th year, we should add, when he died.

Of general news we have little to report. The New Albert Club—an offspring of the Victoria—has been a great success, and can now boast of half a thousand members, who seem already to appreciate the moderate nature of the subscription and the excellence of the cuisine, which will bear a favourable comparison with several West-end establishments of higher pretensions. The Royal Ascot Hotel has been newly decorated and done up, and opens its portals in the beginning of the ensuing month. Street betting has been rendered by the police authorities almost as difficult as duck shooting, and there has been a regular exodus of the miscellaneous crew which used to assemble daily behind the Ruins and the Brewery in Tottenham Court Road. And the only way of getting a bet with Mr. Robert Mather, a good and safe man, is by having a flying shot, as at a snipe.

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and Turf Guide.

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APRIL, 1866.

VOL. XII.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.

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1866.

DIARY FOR APRIL, 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	EASTER SUNDAY.
2	M	Newmarket Craven Meeting commences.
3	Tu	Easter Tuesday—Newmarket Handicap Day.
4	W	Catterick Bridge Races.
5	Th	The Tattersall Dinner at Willis's Rooms, 1864.
6	F	The Oakley Hunt and Croydon Steeple-chases.
7	S	The Croydon Steeple-chases.
8	S	LOW SUNDAY.
9	M	Chelmsford Spring Meeting.
10	Tu	The Grand National Steeple-chase at Crewkerne.
11	W	The Grand National Steeple-chases.
12	Th	Epsom Spring Meeting. City and Suburban Day.
13	F	Epsom Spring Meeting. The Metropolitan Day.
14	S	Cheltenham Steeple-chases.
15	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
16	M	Newmarket Spring Meeting commences.
17	Tu	The Two Thousand Day. Irish Grand National Steeple-chases.
18	W	Irish Grand National Steeple-chases at Kildare.
19	Th	The One Thousand Guinea Day at Newmarket.
20	F	Liverpool Hunt Club Races.
21	S	Hambleton Hunt Steeple-chase.
22	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
23	M	Settling Day at Tattersall's for Newmarket.
24	Tu	Chester Races commence.
25	W	The Chester Cup Day.
26	Th	The Scottish National Hunt Steeple-chases.
27	F	The Stewards' Cup Day at Chester.
28	S	Eastbourne Hunt Steeple-chases.
29	S	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.
30	M	Settling Day for Chester at Tattersall's.

RACING FIXTURES.

APRIL.

Vincennes	1	Catterick Bridge	5	Newmarket First Spring	16
Newmarket Craven	2	Abergavenny	5	Kildare	17
Durham	2	Lichfield Spring	9	Cardiff	17
Blackheath and Woolwich	2	Thirsk	10	Liverpool Hunt Club	20
Beverley Spring	2	Chelmsford Spring	10	Bromley	20
Paris Spring	2	Grand National Hunt and		Chester	24
Knighton	3	West Somerset	10	Cork	25
Tralee	4	Epsom Spring	12	Eastbourne Hunt	28

Austin Her Thomas

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.

THE Flower of English Sportsmen have been culled from the English Army, and it is well known that the late Duke of Wellington preferred having foxhunters on his staff in the Peninsula to any other class of officer, as they were so much better adapted for carrying despatches, by being able to get across country. And had the Gentleman, whose name figures at the head of this page, served under the then Commander in Chief, his merits would undoubtedly have been as much recognized, as they are at the present day in a different arena.

Mr. John Anstruther Thomson, the Master of 'The Pytchley,' was born at Cheriton, in the county of Fife, on the 8th of August, 1818, and is the son of Mr. John Anstruther, who assumed the additional surname of Thomson, on account of the accession to the estate of Charleton. Mr. Thomson, who is a member of one of the oldest Scottish families, being twentieth in direct descent from William de Candela, Lord of Anstruther, and heir of line of the St. Clairs, Earls of Orkney, received his education at Eton, and after travelling on the Continent with a private tutor, he entered the 9th Lancers, in March 1836. His selection of this corps was a happy one for the interest of the chase, inasmuch as it strengthened his impulses for it, there being more good horsemen in the regiment, at the time he joined, than were, perhaps, to be found in any other in the service. And we have only to mention such names as Percy Williams, Hope Grant, John Maddocks, Lord Rosslyn, Sir Charles Ibbotson, Mr. Willoughby, and Mr. Whalley, to corroborate our assertion. With 'The Ninth,' from the earliest records of the corps, Diana has always been the prevailing goddess, and no more enthusiastic votary had she than the young Cornet, who was found to know more about hounds and horses than most recruits. This may be accounted for by his having first seen a pack with old Will Crane, who was with the Duke of Wellington in Spain, and being regularly entered by John Walker, at Dunraden, in 1831, when between twelve and thirteen years of age, seeing the fox killed at a spot which has now become the reservoir of the cotton mills in that valley. Moreover, from his father having been Master of the Fife Hounds, he got an insight into kennel work and the minutiae of

the field, by which he was not slow to profit. On 'The Ninth' being ordered to India, Mr. Thomson exchanged into the 13th Light Dragoons, a regiment with similar proclivities, and which was stationed at Ipswich. And it was here he started a pack of stag-hounds, which are still remembered in the county for the excellent sport they showed. He himself acted as Master with two rattling good hunters called Cannibal and Prisoner, while Col. Maddocks whipped in with Creole and Sir William, and Mr. John Le Grew, as second whip, completed the staff. At the close of the season, the hounds were made over to the Scots Greys, and it was while hunting with them that Lord William Hill was unfortunately killed, by his horse carrying him against a tree in Bramcote Park, near Ipswich. The regiment being moved to Hampton Court, beagles were substituted for stag-hounds, and were followed on foot, and the pack being chiefly composed of Mr. Honeywood's blood, gave plenty of sport over the country within reach of the barracks. One old hare, in particular, that lived in the market gardens of Brentford, had given Mr. Thomson two capital runs, beating him on each occasion. But there was luck in odd numbers, as the third time that he found her he brought her to hand at the end of a long day. The next morning he was served with notices from all the market gardeners around, threatening him with all the pains and penalties of the law if he trespassed again. But this step was unnecessary, as the inducement to do so no longer existed.

From Hampton Court the 13th marched to Exeter, the beagles following in a cart. While here, Mr. Thomson suggested that, to solve a discussion as to the merits of the packs of Mr. Russell and Mr. Fellowes, who hunted in Devonshire with small hounds and big ones, they should run together. This idea was immediately entertained by Mr. Fellowes, the owner of the big pack, and carried out in a day or so. Mr. Russell officiated as huntsman, and as far as the merits of the hounds were concerned, there was little difference perceptible; for in the small enclosures of Devonshire, it looked as if the field was full of hounds, and there were so many abreast, they could hardly get off the line. It was during the time of the corps being at Exeter that Mr. Russell had his celebrated run through seventeen parishes, and which lasted from 12.30 to 5 P.M., and Mr. Thomson and Colonel Maddocks were the most conspicuous performers in it. As the turn of the regiment on the 'Roster' for Ireland came on, the 13th quitted Exeter, and the beagles were sold to some gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and are now designated the Royal Rock Beagles. No sooner had the regiment arrived in Ireland, than the sporting spirit broke out afresh, and Mr. Thomson started a new pack of staghounds at Cahir; and it is a subject for remark that he was the only huntsman who ever had a Colonel for a whipper-in, as Colonel Laurensen and the late Colonel Felton Harvey both acted in that capacity, and after giving the Kildares a taste of his quality at Dublin, in 1847, he sold out of the service. The first step adopted by Mr. Thomson, after he had left the army,

was to take the Atherstone country, vacated by Mr. Charles Colville, and as his knowledge of 'the Noble Science' had preceded him, the subscribers were not a little proud of him. The sport he showed them was superior to any they had before experienced, and the second season was distinguished by that capital run on New Year's Day from Appleby Gorse, when with Stephen Goodall and Stephen Shephard the hounds swam the Thames twice. On giving up for a time the Atherstone, he was succeeded by Mr. W. Wilson, of Gurnley, and went back to Fife, and as the Fife hounds had been sold the previous year to Sir Richard Sutton, he purchased the Donnington dog pack of Mr. John Storey and Sir Seymour Blane, and hunted his father's country, having Will Shene, one of John Walker's disciples, as head man, and Charles Pike, from the Devon, whipped in. They were very short of foxes all that season, and the hounds ran red deer like fury. The following year he returned to his first love, the Atherstone, and remained five years in office at the head of affairs, except during one winter, when he was at Rome, and Lord Curzon did deputy for him with good success. At the termination of his connection with the Atherstone, Mr. Thomson went over with his own hounds to 'The Bicester,' which country Mr. Drake, from ill health, had been compelled to give up. Here he stayed two seasons, having the good sport that almost invariably followed him, but his whip, Will Cross, went mad. His best run during this Mastership was the memorable one from Claydon Woods, over the heavy country called Marsh Gibbon, climbing Brill Hill, to the Quarters, in Oxfordshire, fully sixteen miles from point to point. Mr. Thomson and five others alone saw the best part of it, but no one the finish, although Mr. George Drake went on the longest. At the end of this season, Mr. Thomson's hounds and horses were disposed of at the hammer, when Maximus, from the way he went in the run we have just described, realised 680 guineas, which sum was given for him by Lord Stamford; and John Whitehall, who had been ten years with Mr. Thomson, accompanied the horse to Enville. Mr. Thomson then returned to Fife, and for one year was without hounds, although he occasionally assisted Lord Rosslyn; and in 1858, when poor Ned Oxtoby was obliged to give up from ill-health, he entered into partnership with that Nobleman, who had joined Lord Derby's administration as Secretary for War; and with Fred Turpin and Stephen Dobson, now with the Vale of White Horse, and Rufford, he hunted the hounds until two years back, when he seceded in favour of Colonel Babington. Mr. Thomson was next raised to the Mastership of the Pytchley, the highest appointment in the hunting world, and with equal standing with that of the Quorn. The vacancy which he filled up was caused by the retirement of Lord Spencer, and a more worthy successor could not have been found. Of his sport, of which the climax was the Waterloo run, enough has already been said in the newspapers and periodicals devoted to the records of the chase. As good wine needs no bush, so Mr. Thomson stands in need of no recommendation as a huntsman; and that he is

one of the most dangerous enemies the fox has ever had to encounter will hardly be denied even by those who have ventured to call the Waterloo run an accursed affair. Although so keen and ardent a sportsman, Mr. Thomson is patient and persevering as a huntsman, and carries out to the full extent the golden rule of letting his hounds hunt. As a horseman, he is first-rate, having fine hands, and a temper not easily ruffled. Like many good men of his inches, he rides through rather than over a country, crashing through strong thick fences, which would be quite impracticable to a light man. In like manner he plunges without hesitation into water which cannot be jumped, taking his chance of getting out on the other side. Riding only for the purpose of getting to his hounds, and not for the sake of showing off, wherever his hounds go, Mr. Anstruther Thomson will follow them. In private life his popularity is as great as when he is in the field; and if further references to his worth beyond this testimony are needed, we would recommend the querists to apply to the Clubs of London, and the Masters of Foxhounds of England and Ireland; and we are glad to find the difficulties which stood in the way of his continuing in office have been removed, and that he is likely to remain for some years the Master of the Pytchley.

Mr. Thomson married, on the 22nd of August, 1852, Miss Caroline Maria Agnes Robina Gray, only child of the Rev. John Hamilton Gray, of Carntyn, and has two sons, the youngest of whom, from his promise, bids fair to figure, in years to come, in the same gallery with his father.

THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF HORSE-RACING, BY THE HON. ADMIRAL ROUS.*

BY 'THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

WE are glad to find that the state of the British Turf has at last proved too much for the Admiral himself. Whether the late season has been so prolific in demoralization that an attempt at inaugurating something better for the present year has urged Admiral Rous to supply the deficiencies of a previous publication, or whether it was a conviction that the duty devolved upon somebody to make an attempt upon certain strongholds of iniquity in the system, we know not. We rejoice that he has been thus tempted, and that it is with no uncertain sound, and with no questionable authority, that he speaks out.

Before we pass certain strictures upon the vices of the Turf system, or endeavour to awaken a sort of consciousness to its deficiencies, we will be candid enough to state that we do not go entirely with the author of the book in question. The writer is very like the system itself. His mission is an excellent one. He has many virtues, much knowledge, patience, honesty, but he is the slave of circumstance and accident. His vision is limited to one particular object; his horizon is a clearly defined but restricted outline. He

* London: A. H. Baily and Co., Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill. 1866.

cannot help himself. He has lived so long upon deteriorating influences, that he breathes happily and comfortably in a tainted atmosphere. The fact is, that it is the honesty of the Admiral and his friends which bolsters up a rotten fabric. The tumble-down old place carries a certain amount of respectability with it from the name of the firm which is at its head. Its inherent weakness escapes the observation of its protectors; and like an indulgent parent, Admiral Rous has learned to venerate the faults of his protégé. In others he would have detected the fallacies; but the world has been so foolishly severe upon the Turf in the wrong place, and has attributed to it so many vices which do not belong to it, that in telling his tale he overstates his case, and will see nothing which might have shocked his unprejudiced judgment. Still he has done much good as far as his light goes, and we shall see it before the end of this article.

The Turf, in itself, and its true object, is a magnificent institution. It had originally for its object the improvement of the breed of horses in Great Britain. It was not the racehorse, which, as far as one result is concerned, is better than ever, but it was the general horse of the country, be it hunter, hack, or light carriage-horse. It was originally backed by a power, and wealth, and influence which might have been irresistible. Gambling made it less so; but as that vice was confined to those who were likely to be less hurt by it than others, and from whom general contagion was less to be feared, we pass over its early operations without severe comment. There always were some heavy bettors amongst our aristocracy, and as long as human nature remains what it is, there always will be. But it was very different in its effects from what it has now become. It had no effect upon the country; excepting in very rare instances it had none upon the iniquity of the Turf. A few words will suffice to draw a comparison between that golden age and the iron epoch which has gradually supplanted it. Whether Ovid had foreseen the exigencies and the consequences of the ‘*auri sacra fames*’ which devours us now, we cannot say. His prophetic soul has, at least, foreshadowed one of the aphorisms of Newmarket Heath, and one of the practical ends of indulgence in its cupidity:—

‘*Vivitur ex rapto. Non hospes ab hospite tutus,
Nec socer a genero.*’—OVID, *Met.*, lib. i.

Those who think differently may perhaps retort upon us by a pun, and exclaim of the ancestors that they never knew,

‘Give place to your betters.’

Let us, before commencing an examination of some of the great difficulties which beset modern racing, recall to the minds of Admiral Rous, and many younger than he, the remarkably pleasant little meetings which he must have witnessed in his earlier days at his ‘beloved Cythera,’ say thirty or forty years ago. Let us figure to ourselves the Monday in the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, the beginning of the season in those days of comparative innocence. Fancy my Lords Verulam and Jersey, or any of those well-accredited

names, who loved a horse for himself and the valuable services he was capable of rendering all over the country, posting down at an early hour of the morning, to avoid the necessity of Sunday excursionizing (the peculiar property of the overworked artisan). It is possible that those noblemen and their companions heard nothing on their journey, nor on their arrival, about 'Sir Joshua "not being "wanted,"' or 'Priam being run for a "feeler."' Does the name of Filho da Puta belong to the period of 'milking' or 'scratching,' or Muley Moloch to the tactics of Mr. Armstrong? Would those gentlemen have blushed, or would they not, to have listened to the dishonourable jargon which is not always whispered upon a race-course in the present day? As there were no railways in those days, and their hacks had been sent on in the previous week, it is not difficult to imagine (even by those who never saw Newmarket or Doncaster but by return ticket) the cheerful, sportsmanlike character of the scene which greeted them—the Dukes of Rutland, Grafton, and Cleveland, Lords Exeter, Westmoreland, Albemarle, Chesterfield, and some score or two more of sportsmen of their own rank or position in society. What! no professional bettors? asks our fast young man. Yes, half a dozen, whose names have obtained and retained a reputation for honourable dealing and respectability, and some of whom reaped a more than passing mention in the world. Such was pre-eminently the late Mr. Gully, who, whatever his antecedents, carried with him to the grave the respect of all who knew him, and a very large constituency of political supporters. The names of Bland and Greator, of Crutch Robinson and Crockford, numbered pretty nearly what we call the ring. The mystery of their betting books amounted to little more than the power of calculation; and if they got a little the better of a patron, there was a delicacy of handling about the business which made it almost a pleasure to pay.

The sport itself partook of the character of those who attended it; and a heavy match between Buckle and Jem Robinson, the Chifneys, or Conolly, was at least as fine a thing to witness as a two-year old handicap, with Master James Grimshaw and thirty stable-lads, whose orders have sometimes reduced them to the necessity of seeing which can be last; a consummation fully appreciated by the lovers of donkey-racing, but only of late years transferred to the 'national' sport. We presume no one will venture to say that these trials of horsemanship, as regards both jockeys and horses, were inferior in interest to the five furlongs, or T. Y. C. gallops, which may be witnessed any day from the middle of February to the end of the following November. It only seems that the Eton Latin grammar was right when it said, '*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit;*' and that, as a man can never have too much of a good thing, so too many 'good things' can never be crammed down the throat of a rapacious gamester. We ought to remark of the Eton Latin grammar, that, like other venerable institutions, it is being supplanted by Doctors of high and low degree, and that, like Shake-

speare and the Critic, Juvenal happened to hit upon the quotation above a little before the compilers thought of it. 'Encore, à nos moutons.'

These matches over a scope of ground were great exhibitions, as were also the various Produce Stakes run over one or other of the Newmarket miles; and we hardly know a more fitting place to say a word on the relative position of master and jockey than this, while the names of really great performers in the saddle are not dry upon our paper. On these occasions the reader must call largely upon his imagination, to picture to himself one of the Chifneys, or Robinson, as he returned from scale, hat in hand, before the great gentlemen of the land, his employers. He was neither unduly caressed nor flattered, except by the thanks and judicious liberality of his masters. He was allowed to feel that the obligations between them were mutual; and that, when jockeys forgot themselves, dukes and earls would have no difficulty in forgetting them. The market was not so overstocked with owners of their own rank in life, and similarity of manners, that they could afford to swagger before them, or refuse to ride from petty jealousy or hurt vanity. There is a great lesson to be learnt by Master James Grimshaw, though we hardly think he is so much to be blamed as pitied. He is but a boy, and his patrons have made him a man. Let Fordham, and some of the really well-behaved and better class of jockeys read these light-weights a lesson, and teach them that their true interests consist in modesty and obedience. Jem Robinson did not smoke the Duke of Rutland's cigars in his Grace's presence; he was not a guest at Belvoir Castle; he was not allowed to swill champagne at the expense of an earl, and in the company of half a dozen gentlemen, whose only object in encouraging unseemly familiarity can be the desire of obtaining information; and yet, in the language of no very severe critic, but of a gentleman connected with the highest honours of the Turf, 'Robinson was as superior to Grimshaw as Mr. Charles Davis to a rough whipper-in to a small subscription pack.' If the Marquis of Hastings learns no lesson from the scene at Warwick, with his horse Prodigal and James Grimshaw, he deserves to remain in happy ignorance of his own position and his servant's for the rest of his life. Since writing the above we are glad to hear that Lord Hastings appreciates the difference between a jockey and a gentleman.

The reverse of this picture is more familiar to the majority of our readers.

On the morning of any race-meeting, but more especially on one of those which has a great gambling interest attached to it, you find yourself at a station, in a crowd, which more resembles the antecedents of a fight than the anticipated pleasure of a day's racing. 'Life in London' is about to remove itself for the day, or the meeting, into the country. Fresh air seems not to be required for the health of many of your companions, if the lungs are any criterion of their state. The quiet respectability of posting down seems to have be-

longed to an era too remote for calculation, as the dignity of the English gentleman for the most fervent imagination. Language has changed to an unintelligible barbarism; and the scene on the platform at Cambridge is more crowded, and far more energetic than many a Convention which has decided the fate of kingdoms by subsequent revolution. At Newmarket itself, instead of the cheerful bustle of business-like preparation for a day's sport, the town swarms with men whose appearance belies their occupations as sportsmen most unmistakably, and whose determination to be accommodated by the noblemen and gentlemen who are compelled to be mixed up with them, would be ludicrous if it were not offensive. Mais quoi faire? The spirit of gambling has run to such a height, and has been so fostered by the system of which these men are at once the promoters and the representatives, that the backers of horses, *volentes volentes*, are driven to their terms. Where there were six, there are now sixty; and where formerly hundreds satisfied the demands or expenses of the Turf, it is no exaggeration to count in 'tens of thousands.' There is not even an insignificant meeting, worked by a professional lessee for his own benefit, that does not become the nucleus of a spirit as rapacious as it is demoralizing. The Admiral's assertion that 'racing without gambling is a hypocritical cant: every man is a gambler, whether he risks five shillings or five thousand pounds,' is utterly untenable; and what is worse, he knows it; for he exhibits in his own person wonderful experience, profitable knowledge, great power of concentration, and intimate acquaintance with stable lore, without condescending to risk more than those moderate sums by which any gentleman with an independence is justified in backing an opinion.

But once on the race-course, be it at Newmarket or Shrewsbury, no matter where, the same tactics prevail for converting into systematic gamblers those whom the other vices of society have spared. 'Alea, vina, Venus, tribus his sum factus egenus,' need no longer be the song of those for whom the legislature have shut up Crockford's, and society has prescribed one bottle of claret as an indulgence. At least ten or twelve races are upon the card; or shall we call them, in the language of Mr. Carlyle, the last-half-of-the-Abingdon-mile scrambles. With few exceptions, a man of twelve stone would have scarcely been carried to cover by the pick of the lot, and the necessity of light-weights has forced into the saddle a great majority of stable-lads, whose orders are to get off at all hazards, in spite of the starter, and to the detriment of all fair and honest sport. During the vain consumption of time, to those who are not there on commercial business, and to the exercise of patience in those that are, the ring resounds with bets of thousands, which evince the wealth, the hardihood, or the talent of the layers; and one is almost inclined to regret that so many wealthy persons should have neglected all the graces of the person, and the rules of language, under the inspiration of so aristocratic an enjoyment as that of racing, the sport of noblemen and gentlemen of the highest rank

from the days of Charles II. to far beyond the beginning of the Admiral's reign.

The racing world proper wants quality, not quantity. What can it matter to the real lover of the Turf that thirty or forty useless weeds are to be kept in training, for the purposes of trainers, jockeys, stable-boys, and gamesters. Gamblers they are not; for there is a method and an unscrupulousness in their proceedings which renders winning a certainty so long as there is a shilling amongst the gentlemen to go on with. That these shillings are becoming scarcer every day let facts declare; and whilst one gentleman, buoyed up by hope, upon being asked to spend 3000*l.* on his county election, replied, 'One selling race will be enough for that,' many more have been found, whom the severity of the past and the uncertainty of the future have prevented from standing at all.

A handicap is in itself a 'racing lottery; a vehicle for gambling 'on an extensive scale, producing the largest field of horses at the 'smallest expense.' 'It is intended to encourage bad horses;' and as if these charges of Admiral Rous were not sufficient to condemn it, the management of handicaps is so disgraceful, and the conduct of owners and handicappers so questionable, from one cause or another, that we cannot understand why they are allowed, in their present form, to cumber the earth. Who cares for a 'large acceptance,' unless on honourable terms and by good horses? and what gentleman would like to be spoken of as Mr. Studd, the winner of the last Liverpool steeple-chase, is criticised in the 'Sporting Life?' 'Mr. Studd certainly landed a rare *coup* with this Irish-bred son of 'Fire-eater; and it is seldom that any great event has been pulled off 'with such complete success in the clever working of the market, &c. ' . . . Few of the spectators who visited the Cockney 'Meeting at Ealing, in December, imagined that the winner of 'the Grand National was figuring among the last lot beaten off 'in a steeple-chase by Hornet, wherein Salamander was plainly 'only run for a "feeler," and with the view of throwing dust in the 'eyes of the handicapper just prior to the announcement of the 'weights for the Grand National.' One of three things is obvious when racing papers speak thus of owners of horses and of handicaps. Either the accusation against Mr. Studd is justifiable, or the accuser is too despicable to provoke contradiction, or the owners of horses are themselves so regardless of the former reputation of men in that position, that they find the trouble of defending themselves greater than their suffering under the obloquy with which such an admission of double-dealing should be visited. As to the handicappers, and the system altogether, such a quotation, coming from such a source, says so much, that it is needless to continue the subject, as one of the great sources of modern gambling on the Turf.

'As long as gentlemen of known honour and experience will take 'upon themselves the unthankful task of handicapping, racing will 'flourish; when it gets into venal hands—when after a race the 'handicapping Clerk of the Course expects a bonus [does the

‘Admiral mean the whole of the stakes?'] there is an end to the ‘prosperity of the Turf.’ There will be found in the book a literal blunder in this sentence, by the omission of the stop at ‘flourish;’ but happily the sense is obvious, as the sentiment is just. The only thing we warn the Admiral against henceforth, is any affirmations on the present prosperity of the race-course.

If handicapping had no other sins for which to answer, the Admiral furnishes one flagrant act of injustice. When once a great race is run, it is calculated to bring the best horse down to the level of a bad plater, unless the minimum and maximum of weight can be arranged in such a manner as to exclude all but those to which it is worth while to give a chance of winning. There are hundreds that had better be shot.

In advancing further in this important consideration, some faint notion of the great injustice which our best horses suffer from the handicapping system at Newmarket may be formed from the statistics which we introduce. We have a terrible fear before our eyes, in these days of fast writing and sensational language, of being thought prolix, when we intend only to be accurate; but there is a still greater fault, that in our endeavour not to be tedious we become obscure. Not to risk this latter defect, we call attention to the melancholy fate of the Top Weights at Newmarket, only observing that when such is the fashion in the metropolis, the provinces are not likely to be far behind.

*Cæsareshire.**Cambridgeshire.*

1852.	Kingston, 8st. 4lb. . . .	Not placed.	Lady Evelyn, 8st. 8lb. Third!!!
1853.	Teddington, 9st. 7lb. . . .	Not placed.	Mountain Deer, 9st. Not placed.
1854.	Rataplan, 9st. 7lb. . . .	Not placed.	Little David, 8st. 9lb. Not placed.
1855.	Muscovite, 9st. 5lb. . . .	Not placed.	Nabob, 8st. 6lb. Not placed.
1856.	Mr. Sykes, 8st. 12lb. . . .	Not placed.	Hungerford, 8st. 4lb. Not placed.
1857.	Fisherman, 9st. 3lb. . . .	Not placed.	Saunterer, 8st. 12lb. Third!!!
1858.	Leamington, 9st. 4lb. . . .	Not placed.	Odd Trick, 9st. Not placed.
1859.	Starke, 8st. 11lb. . . .	Not placed.	Lifeboat, 9st. Not placed.
1860.	Comforter, 8st. 6lb. . . .	Not placed.	Amsterdam, 9st. Not placed.
1861.	Light, 8st. 7lb. . . .	Not placed.	The Wizard, 9st. 1lb. Not placed.
1862.	Asteroid, 9st. 3lb. . . .	Third!!!	Fairwater, 8st. 10lb. Not placed.
1863.	Wingrave, 8st. 12lb. . . .	Not placed.	Carnival, 8st. 8lb. Not placed.
1864.	Blackdown, 8st. 5lb. . . .	Not placed.	Twilight, 8st. 9lb. Not placed.
1865.	John Davis, 8st. 12lb. . . .	Third!!!	Gladiator, 9st. 12lb. Not placed.

The next point on which we shall say a word or two is the unfortunate custom of early running, and, consequent upon it, too early training. The late Lord Jersey, as far as we can ascertain, did not bring out his horses before three years old. The consequence is obvious. With a limited stud, in a few years, he bred and ran Middleton, Mameluke, Glenartney, Riddlesworth, Cæsar, Glencoe, and Bay Middleton.

Reverting to the running of two-year old horses, we have another fact to take into consideration. A two-year old racehorse is a two-year old usually at the age of twenty-two months. For as their running commences in February, and their age dates from the January previous (many of them having been foaled in March, April, and in some cases in May), we need not stop to argue this point. We presume that the Admiral himself has been at Lincoln, and is therefore cognizant of the fact. When were they first bitted and backed? Some at twelve, many at fifteen, and the most fortunate at eighteen months old. That they were put into work at this latter period is matter of necessity; and for the purpose of an early entry many have undergone a severe preparation and trial before they have reached a full eighteen months. A great admission on the part of Admiral Rous is this; that 'the only excusable interference' on the part of the Jockey Club was to forbid *yearlings* running for 'public stakes under the penalty of future disqualification.' Might not this have been extended with advantage to two-year olds? Why was it not so? Because ignoring the only real benefit to society from the Turf (the improvement of the breed of horses for general purposes), it has been found that the expenses of a racing establishment are too great to wait for a return. It must be had at once. The goose must be killed for the sake of the golden egg. Who are the men that race? who are the men that ought to race? The shopkeepers, whose cry is quick and heavy returns for our outlay; or the gentlemen who can afford a recreation, and the better that it profits their country? We are not usually 'laudatores temporis acti,' but we recur to our boyish days with pleasure, when two-year old races were few and far between. 'As far as light weights are concerned,' says our author, 'and short courses, the lighter the weight the less chance of breaking down the horse, and the shorter the course the oftener you can run your horse without detriment.' If we granted the premises, we should arrive at the same conclusion. Allow that it is right to run two-year olds, that quick returns are the only worthy accessories of a race, that the present gain is the *ultima Thule* of the sportsman's wishes, and we come to the same conclusion. But we have seen nothing yet in the morality of the 'Turf, or in the supply of the horse market, which makes us regard these premises as a basis on which to ground a popular argument. Our own experience is dead against it; and though there are 2500 horses in training, we cannot find a decent hack or hunter within three times the price we paid for him thirty years ago. Have the French, who deserve the praise they meet with from Admiral Rous, any two-

year old races? If they will go and look at the animal that won the two-year old race at Harrow, at the beginning of this month, they will continue to ignore them. As an instrument of gaming, it was unexceptionable; but it measures under fourteen hands, and is useless for any other purpose. The same may be said of half the horses at Newmarket, which, when once found to be of no value for training, or gambling, are scarcely good enough for a Hansom cab.

To pursue this subject to its legitimate consequences would demand more space and time than can well be given to it here. There is, besides, so much valuable matter, so much good in Admiral Rous's book, that it would be unfair to pass over all mention of many subjects on which he has spoken boldly and oracularly. We must therefore devote a short space to the general tenour of his remarks, and endeavour to sum up fairly and honestly with a strong balance in his favour.

The Admiral's great fault is this, that we cannot get him to speak anywhere of the horse but as a racehorse, and that usually as a bare instrument of gambling speculation. He seems to recognize no other object, and Newmarket Heath seems to be sufficiently extensive for his views. Six-Mile Bottom is a long stretch. His statement is a just one, that horses are broken down by the time they are four years old, because 'they are galloped for ten months in the year, two-year olds running three or four times a week.' He has no control over this: then why not stop the two-year old galloping altogether? 'Otherwise,' says he, 'the *racehorse* never was so good; there is no deterioration.' This is a manifest anomaly. The horse, considering the demand *and the prices given*, never was so bad. There are a great many 'twaddlers' we admit; but there are plenty of men who only cry out because they are hurt; and the mania for gambling does not depend only on the reputation of the competitors, or the public interest of the race. Thousands change hands on events that would be insignificant but for the vastness of the betting. His tirade against 'the sporting papers' is just: 'Advertisements from list houses, from touts, from prophets form the principal staple of their trade: without these ingredients they never could exist.' How singularly true, how obvious; and yet how seldom have we seen it in print. 'A horse which can stay two miles is worth 2000*l.*' We are glad to have the standard so low; and several noblemen would have been glad to have compromised at more money and a less distance. Something short of that would win more of the great races of the year. We have no desire to travel back to the times of four-mile heats at eleven stone each, nor to see even the 'Whip' or 'Cup' courses the ordinary trial for young horses; but we should be glad to see a challenge for either more frequently accepted, or to know that it was declined from some better reason than the incapability of the English racehorse to stay. An old and good racehorse is statistically a great rarity; and we can imagine what he would be likely to be judging by analogy. If we were to test the powers of young children by

artificial and severe training at a tenth of their natural age, say at seven years old, should we be surprised to find them mentally or physically (for the analogy holds good in both cases) stunted, delicate, bowlegged, or decrepit, when their powers ought to be developing? Let their training be gradual, gentle, fitted to their tender years, and they will repay the care by a vigorous manhood in themselves, and the propagation of a species of which we need never be ashamed.

We are not now to be told that the gambling mania is incurable; but, lest we should be accused of Utopian ideas, which we ourselves have never embodied, let us ask the Jockey Club, whether—1st., it will abolish half-mile races? 2ndly, whether it will forbid any two-year old races to be run before the Epsom Summer Meeting? 3rdly, whether it will fix the weights in handicaps between such limits as shall prevent a very moderate performer from carrying away a prize from the best horse of his year? and lastly, whether it will give such heed to its own character and dignity as to discourage that utterly ruinous system of betting which demoralizes the whole people, and leads to a dishonesty and chicanery of which men appear to be rather proud than ashamed?

The information and advice of Admiral Rous on the subject of the stewardship of the various meetings is most valuable. No gentleman need now undertake that office in ignorance of its duties. We believe that it must have been so entered upon by many persons; and we would impress upon the patrons of the Turf the necessity of attention to its interests by personal superintendence. There is more necessity than ever for this attention when we contemplate the various acts of disqualification, many of which require to be settled within a limited time. On one of these questions, that of the separation of bets and stakes, the author speaks of the necessity 'that objections should be made before the race *to protect the public.*' We cannot help remarking that the same writer, to the best of our belief, has occasionally expressed himself strongly that the public have but little to do with the business; that it is their duty, if they will invest their money on so ticklish a concern as horseracing, to look out for themselves, and to inform themselves on the business they have taken in hand. Our own view of the question is summed up in these words, 'Don't play with edged tools.' Bets ought always to be inseparable from stakes. It is true that some hard cases may occur, and that the owners may have no intention whatever to defraud. But accidents in ordinary life are mulcted in the penalty of natural consequences, and if we could upset the 'system of results from actions,' and refer everything to motives, we should still do an injustice. The separation of bets from stakes opens this door of fraud. A dishonest man will seek to hide his horse's disqualification, and probably succeed in doing so, for a time. Or, supposing his fraud to be discovered, he may still plead ignorance; or, having got the money, he will keep it; or, he may always argue with himself that the game is worth trying, for he must manage very badly unless he gets either the bets or the stakes. This is a natural conclusion

to draw from some recent premises, and the duty of the Jockey Club will be to prevent the possibility of such a consummation. Men must suffer for ignorance, voluntary or involuntary, because it is the rule of life in every occupation of business or of pleasure. We shall see how the new rule works.

The Admiral does not spare the 'wolves' of the Turf, of which he distinguishes especially three kinds—the welshers, the defaulters, and the tolerated defaulters. Of the first two, all bets may be declared void, unless the person wagering was aware of their condition, as by so doing he puts himself on an equality with them. By parity of reasoning, the gentlemen who bet with the last class are in no enviable position; and much consolation may be derived from one of the presumptions of the book, that no man who has at any time compromised his betting debts 'will speculate on racing events until 'he has paid his creditors in full.'

The most pertinent remarks are those, perhaps, on the clerks of courses. All the Admiral's suggestions are worth extraction, but to make them would be unfair to him and to his book. He spares no extortioners, and especially directs his causticity against those sores of the system, sales by auction in an illegitimate manner, where the second horse receives none of the profit; percentages on stakes paid back to the winner; taxes on stable-keepers and blacksmiths, which are really taxes on horse-owners; and allowances to horses (that have started twice or thrice without winning) respectively of 5 lb. and 9 lb. On handicaps, and the business pertaining to them, his clear head and ready pen has expressed *opinions* worth their weight in gold. Above all things, he has 'enumerated the 'golden nuggets which inspire clever speculators to establish races 'within a reasonable distance of the metropolis;' and states that, under favourable circumstances, a 'clever handicapping lessee may 'pick up two thousand pounds in three days from the pockets of liberal 'horse-owners.' Is it possible that the Admiral can have had in his mind's eye a talented and very old acquaintance of our own, to whom the following quotation from Juvenal may apply?—

'Percurram citius quot villas possideat nunc
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat.'

JUV., Sat. 10.

'The *bête noire* of racing is the unsatisfactory system of starting.' There can be no doubt of it; but it is useless to complain, unless some means are taken for punishing masters as well as jockeys. At the end of the season suspension is next to useless: at any other time it may or may not hurt the jockey, according to the master's liberality, or the reverse. A fine, which goes down in the trainer's account, is a mockery; for, as Admiral Rous admits, twenty-five pounds is a fair investment for an advantageous start. The starter wants thorough support, and the insolence and badgering to which a respectable person has to submit, in the discharge of his duty, is worth more even than race committees can afford. There is one remedy which the author

will not admit, for he avers that there are as many false starts in long races as in short ones, or nearly so. But it must be plain to everybody that two-year olds, with half a mile or five furlongs to gallop, under the orders issued, will be more unruly, to say nothing of the jockeys, than older horses, where there are two miles of ground before them.

The laws of racing and betting are thoroughly digested, and the cases given most ample and complete. Into them we have no space to follow our guide. We must come to a hasty conclusion, that no table or library of a sportsman is complete without the Admiral's book. The Turf is what it is, because the mania for gambling keeps it so. The greatest misfortune that clings to it is Admiral Rous's honesty. Nothing but the conviction that he says what he thinks, and is in himself an upright, honourable, and conscientious man, has held together an institution with such inherent seeds of decay. Unfortunately, other gentlemen connected with it bear the same character; so the vices of the system will be perpetuated. If it could be handed over bodily to the betting ring, they might perish, like the Kilkenny cats, by mutual destruction, and the system begin again from the beginning.

Its present misfortunes are handicaps, two-year old races, over-indulgence to jockeys, light weights, carelessness in breeding, immunities and independence of lessees, indifference of gentlemen to their true position, betting lists, commission betting agents, and a universal mania for gambling, which has been brought about by some of these things and is the cause of others. We should be glad to make as many persons acknowledge this as, we are sure, feel convinced of its truth.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

‘THE great thing in life,’ said an elderly and respectable fogey one day at B——’s, ‘is to know how to pass your last hours! Your ‘days and evenings will take care of themselves, but how to get ‘over the afternoon of the night, that is the difficulty.’ Had Lord B—— been more of a frequenter of Paris than he was, he would have felt that difficulty still more keenly. The fact is, Paris has become, except to two classes, the earliest and dullest capital in Europe. Of course I put aside that large section of the population which goes to ‘plays,’ and later takes beer at a café; they are ever amused, ever thirsty, and can quench their thirst with ‘bocks’ of that fomenting native nastiness known as ‘beer.’ Beer, forsooth! How do they dare to prostitute the honourable title which comes in direct descent from good wholesome malt and hops? The two classes are these. One goes to his club, where he plays *baccarat* and *chemin de fer* till

‘Daylight does appear;’

returning in that garish light to a feverish couch, with an overdrawn banker's account for his peculiar nightmare. I believe nobody ever wins. The other passes an 'early evening, a few friends, a little 'music, innocent games,' sandwiches and negus, and home before the concierge has turned off the gas. This is all very well; but the readers of 'What's What in Paris' do not want to go to bed when the cows come home; they do not belong to that class in which the coming of age of the heir was celebrated by a 'rabbit 'roasted whole,' and all the family sitting up over currant wine till the clock struck ten! No! Although having nothing whatever, thank God, in common with Mr. John Bright, we readers and writers of 'Baily' still belong to an advanced party, and wish to see and test the extreme progress of social civilization. But then, how to pass the night? How make that 'night of it' of which we occasionally read in police reports, and which, in our early days at least, one Marquis used to manufacture? To endeavour to give instruction on that knotty point shall be my object this blustering month of March. I need not say that there are seasons when the visitor to Paris will not find the slightest difficulty in sitting up all night. During the Carnival, for instance, you may come to Paris and dance the soles off your shoes. You will, of course, be received by your friend's friend. Then, if you have been presented at your own Court, you will have only to send your names through your Embassy, to be invited to the official balls at the Tuileries. Now, I hate official balls, which are always crowds and usually bores; but I confess that the Tuileries' balls are not so. The rooms are very large, the atmosphere is temperate, pretty persons people the salons (this is not always the case in Paris), and there is a supper where 'gourmets' may pass a quarter of an hour entirely opposed to that of Rabelais. They decanter the champagne and ice the curaoa! Then, too, at that season, you may go to official French balls—I mean the 'costume balls'—which are certainly not to be equalled in Europe. If you want to see a 'masquerade,' an actual masked ball, you must come to Paris. It is part of the duty of certain 'Portfolios' to receive their imperial master's liege subjects at least once during Lent, veiled, masked, and entirely disguised. And right well they do it. A stranger in Paris—I mean, of course, of that class which has 'Baily' duly served with his dry toast on the first of every month—will find no great difficulty in being asked to those fêtes; and I can assure him that the 'game' of going is really 'worth 'the candle.' Not only will he see the finest rooms in Paris, but the best looking people. Now, French women, as a rule, want dressing. Like flowers and vegetables in the south of Europe, they are premature, but they want colour and flavour. You must arrange them artistically and dress them properly, else are they that which we puzzled the I——n minister so much the other night by calling 'Dufferini' (Anglicé 'duffers'). Nowhere does the French beauty (?) look so much so as in one of these mediæval revels, where, dressed in the costume of some long-forgotten ancestress, she, got up clas-

sically, historically, artistically, reopens some tome of forgotten history, and is herself its vivid illustration. I really must recall a few of the fair visions which appeared to us this season. The Empress herself, as a lady of the Court of Louis XVI.—I begin, you see, at the head—looked so charming, that, as was observed in the room, ‘ante-Imperialism was now an impossibility.’ Madame Rinsky-Korsakow—(fancy the two heirs of the house about to go to Eton with such a name! I pity them for one, I do; but they must not be ‘chaffed,’ for they are in the ‘Stud book,’ thorough bred, and will train on into good fellows)—as a Marie Antoinette, so charming that revolution must have collapsed before such a queen. The ‘Gallifet’ as an ‘Angel of Fate.’ Alas! what a pity such a fate is not more common. A Greek girl, her name Spanish, ‘Aguado,’ her nation French, her personification perfect. An Irish beauty, too, who sank into last year’s horizon as Cleopatra, rose this year, Aphrodite-like, from the waves of dissipation, and appeared as the glorious goddess of the ocean—an Amphitrite of the Seine as of the sea. But I must pause over the recollections of the past; they are gone, but they will come again next year, and next, and so I mention them and their details as useful keys to ‘What’s What in Paris.’ But for common every-night life you will say you require something more facile than the boudoirs of duchesses and the balls of excellencies. Good. It is so. Man cannot live by ‘balls’ alone, and much less if those ‘balls’ are given in the ‘gilded salons of an Imperial ‘aristocracy’ (I borrow this phrase, which used to be much in vogue in the early part of the century, from the present Paris papers). So we, who would live, and not only live, which means exist, but see life, must descend or ascend, as the case may be. The Cacino of our early days is gone out of fashion in Paris. True, you may dance still at the ‘Bal d’Arban,’ in the Rue St. Honoré, or at the Cacino ‘Cadet,’ in the street of that name; but, ‘que voulez vous?’ they are things of the past, in fact, mere ‘motts’ and water. I do not say, however, ‘don’t go there.’ Indeed I say quite the contrary; for I believe that he who has not seen everything has seen nothing, and a man in these high-pressure days who has not seen everything, done everything, been everywhere, and is incapable of astonishment, mind, I do not say of amusement, for nothing is so absurd as the paraded exhaustion of life of a generation whose intellects, by their own showing (I think they grossly calumniate themselves, for I believe in an ever renascent ‘Young England,’ and will never abandon them till they take to being driven in ‘Victorias,’ like young France), are cut down to the measure of their hats and their coats, which seem to me, who naturally look at the ‘manners, customs, ‘and dress’ of the natives of my own little island, as I see them imported to Paris, as becoming small by degrees and *not* beautifully less. Seriously, I should not think that Poole, Davis, or Melton, could conscientiously charge much for the scanty garments which do duty for coats, or for the suspicions of hats with which it has pleased Fashion to thatch the prematurely bald heads of your rising genera-

tion. Ah, young England! how badly you do dress! You have ceased to look like 'men about town,' and you have not succeeded in attaining the neat quaintness of sportsmen. You are as far removed from Jemmy ——, Lord Edward ——, the 'Child,' or poor dear 'Charlie W——,' as you are from Assheton Smith or the 'Squire.' But I wander, as old writers say, and right they were, for they did wander. Don't you, kind reader, hate anybody who is always comparing the time gone with the time now? We are what we are, and must live in and of our day. 'Why don't you write like the old writers?' was asked the other day of a friend of mine. 'Because I was born after them, don't understand them, and don't seem to care much about doing so,' was the reply. Men of to-day must live for to-day; that is an axiom, I flatter myself, and I am rather proud of it; but still, axioms for the day will hardly help us to pass the night, and that seems the 'question before the House.'

Now, in strict confidence, I really can put you up to a good thing. I won't even ask for 'nineteen postage stamps, to be sent to 'the Paris Post-office.' On Wednesdays and Sundays you may safely begin your night—mind, I say your *night*, not your *evening*, at 'Perrin's' (I dare say, O, respectable father of a family! it might have been 'Laborde's' in your time), in the Rue de la Victoire, and the chances are that you are amused. Mind, now I am writing not for the Holy Congregations of Clapham, but for the amusement and instruction of the subscribers to that charming monthly green magazine, which contains always a portrait—'Portrait charmant, portrait de ce que j'aime'—the reproduction of some long unseen but forgotten face, and that 'Van' which, with my compliments to its unknown driver, I confess always carries me 'abroad' a long journey 'at home.' If, therefore, I use language rather 'Pagan than Parliamentary,' it is because you must speak of things as you find them, and describe them in language which will tell what you mean. Not that I am going to say anything improper; but, in writing for men of the world, it really is no use calling a spade an 'horticultural 'utensil.' If you want, then, to see dancing such as France is celebrated for—an immoral celebrity, my brethren, but still a celebrity, and as such worthy of being seen once—then go to Perrin's. Indeed I do not know a droller sight than a quadrille more or less 'cançan,' danced by ladies dressed in the extreme of the present fashion of the 'last Empire,' their dresses made quite on the 'one struggle more and I am free' principle; their clothes clinging to their limbs like damp towels to your 'horse'—I mean the 'horse' which meets you at the (un) cover side of your tub—that is a joke, a mild one, at which readers will perhaps 'kiyndly' smile; their hair golden as if bathed in 'Pactolus' (that again is, I flatter myself, poetical, classical, and true to life); their features made even more than beautiful for ever. N. B.—'for ever' means seven days; I know it as a fact; scores of my acquaintances are renewed weekly, and at least nine out of ten of them fall due on Friday. But this again is a detail. And the men! Imagine a clerk in the 'F. O.,'

going down in full evening dress, and dancing a grotesque *pas* at the Holborn casino, his chiefs looking on and applauding. Now, this happens every night here. I saw a dance which, if it was not quite like Lady St. Jermain's meditated quadrille, 'all beauties and eldest 'sons,' was at least made up of the 'fine fleur' of such good looks as exist in this unbecoming metropolis, which was as droll a spectacle as 'Clodoche' and his quadrille. I have now a vision of a 'Secretary,' well-dressed, official, with spectacles, and that consequent air of respectability and responsibility which is only given by glasses,—tumbling over head and heels in a *pas* called, I believe, 'Cavalier seul,' which I have only seen equalled in activity when a 'cavalier' became 'seul' from a 'cropper' over timber; or in grotesqueness, when I have seen a good clown. Imagine a 'Private 'Sec.' turning head over heels, the opposite ladies flourishing their clothes, wherein our young day ballet-girls did their wreaths of flowers, *over their heads*.

It is a droll scene, this of Perrin's, and is remarkable, if for nothing else, for the *few* English which you ever see there. It is not a good place to lean heavily against a large glass door, concealed by a *portière*, and fall through into the passages; but if it does happen, it is best to look pleasant, and return by the nearest door. Do your improper readers want to know if 'ces petites dames' are pretty? You ask a puzzling question. I do not admire French beauty (?), whether I am shown it at the 'Towers of Kings,' or at the 'Taverns of the Poor.' Ugliness is, I think, dominant in France, and kicks *æquo pede* at the door of the coquette and the cocotte. They are *chic*, however, and have *du chien*, and are much admired by our golden youth; but if once tried with English would be found to be indeed platers. They are bred, too, to 'go fast,' but not trained to 'stay,' and so their career is ever changing, and no record can recall their 'first masters.' You think I am getting improper. God bless you! You know nothing of life in Paris. We—of course I assume that I am no 'weak tea,' indeed somebody above the average height (socially and intellectually; unfortunately I am actually a dwarf, and might have made a fortune as a light-weight jockey, only the fashion of making millionaires of mites did not obtain in those days)—we, I say, never talk of anything else. If you dine with a duchess, she asks you if you know 'Bella Donna,' and how you like her? If you dance (I hear so, at least, for alas! my dancing days are over, and I write this in the comforting slippers of list), your partner asks you if you have seen 'Dorée's' new hair, or 'Amazone's' new mare. If you go into a club, you hear a chorus of praise, and you find it is not for the Minister's last speech, or the Emperor's last decree, but for Mdle. Decolletè's last act of audacity in turning out with that hair, which was from her birth as black as a coal, now as red as Rufus, only not so natural.

To see real life in Paris, which is essential to the consummation of that 'night' which I have rashly undertaken to provide for the readers of 'What's What' (mothers of families, at a distance, will

kindly accept this notice, locking up the Number, and *not* reading it themselves to see if it really is improper), you must follow this 'society' to its home.

Let us suppose, then, that by favour of a diplomatist, who is a member of the 'Junction,' the 'Gigantic,' in King-street, and the 'Society for the backing of good things,' you have succeeded in being invited—good gracious!—No!—'in getting a card' for the reception of Mdlle. de Bréda. What do you expect to see?—I speak naturally of the early hours, say, till 5 or 6 A.M.—an orgy? Heaven help you, there is nothing of that sort! A crowd of well-dressed women; their voices no shriller, their tongues no sharper, their scandal no more poisoned, than those heard in those 'Towers of Kings,' which we have so happily quoted—or think we have. The men, the very same men you saw dancing at X——'s, dancing and flirting, or escorting their wives and daughters, or the young ladies who love them, or by whom they are loved, at Madame de Blanc's—and whom to-morrow you will see in the senate, the chamber, and the club. The rooms lighted *à giorno*, as they say in Italy. An Eden of flowers for decoration, and a supper, for coming to which any stone 'Commendatore' might be forgiven, and even justified. There we leave the party. Over feelings too intense for expression, over the excitement generated by what Anacreontic Morris—(do you remember his songs, oh! aged readers of 'Baily,'

'And that I think's a reason fair to drink and fill again.'

Ah! have I hit you! Jolly Dogs of that Regency, which if immoral, as regencies ever have been, must have been rare sport while it lasted)—would have called the 'jovial bowl'—over feelings surpassing *Platonism*, that 'hedge' to Love;—let us draw the curtain of the 'small hours,' and go elsewhere. If not fortunate enough to be invited to assist at one of these fêtes of the 'Ladies of the Lake,' that is French—modern French—for the Ladies of 'the Mile,' then we must go elsewhere. Supper is a fine institution if you have health, strength, a good digestion to wait, a good appetite to be waited on, a balance at your banker's, and nothing to do next day. *Experto crede*, if you have not got all these, do not go to supper at the 'Maison Dorée.' If in possession of all these goods—go there by all manner of means, for what can hurt you? Go! and wreath your brow with chaplets of early roses!—(this is now usually represented by the mild cigar of the period). Ask Lais and Astarte (now Mademoiselles Chlorodine and Tropfine); call for David of the rubicund visage; command a supper at — francs par tête, with some of the curious old *Ruinard* which, still almost unknown, lingers in the caves of the *Rue Laffitte*, be jolly and bad to-morrow. But even then we have not made a night! Dear me; here it is as difficult as making a sum of money! If any wicked youth who has read bad books and improved his mind by the study of the scenes of public play and private gambling, recorded in 'Pelham'—dear, delightful first novel of my youth, and other

'tales of fashionable life,' expects to find a place where 'We can 'have a shy, old fellow;' just throw in seven mains, and so lengthen his days by shortening his nights, he will be very much deceived. Public play, except indeed for 'sous' in a cellar, is a thing of the past. There exists now in Paris no public or even semi-public 'Hell,' such as were to be found in St. James's Street in those days when Charley L—— described the two police constables put at the door of the 'Cocoa-Tree,' to keep out us innocent youth, as 'the two mutes put at my door to assist at the funeral of Play.' You may lose money, however, fast enough here, if you please. I will tell you how. Mind, I am not going to preach against play, and be moral and disagreeable; no! I would rather see you, my rapid reader, take the box, call 'Seven, the main Seven,' and throw a nick—(especially if I had backed you). Get into a good club, then and there you may play till you have distanced your banker. Whist, Ecarté, Impériale, Chemin-de-fer, Baccarat, there you have the 'little games,' of the brief evening (which I have known to last till the next evening). A deal of money is lost in these 'round games' of the clubs. It is a vile system, and I will tell them so in ink, as I have told them so in words. If you must gamble—and who would not if he had money and the opportunity?—Don't shake your head, *my Lord Bishop*, don't you like whist, and play it every night with two chaplains and one dummy?—Don't put down the magazine, my dear Grandmother, used not you to play your game of 'Quadrille,' in the little room near the 'tea room,' and off the 'great room,' at *Bath*?—*Of course* you did! If you must gamble, I say then go against a public bank. You may win—you can but lose, and at least you will avoid all that 'envy, hatred, and 'all uncharitableness,' which ever distinguishes the 'settling' of play accounts round a private table. 'Better,' says *Solomon*, 'is ten pound 'won of *Benazet* and paid on the spot, than a bill at three months 'for fifty, and the name of a friend thereto;' and *Solomon* was quite right. The Parisiens are not grand players; they cannot lose well, and if they win are as excited as ginger beer. Not long ago an English gentleman, *beau joueur s'il en fût*, lost a sum of money so large that a letter to a banker was necessary. During the course of the post the society of Paris was in an ague. They talked of nothing else; thought of nothing else. At last an elderly denizen of London clubs was forced to say, 'My dear friends, you 'talk of this as an event; the same thing happens in London every 'week, and nobody ever speaks of it.' On which O'Rourke O'Malony observed, 'Why, in my regiment, we lose all of us nine or ten 'thousand pounds (and that is nothing to what my father and uncle 'did. Wait till I tell you) every night, and if we say "my dear 'fellow, I can't pay you till I don't know when;" why he only 'answers, "I believe you, my boy!"' But the French are impetuous winners, and eager for the 'parting' of their unlucky antagonist. On the whole, if 'our night' is to be pleasant, I think I would suggest no play, public or private, at a club or with a

dear friend—friends may be too dear, like wives who cause correspondents!

I have been mooning along foolishly about Paris clubs, and not telling you the least how strangers are to become members of those aristocratic and exclusive bodies. At all the best Paris clubs English are admitted as members. First, you are made a temporary member, and then elected *en permanence*. This is the case at the Jockey Club, the Rue Royale, and the Impériale. At the Chemin de Fer you can either be elected a permanent or a temporary member. The best clubs here are L'Union, Jockey, Chemin de Fer (the most useful and English of any), and the Imperiale. English club men will, however, be terribly disappointed if they expect that perfection of existence—'club life'—as they have it in London. The French, to use Dr. Johnson's expression, are not 'clubbable men.' After the Bourse is closed—here, you know, every one, from the count to the concierge, goes speculating—there is a rush to the club; but, instead of men standing in 'bay windows' and telling all that has happened to-day, can happen to-morrow, and may possibly occur next week, there is one cry of 'who will make a fourth?' and at it they go, hammer and tongs, and play, interrupted by dinner, which takes about half an hour, is continued till to-morrow. Apropos of the pace with which dinner is served at the Paris clubs, I will tell you a *mot* of an English officer who was dining lately at the Chemin de Fer. 'You should,' said he to his gallant host, 'put up a notice 'of "dix minutes d'arrêt" here and there; we should know how 'long is really allowed for dinner!' The fact is, French people are still behindhand in some of the refinements of life. For instance, they are in such a hurry to smoke that they quite ignore the 'little 'half hour' after dinner about which Mr. Disraeli, in 'Coningsby,' is so eloquent. They bolt their food, and rush off to the inevitable cigar, as if dinner was a crime, and an aired bottle of claret (Heaven defend us from that enormity—a cool one! Fancy cold claret! Faugh!) the abomination of dissipation. Then, again, the French dine early, the 'sixes' being the favourite cost; so, when an Englishman arrives at his dinner-hour, he finds the waiters eager to go home, and is therefore pelted with fish, soup, entrées, rôti, and douceurs, as if he was put in the pillory for being behind time.

Paris clubs, however, have their uses. They take in English papers and magazines. The 'Daily Telegraph,' 'Post,' 'Times,' and 'Baily' are to be found at all the best *cercles*. You can write your letters in quiet and comfort, play billiards, take snuff *ad libitum* (no doubt that is an advantage in the eyes, or rather, I should say, in the nose, of some people), and, finally, every writing-table is supplied with a quantity of spectacles! On the whole, I recommend any one coming to Paris (and certainly in 1867) to try and get into a club.

Now I will return to my muttons. 'Night-houses' are unknown in Paris; all the cafés shut at twelve; and, indeed, the waiters get uncivil at 11.30, in hopes you will take offence and go. At this

hour, however, 'cabinets' open, and justify David's declaration that the Maison Dorée had never been closed for a quarter of a century. A total stranger is driven home *nolens volens* when the clock strikes twelve, and is condemned to brandy and aërated water, a bedroom candle, and a Tauchnitz. True, there is 'Hill's,' a hybrid establishment (by The Haymarket out of Exportation); there you can sit up as late as the police will let you (which, by the way, is not at all late), and regale your inner gentleman—'man' used to be the expression, but I am all for refined writing—with beer, gin-and-water, and other luxuries of the other side of the Channel. You enter a large coffee-room, in which international thirst is slaking itself in international drinks. There sits the Briton at his beer; the Italian there absorbs his Vermouth; the Frenchman sips at long intervals his *petit verre*; and there is a perpetual effervescence of uncorked stout and 'eau de seltz en syphon.' Don't, my dear reader, partake of any of that nastiness—puzzled water, ill-treated by an intrusion of gas, generated somehow, or air, raised as some people do the 'wind,' by a possible but 'improbable process. I do not say that 'Hill's' is a charming place, but this I will say, it is the only place to which an Englishman (mind, I do not say an English woman) can go after a certain hour and be allowed to smoke his pipe in peace. What you get there is perfectly good, not dearer than other places, and the establishment is managed as it never would be steered if a native was at the helm. I will say more, this place fills up that—'hiatus valde deflendus'—that interval between the countess's 'reception' and the early hours of the other world, where *life* begins when polite *existence* has expired. The sunset of society, you see, is the dawn of that *demi-monde*, of which I, of course, have so little knowledge. Alas! I am a philosopher. When a man who began life early begins to count up his lustres—probably milestones on the road of recklessness, 'first turn out' for the next stage, 'ruin'—I have often found that he becomes careful, suspicious, terrible, avenging—in a word, a philosopher. As a philosopher, then, I point out a study of life in Paris to the thousands of annual students who yearly come over to what THE Lord Hertford used to call the 'university of the world.' No great dissipation; no vice in purple; no vice semi-concealed in rags. Vice is seldom clad in rags in Paris; either it is very bad indeed, and clothes itself in cachemeres surmounted by diamonds, or is passingly bad, and is clothed decently by charity. What now I want you to see is an entertainment which borders on the confines of impropriety, but does not hire the 'ferry.' They may have hailed Charon for a 'lark,' but they don't really want him. 'Tirez le rideau.' I return from the banks of the Styx to the quays of the Seine. Reader—I always apply on principle to one—'hast ever assisted at the revelries of the 'Closerie des Lilas?' No? Then go and do so.

Students, as a rule, are bores. Oxford and Cambridge so entirely eradicate the good seed of Harrow and Eton, that it requires London or the army to restore the patient to a healthy tone.

May I pause an instant? Wandering on, as old men will do, I have got to public schools. I have read somewhere how somebody prayed—

‘Oh! for an hour of brave Old Dandolo!’

I have lived for some years abroad, and often to my lips arises that prayer, of course with variations; for what the deuce should we do with that Old Dandolo if we had him for an hour? But I do say, ‘Oh! for one hour’ of Keates or Drury, and the gentlemen who resulted from them. Heavens on earth! I am not ninety! I am no confirmed ‘*Laudator temporis acti*.’ Nay, I think I could vote for any sort of boon to those great gentlemen, the ‘people’ of England, if their cause was not selfishly advocated by that enemy to the human race (especially if they have coats on their backs, although even he must admit that in those pockets, sometimes very bare, there was an ‘obulus’ always for charity), Mr. John Bright. I remember the pure type of English swell which came forth from Middlesex and Bucks, and I look with regret at the specimens paraded daily before Paris society as the ‘golden youth’ of England. I look back—not many years—and I people the ‘bay window’ of my memory with the ‘loungers’ of that day. Dissipated, I dare say. Are they less now? Dissipated, but manly. At the end of forty minutes from ‘Waterloo’ I have seen the ‘children’—those frequenters of a ‘place where they sold cider’—those members of the ‘Cocoa Tree’—at that time a very difficult club to get *out of* at times—seeing the fox broken up when others were away. I see these spectres of the past consuming their toothpicks at ‘Boodle’s,’ or if they were old enough—for, mind you, youth under the rank of a duke dared in those days scarcely to enter the morning-room and see if Adolphine had sent that note, and the waiter had stuck it in the inevitable glass—looking calmly pleasant out of ‘White’s,’

‘In my mind’s eye;’

and then I turn round to the specimens which you send us over here, and I am sorry for the abomination of degeneration. I am very English, and so I suppose that they are as good as ever, but they don’t look like it. Their training is against them, and decidedly their ‘clothing’ will never sell them. Coats docked, till they look like late expectations fallen in from an elder brother; hats to which surely Müller must have stood godfather; and trousers which must be fastened with a button-hook, and taken off with a boot-jack. Such is the ‘get up’ of the ‘howling swells’ which you now send us to represent England. Is it true, or caricature? And then your manners. What do you think happened this week with English ‘Howler’ No. 1? ‘Come,’ said a fellow to his friend, a great swell in his own country, ‘and I will introduce you to a man I wish you to know; he is dining over the way.’ ‘Don’t seem to care about the introduction,’ said his friend, ‘but *allons!*’ and so they went. The scene was a large room—the company mixed. The prince (we will say prince for short) nodded like Jove, but took no

further notice. *Introducée* waited a few minutes, and then said in French which is Parisian, ‘Waiter, is it possible that you have not ‘heard this gentleman calling to you for five minutes to bring me a ‘chair?’ The party separated early. But we pray you, oh! kind Mr. Baily! to forward us a few specimens of young English swells. We should prefer them of the old Uxbridge, Westmorland, Thynne, Macdonald pattern, and not according to recent samples; for if you do not, upon my honour, the allegiance of *ces petites dames* will be transferred back to their natural lords (they will love them, too, perhaps, and then, as Shakespeare says, what a state they will be in), and at any rate the national affection will be alienated from our countrymen, who, I regret to say, now seem to combine the stature of the drayman with the manners of the ploughboy—the shyness of the milkmaid with the expressions of the London boy.

From my remarks, Mr. Baily, you will have seen that it is not quite so easy to make a night of it in Paris as fond youths on their first tour imagine. What with police regulations in general, and those which apply to play in particular—with the early closing movement, which is so backed by our enemies the *garçons*—with the growing taste for private play, which nightly fills our clubs with ‘the ‘best men about town’—it is not easy for a stranger to be as bad, late, dissipated, and disreputable, as a youth ‘on pleasure bent’ would very naturally desire. It is true you may give a supper in a ‘particular cabinet’ (as it was recently described by a literal party from New York), but then, you see, it is no great ‘jam.’ After you have seen Iodine eat her supper with great appetite, heard Chlorodine sing her inevitable song (which is not only improper, but dull) with a great voice, the pleasure begins to pall. True, you have another resource; you can go to the billiard room of the Grand Hôtel, and I will bet you an even penny you don’t do it twice. I was there once, and thought I was in the United States. And now, my gentle reader, I make my bow for a month, and to quote Mr. Douglas Jerrold’s happy epitaph to his friend Mr. Knight, say ‘good-night.’

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

TRULY in these latter days the march of muscular Christianity has wrought a vast change within the precincts of our two Universities. We can recall the time—and that without diving very deep into the far past—when hunting and cricket were voted by the *élite* of Alma Mater to be the only out-door amusements in which a gentleman could legitimately indulge without losing caste;—when even the ‘boating ‘man’ of the period was looked upon as a sort of amateur bargee—a coarse apotheosis of strong beer and underdone beefsteaks—a good fellow perhaps, at heart, but still scarcely to be tolerated in refined society;—when a Don with a beard was little short of a *lusus naturæ*,

and the sight of a pair of knickerbockers in the 'High' would have driven a Proctor of ordinary intelligence into a cataleptic fit there and then. If, in these antediluvian days, any one had ventured to predict that in the far-off year of grace 1866 the picked representatives of Oxford and Cambridge would meet on what was then a ploughed field adjacent to the Long Meadows, to contend, for the third successive year, in such plebeian sports as running, jumping, hammer-throwing, and stone-'putting,' and that the event would be duly chronicled in a whole column of the 'Times,' and command a special paper in 'Baily,' the party in question would infallibly have been set down as a dreamer of dreams, an idle babbler, and a radical innovator of the deepest dye. Strange to say, however, no such reflections seemed to disturb the equanimity of the legion of eager sight-seers who, to the number of eight or ten thousand, poured in one continuous stream over Maudlin Bridge in the direction of the Christchurch cricket-ground, all agog to witness the 'Inter-University Sports,' on the 10th of last month. It was, in truth, such an assemblage of Past and Present as we seldom see even on the day of the great boat-race itself. There they were—old familiar faces of the Dark and Light Blue—*quondam* straight men across country with the Heythrop and Drake's, but who now had exchanged the glossy pink for orthodox white chokers and 'M.B.' waistcoats of immaculate cut—'Varsity oars of the past generation, who, if they could not reach quite so far over their toes as they once could in the palmy days when Plancus was consul, nevertheless still had their hearts in the right place, and shouted with the best of them as the old colours showed in front;—country curates, redolent of Dorcas societies and parochial politics, but still, to all appearance, as jovial and enthusiastic as when they rowed in their first 'Torpid';—staid-looking barristers, who had snatched a hasty respite from circuit and sessions, and for once oblivious of briefs;—and lastly, but certainly not least either in number or strength of lung, troops of gorgeously-attired undergraduates, brimful of hope and excitement, and looking offensively young and lighthearted—of which unmistakable type not a few had arrived that morning by special train from the classic banks of the Cam—completed the motley gathering.

The weather, notwithstanding the bitter 'north-wester' which prevailed during the whole of the day, with occasional interludes of drizzling rain and sleet by way of variety, was on the whole as favourable as could be expected for the middle of March; and the ground, which had undergone a special preparation in honour of the occasion, was in first-rate order, although the fact of the competitions taking place on turf naturally militated to some degree against the 'time' of many of the performances. Shortly after half-past one, the hour fixed for the commencement of the sports, there was a general movement towards the upper end of the ground situated between the pavilion—an imposing, but decidedly hybrid-looking edifice, as if a Methodist meeting-house had been crossed with a young Alhambra palace—and the grand stand. The latter had been

improvised for the occasion, and was most profusely decorated with many-coloured flags, bearing a variety of appropriate legends, such as 'England expects,' &c., and other devices of the 'moral 'pocket-handkerchief' order, unmistakably calculated to inspire the minds of the youthful athletes with patriotic ardour. Here a space had been roped off for the hammer-throwing—the first item on the card; but, to our minds, the spot selected did not reflect much credit on the judgment of the managing committee, inasmuch as one side was bounded by a low fence, over which a select gathering of roughs enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the proceedings 'on the 'cheap' from the adjacent field; while the lower end was monopolised by the spectators on the stand—thus leaving only two sides of a parallelogram of about 70 yards by 30 for the accommodation of the main body of the public, who swarmed like bees round the enclosure eight or ten deep—the hindmost ranks of which ever and anon essayed to obtain a partial and fleeting glimpse of the heads of the taller performers by a series of saltatory manœuvres, somewhat after the fashion of the 'Perfect Cure.' By good luck, rather than good management, we found ourselves close to the ropes, and whispering the magic name of 'Baily' into the ear of a courteous official, we were duly furnished with what at first sight looked to be a dirty address card, but which, on closer examination, proved to be 'Reporter's Ticket, No. 5.' This, when flourished persistently before the eyes of inquiring policemen—who, judging from the habitual scrutiny which they bestowed upon our passport, seemed to labour under a professional suspicion that we had obtained the same by felonious means, or at least under false pretences—acted as a sort of 'open sesame' during the remainder of the afternoon, and admitted us to the inner circles whenever, which was not always the case, we could succeed in forcing our way through the dense human barriers which surrounded the performers. Scarcely had we taken up our position when the tinkling of the bell announced that the sports were about to commence, and the competitors came to the post for the hammer-throwing—Cambridge being represented by Messrs. G. R. Thornton, a cousin of the well-known light blue runner, and R. T. James, both of Jesus; and Oxford by Mr. D. Morgan, of Magdalen Hall, and Mr. W. H. Croker, of Trinity. This event, which this year figured for the first time in the Inter-University programme, was looked upon by the 'talent' as a certainty for Oxford, as Mr. Morgan was known to have thrown in practice 101 feet; but the 'great pot,' in racing parlance, 'boiled over,' and the backers of the dark blue at odds of 6 to 4 began to look as blue as their colours when, after two or three throws, it became pretty clear that Cambridge had it all their own way. Each competitor was allowed six trials—at least three too many in our opinion—and at the second attempt Mr. James covered 86 feet 9 inches; while the maximum attained by the Oxford champion, who, curiously enough, is cousin to Mr. James, and originally instructed him in the rudiments of hammer-throwing, fell six inches short. Throw after throw was essayed without pro-

ducing any further change, and it seemed as though the cousin hammermen were destined to carry off first and second honours, when in the last attempt but one, Mr. Thornton succeeded in surpassing his colleague's cast by 10 inches—reaching a distance of 87 feet 7 inches. This proved to be the winning throw of the day, as neither Mr. Thornton nor Mr. Morgan were able to improve upon their former attempts, and Mr. Croker was literally nowhere. The gyrations executed by this last-named gentleman's mallet were indeed occasionally highly eccentric, and seemed to awaken the most pleasing feelings of uncertainty among the spectators as to the direction it would ultimately take; but beyond splitting one of the posts, luckily no damage was done. Thus, after a most tedious exhibition, which extended over half an hour, in consequence of the number of 'throws' disallowed by the judges, the opening event of the day was recorded in favour of Cambridge, who scored first and second honours.

Next on the card came the Mile Race, for which five candidates came to the post, viz., Mr. J. W. Laing (Christchurch), Mr. W. P. Bowman (University), Mr. J. W. Fletcher (Pembroke), all of Oxford; and Messrs. W. G. Gibbs (Jesus), and C. B. Lawes (Trinity), of Cambridge. The third light blue representative, Mr. Long, of Trinity, did not start. Mr. Lawes, the winner of the mile race in these sports two years ago, was greatly fancied for this event, and as much as 2 to 1 was laid on him at the post; but Mr. Laing, on the strength of his recent fine performances at this distance, had no lack of supporters, and speculation was extremely brisk on the result. The course, the further side of which formed a steep incline, had to be traversed four times to complete the mile, and the start took place midway between the pavilion and stand. The race calls for no detailed description, as immediately the signal was given Mr. Laing dashed off with the lead, and maintaining it throughout, ran in an easy winner by upwards of 20 yards, in 5 min. 14 sec. Three times in the course of the same number of laps did Mr. Lawes succeed in taking the second place, only again to fall back into the third and fourth; still his friends insisted that he had fairly 'got the 'measure' of the leading man, and could pass him at any moment. When, however, half the last round had been completed, it was tolerably apparent that Mr. Laing, who was running as fresh as ever, had the race safe; for although at the top of the hill Mr. Lawes spurted gallantly, and once more showed in the second place, the effort took all the steel out of him, and, on being collared by Mr. Bowman on nearing the pavilion, he stopped altogether, completely exhausted. A fine race ensued down the straight between Messrs. Bowman and Gibbs for second-place, which was won by the former, just at the post, by about three quarters of a yard, amid the most tumultuous cheering of 'young' Oxford, whose representatives were thus 'placed' first and second.

Immediately after the decision of this race there was a general rush to the spot where hammer-throwing had taken place, to witness

the High Jump, which resulted, according to the general anticipation, in an easy victory for Cambridge. After one or two unsuccessful efforts, the two light blue representatives, Messrs. J. Roupell (Trinity) and T. G. Little (Peterhouse) cleared respectively 5 feet 6 inches and 5 feet 5 inches, and carried off the first and second prizes, Mr. F. Parsons, of Magdalen, the winner of the high jump in the Oxford sports, breaking down at 5 feet 4 inches.

The Hundred Yards Race brought four competitors to the post, two from each university, viz., Messrs. R. W. Vidal (St. John's), and T. M. Colmore (Brasenose), for Oxford; and Messrs. B. B. Conolly (Caius), and J. S. Hood (Trinity), for Cambridge. After one false attempt, in which Mr. Vidal was left at the post, a beautiful start was effected, and all ran strictly level for half the distance, when the favourite, Mr. Colmore, began to show slightly in front. Twenty yards from home he was leading by about three feet, but Mr. Vidal coming up with a rush contrived to get level with him just as they reached the post, and the pair breasted the tape neck and neck. The judge gave his verdict a 'dead heat,'—albeit not a few of the spectators seemed to be of opinion that Mr. Vidal had a trifle the best of it. This race, which was accomplished in $10\frac{1}{2}$ sec., was deservedly regarded as a very fine performance, as there are probably not three 'professionals' living who can cover one hundred yards in ten seconds.

Putting the 16 lb. Weight, like the Hammer, had been 'booked' as a moral' for Mr. Morgan; but here again the rising hopes of Oxford were doomed to disappointment, as their champion, who this year seemed to be altogether out of his old form, only succeeded in obtaining the third place with a 'put' of 30 ft. 4 in. Mr. G. W. Elliott, of Trinity, Cambridge, the winner of last year, covered 32 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in., and Mr. F. Waltham, of Peterhouse, 32 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in.; the Light Blue thus again scoring first and second, and winning the odd event out of the five that had been decided. *Apropos* of this performance, we were glad to find that the management this year very properly insisted upon the competitors 'putting' the stone in the orthodox fashion, with one hand and straight from the shoulder, instead of permitting them to bowl it like a cricket-ball or toss it like a pancake, with one or both hands, according to their respective fancies. Last year, both in the Inter-University and Oxford and Cambridge trial sports, 'putting the stone' was an exhibition attended with no little danger to life and limb; the majority of the performers, to judge from their antics, apparently regarding it in the light of an offensive missile, for which the legs of the spectators presented a convenient moving target. But we are wandering from our subject and must return.

The next item on the programme was the Quarter-Mile Flat Race, which created unusual interest, as it brought together the two 'cracks,' the Hon. F. G. Pelham, of Trinity, Cambridge, last year's winner, and Mr. E. Nolan, of St. John's, Oxford, both of whom were regarded by their friends as little short of invincible at this dis-

tance. The latter, however, was the favourite, as much as 6 and 7 to 4 being laid on his chance, as the competitors, who in addition to the above mentioned pair, included Mr. Knight, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and Mr. Cheetham, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, took up their positions at the post. On the word being given, Mr. Pelham at once dashed away with a lead of about three yards, Mr. Nolan, who is always slow in getting off, being last of all. He speedily, however, made up his lost ground, collaring Mr. Pelham a little below the pavilion; and when half the distance had been traversed was leading by about four yards. Nearing the top of the hill, Mr. Nolan was still in front, closely pressed by Messrs. Knight and Cheetham, with Mr. Pelham last of all; but the four were well together, and it seemed any one's race. At the upper end of the course Mr. Pelham put on a fine spurt and took the second place, about a yard behind Mr. Nolan, whom he attempted to pass, but the other shook him off and maintained his lead up to the turn at the pavilion. Here Mr. Pelham made his effort, and catching the leading man in magnificent style, won a splendidly contested race by about three yards. Mr. Knight was third, about a foot in advance of the Trinity Hall representative. Time $54\frac{1}{4}$ sec.

The Long Jump, like its predecessor, resulted in a victory for the Light Blue in the person of Mr. T. G. Little, of Peterhouse, who cleared 20 ft. 4 in. in magnificent style; Mr. Maitland, of Christchurch, Oxford, being second with a good jump of 19 ft. 11 in. Mr. Toswill, of Oriel, the winner of the Long Jump in the late Oxford sports, was third, and Mr. A. J. Law, of Jesus, Cambridge, fourth. The result was received with tumultuous cheering on the part of the Cambridge visitors, who had thus secured the 'odd' event, having scored five victories to their opponents' two. This was followed by a 120 yards race over ten flights of hurdles, in which Oxford was represented by Messrs. Morgan (Magdalen Hall), and Vidal (St. John's); and Cambridge by Messrs. L. Tiffaney (Emmanuel), and T. Milvain (Trinity Hall). Mr. Tiffaney, on whom the long odds of 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 were laid freely, dashed off with a slight lead, but catching the third hurdle with his foot, fell heavily and was henceforth out of the race. This *contretemps* left Mr. Morgan with the lead, who maintained it to the finish, and ultimately won by about a yard and a half. Mr. Vidal was second, and Mr. Tiffaney, who ran exceedingly well after his misadventure, just managed to defeat Mr. Milvain for third honours by about a foot.

The last and, as it proved, most interesting feature of the programme was the Two-mile Race, which, it will be remembered, was substituted last year in place of the Cross Country Steeple-chase. For this event the following competitors came to the post:—Messrs. J. W. Laing (Christchurch), A. H. Johnson (Exeter), and W. B. Bowman (University), on the part of Oxford; and Messrs. W. Long (Trinity), T. G. Little (Peterhouse), and R. C. Garnett (Trinity), for Cambridge. Mr. Lawes had originally entered for this race, but declined to start; and Mr. Little, the winner of the Long Jump,

was substituted for him at the last moment. Notwithstanding his previous exertions, Mr. Laing was installed in the position of favourite, and odds of 5 and 6 to 4 were freely offered that he would repeat Mr. Webster's great performance of last year, and carry off both the long races. The course had to be traversed eight times to complete the distance; and the competitors having been marshalled into line were despatched to a capital start at the first attempt. During the first two rounds the lead was alternately taken by Messrs. Johnson and Garnett, who were evidently bent on forcing the pace, Messrs. Long, Laing, and Bowman bringing up the rear. Towards the end of the third lap Mr. Laing put on the steam, and passing Messrs. Long, Little, and Garnett in rapid succession, took the second place. Ascending the hill for the fourth time, he was repassed by Mr. Garnett, who again raced with the leading man, and on the completion of the first mile, they all passed the flag in the following order—Garnett, Johnson, Laing, Long, Little, Bowman. Early in the next round Mr. Laing spurred past Messrs. Johnson and Garnett, and for the first time took the lead amid the deafening cheers of his friends; Mr. Long, who throughout was evidently waiting upon the favourite, running into the second place. The fifth and sixth laps were respectively completed in 6 min. 33 sec. and 7 min. 51 sec., without producing any material change in the relative positions of the competitors; but half-way up the hill in the concluding round, Mr. Long disposed of Mr. Johnson, and became second, about ten yards behind the leading man. In this order the seventh lap was completed (time 6 min. 10 sec.), and as the men entered upon the last round, the excitement of the spectators became intense, it being clear that the race lay between the leading pair. All the way up the hill Mr. Long gradually drew up to the favourite, and at the turn challenged for the lead, but the other with a superb effort shook him off, and the Light Blue representative fell back about a yard. In this position the pair raced to the turn at the pavilion, when Mr. Long, amid a most tumultuous scene of excitement, once more dashed up to the shoulder of the leading man, and the two entered the straight as nearly level as possible. Few of those who were present are likely ever to forget the spectacle of that memorable struggle home. Amid a perfect babel of frantic uproar, such as only undergraduate throats can give vent to, above which the names of 'Laing!' 'Long!' rang clear and resonant, the pair dashed down the slope at a tremendous pace, as though they were finishing a hundred yards spin. About fifteen yards from home Laing appeared to be leading by about a foot, but swerving across the course from sheer exhaustion, the other just caught him at the tape, and the race was adjudged a dead heat! Mr. Johnson finished third, a yard or two in advance of Messrs. Little and Garnett. The time of the winners was 10 min. 20 secs., the last quarter of a mile having been accomplished in 1 min. 10 sec. Some time elapsed before the result could be made known, owing to the indescribable confusion which prevailed, but as soon as the judge's verdict was announced, the uproar.

recommenced with redoubled force, and the two men, who at first were in almost a fainting state from their exertions, were carried in triumphal procession to the pavilion by their respective partisans.

So ended the Inter-University Sports of 1866, the result of which gave three victories and a dead heat for Oxford to their opponents' five; but as the Dark Blue carried off the majority of the principal events, besides scoring five seconds to three, the merits of the two may be considered to be pretty evenly balanced. The arrangements on the whole were good, and with the exception of the dead heat for the two-mile race, when the general excitement carried everything before it, the behaviour of the spectators was unusually orderly, all things considered. The principal drawbacks were the want of a telegraph board, and a general uncertainty as to where the various events were to come off;—but as fault-finding is always an ungracious task, we shall say no more on the subject, beyond expressing a hope that these and one or two other trifling shortcomings will not be overlooked in the arrangements for next year.

In the evening the competitors and their friends dined together at the Town Hall; but as the Cambridge special was fixed to start at eight P.M., a good deal of speechifying and cork-drawing had to be compressed within a somewhat narrow compass, a grievance which the 'irrepressible' undergraduates—to use a significant but vulgar phrase—'took out' at the expense of the railway company by a general war dance on the platform—the results of which will doubtless figure under the head of 'repairs' at the next audit of the L. & N. W.

R. B. W.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

When it was rumoured some few months since that, owing to 'a difference of opinion' between the two universities, there was a chance of their not meeting at Putney this year, it occasioned profound distress amongst those who yearly love to throng the banks of Old Father Thames to witness the contest for the blue riband of the river, and the relief was intense when, after a little sparring between the rival Presidents of the O.U.B.C. and the C.U.B.C., and the past and present members of either university, it was announced that Cambridge, by Mr. Kinglake, had sent the usual challenge, and the annual race would take place.

As the 'point' then raised by Cambridge against Oxford sending up men to row who had been in residence more than a certain number of terms is not likely to be heard of again, it would be out of place to further allude to it, but it cannot be too widely known that, although Oxford refused to give way to the sister university on paper, in the boat this year they had not a man who had passed what Cambridge required should be the limit of residence, whereas four of the Cambridge men came under their own 'ban,' and the victory achieved on the 24th of March last will therefore be

more highly prized by the victors than if they had called in the aid of any men who would, without any valid reason, have been objected to by Cambridge.

Before touching upon the great event this year, it may be as well to refer to the last race, for it is a most unaccountable fact that no report of it did justice to the result.

The names and weights of the respective crews were as follows :—

OXFORD.			CAMBRIDGE.		
	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
1. R. T. Raikes, Merton . . .	11	1	1. H. Watney, St. John's . .	11	1
2. H. P. Senhouse, Christ Ch. .	11	2	2. M. H. Beebee, St. John's .	11	0
3. I. F. Henley, Oriel . . .	12	13	3. G. V. Pigott, Corpus . .	11	13
4. G. G. Coventry, Pembroke. .	11	12	4. R. A. Kinglake, Trinity .	12	8
5. A. Morrison, Balliol . . .	12	6	5. D. F. Steavenson, Trin. Hall	12	5
6. T. Wood, Pembroke . . .	12	2	6. G. H. Borthwick, Trinity .	12	0
7. H. Schneider, Trinity . . .	11	11	7. W. R. Griffiths, Trinity .	11	8
8. M. Brown, Trinity . . .	11	4	8. C. B. Lawes, Trinity . .	11	7
C. W. R. Tottenham, Christ			F. H. Archer, Corpus (cox.)	7	3
Church (cox.).	7	13			

Cambridge, then as now, had come to town with anything but a good expectation, but with the aid of a great deal of puffing by the sporting representative of the daily press, at the start even money was betted between them. Cambridge never had a chance, for although they held a lead of two lengths up to Hammersmith Bridge, it was only on sufferance, and never since the race was instituted had it before happened that the crew leading by two lengths at Hammersmith Bridge should be eventually defeated by nearly four, and for the result, the Oxford stroke must be awarded the greatest praise ; for, although the coxswain informed him in the middle of the race that ‘ he was losing it,’ not even that sharp reproach would induce him to change his steady stroke of thirty-nine per minute for one like his adversaries of forty-three and forty-four, knowing, as he did, that if he could keep within two lengths of Cambridge with such comparatively easy work, in a four mile race forty-four strokes per minute must tell its tale, and during the whole course he never put on a single spurt, and had at last the satisfaction of gradually leaving his opponents behind, and passing the flag at Mortlake four clear lengths to the good, with but little distress to himself and crew. It must be admitted that Cambridge did a good deal this year to try and break the charm of five successive defeats, but they seem entirely to disregard the ‘ one thing needful ’—a change of stroke ; as long as they keep to their present one, they will have but little chance of showing Oxford the way to Putney ; and it seems extraordinary, in the face of so many defeats, that they should hold on to it in the way they do. Mr. Brown does all his work at the dip of the oar in the water ; Mr. Griffiths does all his preparatory to taking it out. To this simple fact may be attributed what is called the difference in style between the two universities ; and as it seems Cambridge has not a coach who will teach it them, the sooner they obtain one the better,

for until they do, they will never ‘make a race’ in the true acceptation of the phrase.

The names and weights of the crews this year were as follows :—

OXFORD.			st. lb.	CAMBRIDGE.			st. lb.
1.	R. T. Raikes, Merton	.	11	1.	J. Still, Caius	.	11
2.	F. Crowder, Brasenose	.	11	2.	J. R. Selwyn, Trinity	.	11
3.	W. F. Freeman, Merton	.	12	3.	J. W. Bourke, Trinity	.	12
4.	F. Willan, Exeter	.	12	4.	H. Fortescue, Magdalene	.	12
5.	E. F. Henley, Oriel	.	13	5.	D. F. Steavenson, Trin. Hall	.	12
6.	W. W. Wood, University	.	12	6.	R. A. Kinglake, Trinity	.	12
7.	H. P. Senhouse, Christ Ch.	.	11	7.	H. Watney, St. John's	.	10
8.	M. Brown, Trinity	.	11	8.	W. R. Griffiths, Trinity	.	11
	C. R. W. Tottenham, Christ				A. Forbes, St. John's (cox.)		8
	Church (cox.)	.	7				0
			13				

The result of their doings for the ten days previous to the race was to reduce the odds from three to one on Oxford to two to one, and even six to four, but that was more owing to the way in which, as last year, the capabilities of Cambridge were exaggerated in the daily newspapers. For the last three years it has been the custom of the gentleman who writes for the ‘dailies’ to endeavour to obtain popular sympathy for Cambridge, their repeated defeats being his reason for doing so, and the result of his daily efforts is that the οἱ πολλοὶ begin to think it a positive wrong for Oxford to win, and a great deal of praise is withheld from them because they do not allow themselves to be beaten. One paper has gone so far as to intimate that Oxford’s successive victories have now become monotonous, and then, instead of meting out praise to the victors, actually goes out of the way to secure admiration for the pluck and improvement exhibited by Cambridge. Sympathy might be called for if Cambridge had been defeated by a foul, but to ask for it when they have been beaten year after year, simply from inability to cope with their antagonists, is childish and absurd in the extreme.

During the whole of Friday night it blew a hurricane, and there seemed every chance of the clerk of the weather not permitting a race. At three o’clock, however, the wind abated and the rain ceased; and five o’clock beheld the sky without a cloud. The Oxford men very wisely took a short spin about six o’clock; but Cambridge ‘rested on their oars’ on shore. Oxford, with their luck, which has now become proverbial, won the toss, and, to the surprise of those who knew what the wind could do at Corney Reach, chose the Middlesex side. At sixteen minutes to eight the crews were ready for

THE START.

Oxford was the first to catch the water; but Cambridge, beginning with 40 and 41 strokes per minute, was soon a few feet in advance, which they increased to three-quarters of a length at the Middlesex Creek. Mr. Brown here quickened his stroke from 39 to 41 per

minute, to test the strength of his rivals, which brought them nearly level ; but immediately he had ascertained their measure, he slackened his stroke to 39 per minute, and resumed his old place, about three-quarters of a length to the bad. At the soap-works, Cambridge had increased her lead to nearly a length, Oxford pursuing the even tenor of her way with 39 strokes per minute, and the two boats passed through Hammersmith Bridge without having altered their position, to the intense delight of the friends of Cambridge, who, seemingly oblivious of last year's race, already considered Oxford as good as beaten. From Hammersmith Bridge to Chiswick Ayot, Oxford permitted Cambridge to show the way ; but at the lower end of the Ayot Mr. Brown increased his stroke to 41, and, slowly but surely, decreased his distance from Cambridge. Between here and Barnes Bridge both crews met with a mishap ; Oxford ran into some swans, and Cambridge only just avoided a collision with a barge. Cambridge then commenced showing evident signs of distress ; and, having been doing 41 strokes per minute from the commencement of the race, Mr. Griffiths had not a spurt left in him. The race was over ; and Oxford, increasing their lead from one to two, and from two to three lengths, came in an easy winner by three good lengths, in 25 min. 31 sec., which may be considered very good time, a head-wind being against them all the way. Both crews were loudly cheered as the steamers (which had, for the first time for many years, kept well behind) came up with their heavy freights of human beings, and Oxford rowed back to Putney with as much ease as if they had been out for an airing, instead of a four-mile race ; Cambridge, on the other hand, showed unmistakeable signs of distress, and seemed very glad when they reached the London Rowing Club boat-house.

It would be unfair not to particularize for special praise the rowing of Nos. 8, 5, and 1 in the Oxford, and Nos. 8 and 6 in the Cambridge boat ; but neither crew were perfect, although, in the words of an old stroke of seven years ago, Oxford was the better of the two.

In the evening the crews, as usual, dined with the Thames Subscription Club ; and the Hon. G. Denman had for the sixth year to lament the defeat of his university.

It would be all the better for Cambridge if, instead of yearly sympathizing with their defeats, some old member took them in hand and taught them a winning stroke. Cannot Mr. Snow or Mr. Hall be induced to devote themselves to such a labour of love ? Surely Cambridge cannot have altogether forgotten the art of rowing ; but eleven defeats in the last fourteen years unmistakeably demonstrate there is something radically wrong somewhere. It is to be hoped that next March will see them at Putney with a crew that can beat Oxford on its merits, or they must cease to ask for sympathy and praise until they have done something to wipe out their six successive defeats.

THE LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE proverbial inconstancy of popular applause, the healthiness of horseflesh, and the fidelity of the verbal utterings of the weaker sex, have, if possible, been surpassed by the fickleness and contradictory instructions issued by racing men in recent days. Mr. Studd, the owner of the winner of the Grand National Steeple-chase, thought it quite compatible with his own position, and consistent with his horse's merits, to run him at such a contemptible cockney gathering as the Ealing meeting, in the dead of the winter, where of course the horse ran 'nowhere.' Mr. Studd also, either mistrusting his own resolution or his horse's capabilities, called upon the 'Commissioner' (to whom he had entrusted between 400 and 500*l.* to invest upon The Dwarf the year previous, and which Commissioner had accomplished his task apparently to Mr. S.'s satisfaction), and gave him instructions to back Salamander for him at 50 or 40 to 1, 'as long as the bookmakers would lay.' These instructions Mr. Studd gave on the 14th of February, and the next day sent the following letter to his Commissioner—

'MY DEAR SIR,

'Hallaton Hall, Uppingham, Feb. 15, 1866.

'I have determined on not backing anything now, for my man says it would be throwing money into the fire to back any of my own, and I don't see anything I like so well as Hornet. I will therefore wait a while.

'Yours truly,

'EDWARD STUDD.'

Of course, if it would be 'throwing money into the fire' to back any of his lot, this gentleman's conduct, in making the round of all the bookmakers, and himself taking all the forties and fifties he could get, is, to say the least, rather paradoxical, and not the sort of thing we are accustomed to expect from the landed gentry of England. But perhaps a prolonged residence in the East may have made the worthy owner of Salamander mistrustful of everybody, and convinced him of the absolute necessity of *finesse*, diplomacy, and trickery. And but for the circumstance that his change of tactics was antecedent to the disreputable 'Mistake affair,' he would have had some show of reason for his conduct, and his resolve to do his work himself might have been instigated by a desire to avoid the bungling of Mr. H. Morris, who seems to have such an 'extensive connection,' that he could not even back a horse for a miserable 175*l.*, in one of the great events of the year, without calling in the aid and help of other 'commissioners.' Like a secret entrusted to an old beldame, which is so great that it requires all the parish to 'keep' it, so 175*l.* is an amount so utterly unprecedented in commissioners' experience, that it was at once divided into several smaller sums, and the services of various persons invited to lay it out.

Verily the 'commission' business is in a state of rottenness; and the escapades of Messrs. Studd and Morris, from their respective points of view, serve to point most important morals.

'THE CATTLE PLAGUE, WITH OFFICIAL REPORTS,'* &c. &c.

A REVIEW.

Nothing tends more to make a reader very tired of theories than the discovery that every writer on the fertile theme of the Cattle Plague has his own pet theory to support, and that he is resolved to do it at all hazards. This reckless resolve has led many writers to invent hypotheses in place of drawing inferences from facts; and in most instances the speculations are so purely fanciful that they seem to have been contrived more for the purpose of differing from other writers and speakers than from any intention of conveying instruction.

We need scarcely say that until 'authorities' are pretty well agreed as to the nature of the Rinderpest it is hopeless to expect they will be unanimous as to any mode of treatment; but there has, unfortunately, been more unanimity on the latter point than we ever remember to have known with respect to any analogous calamity. The pole-axe has been the generally accepted regimen. Nothing speaks more eloquently of the weakness and insufficiency of the veterinary art than the universal havoc which they have, as with one voice, cried aloud. Kill, kill, kill, has been their universal watchword, and instead of being messengers of mercy and heralds of health, they have rather resembled the destroying angel, and have carried destruction and desolation wherever they have found a footing or forced an entrance. If they, as a pretending learned body, have been weak to imbecility, the Government has been still more impotent for good, though powerful for evil. It has given authority to a band of ignorant adventurers, who, under the guise of 'Inspectors,' have pried into a man's premises, criticised his stock, and decidedly objected to his doing as he liked with his own cattle, and this, too, in many instances, with little or no sufficient grounds for so severe and destructive a course of action. It is surely hardship enough for a man to have sickness amongst his stock; but it is nothing short of the most debasing tyranny to fine that man for restoring, by the best means he knows, those animals to health, simply because some impertinent and ignorant whipper-snapper 'reports' that they have had the Rinderpest. We should vastly like to know where these upstart 'Inspectors' derived their knowledge of the Rinderpest, and should uncommonly like to subject them to a few minutes' examination as to the nature, progress, symptoms, pathological appearances, and treatment. The result would be that we should find, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they knew less or as little about it as the master of a Union workhouse. If the 'powers that be' want to know how to investigate, in a proper spirit, so dire a calamity, let them refer to the conduct of the Government authorities of the little kingdom of Denmark, when the small-pox broke out with such virulence in its capital about thirty years ago, a concise and graphic record of which they will find in the '*Bidrag til Borne-koppernes og Vaccinationens Historie i Danmark og om de sidste herskende Koppe-Epidemier*,' as told by Johannes Christian Wendt.

The conduct of the English Government has been distinguished by reckless imbecility and mischievous folly. Its acts, its aims, and its shortcomings are graphically described in a huge volume of 860 pages just issued by Professor Galgee, of the Albert Veterinary College. A review of this book is, of

* By John Gamgee. London: Robert Hardwicke, 1866, pp. 860.

course, out of the question in these pages, but every one curious on the subject will find in the book the fullest particulars as to the history of the Cattle Plague in this country, its definition, its symptoms, its causes, its contagion, its ravages, and the impotent efforts made to avert it.

We need scarcely say that the disease has been regarded as typhus, as small-pox, as Rinderpest, as a distinct disease, *sui generis*, but similar to Rinderpest, and as, in short, almost every conceivable disease except hysteria, which latter visitation, in its various phases, both of stolid sulkiness and bustling mischievousness, has seemed to confine itself exclusively to the 'governing' classes of this country, and to the ignorant pretenders whom they have entrusted with a little brief authority. All these facts are well recorded in the book of Gamgee, to which we refer our readers desirous of ampler details.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

MARCH, says the proverb, comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb. Now all that I—and I dare say a good many readers of 'Baily'—know about lamb, is cold, and in connection with salad; and that naturally brings us to lunch on the roof of coaches, Tod Heatley's day (and here I, though at a distance, will offer up my prayer, 'May his shadow never grow less,' and may I accept of his imperial hospitality next year, when the English win their own Derby—but that is all by the way), and Spring Meetings. We are in the *beau milieu* of our Spring Meetings—and, I am bound to say, cold and dull they are. Steeple-chasing—for to that we are at present confined—is still in its infancy in France; nor do I believe it will ever become a plant natural to the soil. In England there are large fences; and, as the love of hunting is implanted in the British breast, and the quarry will run over a country, it is necessary to 'over-pass those obstacles,' as they would say here, so every man, woman, and child, who has ever been on a saddle, has a sneaking fondness for jumping.

I will not bore your readers with the old story—which, however, to me, an old foxhunter, *decies repetita placebit*—of how the Great Duke selected for his A. D. C.'s men who could 'fight their way across the Shires;' but there is no doubt that the passion for hunting, which descended to us from our 'Scandinavian ancestors—a mania that outlives love, friendship, literature, 'money-making, all the devices of poor human nature to squander its most 'priceless possession—time,' colours our character and gives us decision. 'No one but a foxhunter could have made up his mind so quick,' once said to the writer the best sportsman in the Fitzwilliam country. When I call him 'Purple Day,' many of your readers will remember him. 'Hunting gives 'character,' said he, again, one night, as we struggled home from some distant 'kill,' up the impossible 'bridle roads' of that dear but dirty Shire. And now let me pay a tardy tribute to that great writer from whom I have cribbed the above quotation. Whyte Melville says somewhere, that there is a lurking love of poetry in every one who hunts. He has proved by his writings that there is a great depth of classical lore; an appreciation of the beauties of nature which Salvator Rosa could not have surpassed; a knowledge of the great science which Nimrod or Tom Sebright could not have exceeded; and an artistic feeling toward the world in general, which cannot be too highly esteemed. Leicestershire no longer wants the 'Holy Poet.' I

have heard it said by slow readers that it is difficult to keep up with the interest which the author of 'Digby Grand' infuses into his works. I can only say that, if that objector had got away from a Tuesday's cover with the Pytchley, he would have found that it was a deal more difficult to keep up with that author over those awful inclosures which intercept the Harrowden Lordship.

One word more of Whyte Melville. The man who wrote the introduction to 'Holmby House,' wrote a poem—a poem so beautiful that old foxhunters have wiped their tears over it. As I look at it again, I become a 'weeper' for the days that are gone, and morally turn my top-boots to the wall. It is really beautiful to see that, in these days when radicalism is rampant, anyone can retain such conservative feelings for past pleasures, and record them in such language. Well, we are steeple-chasing every Sunday. Last week, at Vincennes, there were two as superior falls as it has been my luck to see during a long career across country. A manufactured 'double' was the obstacle. Imagine a high bank, eight inches wide at the top, and two ditches. That, however, is perfectly legitimate; a fresh horse could have taken it all in his stride, or a clever one would have 'done it at twice,' as the mare did the brook; but to prevent either of these fortunate contingencies, the authorities had placed a wattle, six inches high and as strong as a wire fence, in the centre of the bank. I was walking with an old hand, well known in the midland counties: 'There will be grief there,' spoke the oracle; and presently Lamplugh and the Vicomte de Talon charged the 'obstacle' abreast. Both came down such bursters as are seldom seen. Lamplugh was carried off on a stretcher, but was not seriously hurt; and the plucky Vicomte won the next race. The fence is to be altered before next Sunday, when the Emperor's 400*l.* is to be run for. There were several drags at Vincennes: Mr. Baron's, nicely done, and very neatly worked; M. de Troubetskoi's, and M. de Metternich's, both good, but not well worked—the whips being used rather too much after the fashion of fly-fishing. There is another fault in these coaches,—I never eat lunch, and so write from no selfish feeling. The hospitality which we have all experienced at Ascot, Epsom, Hampton, &c., &c., is wanting here. If the attendance at the second meeting of Vincennes was not as brilliant as usual, that must be attributed to the ball of the previous night. Even Cocottes and the 'golden youths' of Paris want rest sometimes; and if you have danced and supped till ten, you are scarcely 'fit to start' again at twelve.

Now, on Saturday the 'Jockey Club' and the little club of the Rue Royale entertained, at the Trois Frères, the whole of the half-world of Paris. The great salons were brilliant with thousands of lights, and the air was heavy with the perfume of exotics; servants in full dress and powder attended to the slightest wants of the guests, and—

' Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,'

and a great many other 'voluptuous swells' dropped in after the reception at the English Embassy. The ladies were all to be dressed as 'grisettes,' a sort of sumptuary law having been passed by the Committee, in order to allow young persons without diamonds and cachmeres to appear. Two ladies, however, made themselves willing 'outlaws,' and, in spite of the edict, appeared in costumes so gorgeous that all Paris is talking of them. Cora Pearl appeared either as 'Eve' or 'Progress,' the point has not yet been decided; but whether she was the original parent who 'damned us all,' from her propensity for forbidden fruit, or 'Progress,' all I can say is that she looked very

well, and her form and figure were not concealed by many more garments than were worn by the original apple-eater. Giulia Barrocci was attired as a 'peacock;' her dress, made by Mr. Man-milliner Worth, cost 200*l.* She dressed at Worth's, where her toilet was inspected by several very great ladies of the whole-world; she then 'reported' herself at the little club, and marched for the scene of action. The Barrocci had on 30,000*l.* of jewels. The supper was such a triumph of culinary art, that I am tempted to send you the *menu*, which I keep before me as a memorial of past pleasure.

MENU DU SOUPER DU BAL DES 'DAMES DU LAC.'

Hors d'œuvres.

Banquet de Crevettes. Caviar.

Potage.

Bisque, Duchesse, et Fantauges.

1st Service.

Cruite Saumonée, au beurre de Montpellier.

Jambon d'Yosele à la jélée.

Galantine de Faisan à la Valière.

Suprême de Volaille à l'Anglais.

Mauviette en caisse.

Pain de Foie gras à la Cressy.

Buissans de Truffes au Champagne.

2nd Service.

Salade Russe.

Salade Russe.

Poularde Truffes sauce Périgueux.

Bécasse en cailler.

Banissau d'écrevisses de choix.

Asperges en branche.

Petite pois nouveaux à la française.

Pêche à la condé.

Crème frangipane aux Amandes.

Gâteau Breton Nistorie cause de Mangat à la Parisienne.

Pouding Nesselrode glacé Banche à la Clermont Ferraud.

Dessert.

Fraise, Ananas sur pied et raisin.

Vins.

Madere Vieux.

St. Julien.

Chambertin.

Romanee glacé.

Café,

et

46 Liqueure.

Chât Margaux, 4 g.

Champagne sec.

Ruederer frappe.

The Duke of Hamilton, who, as you know, is a French as well as a Scotch swell—being here Duc de Chatelherault—kept his coming of age at the 'Trois Frères.' He drives about Paris in a phaeton with untanned harness, to the evident astonishment of the uninitiated. We have a very scanty attendance of English here at present; indeed I think Paris is going out of fashion. Men now go to China or Africa, to drink tea or shoot lions. By the way, I hear wonderful accounts of the doings of one M. Pertuiset, who is the successor to poor Jules Gérard. He shoots lions like hares; and last month bagged a wonderful ape, which exactly looked like his grandfather—or, at least, like that grandfather whom the grandson invariably persuaded 'to go 'up Snowdon, as he was 90 in the shade, and he was sure that God had forgotten he was still alive.'

Our real racing season begins here on Easter Monday; after that I shall have more facts of interest to tell the readers of 'Baily.' I asked the Count

de St. G—— (in the 'Vermouth' stable) what was going to happen this year. His answer was, 'There is not a good young horse in France.' Well, we shall see : in the mean time they take 10 to 1 about Maravedis, and 12 to 1 about Young Monarque, Czar, or Belizaire, for the French Derby.

The artistic world has been startled here by the appearance of some photographs (especially those of the Duke of Rutland, and other sportsmen known here as in England), the productions of the United Association of Photography of Regent Street, on the Wothlytype system ; they are good likenesses and pretty pictures ; and if the company will send an agent here, I will insure his doing all the *haute cocotterie* of this pleasant, but, I fear, immoral metropolis.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—March Mems—Liverpool Lights—Doncaster Delineations—A Malton Morning—A Skelton Sketch—A Rawcliffe Recollection—Chase Crayons—Steeple-chase Sermons—Racing Rumours.

MARCH, sacred to Dust and Quarter-Day, and therefore one of the most popular months with Landlords, has not passed away without its sensational features, and leader-writers have had plenty of topics for their pens, whether they dipped them in gall or honey. Direct commissions, not for the Army, but for Steeple-chases have formed the subject of a Court of Inquiry, to whose finding, objections have of course been found on purely personal motives. For at the present time, the real merits of a case are the last to be considered, and each critic concurs or objects to the award, in proportion to his liking for the arbitrators. The vagaries of the light weights have also been the source of discussion even in journals which do not usually interfere in racing matters, and Jemmy Grimshaw has found himself in 'The Pall Mall Gazette,' beside Earl Russell and Mr. Bright ; while the nature of his education has been debated as earnestly as that of the Heirs to the Thrones of France and Austria. And notwithstanding the angry comments of this young gentleman on our notice on his riding of Problem at Lincoln, which were read to him—for hitherto he has applied very little of his vast rent-roll, to making himself acquainted with the letters of the alphabet—we must still adhere to our original views of him as a jockey. And lest we might be accused of some personal feeling towards him, let us set our readers' minds at rest, by the personal assurance that he is not on our visiting-list, and that we never exchanged a syllable with him in our lives. And although we were mildly rebuked, by a good-natured critic, who, from not being behind the scenes so much as ourselves, took too indulgent a view of him in his calling, it is not a little strange that within a fortnight afterwards the tide should have changed, and the idol discovered to be made of the veriest willow pattern ware, instead of the choicest porcelain. But the film seems to have been removed from the Noblemen and Gentlemen's eyes, who have been accustomed to give their light-weights far higher salaries than their curates, and afford them more indulgences and privileges. And if we have even in the slightest degree contributed to the cure of this crying evil, we shall feel ourselves as proud as the proprietors of 'The Glowworm,' when their piquant and amusing little journal was seized in Paris for giving expression to sentiments which were considered so dangerous, as to endanger the stability of the French Empire. The betting on the Derby has been confined to the front rank horses ; and the Clubs and Tattersall's have, like the Universities, been immersed in 'the Student question.' Like Liddington, his downfall was a rapid

one ; but it should not be forgotten he is not the first Student who, from a delicate constitution, has fallen a victim to overwork. But as he was stopped by his careful nurse in time, although he will not see Newmarket, there is no reason why he should not visit Epsom ; and as he was very forward when the mishap befel him, perhaps his 'hours of idleness' will not do him so much harm as his friends apprehend. Janitor is a puzzle, for by right he should have had the vacancy created by Student, and yet he seems to have been passed over by Redan and Auguste. This is certainly opposed to the principle of promotion by merit, as earned by competitive examination ; but time, we suppose, will set the matter right. On the Handicaps little has been done, and the public appetite for them seems never to be created until within a few hours of the dainty dishes being served up. Challenges of all descriptions have been published in the Sporting papers since our last issue, and the most extraordinary one is from a Scott, who terms himself 'The Champion Bill-Poster of the 'World,' and who offers to post bills against any man in England for a tenner. Had he been willing to have made the stakes larger, we imagine Mr. E. R. Clarke would have ventured from his retirement ; and we are quite satisfied in a match of this description, he would have found plenty of backers, and, moreover, have been the favourite at start. But we must chronicle our Diary of the Month, and recall our recollections of our wanderings North and South of the Trent. There is something of so magnetic a character in the very name of a Grand National, that it is impossible to resist it. Besides it would be ungrateful to our patrons, after the kind indulgence bestowed on our lucubrations, if we did not do all in our power to render them *au courant* with the sayings and doings of the month. The journey to Aintree is not as pleasant, or filled with as many historical recollections as that to The Holy Land, and beyond enduring the climate of Nice, during our transit, we have no further remark to make upon it, except, perhaps, that the guards were civil in the extreme, and evidently connected with the West India interests, as they were indulgent to the introduction of tobacco into the carriages. There is one advantage in a postponement of a Grand National at Liverpool to a similar delay at Nottingham or Derby, inasmuch as both mental and bodily food can be found for the frozen-out bettors, which cannot be supplied at the former places ; while for the Upper Ten, we suppose Croxteth to be as good a harbour of refuge as Donnington or Rufford. Although the Head Centre of Commerce in the North, it can scarcely be denied that Liverpool is a Sporting city, and that gambling in wool and opium has extended to flat races and steeple-chases. Still, the great mercantile firms, whose argosies float in the Mersey, give little or nothing to the Fund, possibly because they may be of opinion it might endanger their credit with their bankers, or on the Stock Exchange. And the sinews of war are solely found by Mr. Topham and a few hotel-keepers who profit by the occasion. Yet, on their Derby Day, they come out in earnest ; and there is not a merchant prince but what is interested in the result of the race, and improves the opportunity by entertaining his friends in a style that leaves nothing to be desired. Offices also are abandoned to the care of junior clerks, and the docks are deserted, as the railway stations and the pedestrian route to Aintree too truly testify ; and the labourers who toil there would infinitely prefer the loss of a day's wages, to the missing the breaking of arms, and collar-bones in the Grand Steeple-Chase. The Irish Brigade was in good force, and as they invariably cross in the night, their arrival at the hotels at daybreak gives the Saxons but poor chance of sleep afterwards, from the throwing down of luggage, mistaking of rooms, and outcries for sodas and brandies.

A Temperance Lecturer would find ample food for his holdings forth if he

adopted the overland route to the scene of action, seeing that it lay between streets in which every other house was either a pawnbroker's shop or a dram-shop, the one fostering the taste for the other. The attendance was good, but the death of Lady Caroline Towneley limited the Croxteth party; and Lord Sefton had but a light load on the drag, whose arrival always helps to swell out the accounts of the local reporters. The Mistaken Baron was the lion of the enclosure, and enjoyed all the gape-seed; and it could not have been very pleasant for him to have heard the newspaper vendors bawling out his correspondence in 'The Sporting Life,' and seeing the papers sold like race-cards over the rails. On the case itself we will simply remark that, although the legs say it should never have come before the public, as it put them behind the scenes too much, we contend that that suffering body will be benefited by the elucidation of a practice which was adopted so readily, as to leave no doubt of its being one of daily occurrence, and, as such, to be guarded against. As for the plan adopted by the Baron of telling different tales to each of his Commissioners, no terms of reprobation can be too severe for it; and, if report is not a story-teller, 'Longs' spoke out, and pronounced against it. The affair, however, led to the creation of a good phrase at The Arlington, where, when a member now makes a mistake, he is said to have committed a 'Van 'Grootzen.' The horse himself might have got a prize at Islington in July, but was no more fit to run than Rustic would have been for the Derby. Never had France sent a better-prepared animal than Laura, and her action was so good there was quite a rush of 'Petrarchs' on her. Alcibiade was as handsome as ever, but had not filled up; and young Ben Land, who strutted about in the enclosure in a fur cap, like a bandsman of a wild beast show, evidently fancied both himself and his mount. Milltown, followed by M'Graine, that Anak of Irish dealers, was much liked, and stripped one of the handsomest horses of the lot; but he is young in years, and although he showed good speed in getting to his horses when left behind at the post, he wants time to develope himself. Columbia was as narrow as a rail; and 'Emma 'Gelding,' as Mr. Parr's colt was reported in the betting, and described in the cards, did not give us the impression of travelling over so long a course, although the Cheltenham Holman, who has gone to finish the season in France, evidently thought otherwise. Lord Poulett's trio came out late, and in their new colours might have been taken for three of Lord Chesterfield's team. They looked in superb condition, and Chris Green had great hopes of pulling off the event, maintaining Cortolvin to be one of the best horses he had ever put a saddle on. Tom Oliver said he had a nice horse in Philosopher, but not a Peter Simple, as the contrast in the names would imply. As Salamander galloped up whisperings were heard of his goodness, and the Ealing Clerk of the Course vowed to us he would win; to which we replied that in such weather an animal of that kind was very unlikely to come out. It would be wearisome to traverse the course with the horses at this period, and therefore we will only say that Alcibiade, with several other cracks, came very early to grief, and Cortolvin beat all that Lord Poulett and Mr. Carew had a right to fancy dangerous, for Salamander could never have been dreamed of even by the most visionary seer; yet his owner, who a fortnight before thought it would be throwing money in the fire to back him, took the pleasant little sum of 31,000*l.* out of the Ring, being the largest stake ever got out of a Grand National.

Salamander, as the papers have told us, was bought out of a hovel in Ireland, in much the same condition as a Lambeth Casual, and was included with a couple of hunters, for four hundred and twenty pounds. And although the

old horses did not turn out well, the young one paid for the lot. Upon the squareness of the Handicap it is impossible not to say a word in praise, for from the hour it was published, to that on which it was run off, not a syllable was urged against it; and Mr. Saxon assured us he never recollected so many horses running on their merits, or so many owners sanguine of winning. Of Mr. Alec Goodman's riding we will only say that it was as good as ever, and no professional jockey of the present day can put a horse at a fence like him, and his constant practice in the hunting field gives him an advantage which few in a different sphere enjoy. As the flat racing in the Spring at Aintree is always subservient to the Steeple-chases, one need not dwell upon it further than to say that Wadlow, who is always in force in the early part of the season, won the Cup with Jezebel, and most of the Upper Ten preferred perusing the returns of the other races in the papers at their Clubs, to reading them on the telegraph on the course. And now, adieu to Aintree and its Anticipations—as the newspaper contents bills would say—until July, when Mr. Topham will be again ready to receive his friends. We next changed the venue to Doncaster, forsaking Warwick and Leamington, whose features never present the slightest variation, and one description would suffice for years. Still we read Mr. Merry was in his usual force, and mastered the difficulties of his position with his usual ability, as we have before pointed out. A more striking contrast between Doncaster Spring and Doncaster Autumn it is scarcely possible to imagine, and the racing really looked like a rehearsal of the September scene. But one solitary fly, which seemed ashamed of itself, lined the rails. The Saints had not thought it worth while to placard the trees in the avenue with scriptural truths; neither was the annual Testament opened at its usual chapter in the window in St. Leonard's Place, an omission we should like to see accounted for. The studies of the deaf and dumb children were left undisturbed, for we suppose the fame of Lochiel had not reached the ears of the Superintendent. The private stands had no galaxy of beauty in their boxes; and Mr. Savile's small party at Rufford was all the Reporters were enabled to notice. The appearance of Mr. Agg, of Cheltenham, Mr. Lydiard, of Reading, and all the followers of Wantage, indicated that Mr. Parr had one of his 'real good things' for them. Mr. Stephenson might also have been seen 'getting a gun' at Lochiel, against whom he had laid the somewhat short odds of 20,000 to 100. He returned, however, from taking the inventory very unconcernedly, and we believe would have doubled the bet rather than hedged it, especially after the horse was beaten so far in the Handicap, by two such moderate things as Eakring and Miss Haworth, who astonished the natives with their dead heat. In the deciding bout, the former, having been out twice before in the afternoon, cried *quantum suf.*, and the Middleham mare won in true John Osborne style.

The Hopeful two-year olds were anything but what their name implied, looking to be not worth more than five-and-twenty pounds a-piece, and their coats were as rough as sheep. Easby was thought the most of, but he was tall on the leg, and did not run up to his anticipated form, and it really seemed going back to September again, to witness Harry Grimshaw in front in the Gladiateur colours. Although it did not rain, we were favoured with some sharp snow-storms, and the intensity of the cold was so great that none but a Highlander, or an Explorer after the North-West Passage, could have stood it; so in company with some friends we took refuge in the ladies' room in the Grand Stand, where, by the side of a blazing fire, and a cup of Cowper's favourite beverage, we endeavoured to forget for a time the horrors of Spring racing in the North of England. Pushing our way on to York, we made for Whitewall, to take stock of what used to be called Scott's lot. True, it has dwindled down into a third

of its original dimensions, owing to prejudice, and angry feelings on the part of disappointed employers, but the quality still remained, and the master mind showed itself in their condition. That it is impossible for John Scott to make platers into racehorses must be admitted. He has had, in his time, the best animals of their year, and done justice to them; but luck changed at Whitewall, as it has done at Danebury, where for three or four years John Day could scarcely win enough to pay expenses. Woodyeates has been equally unfortunate; nor have Lewes and Findon much to boast of in respect to their return lists, and yet we hear no outcry against them of want of attention to their teams. Ariel occupied the 'drawing-room,' as West Australian's box is generally called; but Baragah, thickened very much, and doing good work, had greater charms for us, and he has furnished well, and been neither sick nor sorry the whole winter. He is engaged and will run for the Chester Cup; and should the ground be good he will take his own part, but we should not fancy him in the mud, as he is an extremely sensitive horse, and if any dirt gets flung in his face, he throws up his head in an instant, and his backers at the same time. Besides, with 8st. 5lb. on him, Ashmall will be obliged to wait with him, and be thus thereby inconvenienced. Knight of the Crescent, for whom they hope to hoist the flag once more, is a complete second edition of his sire, The Knight of St. Patrick, to our mind the handsomest racehorse that was ever stripped in modern days. He has great size, a pony head and ears, fine quarters, and a commanding stride, which is sure to tell over the Rowley Mile. This year nothing whatever is known of him; but last week he was galloped at York with Arabia we believe, and although the ground was very deep, he performed satisfactorily enough to encourage John Scott to go on with him. Whether he will stay or not remains to be seen; but as he goes back on his dam's side to Velocipede, there is no reason why he should not do so; and when stripped for the Two Thousand, if we make no 'Van 'Grootzen,' he will have as large a levee as the other starters, and may not unlikely be one of the aide-de-camps on the staff of Lord Lyon. The Midsummer colt, who may perhaps assume the name of Stocktaker, is a good specimen of a Stockwell, and not a bad mover; but when he came up from York he had evidently been 'Banting,' and must have found some change in John Scott's board and lodging. Whether he is likely to make a parson or a clerk is, of course, unknown to any one, and all his backers have to do is to trust he may be as good as he looks. War and Westwick, both destined for the Craven week, are big slashing horses, particularly the latter, who might, perhaps, take up a position in the Derby betting, should he cut up well in the Biennial. Mr. Bowes, who, it is said, is coming over to England in May, and will see more of his horses than he has hitherto done, has a good lot of two-year olds up, and we have not seen so clever a one for a long time as Taraban, a filly by Rataplan out of Wiasma, and which is bound to race. As she is not engaged until Ascot, she was of course backward, but when she comes out, we shall be much disappointed if she belies her looks. Regalia was being sent along, and went as well as ever, and we cannot help regarding her, more especially when we saw how she cantered away from the Duke at Northampton, as the best mare that has been stripped since Virago. Young Tom I'Anson was looking after his small team with the care and industry for which he is conspicuous, and we understand his father has quite given up The Wold for the farm, and bid adieu to Derbys, Legers, Handicaps, and Queen's Plates, of which he certainly has had his share. Among the cracks on the Wold, Treasure Trove, who had his tail up, was pointed out to us as having set the taps in the beer barrels going ever since Lincoln, for which Handicap

John Shepherd made all the Malton people get on, and it was reported he was equally confident about the Metropolitan. Healthy as the stud was, it was equally satisfactory to learn that the farm presented quite as clean a bill of health, and that the veteran had escaped those losses which the rinderpest has inflicted on his neighbours. Extreme cleanliness, and plenty of chloride of lime, have been the only expedients which he used, and as yet they have been successful. Our next move was to York, where Skelton and Rawcliffe welcomed us to Lord Clifden and Newminster, 'the two Head Centres' of their respective establishments. Lord St. Vincent's hero is improved very much since he has been put out of training, and as he grows down he will lose that leggy character which he at one time possessed. Few horses filled so quick; and as he was the best Newminster, so he is likely to be the best looking-one. Ben Webster, but for the way his tail is stuck on, would be at treble the price at which he is put; and for soft-hearted, weedy mares, is just the right stamp of horse to use, as he is very handsome before, with plenty of bone and muscle, was a good game, stout runner, and as yet has not transmitted his defect to his foals, which are useful, handy little animals. All the arrangements about the farm are suited to its requirements; and from the attention paid to the paddocks, the Arabia-Petrea character of Skelton has been completely transmogrified. To see Blair Athol, in the time at our disposal, was impossible; besides, his proprietor was absent on duty, and as there is no Cicerone like him, we deferred our inspection until York races, when he and Blair 'receive' from ten to twelve each morning. But we heard from good authority that Blair's foal out of Tunstall Maid divided the honours with the one by Ivan out of Schism, at Clumber, of being the best of the season in the North. Rawcliffe, in whose proprietors some change is likely to be made, was very healthy, rejoicing in its new arrival, Dollar, one of the handsomest, blood-like horses we have seen for many a day. Just taken out of training, he is naturally a little light, but 'a thorough gentleman,' and when he has framed out, he will be as much the natural successor to the Dutchman as Lord Clifden to Newminster. As we predicted some three months back, the issue of his coinage for this year has been restricted, the terms of the Order in Council having been complied with. Lord Albemarle, so associated with the Carsharltan Doctor, is going ahead rapidly, a dozen names having already come to him, and more were promised, their owners appreciating so highly the analysis of his blood in 'The Sporting Times.' Next year in all probability Newminster will go into the hundred-guinea list, a promotion which we wonder has not been gazetted before, as no 'agitator' could object to it. Among the yearlings that struck us most was one of Lord Vivian's by Newminster, and another of Mr. La Mert's by Leamington out of Katherine Logie. The Company's yearlings will this year be sold at Tattersall's on the 7th of May, as from York races falling so late, it would be impossible to sell them to anything like advantage on the spot.

Croxton Park was, as usual, a gathering of brave men and fair women, and witnessed the return to the pigskin of Mr. George Thompson, who had not had a mount in public since his trip to 'The United States;' and his riding called to mind the time when he won with Miss Briggs after a dead heat, and Royalty was the first to give the signal for applause. Captain Little and Mr. Edwards also rode in their usual style of excellence, and although it was early for Roses, Mr. Chaplin took a prize for them.

As we are supposed to belong to the strictly legitimate order, we naturally put in an appearance at Northampton, which presented its usual crowded appearance, dragging all the hunting men from the Shires to do honour to the Hero of the Waterloo Run, who was united with the Duke of Beaufort in the Steward-

ship. To say it rained and snowed would be no news to our readers, for who ever recollects fine weather at the Meeting of the Boot and Shoe Metropolis? The betting was fearfully heavy, in fact quite as much so as the course, and it was a regular hand-to-hand encounter between the Hastingses, Westmorlands, Johnstones, and Chaplins, and the Steels, Jacksons, Stephensons, Hultons, and Morrisies. In the end the victory rested with the former, who took the lead and kept it. The vanquished, however, nothing daunted by their losses, have rallied, and will be found in the front again, eager to renew the battle at Newmarket. How John Day accomplished with John Davis what he had failed to do last year, is now a matter of history, as well as how the hopes of Rustic's followers were revived by it. Had John Davis been tried, he would have been a better favourite; but, as they knew nothing about him since last year, and the course was so heavy, the Stable naturally feared to trust him with much. Mr. Pitt also held out good hopes for the success of Blue Riband, who, if he should win his namesake, we are afraid would consign his favourite physician, Dr. Shorthouse, to one of those Asylums visited by Dr. Winalow. The union of the Houses of Chaplin and Machell bids fair to be a fruitful one, when the Spencer's Plate, by Vespasian, is the first issue. In the Althorp Park Stakes we saw Mr. Blenkiron had bred another good two-year old in The Rake; and so satisfied was Mr. Ten Broeck with his 'Progress,' that he backed him for six hundred for the Derby. Lord Stamford also turned out a very nice filly in Cellina, sister to Cerintha. The other animals behind them were of a better stamp than have been out this year, which speaks well for the first and second. Want of space prevents us further dwelling upon the Meeting, which may be said to have fully answered the purposes of the Shires.

From the Turf to the Chase the transition is easy and natural; but our despatches are not so numerous as usual, owing, perhaps, to our friends being so much engaged in signing cattle certificates. In Hampshire, Lord Poulett and the Hambledon have done very well, and they had the run of the season on the 26th, when they found an old dog-fox near Sheet Gate, in the Vale of Petersfield, who took them over Butsen Hill, on to Clanfield Wood, pointing for Barn Green; but the bitches pressed him so hard he was compelled to suit the wind, and turned back, passing over Gravel Hill and Target Bottom; then skirting Butsen Gorse, and on to Weston Mill; and from thence to Langrish, where they fairly raced him from scent to view, and ran into him in the open, after 1 hour and 23 minutes, without a check. During that time they went over 14 miles of a very stiff and heavy country. They have killed, up to the middle of the week, 30½ brace, and finish on the 31st. Mr. Whieldon will lend the Subscribers to the Vine his hounds for the ensuing season, provided they are not disposed of in the interim. Mr. Musters's sale is postponed *sine die*, and the hopes entertained of saving the Quorn from the hammer of Mr. Richard Tattersall have been realised by the 'sinews of war' having been voted at Melton. The Worcestershire difficulty has been arranged by Mr. Vernon going on; and Sir Watkin Wynn, although he left off himself earlier than he has hitherto done, has, at the request of his farmers, who do not think hounds carry infection, gone on, while he has started for Rome with Lady Wynn. The Old Berkshire will be distributed on the 11th of April, and Mr. Drake has fixed the 13th for his Auction. Both will take place at their respective kennels. The Prince of Wales has been honouring The Badminton with his presence; but the sport was not so good as his Grace would like to have shown his Royal Guest. His Royal Highness has also been out several times with his Harriers near Windsor; and if such a thing were possible, we should observe his popularity

was on the increase. Davis, strange to say, just at the termination of his honourable career with the Queen's Staghounds, met with his first accident, by his horse swerving; but we trust the injuries he received by it are only trifling, and not such as to deprive him of the comforts of his deserved retirement. With the Berkeley, a hunting incident occurred during the present season, which ought not to be lost to the general public, and we therefore lay it before our readers in its integrity:—Mr. R., an eager yet elderly disciple of Nimrod, had the misfortune to meet with a fall, which so interfered with the comfort of his 'phiz' as to occasion the loss of his teeth. A search for the missing set was immediately commenced, and the services of a yokel were enlisted; but even the offer of a half-crown for the recovery of the lost property proved ineffectual. Nothing daunted, our hero continued the chase, but before proceeding many fields, again came to grief. Happy accident! for when the heels of Mr. R.'s wide-mouthed butcher boots were visible in the air, the missing teeth reappeared from within the said boots! Now, does not this little adventure beat anything that friend Punch has recorded as having happened to either Brown, or Jones, or Robinson.

The Waterloo Run still continues to be the great topic of conversation among hunting men. Mr. Thomson himself has written to the newspapers, confirming the accuracy of the report in our pages, but correcting it in one particular—that at the finish only two couple and a half of hounds, instead of four and a half, were missing. Even in this particular we imagined that our sources of information could not have been surpassed; but we must bow to the dictum of the Master himself, who, we are glad to hear, does not retire upon his laurels, as was supposed, but had all his requirements granted at a drum-head meeting in the Grand Stand at Northampton during the races. He, therefore, lives to fight another day. In Yorkshire, though a more backward spring has seldom been seen, hunting is, as usual, quietly giving way. At the end of March, hounds meet at 'beastly places;' 'old buffers' dislike long draws; 'young muffs' go away to attend 'Jump Races.' The weather has been bad, and the scent bad, and the sport moderate. The Bedale have lost their huntsman, Christian, a rising young man, a pupil of the Duke of Beaufort; and who has gone to the Harworth. Mr. Hall has ended a first-rate season in Holderness. Lord Hawke and the Badsworth have also thrown themselves on their benches, not to dream of the sport they have had of late, but of the days of 'Jack Richards' and 'Butler.' The Earl of Fitzwilliam is persecuting foxes in a wonderful manner; for he hunts his own hounds in some impracticable woods on the outskirts of Rotherham and Sheffield, and manages to make them run and frequently catches them. The Bramham Moor have had some good days for hounds, killing their foxes about 'dressing time.' The hounds, the huntsman, and the Master, do not tire; they have killed sixty-two brace of foxes, and mean handling a few more before they 'lap up.' The York and Ainsty have not had much luck the last month. Foxes run very short. Two M.Ps. in that country tried to put down foxhunting; but the 'Yorkshire Tykes' would not stand it. 'Oi see noa sense iv it,' said one. 'I' plaage's ta'en away a'most all oor beasts, and noo they wants 'to stop oor sport, and spoil oor chance of selling t' nag. Sir Charles and t' 'foxhoonds doos us more good nor all t' Parliament men. They'll talk a vast, 'may be, but they'l do nout for t' farmer.' Sir George Wombwell has had an ugly fall. Jumping under a tree, he was knocked off by a thick bough, and was for a time unable to stand; but it is hoped that he will soon recover from an accident that alarmed those who saw it; for he is a fine horseman, and a good supporter of foxhunting and farming.

Lord Middleton has not done a great deal. Scent in his country has been bad. On the 24th of March he had a fine run from West Heslington to Pickering, and towards the end of the run they joined the Sinnigton Pack, —and we suppose too many cooks spoiled the broth, and they lost their fox.

The Grand National Steeple-chase Stewards have had their administrative energies tried in the scale, and we are glad to find they have not been found wanting in the emergency that was pressed upon them. The old Oswestry affair was an unpleasant one for all parties, and we are surprised and sorry that the owner, who has always steeplechased his horses in a straightforward manner, and to whom a tenner could be no more an object than a postage-stamp, should have disputed so small an amount, and thereby lost the right of trying for such a good stake as 'The National.' He knew the rules when he subscribed to them, and therefore was bound to acknowledge them. It is true, however, we think it would be advisable if the Steeple-chase Forfeit List was published a little earlier and oftener in the Calendar, so that not a homœopathic ground for complaint should exist. At Crewkerne, great preparations are making for the Grand National Hunt Steeple-Chases, at which we hope to assist, and trust they will pass off without dispute, mistake, or acrimony. In the Sister Isle the Kildares are striving all in their power to render the Punchestown gathering the grandest in the annals of Steeple-chasing. A new Grand Stand, of increased dimensions, with increased facilities of ingress and egress, has been erected; the course has been carefully preserved and attended to; and the entries have increased in a relative proportion to the success of the races last year. Melton sends a strong contingent, although it is the Two Thousand week, and Yorkshire and Cheshire will be adequately represented. Fears, however, are expressed that the Marquis of Drogheda, the 'Head Centre' of the Meeting, will be an absentee; but we trust they are incorrect, as he is the mainspring of everything. Lord St. Lawrence has lent his horse to 'the Alcibiades,' who care naught for the Fenian Brigade; and we hope that during the celebration of these 'Irish Games' political animosity will merge in the love of sport, and we shall witness, as we always have done, a clear stage and no favour extended to all comers. As a spectacle, like Naples, they should be seen once, and they will never be forgotten.

Our Obituary list is happily a short one, presenting a strange contrast to that of last month, for now we have only one name figuring in it, viz., that of the ubiquitous Beck, so well known at every Tattersall Sale of Yearlings. He was a native of Durham, and had been attache to the firm for years, and was not a bad man to bring home yearlings or brood mares. But his temper was what his class called 'none of the best,' and he was wont to part with a list with as much reluctance as a 'tenner;' and no excuse, however legitimate, could extract a second one from his pouch, which, like a kangaroo, he carried before him. To the Fourth Estate he had as great a horror as certain members of the Jockey Club; and Childers, of 'The Field,' was his especial aversion. Mr. Edmund Tattersall was the only one who had any control over him, and turned him neck and crop out of the ring, at the Sledmere Sale, for giving a bit of his mind to some Yorkshire gentlemen.

In our notice of the late General Charrettie, a couple of months back, we made mention of his abilities as a writer of poetry, and we now append a trifling effusion from his pen, on which, to use a sporting phrase, he was 'rather sweet.'

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF CAPTAIN PARRY, WHO WAS BURIED AT FRASCATI.

Not a dollar was left—not a single note,
 As his corpse from the Salon we hurried,
 Every louis had he lost by a random shot,
 At Frascati—where Parry we buried!
 He lost all his money at dead of night,
 The naps with his fingers turning,
 And sat biting his lip, by the misty light
 Of that lamp o'er the table burning.
 No useless money encumbered his purse—
 So nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him.
 But he lay like a gentleman, *done* to a turn,
 With his opera-cloak around him!
 Few, but single, were the coups he played,
 And money, none could he borrow,
 So he steadfastly gazed on the billets displayed,
 And with anguish he thought of the morrow.
 He thought, when arrived at his penniless home,
 With his head on his lonely pillow,
 That the Cab and poor Bobby to the hammer must come,
 And *he*, far away on the billow!
 Lightly they'll talk of poor Joseph that's gone!
 And bitterly many upbraid him!
 But little he'll reck, if they'd let him get up
 From the grave where Frascati has laid him!
 But half of our heavy part was done,
 When for clearing the signal was firing,
 And the swearing, and stamping, and oaths had begun
 Of the poor ruined punters retiring!
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of *Après*, fresh and gory;
 With no money 'tis true—but with lots of renown
 We left poor *Trente-et-un* in his glory.

Of general gossip very little is stirring. The Admiral's book on Racing has been favourably received by the Reviewers, who have made every allowance for his prejudices. The Special Commissioners of 'The Field' and 'Sporting Gazette' are resting from their labours, and feel particularly grateful for the kind recommendation of one critic, to his friends, that if any of them saw these gentlemen coming to grief in a ditch, or otherwise meeting with an accident, to let them lie there, and extricate themselves the best way they were able, merely because they were doing the same as the writer himself, viz., their duty to their employers. Surely one would have thought a Christian spirit would have prompted a more Samaritan course of action. Jemmy Grimshaw's hearing will take place in the Craven week; but we trust he will have no Easter holidays given him, as he has already paid a substantial penalty for his disobedience, and it would be breaking a butterfly on a wheel to punish him further. The Danebury Statistics, which we gave to the world in our last number, have excited great interest, and furnished 'Punch' with a peg to hang a sermon on, relative to the Author, whom he recommends to the Bishop of Winchester. Now however kindly intended was the introduction to the Hampshire Prelate, by the merry hunchbacked little gentleman of Fleet Street, we can assure him it was not needed. For Mr. Blount has long since ceased to do duty, except on the occasion of a death, a wedding, or a christening in the Day family; and had all parish priests done their duty as well as the Reverend Compiler, there would be less dissent, and fewer 'Zions,' 'Bethels,' and 'Salems' in the neighbourhood. 'Cedric the Saxon,' who is as rich in legendary lore of the

cracks of bygone ages as Highland shepherds of Scotch superstition, has just brought to an end a rather interesting series of papers in 'The Sportsman.' And although he is discursive, still it is a pleasant change in this fast age, to have called up the recollections of horses who have done the State some service in their time, although they were ridden and trained by men in rope-yarn wigs, and who regarded a spade-ace guinea with a feeling almost akin to veneration. The euphonious title of 'Saddle and Sirloin' is reported to have been selected for the companion volume to 'Field and Fern,' which is gradually beginning to be more appreciated by Scotch agriculturists, not only for the vast amount of industry and research that it displays, but also for the companionable nature of its contents, which is calculated to render a long journey a short one. And therefore, to the new comer, we would simply say, 'Welcome little 'Stranger!' An amusing correspondence has been published between the Captains of the Shrewsbury and Westminster Schools, relative to the disinclination of the latter to recognize the establishment, over which Dr. Butler so long presided, as a Public School within the meaning of the Act. And the retort courteous, which Captain Phillips administers to his opponent, when he tells him he has yet to learn the first lesson of a true public school education, viz., the behaviour due from one gentleman to another, cannot but be regarded otherwise than as a facer, or real 'auctioneer;' and the Author most likely had in his mind the story of Jacob Faithful's early days, when his parents, on being charged an extra penny a week for manners for him, removed him in disgust. The insurrection in 'Savilia' has spread alarm in St. James's Street, at Melton, and among the Household Brigade; but although there has been an obstacle to 'The Foreign Enlistment Act' being passed, we have no doubt the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Poole, will be found equal to the occasion, and matters placed upon a proper basis.

Should the Ministry succumb to the Reform Bill, rumour assigns several important posts in the new Cabinet to members of the Turf. The Premiership is of course awarded to Lord Derby, and the Duke of Beaufort, it is said, will again assume the Mastership of the Horse. With General Peel, the Secretaryship for War is naturally associated, and by the sporting world at least, the accession of Lord Westmorland to the Viceroyship of Ireland would be hailed with satisfaction, as it would in all probability lead to a great improvement in the Irish Turf. Lord Coventry, we should add, is named for the Buckhounds, while the entire conduct of our naval resources will be placed in the hands of the Hon. Admiral Rous, providing he can meet with a constituency to entrust him with the representation of their views. This list is no creation of our own, but we copy it from a usually well-informed organ, and although most of the appointments are feasible, and would be acceptable to those whose opinions are identical, we must dissent from the idea that Admiral Rous would serve again under another Administration, having the sole charge of the Turf and the government of Newmarket committed to him. Aldcroft's retirement may be looked upon almost as *un fait accompli*, as although he wrote from Harrogate, where he has been drinking the waters to aid him in his wasting, that he should come out at the Northampton and ride for Mr. Pardoe, he never put in an appearance, and Loates got the mount for the Rake, which otherwise would have been given to him, and which might have commenced a new era in his chequered career as a jockey.

THEATRICAL EASTER.

THE Easter season is never a very popular one with the London managers, for they almost invariably find, that instead of putting money into their pockets it is inclined to do just the other thing. The reason of this is that the public scarcely have time to get over the Christmas entertainments, which every fresh year run for a longer period than the last; and the careful heads of families do not think themselves justified in indulging in dramatic amusements too frequently. Nevertheless, Easter is usually the occasion for a change in the bills at the various theatres, and this year, without of necessity committing themselves to burlesque or extravaganza, all the metropolitan managers have announced a thoroughly fresh programme. It is most satisfactory to find that many of them really seem taking steps in the right direction towards supplying the public with the legitimate article.

Westland Marston's new comedy, 'The Favourite of Fortune,' is the venture at the Haymarket, and fully deserves the favourable verdict it has already received at the hands of several provincial audiences. One rare merit it possesses, namely, its value in a literary point of view; the language used by the characters in their different parts is pure conversational 'English;' in fact, the whole dialogue is elegant and refined, and affords another proof of the scholarly attainments of the author. Mr. Sothern exercised a wise discretion when he called in such valuable aid to provide him with a new piece; and no doubt he is fully satisfied with the success it has already met. The part of *Frank Annerley*, which he plays, is something between *Claude Melnotte* and *Evelyn*, a thorough gentleman, whose *bête noir* is his fortune, for the sake of which he fancies every woman will make up to him. Consequently, he assumes an air of indifference, becomes a cynic to an unpleasant degree, and of course makes *Hester Lorrington*, the heroine, proportionately unhappy. From his first entrance to the fall of the curtain Mr. Sothern forgets the actor and becomes the gentleman, a point in which it would be well if other members of his profession followed. One gentleman especially might, whose costume for the evening dress of a gentleman of the nineteenth century is prominently conspicuous by an absence of clean shirt and the most disagreeable presence of an ordinary hat, which he never will put down on any consideration whatever. But, to return to Mr. Sothern and the new piece, all I can say is, that as an exhibition of high comedy it deserves to be seen by all. Miss Kate Saville, whose return everybody must be glad of, plays *Hester Lorrington*, and in her great scene with *Frank* fairly outdoes all her former efforts. The rest of the parts are filled by the chief members of the Haymarket company, among them Mr. Buckstone, Miss Nellie Moore, Miss Snowden, and Miss Lindley.

Turning to the Adelphi, we find 'The Dead Heart' come to life again, with fresh scenery, decorations, &c., and Ben Webster in the principal character. The burlesque on 'La Belle Hélène,' which has been so long announced, and which has kept the worthy manager away in Paris such a time, may be expected 'shortly.' Yes, I really mean it; though the day is not exactly fixed at the time of writing this, it soon will be. Jefferson and Mrs. Billington, together with 'Rip Van Perriwinkle,' as some facetious dogs will call it, have gone on a starring tour in the provinces. All success to them; and 'here is their health, and their families'; and may they all live long and 'prosper!' Here let me say that, to the best of my belief, Mr. Webster has no intention whatever of surrendering the management of his present theatre. At the Princess's Mr. Vining makes no change, being satisfied with reviving 'The Streets of London,' until the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, which is not so very far distant. Upon my word he has been a lucky fellow, though in the matter of his fight with the Press about 'Never too Late to Mend' there was rather more 'pluck' displayed than either good sense or taste should have permitted. Apart from that Mr. Vining has done everything to insure success, and no class of persons are more pleased to see him getting it than those self-same critics he has so run counter to.

Miss Herbert, whose managerial career at the St. James's has proved that that house in proper hands will draw, provides 'Much Ado about Nothing' as the novelty for her fashionable audiences; and if they do not appreciate the rich treat afforded them, all I can say is they must be hard to please. It is very well for 'Punch,' or 'Fun,' or one of the comic publications to poke fun at the St. James's company, and suggest that they should play 'Hamlet,' and other equally facetious vulgarities; the real fact is that great credit is due to Miss Herbert and the members of her *corps dramatique* for the admirable way in which they have each and all endeavoured to make good English comedy palatable to their hearers. Nothing, with one or two exceptions, could have been better than 'The School for Scandal,' with which the whole town was delighted. As for the revival of Shakespeare's fine comedy, the best advice to be given is, go and see it, not forgetting to pay particular attention to the capital scenery, which does great credit to the artist. Mr. Clayton, a new addition to the company, promises to be an actor of considerable merit. He has long been widely esteemed as an amateur, and no doubt the extended apprenticeship he has had in stage business will stand him in good stead. Frank Burnand, so quiet at Christmas, comes out with a flourish at Easter. At the Strand the old story of Paris is offered under the title of 'Paris; or, Vive L'Emprière!' and is quite up to the mark of the author's previous productions. The only thing that we could wish is that a little fresh blood were introduced into Mrs. Swanborough's company. With all respect to its lady members, an addition or two to their ranks might be made with advantage, for, although those that are there are very clever, they do begin to get a trifle stale. As to the posthumous play by Sheridan Knowles, which has been underlined for some time, I know nothing, but I should be inclined to fancy that blank verse at the Strand would be anything but edifying. As regards that charming little comedy 'The Fly and the Web,' it is to be hoped it will not be removed from the bills for some time, for it really is well deserving a visit. The only change in the Olympic bills is the 'Ticket of Leave Man,' vice 'Henry Dunbar,' which latter piece, by-the-way, is being played with great success in New York. Atkins returns once more to Horace Wigan's company, and resumes his old character, in which criminal proceeding he will be supported by his old colleague Vincent. Leicester Buckingham's comedy, which is now in active rehearsal, will undoubtedly prove one of the greatest successes of the year, more especially with such a 'cast' as Neville, Vincent, Atkins, Montague, Soutar, and Horace Wigan; and Kate Terry, Mrs. St. Henry, and Miss Elton. If they cannot make a good piece go I do not know who can. A new piece by Walter Gordon has also been accepted here; and there is some talk of a new comedietta, entitled 'Dust in the Eyes,' written expressly for Mr. Horace Wigan.

At present Mr. Fechter intends to make no alteration, his next production being 'The Lady of Lyons,' with a new act specially written for him by Sir Edward B. Lytton, in which the taking of the Bridge of Lodi will be given, with all those excellent arrangements of scenery and costume for which the Lyceum, under the present management, has become so greatly celebrated. Henry Leslie, the prolific author of 'The Orange Girl,' has had a rise in the line of dramatic composition, and has been engaged to write a piece for Mr. Fechter. I only hope it will not be so ruthlessly cut about as poor Palgrave Simpson's was. The Royalty once again opens, this time with Marie Oliver as the head and front of its offending, though it is to be hoped with more success than heretofore to reward exertion. Mr. Reece's new burlesque, 'Ulf the Minstrel,' is a very great improvement on his other attempts, and really shows considerable power, though undoubtedly a great deal of the success it is sure to meet with will be due to the admirable acting of Miss Oliver and Lydia Maitland, not forgetting the '*débutante*' Miss Howard. Mr. Fitzjames is stage manager, and no praise of him can be too high. All I can say is, I hope he may yet accomplish the Herculean task of making the Royalty a fashionable theatre.

Mr. E. T. Smith is a wonderful man, what with his advertisements and his

dodges. If the public is to be caught, he is the man to do it. His Easter announcement is a sight of itself, and as for his posters, well, they are a marvel of incongruity and yellow paper. First of all, Weber's 'Der Frieschutz,' with ghostly and spectral illusions by Messrs. Pepper and Tobin, and then Burnand's other new burlesque, 'Boabdil el Chico,' or 'The Moor the Merrier.' If any one wishes to see ballet, let them go to Astley's for it; the present is one of the grandest and most extensive ever put on the stage, and almost throws the great one at Covent Garden into the shade. As to the burlesque itself, Rachel Sanger, Misses Wilmot, Nesbit and Caroline Parkes play the principal characters, and with an amount of 'go' delightful to behold. E. T. must have spent a great deal of money over his new piece, but there can be little doubt that he will get it all back again, and with interest too. Just a word of 'Queen Victoria's own Theatre,' of which Mrs. Brown has so much to say. Messrs. Frampton and Fenton, the respected managers, deserve great credit for the earnest endeavours they have made to elevate the character of the drama in their neighbourhood. As to their actresses, the best proof of their high standard is, that all, with a few exceptions, find their way to the West End theatres, and take an excellent position. There is a young lady in the company now, Miss Fanny Morgan, whose talent, especially in burlesque, everybody who has visited the theatre recognizes. Her piquancy of manner is only equalled by her good looks, while her dancing, to use the immortal words of the critic of 'Fun,' 'is a thing not to be forgotten for a fortnight.' There are a good many of the theatres on the Middlesex side where she would be a valuable acquisition. A 'troupe' of Spanish dancers will appear at the Victoria on Easter Monday, and, to judge from a photograph shown me, they have the advantage of good looks. A host of novelties are in preparation, among them, 'The London Arab,' and a melodrama by Sydney Daryl, Esq., entitled 'The Black Widow,' is being written. The Prince of Wales's Theatre adheres to 'Don Giovanni' and 'Society,' and wisely so, too, for the little house is filled to overflowing every night, and the management must be coining money. Here, again, we find a gentleman, to wit, Mr. Sidney Bancroft, who *can* play a gentleman's part with ease, and who is only equalled in this particular line by young Montague at the Olympic.

Mr. Austin, the model concert agent of St. James's Hall, and who can manufacture an entertainment as well as Admiral Rous can deal with a handicap, 'appeals to his friends on the commencement of the week, when, his fellow Sportsmen, we trust, will rally round him and give him a strong turn, which he richly deserves.

And now for a few words about the Ballet Association, to which, in all humility, I would ask the readers of 'Baily' to give their kind consideration and cheques besides. Indeed, it is a charity deserving of the warmest sympathy, because it is planted on the best of all foundations, expediency. Only those directly or indirectly connected with the theatres know the trials and hardships to which the 'ballet girl' is exposed; the temptation of money offered to her poverty; the deceit of soft words and protestations of love that lead her to ruin. As a body, however, the 'ballet' are virtuous, respectable, and provident, and make the most of their small salaries, which, by the way, might well be increased. To dear, good Mrs Stirling, be the praise due for having taken up the cause; and hard, indeed, will it be if she is not assisted in her praiseworthy task. Thank Heaven it is women, not men, this time engaged in a charitable effort in theatrical matters. One does begin to hope that the vulgar old prejudice, that no woman who dances on the stage can be anything but profligate, is dying out. So again let me enlist subscribers in this really meritorious task, one in which there is no humbug, one in which anybody with a heart must take an interest.

D. S.

B A I L Y'S
Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes,
and Turf Guide.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. RICHARD SUTTON.

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1866.

DIARY FOR MAY, 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	TU	Prince Arthur born, 1850. Ascot Spring Races.
2	W	Special M.C.C. Club Meeting at Lord's at 5 P.M. Anniversary
3	TH	[Dinner of M.C.C. in Pavilion at 7.30 PM.
4	F	
5	S	Napoleon died, 1821.
6	S	ROGATION SUNDAY.
7	M	
8	TU	Bath Races.
9	W	Somersetshire Stakes. Surrey Club Anniversary Dinner at Bridge-
10	TH	Harpenden Races. [House Hotel, London Bridge, at 5.45 P.M.
11	F	Harpenden Races.
12	S	
13	S	SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.
14	M	
15	TU	
16	W	The Derby Day at Epsom.
17	TH	
18	F	The Oaks Day at Epsom.
19	S	
20	S	WHITSUNDAY.
21	M	
22	TU	
23	W	
24	TH	
25	F	
26	S	
27	S	TRINITY SUNDAY.
28	M	
29	TU	Ascot Summer Races.
30	W	Royal Hunt. Cup Day.
31	TH	

CRICKET.—THE MAY MATCHES.

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB.

7th, at Lord's, M.C.C. v. Knickerbockers.
 10th, at Lord's, R.As. and R.Es. v. Rest of Army.
 10th, at Cambridge, M.C.C. and G. v. University.
 14th, at Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Cambridgeshire.
 21st, at Lord's, All England v. United A. E. Elevens.
 22nd, at Winchester, M.C.C. and G. v. The College.
 24th, at Lord's, Military Academies, Woolwich, v. Sandhurst.
 24th, at Oxford, M.C.C. and G. v. University.
 28th, at Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Surrey C. and G.
 31st, at Lord's, M.C.C. v. Civil Service Club.

THE SURREY CLUB.

24th, at Oval, Surrey C. and G. v. Southgate.
 28th, at Lord's, Surrey C. and G. v. M.C.C. and G.
 31st, at Oval, The Surrey Colts' Match.

OTHER MATCHES.

3rd, at Cambridge, Norfolk v. The University.
 7th, at Bradford, Yorkshire v. Cambridgeshire.
 7th, at Southampton, Hampshire Colts' Match.
 7th, at Cambridge, The University v. Mr. Walker's Eleven.
 14th, at Oxford, The University Eleven v. The next Sixteen.
 14th, at Islington, Middlesex Club v. Metropolitan.
 21st, at Oxford, The University v. Bucks.
 21st, at Cambridge, Past v. Present.
 21st, at Marlborough, Civil Service Club v. The College.
 25th, at Cambridge, Free Foresters v. University.
 29th, at Cheltenham, Marlborough v. Cheltenham.
 29th, at Islington, Civil Service Club v. Middlesex Club.
 31st, at Cambridge, Notts v. Cambridgeshire.

THE THREE ELEVENS.

10th, at Glasgow, The United South v. 22 of Clydesdale. 14th, at Cambridge, All England Eleven v. 18 of Trinity College. 14th, at Sheffield, United All England Eleven v. 16 Colts of Notts and Sheffield. 14th, at Bradford, The United South v. 19 Colts and 3 Pros. 17th, at Oxford, All England Eleven v. 14 of the University. 21st, at Accrington, The United South v. 22 of Accrington. 24th, at Glasgow, All England Eleven v. 22 of West of Scotland. 24th, at Hurstbourne Park, United All England Eleven v. 22 of Hurstbourne Park Club. 24th, at Charlton, The United South v. 22 of Charlton.

Shutts

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. RICHARD SUTTON.

FEW gentlemen at the present time occupy so much attention in the public mind as the one whose portrait we produce, in the character of the winner of the last Cambridgeshire and Two Thousand. And in all probability he will add to this *répertoire* that of the conqueror of the Derby, and successor to Count La Grange in that Epsom register which confers as much immortality on its occupants as a peerage. Mr. Richard Sutton is the second son of the late Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., who for thirty-six years hunted the Burton, Cottesmore, and Quorn countries, in a manner never yet surpassed in the annals of Foxhunting. For, during his *régime*, it is calculated he spent upwards of Three Hundred Thousand Pounds in the pursuit of the Noble Science. Mr. Sutton was born at Sudbrooke Hall, in Lincolnshire, on the 21st of October, 1821, and having early evinced a taste for the sea, entered the Navy as a First Class Volunteer, on board H.M.S. 'Pique,' commanded by the Hon. Captain Rous. Under this officer Mr. Sutton served during her commission, returning from Canada in that memorable voyage from Quebec, when the 'Pique' ran on shore in the Straits of Belleisle, on the coast of Labrador, and was got off, after bumping ten hours, with the loss of nearly all her guns. And, as no real account of this perilous disaster has yet been given to the world, we imagine an authentic narrative of the affair will not be uninteresting to our readers, inasmuch as it will display the coolness, self-reliance, and seaman-like qualities of the gallant admiral who occupies such a distinguished position in the racing world. After the 'Pique' had been got off she was anchored in a neighbouring bay, and examined as to the nature of her damages, which were found to be not so serious as had been contemplated.

Her commander therefore determined to put to sea at once for England, the wind being so favourable that he was in hopes his ship might reach home in time for the October Meetings at Newmarket. But after she had been out a few days, the frigate parted with her rudder, and consequently broached-to, causing great anxiety to all on board. The commander, however, was equal to the occasion, for he immediately rigged out a new rudder, on the Pakenham principle, and for four and twenty hours all went well. But a heavy gale coming on, the hawsers which secured it chafed so much that they parted, and the 'Pique' was again head to wind, and at the mercy of the waves. Still she rode the night out under bare poles, making three feet of water an hour. In this disabled condition a French brig hove in sight, and taking the 'Pique' in tow, brought her to her course, which, fortunately for the interests of the Turf, she was enabled to keep until she entered the Channel. Even here the difficulties of the voyage were not over, for, finding she could not weather the Caskets, which are a dangerous reef off the French coast, the Captain was compelled to let go the anchor and trust to holding on until help or a change of wind came to his relief. An alteration in the latter taking place in the morning enabled him to slip his cable and fetch St. Helens Roads, where we recollect his arriving and creating no small sensation in Portsmouth from the firing of the signals of distress. After remaining with Captain Rous during his second cruise in the 'Pique' with the Experimental Squadron, Mr. Sutton joined the 'President,' under the command of Captain Scott, and proceeded to the South American Station, where he remained for two years a half, when he returned to England, and turned his blue jacket into a scarlet one, by entering the First Life Guards. In this corps Mr. Sutton's term of service was not much longer than in the Navy, for the restrictions on his sporting inclinations were greater than he was willing to endure, and he converted his sword into a ploughshare, like many a greater hero before him. Having tried these two lines, his next venture was in the Sporting one, and here he at last found out his true one.

Sir Richard Sutton being so true a sportsman, was naturally anxious his sons should ride as became their name and lineage, and consequently this portion of their education was commenced earlier than usual in most families ; and the subject of our memoir, when a boy of six years of age, was put upon a pony that his father had purchased of old Mason, of Stilton, who had educated 'Jem,' and the tutor was as successful in one instance as in the other. Sir Richard Sutton at that time resided at Lundford, close to Buckenham, the residence of General Peel, and the younger branches of the two families were wont to amuse themselves by racing their ponies together. And on one occasion our hero showed his breeding by jumping a gate three times in succession in revenge for being beaten for speed on the flat by a Peel of the same year. In the hunting-field Mr. Sutton commenced with his father, who took him anywhere, and everywhere, and so satisfied was he with his progress—for no fence could stop

him—that when he found himself unequal to take command of the entire Quorn country, he allotted to him two days a week of the Harborough country. This Mr. Sutton hunted through two very dry seasons, in the course of which he was much thwarted by the excessive drought, which caused foxes to be always making for earths when pressed. The sudden and unexpected death of Sir Richard Sutton at the beginning of Mr. Sutton's third year of office, compelled him to purchase a sufficient quantity of hounds from the Quorn kennels to enable him to hunt that portion of the Quorn country, south of the Wreaky; the remaining half being allotted to Mr. Frank Sutton, in order that the season might not be disturbed. The difficulties of such a position may be well understood, and we believe they were without parallel in the annals of hunting men. Not being able to get a country he liked, he sold his pack for two thousand guineas, and as they consisted of forty couple of working hounds, the price was the largest ever realized.

Mr. Sutton's next venture was on the Turf, on which he commenced by buying, in 1856, four yearlings, one being Eurydice, sister to Imperieuse, for which he gave seventy guineas. With this filly, as a two-year old, he won the Althorp Park, which was his maiden race, and as a three he carried off the Cambridgeshire; the starters for which, strange to say, were the same as last year, and also similar to those which ran in the Hunt Cup, at Ascot, which he won with Rouge Dragon. Mr. Sutton's great good fortune, however, arose from having, in 1863, entered into an arrangement with Colonel Pearson, one of the best and most scientific breeders of the day, for the hire of the yearling filly, Gardevisure, for a certain sum, with contingencies, and her performances are too recent to need recapitulating; but we may, *en passant*, observe that by his Cambridgeshire victory, predicted by 'Argus,' when she was at 50 to 1, she realized her lessee a sum very little short of sixteen thousand pounds. The next year, viz. in 1864, he followed up his luck by hiring Lord Lyon, on the same terms, and with him he has done enough for fame, even if the Derby should slip through his grasp.

In other manly sports Mr. Sutton is quite an adept, and in the Cricket-field has got his name up as much as in the Hunting-field, having, in a match between Derbyshire and Leicestershire, scored 119 runs in one innings. As a game shot few can beat him, and, as when he hunted, he rode like a Sutton, he may be said to embody most of those accomplishments which win admiration and respect from both sexes. Of a liberal disposition, a frank and open bearing, and with sufficient confidence in his opinion to back it with his money, Mr. Sutton may be said to race as becomes the son of Sir Richard Sutton, and hence his deserved popularity, which will last while the black jacket and red cap are registered in the pages of 'Baily.' In short, his example may well be followed by gentlemen of similar position in society, who desire to have equal confidence placed in them by the British public as is bestowed on Mr. RICHARD SUTTON.

THE MYSTERIES OF OTTER-HUNTING.

BY FRANK FEATHERSTONE.

WHEN the Baron Keryfan and I parted company on the Plym, soon after our last meeting on its banks, he little knew what fine sport he was about to miss by his too speedy departure from that country. Mr. Newton's hounds, in the following week, met at Two Bridges, on Dartmoor, and found their otter in a granite hover below Hexworthy Bridge, on the wild west Dart. The hounds did their work admirably; hunting the otter from pool to pool, and at length, forcing him from the element to which he had fled for security, killed him on dry land. The battle of cultivated instinct against natural instinct could not have been better fought; for Mr. Newton rivals Lord Russell in his principle of non-intervention, and suffers no extraneous power to meddle with the combatants in their struggle for victory.

Soon afterwards Mr. Trelawny found an otter in the limpid waters of the lower Plym. For two hours or more the hounds worked him, without cessation, through the depths of a long and a strong pool: he then landed, and sought refuge in the canal, which, foul and turbid as it soon became, availed him nought; the hounds were at him at all points, and gave him little room for rest. If for a moment, gasping for air, he lifted his nose to the surface under the shade of a sympathising willow, or, perhaps with better chance of protection, sought the cover of an impending oak, whose roots reaching to Tartarus, formed as many folds as the serpents that encircled Laocoon, still the spot was instantly marked by some striving hound, and the otter driven from it in breathless dismay.

So much cold water would have been sufficient for one of Wilson's best patients; it was too much for the otter; so clambering up a scarped rock, which the hounds could not climb without aid from the men, he plunged into the Woodford wood, and there hoped to escape pursuit. But to him it was a change for the worse: like flames through the dry grass of a prairie, the hounds sped through the cover at a terrific pace; and, although the wild animal penetrated the most tangled spots, and did his very utmost to gain a shelter from the fierce storm, now pelting at his heels, all his efforts were vain. A score of fangs, hard as adamant and firm as a vice, held him in their grip, nor relaxed till the huntsman, taking the otter by the tail, sounded the death-holloa over his hounds, like a general congratulating his troops after a well-earned victory.

While I was lamenting Keryfan's absence from this most successful event, combining, as it did, the fine and subtle work of the otter-hound, with the dashing finale so seldom witnessed except in a fox-chase, the post brought me a letter from my friend the Baron, bearing on its envelope the Tiverton post-mark. It ran thus:—

Cannon's Hotel, Tiverton.

' DEAR FRANK,—You will be surprised to find me still within the
' borders of this pleasant county ; but, were I to tell you what visits
' I have paid and what fox-hounds I have seen, you would only wonder
' at my courage in ever thinking of leaving it. Verily, each one of
' those three packs, owned by Mr. Rolle, Lord Portsmouth, and
' Lord Poltimore, made my mouth water as I looked them over one
' by one in their several kennels ; I need not say how I longed to
' see them at the cover-side. Had I been constituted, as Paris was
' by the goddesses, a judge of their respective points and beauty, I
' should have cut the golden apple into three parts, and awarded a
' section of it to each pack, so perfect do the three appear in my
' eyes.

' But, Frank ; what care, what thought, what judgment, and what
' resources it must have taken to bring these packs to such per-
' fection ! And what munificent patrons of the chase must they be
' who maintain these establishments at such a cost ! Ay ; and
' what a privilege do the public enjoy who are at liberty to share the
' sport, when it suits their convenience to do so ; to hunt with a
' private pack, in fact, as freely as if it were public property, although
' not a shilling is spent in its support except by its private owner. Now
' this is what you justly call a liberal institution ; and this, I believe,
' is *the* feature that distinguishes your English hunting above all other
' sports of the world. It is a community of recreation to which all
' are equally welcome ; for the prince, the peer, and the peasant
' have equal rights in its enjoyment.

' Your story, Frank, of the Radical chimney-sweeper who refused
' to vote for the Earl's nominee (a candidate in politics after his own
' heart) because " he hunted with the Duke," is a capital illustration
' of the feeling entertained towards those who confer these social
' favours on the public. That man must have thoroughly under-
' stood and appreciated his privilege as a member of the Duke's
' hunt, or he never would have done such violence to his political
' feelings.

' It will puzzle you to guess what brought me to Cannon's hotel ;
' but I will first tell you what keeps me here—good cheer and capital
' company. The latter, however, is limited to one gentleman, a
' parson of the neighbourhood ; but if wit, humour, quaint Devon-
' shire stories, and a thorough knowledge of hounds constitute good
' fellowship, he is a host in himself. He tells me you are an old
' friend of his, Frank, and that he has hunted with you in former
' days ; I will not hint how long ago, lest it should hurt your feelings,
' nor what he says of you, lest it should make you vain.

' My object, then, in coming to Tiverton, is one which I know
' you'll approve. I had heard so much of Mr. Collier's otter-hounds
' that I determined not to quit the country till I had seen them kill
' an otter ; a rash determination, perhaps, on my part, but the parson
' assures me that every stream in Devon has its trout ; that where
' they go, otters follow ; and in their rear follows Collier the

‘Avenger, with no limping foot. So, come up, that’s a good fellow, and stay a few days with us at Cannon’s; the parson says he is dying to see you, but I believe the pleasure of your company would add years to his life.’

‘Ever yours,

‘KERYFAN.’

In an hour after the receipt of this letter I found myself *en route* for Tiverton; but, on my arrival at Cannon’s hotel, my ardour was not a little damped on hearing from a loquacious waiter that the Baron had left the house early in the morning, and had gone he knew not whither. ‘Gone!’ I shouted with a shudder, as if he had thrown a wet blanket over my shoulders: ‘that must be a mistake.’

‘Quite true, sir,’ said Cannon, who had heard my ejaculation. ‘Parson —— invited the Baron to accompany him in his dog-cart and spend the day in the kennels at Hillmoor; for, when his reverence gets his foot on those flags, every hound is drawn for inspection and commented on, as though he were handling a favourite text. But they’ll be back to dinner, sir, at seven o’clock.’

It was now just one o’clock; and the prospect of a stroll about the streets of Tiverton for six long hours (a town in which I have not the honour of knowing even the political butcher, so well known to fame) being too much for my nerves, I inquired if a hack could be found that would carry me comfortably to Hillmoor.

‘Certainly, sir,’ said Cannon; ‘I can borrow Stunning Joe for you, and though he is but a pony, he’ll take you to the kennels before you think you’re half-way there. Only let him have his head, and, bad as the roads are, you’ll find him as safe as the foundation of St. Paul’s.’

Now Stunning Joe stood exactly $13\frac{1}{2}$ hands high; was a bright chesnut, and thoroughbred horse in miniature; his head was that of a wild deer, exquisitely formed, but surmounted by a pair of lop-ears, that detracted to a certain extent from its otherwise perfect beauty. Then he had ragged hips, and cat-hams, and other characteristics of a noble race, brought up in adversity; but he could travel like oil, and made my coarse, unstuffed pig-skin feel like an air cushion under my seat, as he sailed along over the rough and steep roads incidental to that country. To the blood of old Pandarus he was indebted for his wonderful gift of going; and, although Stunning Joe was foaled on the bogs of Exmoor, and depastured on wild thyme and rushes, his royal race cropped out as conspicuously as if he had been bred on the banks of the Scamander.

Before I had arrived within three hundred yards of Hillmoor, the parson recognized the pony; and ere my foot was out of the stirrup he was alongside me to express his delight at again meeting so old a friend.

‘Just in time, Frank,’ he said cheerily; ‘in another minute we should have been off to the opposite hill; the Baron wishes to see the view from that spot, as well as the monument dedicated to the immortal Duke of Wellington.’

‘But what of the kennels?’ I inquired, as I quitted my saddle; ‘and how do you like the Craven lot?’

‘Hold hard,’ said Collier, coming up at the moment; ‘I should like Mr. Featherstone to judge for himself before that question is answered.’

‘Of course,’ I replied;

‘So many hounds, so many kinds;
So many men, so many minds,’

and we walked off to the kennel.

However continuously and well the Tiverton borough may have been represented by our late distinguished Premier for so long a period, it is quite certain the Tiverton country has been treated in a very different fashion. Time was, ah me! when the blood of Beatrice and Barbara, and the music of John Beale’s horn, kept the men of that country going like grasshoppers; when, at the annual meeting at South Moulton, neither the blazers of the west, as Mr. Trelawny’s hounds were aptly called, nor the N. D. H., then handled by Russell, a Cæsar in the field, could afford to give one ounce to the Tiverton pack, either in nose, pace, or endurance. In the deep woodlands the rattle of John Beale’s horn held them together marvellously, and did the work of two whips; but over the open heathery moors of that country, the flying pack neither wanted whip nor horn to help them, and John had enough to do to husband his own bellows and that of his horse in order to live with them on such occasions. But if they did want a bit of help, Jekyl or Owen, or some such ministering angels, were always at hand to lift them over the difficulty. Such were the Tiverton hounds when I was a boy; and such, I trust, the country will again see them under the guidance of Mr. Collier.

It cannot, however, be expected that a country which for ten long years has lacked vitality, can be restored to its former vigorous condition by the mere good wishes of those interested in its welfare. No; it must have the active and substantial co-operation of all who value fox-hunting, or it will not thrive. It is a mockery to call on Jupiter for help, if the country gentlemen will not put their shoulders to the wheel when their waggon has stuck so long in the mire. The condition of a country unoccupied by hounds resembles that of some puny state which is too poor to maintain an army of its own, and cannot compel its more powerful neighbours to respect either its frontier or its subjects; so, covers are lost; foxes are not found, and the land becomes demoralized—

‘Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and *hounds* decay,’

is a paraphrase which, let us all hope, will never again be applicable to the Tiverton country.

Two hours on the flags (it was the third for my friends) brought our inspection to a close; and as I really took a fancy to the Craven

hounds, I congratulated Mr. Collier on the acquisition of so strong and apparently so useful a lot.

‘That’s exactly what I’ve proved them to be,’ said he: ‘they have plenty of bone, straight legs, and no lumber, and a more desperate working lot of hounds in the field I never yet saw.’

‘Quite true,’ said the parson, ‘as many an old Devonshire fox has found to his cost. If our hills are steep and our covers strong, the hounds at least have this advantage in their new country—they find it carries a better scent than the Craven. John Warde, the father of fox-hunting, used to say he was sent there for his sins; and when he sold his last great pack to Mr. Isaac Horlock, and retired at once from the Mastership of the Craven into private life, he might not have taken this decisive step quite so soon if he had been better pleased with his country.’

But the fox-hounds did not claim our undivided attention in the Hillmoor kennels; the otter-hounds came in for their full share, especially from Keryfan, who listened with marked delight to Mr. Collier’s description of the especial qualities displayed by individual hounds in pursuit of their game.

‘This intelligent fellow,’ said he, pointing to a young hound called Pilgrim, ‘has a very tender nose, and will pick up a stale trail before other hounds can own it.’

‘Then he ought to be called Telegram,’ said the parson, ‘if he brings up the first news.’

‘And that powerful hound, named Wetherby, Mr. Fenwick Bissett was good enough to send me from his pack of stag-hounds: he has the very unusual knack of keeping his eye on the shallow water; and the moment he catches a view of the otter, he pounces upon him, and, holding him high and dry in his firm grip, shakes him as he would a rat, and then brings him securely to land.’

‘The late Mr. Bulteel, of Flete,’ said I, ‘had a hound called Chancellor, that possessed the same gift; but of course the otter was pretty well beaten before the hound could take such liberties with him.’

‘Those two bitches, Bluebell and Guilty,’ continued the showman, ‘are marvels on a moved otter: no matter how often the animal turns in a long reach, they seem to be able to “divide” the scent; that is, to distinguish between the foiled and the fresh scent; and this, in rolling water, is a rare accomplishment.’

How many more histories he would have given us on the speciality of different hounds I will not stay to inquire; but I am quite sure, if he had gone through the kennel, and recounted the points, pedigree, and performance of every hound in it, Keryfan would have been spell-bound and arrested by the tale, as the wedding-guest was by that of the Ancient Mariner; and Cannon’s haunch of Exmoor mutton would have been done to a cinder ere he could have torn himself away from such fascination.

When at length we took our leave, Mr. Collier was good enough to arrange a meet at Exe-bridge for the following morning. ‘And

‘don’t forget, said he, ‘to bring a dry change with you, for the ‘pools are deep and deceptive, and you will do well to be prepared for sport.’

By this he meant to remind us that, if the hounds found in strong water, we must be ready to help them, even at the risk of a ducking ; a process to which Mr. Collier, being almost amphibious, has no especial repugnance, either as regards his own person or that of his friends. But, it will be asked, do hounds absolutely require such aid ?—hounds, too, trained and experienced as these are in all the dark and mysterious ways of the otter ? Are they so dependent on man that, without his help, they would utterly fail to maintain the chase to a successful end ? Mr. Collier has no doubt whatever on the point ; it is his opinion that no hounds can kill an otter, in moderately deep water, if left entirely to themselves : that is, in fact, without one man to look below and watch the down-stream shallow, the otter can and will baffle the instinct of the best hounds, and defy pursuit. Then, this being the case, it follows that otter-hunting is nothing more nor less than an artificial sport to hounds ; because, if nature had intended the otter to be the prey of hounds, would she not have given them the power to secure that animal by their own instinct, which, according to the best authority, is clearly proved to be insufficient for the purpose ?

Hounds can kill a hare, a fox, or a deer, without man’s help ; and tear them and eat them too, in quick time ; but they can neither do the one nor the other in the case of an otter. Let five couple of the most powerful fox-hounds seize an otter simultaneously ; their jaws close upon him with a grip sharper and stronger than that of ten steel gins ; their hind-legs are planted well forward, to give them a firm purchase ; and they drag and tug at the beast, so tenacious of life, for twenty minutes or more, till the inexperienced spectator is inclined to believe he must be torn to ribbons. But, not a bit of it ; the huntsman has at length managed to catch him by the tail, and with his voice and whip has compelled the hounds to relax their hold ; and the spectator is astounded to see that not only is the skin not broken, but that even the fur of the animal is uninjured. So, the hounds can’t eat their prey when they kill him, that’s certain.

Again : every man who has had the management of a pack of otter-hounds is aware of the extreme difficulty of getting young hounds to enter at the game. Day after day, and season after season, they are brought to the river-side ; a hot, steaming scent rises from the night trail, and the made hounds revel upon it in full cry. They find and kill their otters—perhaps a dozen in a season ; but still many a young hound, in all other respects well bred for his work, and of good promise, refuses persistently, in spite of example and encouragement, to join in the sport. He may, indeed, help to kill the animal, when the hounds are worrying him on dry land ; but he will neither stoop to the trail nor make a mark when the otter is found ; in fact, he does not enter ; he will not take to the game.

The best otter-hounds I have ever seen were utterly useless for

the first season or two; until suddenly they took to the work, and then distinguished themselves. Mr. Bulteel's famous Waterloo never made a hit before he was three years old, although he was drafted into the otter pack in his first season. His Neptune, too, from the Duke of Grafton's kennels, travelled more than a thousand miles of river, and saw scores of otters killed, before he took to the scent; and when he did, such was his indifference, that he was never worth a handful of meal as an otter-hound. Mr. Collier bred a litter of puppies from Charmer, by Rufus, both as perfect otter-hounds as ever crossed a stream; but some of the litter never could be induced either to make a mark or even feather on the trail.

Another remarkable instance was that of Baronet and Beeswing, two black and tan hounds, of whose merits I could write a column. They were got by Sir Walter Carew's Merlin, a stout fox-hound and an admirable finder, out of a noble southern hound bitch that did her work in the water better than most hounds. They were bred by Mr. Davies; and as soon as they were fit to be handled, they, and four other puppies of the same litter, were thrown upon the trout-streams of the south coast of Devon, under the tutelage of a few old hounds trained to the work. At early dawn, —ay, and frequently before it—were the pack led to the chase, in order to intercept the otters on their return to the cliffs, as well as to give the young hounds an opportunity of enjoying the hot, fresh trail, before the sun rose to weaken it. For three days a week, during a whole season, was this practice continued; many otters were killed; and yet two only out of the six puppies showed the slightest taste for the sport at the end of that time. The next season passed away. Beeswing threw her tongue on the trail occasionally; but Baronet's tongue as yet had never been heard. In the third year, however, the two hounds came out like first wranglers at their work, Beeswing clinging to the trail and making the valleys ring with sweet music as she pattered along in the stream: but Baronet preferred a moved scent; and, as he was always chary of his tongue, and only gave it when the living animal was within a few yards of his nose, it made one's pulse quiver when he spoke. Mr. Newton, of Millaton, than whom no better judge of an otter-hound breathes, has repeatedly declared that he never saw Baronet make a false mark, nor ever tell a lie; and that he was the longest and strongest hound in deep water he had ever seen in his life.

These two facts together then—first, the inability of hounds to kill an otter without man's help; and secondly, the apparent distaste for the scent which so many evince—lead me to the conclusion that otter-hunting is an artificial sport to hounds; and that, if left to nature, they would not hunt the animal at all. They are taught to hunt it, as a pig may be trained to point at partridges, or a dog to carry letters to the post. When the lesson is fairly learned, it is quite true they get extremely partial to the scent, but they will not take to it in the first place, as every hound in the creation will take

to the scent of a deer, simply because nature is the instructress in one case, and art in the other.

Terriers, too, require a long apprenticeship before they take to the trade ; but when at length the accomplishment is acquired by one in a hundred, the dog prefers the scent to that of all vermin, and will scarcely deign to look at a rat when in pursuit of the grosser animal.

The next morning, as we were jogging along to the fixture at Exe-bridge, the parson informed us he preferred this meet to all others in Mr. Collier's country ; ' because,' said he, ' by the junction of the Exe and the Barle you have two strings to your bow ; and if you don't find on one river, you may on the other. The Exe, too, has its Lucas, and the Barle its Jekyll, no ordinary attractions to the wanderer who finds himself astray in the wilds from which those rivers spring.'

' Are you speaking of guides ?' inquired Keryfan, with the utmost simplicity.

' Certainly,' said the parson, ever ready for a joke ; ' and rare guides they are over the trackless moor ; but they are apt to steal too much ahead at times ; and a man must be a man to follow them when they are in that humour.'

' What ! and leave the wanderer behind ?' said the Baron.

' Ay, planted in a bog, too, if he does not take heed. Nevertheless, like true monks of St. Bernard, they never fail in the end to lead him to their own hospitable home, and to give him a welcome worthy of Kilruddry in Lord Meath's best days.'

Mr. Collier was punctual at the appointed time, and appeared on Exe-bridge exactly at seven o'clock ; an early hour, methought, for hounds so trained to their work as his are. At the word of command, which was soon given, the pack cantered gaily to the river, and in a few minutes were scattered over its banks in every direction, searching for a trail. Passing the junction of the Exe and the Barle, they drew steadily to Baron's Down, and on to Exton, before they touched upon a scent. Faint, however, as it was at first, the hounds seemed inclined to make the best of it : they crossed and re-crossed the stream a hundred times ; picked it up here, and hit upon it there ; till at length the single notes swelled into a chorus, and at every turn of the river below Winsford we expected momentarily to hear a find.

But the Fates were against us ; a network of meadow drains, unassailable as the outworks of Mantua, within which the otter was safely intrenched, enabled him to laugh us to scorn : and there the strife ceased. A council of war, however, was quickly held ; and as there was no long-winded Nestor present, it was at once proposed to give up the game that day, retire to Winsford for the night, and renew the attack next morning at break of day, when he might be found in a weaker and less impregnable position. This plan of strategy was warmly commended by Lieut. Karslake, a man-of-war ashore ; and as, like Ulysses, he had not only seen cities and men in his travels, but was also well bred for the chase, being the grandson of

that true English gentleman and sportsman, the late Mr. Karslake, of Dolton, his words carried weight ; and hounds and men rested for the night at Winsford. But it was a short night indeed ; for before

• ‘ The feathered songster, Chanticleer,
Had wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn,’

Collier had forestalled him, and blew such a blast on his horn as shook the window-frames, and would have turned the cider sour, if that had not been its normal condition in that country already. At four o’clock, then, the hounds were again cast upon the stream, and evidently, by their lively action, expected at once to pick up the trail where they had dropped it on the preceding day ; but the only music that enlivened the morn came from the birds on the bushes ; not a hound spoke. Neither up stream, nor down stream, above nor below, was there the faintest trace of fresh scent. The hounds were puzzled, and so were the men. Keryfan’s face resembled nothing so much as that of a schoolboy robbed of his holiday ; and as for the man-of-war, if he had been ordered by his country to recover the lost Atlantic cable, he would have gone to his work with a brighter hope of success than he now appeared to entertain with respect to the recovery of this mysterious animal.

‘ He must have had wings as well as web feet,’ he exclaimed, ‘ or he could not have disappeared from the spot without leaving a trace behind him.’

But Collier shook his head. ‘ The otter is still in the drains,’ he said, ‘ and perhaps won’t quit them for a night or two : let us cross to the Barle.’

So, as the day was Saturday, and there could be no hunting on the morrow (much to Keryfan’s disgust), the hounds were trotted across the hills by Bradley Hams to the Barle, which river they struck just below Withypool. The hounds commenced drawing down stream very steadily for some miles, but without touching on a trail, or giving any indication of an otter’s existence in that neighbourhood. On arriving, however, at the second turn of the river above Tarre Steps, a peal so sudden and unexpected burst from the pack, that it roused a thousand echoes in the vale below.

Mr. Lucas was the first to gaze him ; a fine otter, dodging like a conger eel in and out of the hollow banks, and seeking shelter under every impending rock. A big pool it was to which he now adhered ; and as he was down a full fathom deep, and the water grew foul, his way soon became a mystery to all but the working hounds. Then, indeed, was their instinct displayed to perfection ; one marked him here, another marked him there, and so they kept him going to and fro, like a shuttlecock across a ball-room. For an hour, at least, the waters of the Barle rolled and seethed in dire commotion, as if a legion of devils were at play in its now turbid stream, *nantes in gurgite vasto* ; till, at length, the otter would have it no longer. Down he came, and down came hounds and men, like an avalanche, together ;

rocks, chasms, and fathomless pits stayed them not; the chase led madly on, and follow they would to the death.

At this point England might have lost a future Nelson. Lieut. Karslake's foot slipped, and he toppled headlong into a boiling abyss; but the man-of-war had no notion of foundering in fresh water; for, apparently invigorated by the sousing, he rose like a river-god to the surface, and at once dashed into the chase with increased fire and vivacity.

Down stream they still poured, otter-hounds and men, faster than the rapid Barle itself, till another deep pool, a huge rock, and a bend in the river again checked the flight. Ye gods! what music on the waters! The hanging wood of Hawkrige is raving with delight, and the rocks bursting with applause! Keryfan is in ecstasy, and asks how long it is to last: the parson is very quiet and says nothing, but enjoys the sport intensely, and his face speaks volumes.

Suddenly the music ceases, and for two minutes the hounds fail to make a single mark. Keryfan's countenance quivers with anxiety; he remembers the mysterious disappearance of the otter on the Plym, and he begins to fear he is never destined to see an otter brought to land. The next moment a wild cheer from Collier, who was stationed on the shallows below, reassures him; but, before he could reach the spot, Collier's foot slipped on a rock, and down he went, a plumper among the fishes. Wetherby was the first hound at his master's side; and, almost before he could rise and shake himself, Collier again viewed the otter floating quietly down in mid-water, and expanded like a spread eagle. Wetherby, too, caught sight of him, and, in an instant dashing into the stream, seized him with a lion's grip, and brought him at once to the surface; a short tussle ensued; but the hound was soon joined by the rest, and then it was all over; *finis coronat opus*. But no; Jekyll's old sherry finished it; and if that wine flows, as our friend the parson declares it does, from a cruse that never fails, no wonder the wanderers in those wilds find their way to Hawkrige; no wonder the victims, who get involuntary dips in the rapid Barle, hang up their *uvula vestimenta* on Jekyll's walls, and bless the sacred shrine.

A DAY WITH THE ROMAN HOUNDS.

MANY persons have the misfortune to imagine that a bottle of ink, a dozen well-nibbed pens, and half a quire of foolscap constitute the requirements necessary for the writing of a magazine article, while an addition to the paper converts it into a three-volume novel. To those, on whose literary pursuits in a great measure depends their daily bread, the error is fatal.

Just try your hand to please the readers of 'Baily,' that's all; and I beg to assure you that if your pen be not dipped into a decoction of cayenne, spice, and vinegar, to which is added a considerable quantity of sauce piquant, your time, patience, and paper will be thrown

away. The editor—do you know him?—lives, I imagine, on truffles and champagne, and sleeps, as I am told, on the most downy of couches, and yet 'tis said he is difficult to beat in the Shires. When sipping his matutinal coffee, and smoking his matutinal Havannah, he glances his eye over the innumerable literary efforts that the post daily brings 'for his kind consideration,' and with that kind consideration plunges forthwith into his waste-paper basket all but the most 'spicy'—no, that is a vulgar word—all that he does not consider elegant, instructive, interesting, and racy to the modern sporting world.

Spite of his high living, spite of his editorial caste and fastidiousness, I boldly ask him to awake from his lethargy, and come with me to Rome. It is not precisely what is termed the festive season; he will possibly neither be blessed by the Pope, or have his horse, or his dog, or his mule, or his ass blessed, as many are wont to do. But it is the hunting season. Now, don't grin; it is the hunting season at Rome, as at Badminton. Yes, the hunting season; and let me tell you, gentlemen sportsmen who live at home at ease and hunt, that the Roman hounds meet twice each week, and that their vast hunting ground, the Campagna, is well-nigh as well stocked with foxes as brigands.

Were you ever in Rome—the Eternal City? Have you ever looked from the Pincio, on the dome of St. Peter's? or smoked a cigar amid the ruins of the Coliseum? or listened to the refreshing conversation of fourscore sight-seers, misnamed travellers, while, sitting behind one of the pillars of the dining-room at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, you discuss the pleasures of gastronomy at the table d'hôte? No! Well, come with me. I am not precisely the 'roving Englishman,' but a roving Englishman who, when at Rome, by no means judges it necessary to do as the Romans do; therefore I 'unts' with the Duke of ———, as the Badminton sweep said; not that I vote for him, as did that well-known chimney-climber of Sodbury for his justly popular master.

There are many routes to the Pope's dominions in these days of rapid locomotion: do not be afraid, I have neither time nor space to discuss their merits. We will halt, however, one day in the imperial city called Paris, if only to leave a card on him who writes the monthly letters from Paris, and offer him one of our best Havannahs. May be, time permitting, we will be equally courteous towards the author of 'Paris ways;' not that we shall precisely follow his advice. In case we should not meet, I may be permitted to name to him a quiet, but most reasonable and cosy abode, called the Hôtel de Choiseul, Rue St. Honoré. Being hungry, and the weather such as to prevent a long walk, slip round the corner to the Rue Castiglione, and dine at Dotesio's. Who does not recollect Papa Dotesio, although he is gone from among us? But 'fils' Dotesio rules over the establishment, and his chef, with the wind in the right quarter, is not easily taken aback. Thence onward to Maçon—one bottle of Vieux Maçon, if not an expensive, by no means

an ill-favoured Burgundy—en route over the Mont Cenis from Lansleburgh, possibly in a sledge; if so, and the road be not ‘knotty’ as it is termed, which in plain English means bumpy, sleep for a few hours while you slide down calmly to Susa. Meanwhile, in due season, never refuse a trout at Lansleburgh. There is a little mountain stream which rushes from the lake that nature has so curiously placed on the summit of the Cenis, which flows through the little woe-begone-looking Burgh that some day may become—who dare say no?—a lively city, for English engineers do congregate there with the intention of steaming travellers over the mountain in a railway train, awaiting the termination of the tunnel (and when will that be?) through the mountain. Don’t, I say, in due season, refuse a trout from that pleasant stream, for better ne’er boiled in a pot or was served on a platter.

At the Italian base of the mountain, you step once more into a railway carriage, thence onwards to Turin, Bologna, and Leghorn, to Nunchetella. Here halt for an hour and refresh human nature—if so be you can satisfy it on such meats as are placed before you—while your belongings are removed from the train to a rickety carriage, drawn by a rickety pair of wretched post-horses, which by permission of the brigands—for during the last month they stopped and robbed the mail—will, with a couple of changes, carry you over fifty miles of tolerable though most uninteresting road to Civita Vecchia. Thence in two hours you rail it to the Eternal City, and here we are safe and sound.

On entering the Hôtel d’Angleterre, where tired travellers may rest and be thankful, sure of kind attention and moderate bills—a fact that I should scarcely now have the courage to assert as regards any capital in Europe—the first thing that attracted my attention was an affiche in the entrance, setting forth that on Monday 15th or Tuesday the 16th—I forget which, and it is unimportant—the Roman hounds would meet at the ‘Tomb of Cecilia Metella, commonly called Capo di Bove.’

‘Capo di Bove,’ said I. ‘May the ashes of St. Cecilia repose in peace! A horse! a horse! A kingdom for a horse! But my boots and breeches; they repose in far too much peace in my wardrobe in Old England.’

‘A horse,’ said the civil landlord. ‘That we can easily provide your excellency; there are plenty of hunters in Rome; and as for your breeches, why, sir, you can hunt without them; very few of the gentlemen who hunt with the Duke of ——’s hounds wear any breeches.’ Bedad, thought I, I hope there is a British apothecary at hand, and plenty of diaculum plaister. However, a-hunting I was determined to go, with or without breeches. Meanwhile I had become acquainted with an agreeable native of the Emerald Isle, whose tastes were evidently sporting; so with him I visited several livery stables of which Rome can boast, and having selected a well-conditioned grey gelding, which, I was informed, had been regularly hunted during the season, and who could jump from

the top of St. Peter's on to the Pincio, if 'required,' and which animal appeared capable of carrying ten stone for an hour or two, I awaited calmly for the hunting morning, which broke at last as I wish many hunting mornings would break at home in Old England, mild as milk, with a southerly wind, but certainly without a cloudy sky, for I never beheld a cloud throughout the day.

'We will go to the meet,' said my Hibernian friend, as we discussed our coffee and cigars the previous evening, 'on wheels; that is to say, as far as the Porta di Romana, where we can send our horses.' To this I at once agreed, as a wise man should do, inasmuch as the streets in Rome are paved throughout as the pavement in Regent Street, and two miles on a slippery pavement on a skittish hack, converted, for the time being, into a hunter, is not the most agreeable position in life. Meanwhile it did occur to me that sending one's horse to the Porta Romana, and jogging on to meet a pack of fox-hounds at the Tomb of St. Cecilia—if she were a saint—throwing away the end of one's cigar as one passes the forum and looks on Cæsar's house that was—and a pleasant house it must have been—to say nothing of tightening one's girths under the shadows of the Coliseum, is not the most common occurrence in life; the more so as ever and anon we were passed by a carriage-full of lovely specimens of our countrywomen as from America—flowered, feathered, hatted, and crinolined to perfection, driving that sunny morning to the meet, not in the least disconcerted, although scores of cavaliers were riding there like ourselves, 'without breeches.' Nevertheless there were some turns out in tops and leathers and red coats, that must have astonished the natives as much as they appeared to be satisfactory to the wearers.

But here we are at 'Cecilia's Tomb.' Bless her! for her sporting propensities must have been great thus to have laid her bones in the centre of foxes. Cecilia's Tomb, let me tell you, however, while I light another cigar and take up a hole in the curb-chain, for the grey pulls a wee bit, is by no means a common tombstone (at least I never discovered one), with an inscription—'Here lies Cecilia Metella, regretted by all her friends'—if not so, by her relations. I may add, nevertheless, that if it be the object of huge tombs to astonish posterity, the tomb of St. Cecilia has fulfilled its mission, for it is impossible to pass this massive structure without wishing to know something about the saint to whom two thousand years lang syne this lasting memorial was raised. Enough that the ground plan is a square of seventy feet, and the walls twenty-five feet in thickness. Within repose her ashes. It bears the simple incscription—'Cæcilæ A. Cretici F. Martelli Crasi.' In the neighbourhood her name is untold, and the tomb is only called the 'Capo di Bove,' from the ornaments on the frieze. But what of all this? As I turn from this monument of ages past I behold a pack of fox-hounds rolling on the soft turf in full enjoyment of the bright sunshine. Near to them is a tent filled with creature comforts of the most approved order, supplied by the cunning hand

of the brothers Spillmen, so well known in Rome as caterers for gastronomic indulgence; and around and about this tent are gathered full threescore and ten of gallant sportsmen and fair equestrians ready for the fray.

We turn towards the hounds, and scan them well over; bidding good day to Huntsman and Whip, who, both very tolerably mounted, have evidently done justice to their charge, for among the hounds are many that might not disgrace any pack at home: and, as a pack, entire, consisting that morning, as I was informed, of about fourteen couple—from the Duke of Beaufort's, Lord Fitzwilliam's, &c. They are equal to their task and country, and, both as regards condition and appearance, do credit alike to master and men. In the Huntsman I found a Hog—in name, but by no means in nature—if I am not incorrect, *ci-devant* Whip to the Bedale and Kildare hounds; while the Whip was young Barker, son of the late Assheton Smith's Huntsman, an active, clever lad, full of riding and enthusiasm, who complained, and not without reason, that he had only one saddle, which it was impossible to keep dry. I should think so, *ergo* sore balks. When I told him the late Squire's hounds were hunting that very morning from Clatforth Oakcuts, and that we ought both to be there instead of on the Campagna, as that I had formerly known every meet in the hunt, his face brightened, and throughout the day he was frequently by my side.

But time was up, and the order given to move, when a little *contre-temps* occurred which might have proved disastrous, but which, happily, unlike the marriage ceremony, commenced with amazement and ended in laughter. It was as follows. A groom (I fancy an Italian) on a very fine and apparently thoroughbred English chesnut horse, rushed from whence I know not like an avalanche among us, charging, as the gallant squadrons of Balaklava charged, right into the very centre of the assembled sportsmen and fair ladies, carriages and carts, making direct for the tent and its valuable contents. The harder the rider pulled at his snaffle bridle (for he had no other) the faster went the horse, direct among, and through the crowd, till he reached the tent, when he luckily swerved, and turning back from whence he came, up a slight declivity, was finally mastered.

I own that, as I sat on my horse calmly by the hounds, past which the animal dashed, my heart all but ceased to beat, for I felt, as most there doubtless did, that the death of some two or three or more, or, at all events, broken legs and arms, would be the result. Doubtless, however, some little angel who sat up aloft willed it otherwise; the rider had nothing to say to it, for every one escaped unhurt; and I fancy a crushed hat and much fright was all that occurred. I saw this handsome chesnut during the day pulling his heavy rider's hands off—that is to say, its own head, for he had no hands, and I felt far more comfortable on my little grey.

But now hounds, huntsmen, and field are eager for a run. May I not also add some half a dozen of the fair sex who graced the meet?

Meanwhile I addressed my Hibernian friend as to the coverts they intended to draw, and the locality.

‘Coverts,’ he replied; ‘there are none—scarcely a tree on the Campagna. They find their fox in the long grass and dry fern, and they get up like hares. We may possibly have a drag for ten minutes, and then away. So be prepared at any moment for a burst.’

‘And the fences,’ I added; ‘are there any; and of what nature?’

‘Fences very deep, but not wide drains; and timber jumps such as none but a first-class English hunter can accomplish; but aid is always at hand. Here we are at one: behold some high, strong rails, for the purpose of keeping in the cattle which rove on the Campagna.’

As he justly observed, however, aid was at hand, in the shape of one of the cleverest ponies I have seen for many a day—value, say, five pounds, active as a cat, thin and bony, and as hard as nails, mounted by an individual of light weight, clad in a costume half brigand half peasant of the Campagna, whose saddle bow and person were adorned with hatchet, axe, spade, and pickaxe. No sooner did we reach one of these formidable barriers than he appeared, dismounted in a jiffy, and off went the top bar; while the pony looked on, as much as to say, if you cannot settle the rail let me give it a kick; and over went those whose horses could jump the by no means trifling flight of rails remaining.

At the first, a gallant sportsman who looked Irish or English, but who might have been Scotch, mounted on an animal as high as a giraffe, led the way, and came to grief, more, I fancy, from the careless manner of the rider than from any fault of the horse, or the want of a little jumping powder; consequently horse and rider rolled, not in the dust, but on the soft turf of the Campagna, to get up again unhurt; and forthwith the field followed the leader without further mishap. I own having felt some trepidation at the result which might follow the attempt of my gallant grey. But had I not hunted in the Shires with Assheton Smith and the Duke? and, moreover, Hog and the young Barker were looking on; so, screwing up my Saxon courage, I went at it, and cleverly did it; and I felt that if we were in for a run, that, not being the first, I should possibly not be the last at the death of the fox among those assembled that morning at St. Cecilia’s Tomb.

A few more timber jumps—an occasional drain—now up a grassy hill-side—now down another—when, as we approach the summit of one of these hills, a slight drag, and in a few minutes up jumps a fox precisely as would a hare from her form, and away. The pace was good, and the hounds raced well together up and down grassy hills, across several drains—time forty minutes, with the slightest of checks—and we ran into him in the open. The brush is offered to a fair young lady who had gone well: she blushes and refuses. The run is discussed in English, French, Italian, Irish, and Dutch, for aught I know to the contrary; cigars are lighted and flasks produced, and we proceed to draw for another fox; as the last, he is found reposing on a sunny hill-side. He rouses himself, and flies, and

with a few minutes' check only we ran him, with here and there an intervening drain or timber jump (where, like a Will of the Wisp, the pioneer always appeared), for an hour, till he seeks refuge in a ruin or a tomb of a saint or a sinner—at all events, in a sort of cavern which abounds on the Campagna; and of course, earth-stopping being out of the question, as is digging in such a place, thus ended my first day's hunting on the Campagna. Several other foxes were on foot, but two runs were considered sufficient.

I regret to add that two fair ladies came to grief. One, I hear, was seriously hurt, her horse having slipped up when passing through a gate. It was at first feared that the animal had rolled on her; as it was, in his struggles he struck her somewhat severely on the forehead. The other, when riding through a gate on the swing—as young ladies will do—caught her habit in the gate, and horse and rider rolled on the grass, with little apparent harm, however, for, on her horse being caught, she remounted and rode through the run.

And now we jog homewards some considerable distance, trying on the way, though unsuccessfully, for another fox, till we reach the tent once more, and enjoy sundry libations, such as champagne, bitter beer—veritable Bass—cognac, cold without, and so forth, all or either of which, when taken with moderation, refresh and exhilarate a tired sportsman; and then we jog homewards to the Porta di Romana, enjoying the wayside in sporting converse with Hog and his Whip. It has often occurred to me since that had there been a fog instead of a brilliant, clear day, had my little grey cast a shoe or become lame—in fact, had any sportsman utterly ignorant of the Campagna, as I was, chanced to lose himself on that vast territory, who knows but that he might have passed a week or two in the mountains, without ransom? During the day I met several gentlemen who might well have passed for brigands on any stage in Europe. For all I know to the contrary; they were the most honest of sheep or bullock farmers or landed proprietors; all I can say is, their looks belied it. Be it as it may, shoes or no shoes, lame or not lame, knowing my nag could jump, I should have charged the first flight of rails, and given them a burster before they caught me.

In conclusion, 'Je fais mais complements'—that is, offer my best thanks to Master, Huntsmen, and Whip, and to the supporters of these hounds. It mattereth little what leads people to Rome, whether it is merely to see St. Peter's, the Coliseum, or all the other numerous attractions, or the Pope or Antonelli; whether they go to be blessed or beatified, for health or pastime; to a sportsman finding himself there, and possibly calling the Eternal City an infernal city, from the cause which keeps him there, these hounds are, at all events, twice a week an admirable source of amusement; and, ere the season closes, I hope to mount my little grey once more. One thing I recommend to my friends—beware of the innumerable holes on the Campagna. I witnessed the crushing of a remarkably neat hat, and I saw one gentleman cut a summersault over his horse's neck, which I will bet him five to one he does not repeat so cleverly.

BECHER AND BEECHWOOD.

A RUN WITH THE 'ATHERSTONE.'

BIRMINGHAM thirty-five years since presented a very different appearance to that which the 'hardware village' assumes at the present period. The motto of the great inland town, *Fumum et opes*, was most happy and demonstrative as regards the first substantive, for the dense smoke, which daily and nightly ascended from the stacks which lifted their discoloured heads from almost every street and alley, seemed never to be distributed over the adjoining country, but to sit like a huge, brooding nightmare upon the city of gunmakers. No Town Hall, whose vast and magnificent structure, supported by Corinthian pillars, appears, as it stands at the top of New-street, to keep sullen watch and ward over the town, then adorned this emporium for pins and steel pens—no superb edifice then denoted the wisdom of the Sixth Edward, who had endowed a grammar school for the edification of the rising Brummagem; in fact, it was a miserable, dirty place, but half civilized, and in the market-place could be seen the ring to which many an unfortunate bull has been secured, and then baited, greatly to the amusement and delight of the amiable townspeople. The surrounding coal country was a mild description of Hades, and in the underground workings might be observed men, women, and children indiscriminately engaged in their various occupations, all in a state of complete nudity. But both then and since Birmingham boasted of men celebrated on the Turf, and produced some of the straightest and hardest riders across country that ever stuck to a pack throughout a long and tiring run. Beardsworth, the owner and breeder of the teapot-suckled colt Birmingham, then kept the Repository, and possessed also some good cattle, such as Independence, Warwick, Wolverhampton, and Ludlow; and as he achieved a somewhat unenviable notoriety with regard to the latter animal, I will relate the circumstance for the edification of those readers of 'Baily' who may be unacquainted with the facts. In 1832, the colt in question, who had performed work in the spring, was backed for immense sums for the St. Leger at lessening prices, until he became a most prominent favourite. As the Doncaster week drew near, negotiations for the purchase of the horse were entered into between Mr. Beardsworth and certain parties whose intentions it was impossible to mistake. His backers and the public in general took alarm, believing that the intended sale would destroy his Leger chance, as the enormous price offered for him betokened that a desire to prevent Ludlow from winning was the object of the purchasers; and early in the Leger week Beardsworth and the supposed purchasers were summoned before the stewards, and called upon to explain away, if they could, the ominous reports in circulation as to the genuine nature of the sale, and the object for which the horse had changed hands. A great Turf scandal was the result,

as the evidence adduced proved the existence of much roguery and trickery, but the affair was allowed to die out, as Ludlow was disgracefully beaten next day ; whether upon his merits or not is a moot point, although it is certain that he never displayed any form afterwards. The celebrated John Mytton, who usually cured a sore throat with half an ounce of Cayenne pepper, and a hiccup by setting fire to the tail of his shirt, was a frequent visitor at the Repository, although he was then sadly declining in health and fortune, and shortly afterwards completed the first half of his memorable prophecy, viz., that he should die in prison, and his son in the workhouse.

About this time also flourished that great rider across country, Johnny Newman, who for a wager of a dinner for a dozen rode his bay mare Vixen up and down the precipitous stone steps in Christ Church passage, after returning half drunk from a day at Sutton Coldfield, and who, when the alcoholic fumes had evaporated next morning, would not believe that he had accomplished the suicidal feat. This man, strange as it may appear, slept in Mytton's coffin, then waiting in the Fleet Prison to receive the departed sportsman. Jack Jenkins, of Saltley Hall, so well known as an accomplished rider in the midland counties, had just succeeded to his noble estate, with which he played such ducks and drakes, that before many years acre after acre disappeared, so that when, ere yet in his prime, the demon Death claimed him, he had only sufficient at his banker's to bury him. The day upon which he died he drank three bottles of sherry and a bottle of brandy, and his sister was married the same morning that saw him consigned to the tomb. Another Birmingham man who never shirked a fence, but always held his own, was Tom Spurrier, the only son of a lawyer, for whom his father scraped and hoarded throughout a long life to leave him the inheritor of a fortune bordering upon half a million, but which poor Tom only lived a few months to enjoy ; for, apart from having had almost every bone in his body broken in riding steeple-chases, and other frolics, strong waters and late hours had told their tale. These men, and many others, all thorough sportsmen, might frequently be observed lounging away a few idle hours at the Repository, while in the paddock the colt Birmingham, winner of the St. Leger in 1830, was oftentimes receiving his supply of cow's milk from a humble teapot held by the hands of the fair Caroline Beardsworth, who was at this time the most beautiful woman in the town. This lady married Mr. John Bird, well known amongst sporting society of the period ; and sad, indeed, it is that one so lovely and accomplished should have been fated to bear so sorrowful an existence as afterwards fell to her lot. It may be pardonable to take a passing notice of these few individuals, as they one and all formed a portion of the field in a run with the Atherstone hounds upon a day when I first beheld that prince of cross-country riders, Captain Becher.

Beechwood Hall, the noble seat of Squire Harrison, was situated in a romantic and pleasing portion of that most beautiful county, Warwickshire, midway between Coleshill and Atherstone ; a fair

hunting country, with coverts wide apart, but which almost always contained the varmint. It was a very favourite meet, and times and oft the gallant pack have stretched themselves easily upon the ample grass-plot in front of the mansion, whilst the *élite* of the surrounding gentry have been duly discussing the solids which, finished off with a nip of cognac, render the system equal to the emergencies of a long day. The Squire was the happy begetter of five sons, the shortest of whom was over six feet in his hose, and you might walk a mile or two before you could light upon finer specimens of humanity. Hercules would have required a little training to have enabled him to polish off with any degree of ease these athletic Nimrods, whose skill in the noble and gentle art of boxing was only equalled by their daring and straight riding, and the proficiency which they displayed in all manly recreations and field sports, from riding a steeple-chase bare backed to whipping a stream or dropping a brace right and left. One sister grew like a lithe and slender sapling among these towering and unbending oaks, and those who had ever seen Augusta Harrison on her thoroughbred mare Spitfire topping a five-bar, or doing a bullfinch, voted her at once the most charming girl and exquisite horsewoman since the days of Diana Vernon. In truth, you could say that 'the men were brave, the maid was fair,' and although it is more than likely, in the usual course of events, that 'the narrow six feet of freehold' holds them all, it appears to me a pity that such mortals cannot become immortal upon earth.

Breakfast is over, and the hounds, watching every movement with their half closed eyes, know at once by the clustering of the guests upon the steps, and the huntsman and whips placing their feet in the irons, that the moment has arrived to seek the cunning enemy, of which they have all been half dreaming; and starting from their recumbent positions look into their masters' faces for instruction, and presently we are trotting down the avenue *en route* for Hoarwood. Turning into the high road, we observe a figure of medium height attired in tops, buckskin, and dark-green coat, walking by the side of his horse, on the turf, close to the hedgerow, and as he springs into the saddle it is apparent to every eye that he is a horseman. For the first time I behold the great *artiste* in the pigskin, who so soon was destined to make a world-renowned fame, and cause the names of Becher and Vivian to become household words in the mouth of every true sportsman, and one who never has been surpassed, if equalled, as a thorough and accomplished rider. The covert side is gained, and after chopping about the fox is away, and to that music which has no compare, we settle into places, and with burning scent and cracking pace head for Over Whitacre, through as beautiful a patch of pasture as ever gladdened the eyes of a fox-hunter; with plenty of fences, and stiff ones too, and with Becher, the Squire's daughter, and a few good ones at the tail of the hounds, we skirt the little church upon the hill, and tearing through the village take the river Burn flying, master Reynard making for the parsonage, perhaps thinking to obtain a reprieve upon such sanctified

ground. He is mistaken ; for as we approach, the parson's good-looking hunter is led round to the door, and the holy man mounts and joins in the fun with a relish as keen as the keenest among us ; so doubling to the left he leads the pack right for Shustoke, crossing the churchyard and taking the turnpike-road for Coleshill. A few hundred yards traversed, however, he again is in the open, going straight for a little spinney, on the other side of which ran a broad stream of water, bounded by a wall of rather formidable proportions. There is, however, no time to think of consequences ; Johnny Newman and Becher are the two first over the wall and into the river, and the Squire, with his sons and daughter, are close after them ; but it is a nasty pitch, and Augusta, half suffocated with the water, loses her seat, and in all probability would have lost her life also, had not the quick eye of the Captain caught sight of her drifting down with the current, as his own horse was scrambling up the opposite bank, and, quick as lightning, he has thrown himself off, and running some distance down the stream plunges in, and soon the senseless girl is clasped in his nervous arms, and consigned to the care of her father, whilst he jumps again upon his horse, which some good-natured fellow has caught, and soon gets up with the few that are left. Hard pressed, our crafty enemy leaves Coleshill on the right, and makes for Nether Whitacre, but running through a flock of sheep the scent is lost ; and our huntsman's horse having been placed *hors de combat*, through breaking his leg in a drain some time before, things begin to look a little queer ; but Becher and the first whip soon hit it off again, and a little breathing time having done no harm, we are again at it, and our fox running almost a ring, makes for his old quarters, Hoarwood. The staunch pack, however, are too close at his brush, and giving it up in despair he crosses the high road and again takes the country, going straight for Atherstone. The field by this time had 'grown fine by degrees and beautifully less,' but somehow or other I had managed to stick to them ; but boys can do anything, and I was very ambitious, for it was my first mount upon a bit o' blood, after being promoted from my pony ; besides, the Captain had several times shouted out 'Well done, my boy !' as I managed a difficult fence tolerably well, and I thought that to finish with him would be glorious indeed. The varmint is now showing sure signs of distress ; turning his head round every now and then to take stock of his pursuers, whilst the outhanging tongue and drooping brush proclaim that it is almost all out of him. A patch of land surrounding a gentleman's seat is fenced off with iron hurdles—the most infernal things that were ever invented, for a horse can hardly see them till he is close upon them ; but there is no shirking, for the dogs are running into 'sly Reynard' five hundred yards on the other side, and the Captain is already over ; so, taking a little pull at my animal, I put him at them, and that is all I could remember afterwards. When I woke up from the stupor occasioned by the heavy fall, I found my head resting upon Becher's knee, and a kind, pale, thoughtful face, round which damp black hair was

clinging, was gazing anxiously upon me. He had bound up my broken arm with his handkerchief, and told me to keep still until the litter arrived for which he had sent—for I was too bruised to walk.

Upon our arrival at Beechwood that evening—fortunately we were not far from it—his were the arms that with gentle care carried me upstairs, whilst the doctor followed with a most ominous morocco case, which was, however, fortunately not brought into requisition; and if there is a blot upon this copy, I beg the printer to excuse it, for it falls to the memory of one of the most open-hearted gentlemen, and the greatest cross-country rider that ever threw his leg over a horse.

SPRING HUNTING IN 1866.

BACK to its icy cave again
Has sped the wintry blast,
And Nature, with a loving smile,
Is waking up at last.

'Tis sweet spring-tide; and down the vale,
The flowery meads among,
The mountain torrent gently glides,
Singing a quiet song.

Now, haply too, beside its brae
Some pensive fisher stands;
Landing his struggling speckled prey
Upon its silver sands.

But hark! the din of sylvan war
Is rolling from the woods afar
Upon the peaceful plain;
And hounds and men are flashing by,
Like meteors in a northern sky,
Till riot seems to reign.

Away, away, the gallant fox
In headlong haste to gain the rocks
Is flying o'er the vale;
The hounds upon his very brush
Are pelting on with mighty rush,
Like a rattling storm of hail.

Ah me! what struggles now ensue,
As steeds of every form and hue
To pace are forced to yield;
And men, by falls and other woes,
Are beaten off like scattered foes
Upon a battle-field.

But hark! a distant, joyous sound
That tells the welcome tale around,—
The whoop we love to hear!

Ay, blood and bone, whate'er the pace,
Will triumph in the stoutest chase,
It is the Beaufort cheer !

Not sated yet, a yeoman bold,
Who values foxes more than gold,
Invites another find ;
Again, the mottled beauties hie
To draw the woodlands far and nigh,
And catch the tainted wind.

But keen remorse will sure be thine,
Thou yeoman strong and true !
The victims of that luckless day
Thy heart will ever rue.

For soon a sudden, piercing cry
From yonder copse is yelled ;
The wailing, as of wounded hound,
In iron clutches held.

'Accursed be the hand would slay
A fox in such a craven way !'
I hear the huntsman cry.
'Ride to the rescue, hunters, ride !
Of all my pack that hound's the pride—
'Tis my sweet Firefly.'

Then lightly o'er the fence he bounds,
Ever the first to aid his hounds,
No laggard chief, I trow ;
But who shall paint the mute surprise
That glistened in the huntsman's eyes,
At scene he saw below ?

No trap was there ; but near at hand
A little vixen stood,
Guarding her helpless, infant cubs
Just littered in the wood.

Close to the mother's back they crouched,
Beside an old oak bole ;
The huntsman said 'twas piteous sight,
And sorrow filled his soul.

Alas ! too late his sounding lash,
And vain his angry rate :—
A score of hounds are rushing in
To seal the litter's fate.

And there the little vixen fell,
In fragments torn piecemeal ;
The victim of that wondrous love
That only mothers feel.

The affecting incident, described in the above verses, may have frequently occurred, but has certainly been rarely witnessed in the

hunting-field. The Beaufort hounds were lately drawing a cover, in which the fragrance of the primrose and wild violet might have probably disturbed the huntsman's equanimity, when a yell was heard that almost brought the current of his life-blood to a standstill. It was the cry of a hound in agony; either, as he thought, bitten by an adder or caught in a gin, which, by-the-by, is an abomination little known in the Beaufort country. On hastening to the spot with two or three gentlemen, members of the Hunt, they were greatly surprised to see a poor little vixen fox snapping at a single hound, and defending with all her power the stub-bred litter she had so recently brought into the world. The mother deserved a better fate; but the cry of the wounded hound bringing others to its aid, the destruction of herself and cubs became at once inevitable, and, in spite of all the huntsman's efforts, not one of them was saved. The feelings of at least one of the spectators were so touched by this little domestic tragedy, that he instantly rode home and registered a vow that hunting in the late spring he would eschew for the rest of his life.

The loss of a stub-bred litter, always the best foxes, would be a serious loss to most countries; but the Duke of Beaufort's is as well stocked as was that of the Philistines in the days of Samson; so it can well sustain the sacrifice.

RING OUZEL.

THE LAST DAY WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HARRIERS.

'Semper Lilia florent.'—OVID.

(*Freely translated*) 'Lily runs on for ever.'

THE thirty-first of March wound up the season with this popular little pack. During the hunting months they have had to struggle against the almost invariably rainy weather, when the visits of harriers cannot be so welcome to the farmer as during harder going, but have nevertheless shown a succession of good sport, and two or three really clipping things.

Meeting, as they generally do, on the same days as their big brothers, under the auspices of Messrs. Davis, King, and Hills, they have not usually to complain of that bane of all hare-hunting, a large field; but on the occasion above named, the meets more resembled one of the popular days with the buckhounds, it having been announced that, as a *bonne bouche*, the deer Lily would be turned out to test the merits and pace of the little dogs. The gathering took place at Mr. Aldridge's farm at Cippenham, and was numerous attended alike by swells and natives. The Royal Master of the Pack, and his fair Princess, arrived about midday, the latter only attending the meet in her pony-carriage; but the former mounted his well-known chesnut mare, and, throughout the run, was where the Master of the hounds should be. Among the horsemen also assembled were the Prince of Hohenloe, Lords Beresford, Cork,

Skelmersdale, C. Kerr, General Hood, Colonels Kingscote, Blundell, and Ewart, *cum multis aliis* whose names we did not know. Who, for instance, was the gentleman who got a dirty back very early in the day, and took care to exhibit it perpetually afterwards to his faithful followers? And who was the gentleman who bestrode a certain grey horse, not entirely unknown to fame in the Badminton country as the bearer of the wary West or the peaceful Heber? As for the *habitués* of the Royal Hunt, they were there to a man: there was the Eton veteran, whose name suggests Solomon to our minds as readily as his figure does Banting: there was the fifteen-stone bookmaker, who, during the run, is never full so long as the deer has any go at all left in him, and whose odds against Lord Lyon, if taken six months ago, would send you, my dear Baily, to bed a happy man for the next fortnight: there were those thrusters, Messrs. Aldridge, Secker, and Ford; a goodly number of officers; one of the most rising steeple-chase riders of the day; and a parson, whose cob takes a deal of beating in any country. In fact, it is hinted that when the rinderpest has put a stop to hunting in this diocese, our clerical friend will have to beware of 'Oxon.,' and seek a benefice in the Shires. The only gentleman conspicuous from his absence was Young Towler, who, we hear, since leaving her Majesty's Hunt, has conferred the benefit of his society and poetry on Baron Rothschild's; and if the merits of his society are at all on a par with those of the other thing, the Mentmore pack may well be called 'Lucky Dogs.'

After a quarter of an hour's law, the hounds were laid on, and our course was on this wise. Starting from a field on the Farnham side of the railway, Lily went to the left of that village, to Burnham beeches, and thence somewhat parallel with the line towards Langley, but turning short to the right, ran back to Baylis House at the end of fifty minutes, where we had a check of ten minutes, which proved grateful to the sobbing nags, as the pace had been very good. Thence passing the school's beautiful cricket-ground, we crossed the roads and set our heads pretty straight for Langley, Fulmer Common, and Redhill, and thence through the Alderbourne Bottoms on to Denham, leaving Hyde Wood to the left, and eventually taking the deer at the Fishery. Time, two hours and thirty minutes. The concluding scene was highly amusing. One gallant colonel, who slipped in endeavouring to get his whip-lash round Lily's neck, got a complete ducking; but, nevertheless, succeeded in effecting her capture. The party present at the take was very select, and was rendered more so by a number of the field following the tow-path of the canal, which ran parallel with the last few fields of the chase. Now the said fields were so boggy that galloping in them was no easy matter, and jumping water still less so. Nevertheless, his Royal Highness was not to be denied, and charged a naked brook without turning to right or left; and although he, with one faithful satellite, thereby succeeded in attaining 'the cropper' of the period, it is only fair to state that the said cropper was witnessed by

the large proportion of the field from the other (and safer) side of the brook, which commanded an easy view of the take. Thus ended our day's sport; but any chronicle of the same would be imperfect without further mention of the name of Lord Cork, the present Master of her Majesty's Buckhounds, who, we are given to understand, has not only rendered himself extremely popular with his field, but is also diminishing the grievances experienced through the conduct of would-be sportsmen who persistently pursue the stag without even waiting for the ceremony of laying on the hounds. We may not be able to show such real sport as only a first-rate pack of foxhounds can supply, but we have at least the right to demand that those who follow the hounds should behave themselves like gentlemen in the field; and it is not too much to say that any Master who may, by his example and precept, succeed in securing for the royal pack the prestige which belonged to it in olden times, will have deserved well of his country.

DANNYMAN.

HOW I WON MY WAGER.

How well I remember my first visit in the bright days of youth—that happy far-off season—when the fields were more green, and the sun more bright, than they have ever been since. Ah me! how well I remember.

‘All times, when old, are good.’

So, at least, sang the great poet, whose passionate lines filled the boys of my generation with a delicious misanthropy, turned down their shirt-collars, and would have made them lame had the spell been a trifle stronger. Nor can we doubt the bard uttered a truth, which to-day finds an echo in the hearts of thousands whose beards are growing frosty, and which will still be quoted so long as men have memory and affections. Yes, old times are good: I think so now. I thought so then, when, with my mother's kiss on my cheek, I mounted the roof of her Majesty's mail, and set out on my first journey.

My uncle, to whose care I was consigned, was a Welsh squire of the old school. Hospitable, joyous, irascible, with a pedigree that reached back to the Cambrian gods and goddesses—if there ever were any—he loved the echo of his gun and the music of his hounds better than any other sound in art or nature.

Perhaps his house was not just the place to which you or I should now send our boys. It was a careless kind of bachelor establishment, where strong drink and strong language were common; where practical joking and conviviality occasionally bordered on license; but then, also, there was an honest, manly, independent spirit about the premises, whose influence went far to redeem follies arising from rude health and exuberant cheerfulness.

Travelling was slow in those days, and the sun of a September morning was beginning to warm my limbs back into life, when the reeking team was pulled up at the door of a small wayside public amongst the Merionethshire mountains, where a vehicle, cross-bred between a gig and a dogcart, awaited me. At eighteen we are seldom disposed to question anything that promises novelty or amusement, so I mounted beside the driver, who might have filled any office in my uncle's queer *ménage*, from huntsman to valet, and was soon in full gossip about dogs, guns, partridges, and the like.

I can see the old house now, perched on a low hill, which rose from the edge of a great ugly common, fringed with rushes and dotted with numberless pools. That mansion of the Cadwalladers was very much the worse for wear. It had been doing battle with the wind and rain for many a century, and seemed to have come off second best, still, like Sir Toby's boots, it was good enough to drink in; it satisfied the owner, and no one else had any right to find fault with it.

Hard living yet maintained its ground in Merioneth; so by the time dinner was over, I was in a fit state to talk any reasonable amount of nonsense. 'Could I ride?' 'Well, a little.' I felt ashamed to confess that my experience of the noble art of horsemanship had been limited to half a dozen sly mounts when at school. 'Could I shoot?' 'There was no doubt on that point.' 'But can you fish, youngster?' said a small, handsome gentleman, a permanent inmate of my uncle's house.

'As well as any man in England.'

'Ah! but not in Wales,' parenthetically observed l'ami de la maison, 'and I'll bet you five pounds I beat you to-morrow by a score.'

Forgiveness is a Christian virtue, and long since it has been exercised towards the conspirators who dosed me with brandy to create a fever, sent me to sleep in a haunted chamber, pilfered the top joint of my rod, in expectation the loss would only be discovered at the water side, and drove a nail into the heel of my boot. I shall not readily forget that first night at 'the castle.' What a dismal practical joke it would have been to call the time that then intervened between darkness and light, a period of rest. Rest! why any number of grimalkins would have been eaten alive by those rats, who devoured the candle as soon as extinguished; gnawed my card-case; finished a cake of brown Windsor; and by their fightings, frolickings, and abominable goings on, kept me awake and in mortal terror through the live-long night. Had a legion of ghosts drawn back my curtains at 'the witching hour,' I could not have risen more pale and thoroughly upset than I did on the morning of the eventful day.

The terms of our wager were precise. We were to walk together to the river, each take a side opposite to the other, and return before five o'clock, when the greater weight was to win. The stream—a wretched little brook—lay about a quarter of a mile from my uncle's place. I knew nothing of the water or the geography. My

antagonist was at home, and soon commenced operations with the energy of fifty Waltons rolled into one. If he reckoned on my having to return in quest of the stolen top, he was disappointed, as a spare one was contained in the hollow butt, and I, too, was soon threshing away. With a tolerable idea of the business in hand, it was soon apparent that my book did not hold a fly worth a farthing, and it was maddening to find that the little gentleman had mounted the exact thing, and was proceeding at a rate that placed my bet every moment in greater peril. To gather a couple of the delicate insects that fluttered over the surface was hardly the work of an instant, nor did it take much time to copy them, yet the task occupied sufficient space to enable my active friend to pass out of sight.

With a perfect consciousness of having been out-generaled, I resolved to make a fight for my credit. The fish were small and scarce, yet every now and then a bright and spotted creature was added to the basket.

Difficulties soon presented themselves. There was nothing that resembled a path, and the fences were numerous and very stiff, as my tattered nether garments testified. Presently the stream dived into an alder cover, and not knowing the country, and fearing to lose my way, I was bound to follow it. I have seen some wet woods in my time, but one so thick and rotten as this never came in my way. The Dismal Swamp was a joke to it. At each step I sank nearly to my knees in the black and treacherous peat. But all earthly things come to an end, and so, at last, did this detestable wood, and then it appeared how completely I had been victimised. Close at hand was as lovely a trout stream as man ever threw a fly on: the one where so much time and broadcloth had been wasted, proved only a tributary; a kind of aqueous trap. That the main river was full of fish became instantly apparent. I was done, very brown indeed, and would have cheerfully paid a pound to be quit of my wager. No doubt my antagonist had made ample use of his opportunity, and was winning his bet easily; still the water looked so tempting, that I worked steadily on, for the mere love of sport.

Whilst thus agreeably occupied, a deep muttering sound was frequently audible. Could it be distant thunder? The air never felt more free from an overcharge of electric matter, and the sky seemed an arch, chequered with sapphire and silver. There, again! It *must* be thunder. As the trout, however, did not sympathise with the atmospheric disturbance, I thought no more of it, and went on with my work. Moving down the stream, I began to think the sounds which had previously attracted my attention might possibly proceed from some bull in a bad temper, and not being partial to these animals when in a state of nervous excitement, paused to inquire his whereabouts. Suddenly a wild shout burst on my ear. 'Halloa! where the deuce are you? Ah! you infernal brute. Halloa! help! hallo—o—o—o—o!'

Flinging down the rod, and slipping the creel from my back, I

dashed on, took a rasping fence in a style that would have done credit to the best hunter in my uncle's stalls, and then was on the scene of action. On either side of the river lay a large meadow, and within twenty yards of the opposite bank was a tall furze bush, covering, probably, a space of fifteen or sixteen square feet, before which stood a bull, with his tail in the air, and his head bent down, as if looking for something that he had lost, the puzzled savage all the while growling like a bear. On one of his horns hung the cover of a basket; on the dented turf, scattered and mashed, lay *membra disjecta* of at least two score of trout, whilst the summer breeze played with a hundred shreds, and fibres of willow twigs which must recently have formed the creel of my ill-starred opponent. But where was he? Had this ferocious monster not only killed, but eaten him, body and breeches? There was some comfort in the reflection that, in Wales, carnivoræ were rare, and that even in the Principality, probably, bulls, when they slew, did not devour; but where could the remains of the unhappy gentleman be? I certainly deemed it improbable they were deposited in that hairy, bellowing sarcophagus. But what had become of the body?

Moving slily and stealthily round the gorse, the animal suddenly executed a charge that, for rapidity and fury, would have been creditable to Bayard or Orlando.

'Oh! ah! There you are at last. Pretty treatment this! I've been dodging backwards and forwards, hallooing for an hour, and thought you meant to leave me here to be murdered. Quick, now you *are* come. Cut down one of those ash poles, and shy it over to me the next time I come round. We'll soon show you something you don't expect'—to *bos furiosus*, who had just delivered another unsuccessful assault. Like an insane gorilla, I tore and hacked at a sapling as thick as my wrist, and some twelve or thirteen feet long, and at last succeeded in getting it down. 'Take it easy—take it easy, or you'll spoil the whole.' My companion was as cool as a cucumber, whilst crouching for a moment under his side of the furze. 'Trim it neatly, whatever you do. Now—now!'

Almost whilst speaking the weapon was in the grasp of the gallant little Welshman, who, by a rapid flank movement, gained the open. With a yell and a roar the infuriated brute rushed on. Promptly the active matador slipped aside, and delivered a thundering blow right on the face of the enemy. Furiously raged the conflict. Charge succeeded charge with breathless rapidity; but victory, however, soon began to declare for the biped. Blind and groggy, Bully's rushes grew more feeble and less truly directed, and now that downright blow 'has stretched him on the plain.'

Enough had been done for security, but not for revenge. The victor's blood was fairly roused, and mounting the back of his prostrate foe, he administered such a thrashing as was never before endured or subsequently witnessed. With the pole, by this time reduced to the length of a policeman's truncheon, Taffy gave Mr. Bull a poke in a very tender part, and hurling the short staff at his

head—by way of a parting benediction—mildly remarked, ‘You’ll remember me.’

‘You did it beautifully,’ I said, as he crossed the stream.

‘Pretty well, and there goes the first dinner bell. Come along ; I never was so ravenous.’

Over our dessert the story was told. The contents of my creel had formed the first course, and the reality of the morning’s performance had been thus pleasantly demonstrated, whilst l’ami de la maison had nothing but his laurels to show.

Beaten by stratagem—vanquished by skill—victorious by accident—I listened to the tale, and silently quaffed a glass to the health of my four-footed ally, through whose vigorous and well-timed intervention I was alone enabled to win my wager.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

HE who would tell the world ‘What’s what in Paris’ must vary his theme from ‘grave to gay from lively to severe :’ he must ascend to art ; he must moderate himself to the social medium, and must descend to *Sport*. Descend ! Is it a descent to those glorious sports which make the manhood of England ? I think not. Were there here more of those wholesome amusements, young France would play less ‘baccarat’ and look less seedy. Depend on it, manly exercise, the ‘hard work’ which Young England takes as a ‘voluntary’—eight hours, for instance, up to its knees in wet turnips ; fifteen miles on a pulling hack, and then six hours on a half-broken hunter—three superior falls, and yet well-placed at the end—these are the actualities which make the difference between the youth of two countries, and stamps that mark of ‘Duffer’ on Young France. Young France is getting better, perhaps—nay, I admit it—still Young France is as far removed from Young England as ‘I from Hercules,’—and that, let me tell you, is saying a good deal. I have written this prelude, as I feel that I must give you a chapter on racing.

Some years ago an Irish Peer was walking with his sister in Cavendish Square : he met a compatriot—there were no ‘Fenians’ in those days, and so none of that class-war which I fear now exists in Ireland, and to introduce which into England has been the constant mission of the honourable Quaker, whom England has as her scourge. ‘Your honour, buy an orange !’ says the seller. ‘Go to ‘the Devil!’ replies the Peer. ‘But you will, Duke,’ insists the orange-vendor, ‘for look at your sister, my lady there ; is not she ‘naked for want of an orange?’ Now I say that ‘What’s what in Paris’ would be ‘naked for want’ of a description of a day’s racing.

From Easter to Midsummer—from October to hunting, we have a weekly race-meeting. We have too, what you have ceased to have—‘a quiet meeting.’ We can do, and bear, and suffer (like an

active verb), without being crushed or crowded—bar the ‘Great Northern Railway of France,’ which is only more uncivil than badly managed; Chantilly is charming, and as for the races in the ‘Bois de Boulogne,’ I can only say that, if there are races in a future state, I should think they will be run over much such a course, and before much such an audience.

Now, seriously, my dear reader of ‘Baily,’ I say to you, ‘Leave Epsom and its awful crowd; give up Tod-Heatley, for one year—(that is only postponing the gout—that inevitable scourge which follows a too constant turning of the corkscrew)—eschew Ascot, and come over and see “Racing in France.” Oh! you want to pop it on, do you? Very well; “Come to us,” as the tracts say, and I will see that you are accommodated.’ I said, come to us. Well, I am to be found at the ‘Hôtel des Revenants,’ and am always there, if you come late enough. You will have no difficulty in getting on a good deal of ‘stuff;’ the only difficulty I have ever found has been in getting it off.

Racing in Paris is the poetry of racing—Chantilly is as pretty as Goodwood used to be before there were railways; still it is a bore getting there. A short railway journey is the Devil! Strange to say, there is no respectable hôtel at Chantilly, where the weary sportsman, who in these days has usually travelled right through from Newmarket, Chester, or Epsom, can get a decent bed or an eatable breakfast. If we could go down there on the Saturday, and stay comfortably till the Monday, a ‘Chantilly Meeting,’ to us denizens of Paris, would be delightful; but, I confess, the heat (or cold), dust, and incivility of the ‘Great Northern of France’ is beyond bearing. Last year they turned six English sportsmen, who had come express from Chester, out of a return train, under pretence that the other train was going to start first. Having got them out, they filled the carriage with their own friends, and started the train forty minutes before that in which they delayed the English, who were *en route* to Epsom, and the mildest bet of any one of whom was most likely equal to the whole venture of France on all her petty races! I confess that the incivility which sporting men meet with on their way here makes me bitter.

A jollier day than one of those Spring Sundays in the ‘Bois’ it is difficult to conceive. You get up as late as you like—and say what you will, that does add to your pleasure. You need not leave habitable Paris till one o’clock, and then you drive over *watered* roads from your house, through a lovely wood: really, I know nothing so pretty as the ‘Bois,’ when it is in fresh ‘verdure clad.’ Timber we know there is none—‘Cut down the finger-posts,’ said the reckless proprietor, ‘for that at any rate is timber which won’t grow any more,’ and so you might cut down every stick in the ‘Bois.’ It will never ‘grow any more,’ yet it is sweetly pretty, and I know no prettier drive than that which is taken, let us say, from the ‘Hotel Bristol’ to the ‘Enceinte de Pesoge,’ where you are charged 20 francs—or 100 francs for the whole season of Paris and Chantilly,

which brings it to about six francs a day. In the 'Grand Stand' are 'many mansions,' some reserved for the Jockey Club, but the greater part open to the public. Except on the 'Grand Prix' day there is no crowd, and you may sit still, see, and lose your money like a nobleman. For sport, we have usually four or five races, worth money enough to attract all the best horses in France, and Count F. de La Grange's Gladiateur—(last year it was 'Filly de l'airey,' as the tout said)—and Grimshaw travel backwards and forwards as regular as the mail. We import our layers of odds too, and so you can 'get on' to a merry tune. As for the company, you have the pick of Paris—all the 'world!' in the stand, and all the 'demi-monde' on the hill. Then, too, the stand is also divided into sets. The Imperialists sit in one place, the Orleanists in another, and the Legitimists in a third.

The 'ring' is well away from the ladies, and 'refreshments' are at hand. As every one has to pay one franc to go even on to the course, the crowd is orderly and respectable. Till the introduction of 'Lotteries' there was no noise, but these 'Poules' have changed the order of things; and now, as everybody takes a two-franc ticket, and then tries to hedge his number by a bet, there is as much shouting as at Epsom. The Emperor is very constant in his attendance, and walks about the enclosure talking to all his friends. Another thing I must tell you is, that the horses are walked about the back of the stand, so that you, and even ladies, can see them without danger or even difficulty—a great luxury to amateurs of racers. Gladiateur is always surrounded by as many *belles* as a young duke in a London ball-room. Altogether there is an air about the whole meeting, which reminds one of some quiet assembly like Gorhambury in the good old times. On the course, you may see all that curious world which is ignored and talked off by everybody. It is a droll study—M. Dupin's pamphlet illustrated. The greatest amount of dress—the finest turns-out—hair as golden as the guineas which these turns-out cost; and, I may add, manners as brazen and *æs alieni* of Sydney Smith.

Although we have no 'fun of the fair' on our course, yet there is a good deal of diversion. It is good to hear the French 'doing the 'sporting gent,' and talking to one another in broken English, as the only language of the horse, horsey—to see their tight trousers, and the 'British' cut of their garments generally. It is pleasant to see them drinking hot, and very sweet rum-punch, here called 'grogs,' as the proper refreshment for a race course. Apropos of French, I heard an anecdote lately which delighted me:—English *Cocotte loquitur*, 'Voulez vous promenade, Baron?' 'Avec plaisir,' replies the polite baron. 'Then come along,' says the lady.

The way in which the interest in racing has grown up among the general public, who, ten years ago did not know a horse from a cow, is really curious. Not many years ago a Duke of Orleans was thought a lunatic, an 'Anglo-maniac' for racing, and he, with a few jockeys in pigtails and top-boots, pulled well up to the knee, were

the sole representatives of the riding element. There are now in France 94 jockeys, 58 trainers, 400 horses in training; and the Government gives each year 16,720*l.* in stakes! Steeple-chasing, too, is on the increase; good 'added sums' are on the cards. Some of the natives begin to ride fairly, and if your readers are here during the season, they had better visit La Marche and Vincennes. La Marche is the Hampton of Paris, and the return of 'Cocottes' down the 'Bois' is a sight to behold.

Steeple-chasing will never be truly popular here; the fox-hunting element is wanting, and without that there can be no love of racing over a country; besides there is *no* natural country. Still things are much changed since the 3rd of April, 1834, when I read that the first of these amusements was given to the astonished populace. The 'wrangle' is rather characteristic of chasing.

'Thursday, April 3rd.—The very new Gallican spectacle of a Steeple-chase took place in the Vallée de Bievre. There was as much scrambling and as many falls as might be expected amongst so many novices in such an amusement, and all generally very bad horsemen. The race was won by M. de Vaublanc. In the evening, at the Opera, some discussion took place amongst themselves as to the merits of the riders, when M. Manuel observed that the winner was more indebted to chance, than to his skill in riding, for success. This immediately produced a personal quarrel on the spot with M. de Vaublanc. A challenge ensued; the next morning M. Manuel was run through the body for making the unlucky observation.'

One of the 'sights' of Paris is the Imperial Stables of the Tuileries ('Cour dei' Visconti') and of the 'Alma'—(over the bridge of that name). You can get tickets by applying to General Fleury, or to Mr. Gamble, at the stables. This latter gentleman is most attentive and polite to any friend or friend's friend, and will show them in detail the wonders of that admirable stud. It is something to see above three hundred fine horses together, and then their condition is so perfect—as for the *mise en scène*, I need not say that is past praise. The stables, boxes, harness-rooms, coach-houses, all are as good (and not the least showy) as can be conceived. The Emperor still loves to go fast, and he has some phæton horses that *can* do so. I never like to see his Majesty better than when I see him working his mail-phæton with two wonderful steppers, two grooms, very plainly dressed, and his dog. I am always reminded of the Irishman's remark to George IV. 'Why, Sire, you are not only a King, but a gentleman.' The Empress has some riding horses worthy the attention of the curious, though now she seldom rides. The stud of the 'Child of France,' too, is very interesting, it being a sort of scale leading from the pony of boyhood (Ah! who does not remember his first pony!) to the horse of manhood. Alas! *Atra cara*, not unfrequently gets up behind the latter animal, but the other knew nothing of him and would have kicked him off.

Among other things to be seen here is Meudon, the residence of

that good sportsman and grand gentleman, Prince Napoleon. Meudon is only an hour from the Prince's Paris residence, the Palais Royal, and is certainly the prettiest environ of Paris—a splendid house on a hill, surrounded by a forest full of deer. Here the Prince hunts every Sunday during the season, and has, moreover, very good shooting for his week days. It is an historic residence, for Henri de Guise built it. Louis XIV., Napoleon I., and Louis XVIII. have all lived in it. The Duke de Grammont here got together that great stud which was one of the fleeting glories of the reign of the tenth Charles. Rabelais was once 'rector of Meudon,' and Le Nôtre planned the gardens—planned them, too, as you can imagine, in that nice, stiff, formal way which our ancestors so loved. Well, I hope I have said enough of Meudon to persuade sportsman, historian, gardener, and artist to take a tenpenny ticket and go down and see the place. When the woods echo in early spring with the 'horn of the huntsman,' and we get Cornucopia in the chase here; when early spring is budding, and the great glorious woodlands are putting off their winter garments, Meudon is a sight to see.

Then there is another thing which should interest the international sportsman. There is a new club, a 'skating club,' established here, which—as, thank God, there is only frost at certain or rather uncertain seasons—is determined also to enjoy itself at other manly games. Cricket, fencing, running, jumping, and finally, pigeon-shooting, are to be in their turns the order of the day. Now, from what I hear, visitors will be admitted as 'temporary members.' It should be so, as we in England admit foreigners on those terms to many clubs, and I can imagine no greater addition to the pleasure of a visit to Paris than to have some sort of active occupation. *Figurez-vous !* How you could dine at the Café Anglais, sup at the Maison Dorée, and imbibe at Voisin's, if you had had strong work for a couple of hours. There is an excellent Tennis Court already here (in the Garden of the Tuileries), where there are good players, and to which you can belong by paying about one hundred francs a year. By the by, the Parisiens are mainly indebted to the British Embassy and its attachés for this establishment.

And now, changing from things sporting, we will go to things artistic, amusing, and instructive. If, as an example of the latter, you wish to hear the latest news from London, you go to the Grand Hôtel, and there in the courtyard you will hear it. At seasons when Paris is full of English, that yard is like a cosmopolite club. At night it is also rather like Cremorne, slightly lax as to morality, highly scandalous as to recent reports, and very amusing. Here you hear the latest particulars of the result of the discussion in the Commons, the reason why So-and-so was made a peer, and the true cause of the divorce of Mrs. Loosefish. You hear the last good story from St. James's-street, and latest scandal in the hotel—how, for instance, Mrs. Blank gave a dinner in her private salon to nine captains of Hussars, and how Mrs. White sat for hours under an orange-tree in the courtyard with Count Fosco. The Louvre used

to be the same, but it is changed now. The tide of visitors to Paris has entirely set in, for the Boulevards and their old haunts know them no more.

If an amateur of what the celebrated 'Railway Queen' of our youth used to call 'articles of virtue and bigotry,' you should frequent the Hôtel Drüot, in the street of that name, next to the Rue Lepelletier, where they shot at the Emperor on his way to the opera. Here your amateur, if he has money or credit, can buy articles of all sorts, from Titian's pictures to Japan tea-trays. A great deal of good buying may be done, too, on the quays over the water—books, prints, china, curious glass, and all those articles so dear to the haunter of old curiosity shops.

Reader—male reader—did you ever go to the Morgue? No. Then having got you over the water, I am greatly tempted to take you there for a few minutes—a few will suffice! To me it is an awful scene, and yet it is one so peculiar to France that you should really assist at it once. You see the building before you. It is like a small General Post Office; the doors are ever swinging, and on the steps from morning to night stands a crowd of ever-changing loungers. Ever and again that crowd is separated by a hurried comer, whose anxious aspect proves that he or she has not come for 'mere pleasure.' The door swings back amidst the remarks and even jests of the idlers, and as the horrified wife enters, she sees her husband's corpse, or a fainting mother staggers away from the stark body of her only child. It is perfectly awful to watch boys, women, nurses with young children in their arms, children old enough 'to take notice,' gazing in stupid admiration at the awful spectacle of violent death.

After a bad month at the Bourse comes a bad liquidation, and then the frightful exhibition is full of subjects, and thronged with spectators. But enough of that. The Bourse, the *causa teterrima mali*, is a spectacle as interesting and less horrid—let us take a *course* in a cab and go there. We will suppose that there has been a rough time in Europe—no money—no credit—or wars or rumours of wars—and that the speculative mind has been alarmed. The rush to the Bourse is then a thing to see. You walk up to what is really—next to the Madeleine—the finest building in modern Paris—and your first impression is, that a general rising of the people, or at least an *émeuté* in that quarter, has just broken out. The Bourse was once the residence of some tranquil nuns, known as the 'Daughters of St. Thomas.' What would they have said to the temple of noise and mammon erected on the site of their convent? At the entrance to the building you are surrounded by men shouting, 'Mexicans'—'Mexicans,' shaking their fists, pulling one another's coats, and hitting one another's hats. You extricate yourself from them, and leaving your cane or umbrella (for which you pay a penny), you enter the sanctum sanctorum of speculation. The heat is terrific, the crowd frantic and unsavoury, and the noise beyond belief. The 'ring' before a great race is a quiet aristocratic meet-

ing compared with this assembly, in which men hustle and hollow, struggle and push, like the centre alley of Greenwich Fair in old times. Round this noisy arena runs a gallery, into which ladies may go if they like, and the scene there is little less extraordinary than below. Everybody, from duke to *concierge*, speculates, and they get up in that gallery and telegraph to their agents below, with a pantomime which would do credit to Pulcinella of Naples. In 1857, speculation had taken such hold of the lower classes here, and had degenerated into such a spirit of gambling, that an entrance of one franc was exacted, but Paris would not stand it; and after a year or two this measure was repealed.

During the Crimean and Italian campaigns, the Bourse was no bad representation of *L'Inferno*. Every moment brought a telegram, which affected personally thousands of those present—and so you can imagine the sensation! Of course, in times of peace things are different; still I repeat that the 'Temple of Mercury' is an interesting study, and in a word, nobody can be said to know quite 'What's what in Paris' till he has seen the Bourse and the excited denizens thereof. Opposite is the Café de la Bourse, where Philip Fermin used to so 'belabour the poor King of the French 'under the influence of absinthe,' in his letter to the 'Pall Mall Gazette;' and as all Thackeray's characters have by common consent become real personages, it is interesting to see their haunts. I know I never go to that 'gate over which the L—on, the 'Un—c—rn, and the R—y—l Cr—wn and A—ms of the Three 'K—ngd—ms are sculptured,' without expecting to see Mr. Hely, and remembering how Philip kicked his cousin into the fountain, and split his own coat.

If you have nothing much to do on leaving the Bourse, you may as well extend your walk and go to see the most interesting part of Paris existing on this side the water. After all, Paris is a splendid city, but it is the fashion of the day to have all splendid cities more or less alike—all, at least, made on the same pattern, if differing in size. Brussels, for instance, is like Paris seen through the wrong end of a telescope—and so they want character. Now it really 'was not so in days gone by.' In the old cities there was individuality, and you might say with truth—

'Facies non omnibus una.'

One of the 'best bits' of old Paris is the 'Place Royale,' which dates from the earliest years of the 17th century, being then, too, only a restoration of the 'Place Royale' in which Henri II. received his death wound! Here it is still, to-day, just as it was when they used to have masks and revels there, and awoke its now gloomy arcades with music, varied by the clash of arms; here it was that (in M. Dumas's 'Vingt ans prés,') the four friends, Athos, Porthos, D'Artignan, and Aramis fought their double duel. I know no place more haunted by ghosts of the Past, less like the Present, and which makes more tremble for the Future; for surely M. Haussman's

'effacing fingers' will never spare anything so old as the 'Place Royale.' Therefore, I say, go and see it as soon as you come over. Apropos of M. Haussman, Prefect of the Seine, he is the soul of hospitality; 'receives' every Saturday during the season, and also gives several balls at the 'Hôtel de Ville,' which are spectacles. When the Queen of England was here, the then Prefect gave a ball to 5000 persons! The whole of the immense court was covered in, and became a garden of exotic plants. On ordinary nights not more than about a score of rooms are opened, and there is a gallery as long as the 'Yearling Course' at Newmarket, where you dance if you like it to the sweet music of 'Strauss,' or at least, of the fashionable artiste of the day. I must not omit to mention one more French hôtel which must be visited, and when you are at the Hôtel de Ville, which is shown on certain days, and is quite worth seeing, you are not far from it. The Hôtel Lambert, on the Isle Saint Louis (an island of the Seine), is the residence of the Czartoryski family. It is shown on certain days, and is a fine specimen of the old house in which 'the old school, good school' of France loved to dwell.

Last month I tried to instruct the readers of 'Baily' how to 'make a night' of it, and this month I think I have shown them how to pass one or two days. The latter certainly more respectable, probably less amusing; but then they must remember that if all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, all play and no work makes Monsieur Jean an idle Turk; so they must put up with the good and the bad, and not keep picking the plums out of the pudding 'What's 'What' which I am trying to make for them, else they will only have the suet of strict respectability, and consequent dulness left to satisfy their monthly appetite. Next month we will again 'verge on 'the improper,' as the old lady said when she had been taken to see a gallery of statues. 'It may be art,' added she to her niece, 'but, 'my dear, it is much too like nature for me.'

CRICKET IN 1866.

BY 'THE ROVER.'

THAT we are at the commencement of the grandest cricket season ever played, will be evident by a glance over the latest published list of 'matches to come,' which numbered more than three hundred of interesting and high-class matches, and from clubs in all parts of the country additions to this monster list is weekly being made. Not more than two or three programmes are yet completed, and, with regard to the scores of these matches, 'What shall we do with them?' must ere long become a perplexing question with managers of sporting journals.

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB—as is fitting it should—leads off with a list numerically and intrinsically the most important and strongest of the whole batch. A better list, one more calculated to encourage the game among all classes, or to develop cricket of the highest class, was never issued by any Club. It is a settled axiom, that so long as it receives the support and encouragement of the gentry of England, 'cricket will flourish;' but should the game lose that

support, it will wither and die off like a plucked flower in a hot hand. To keep alive that support, and encourage the active participation in the game by the higher classes, the system adopted by the committee of the M.C.C. is an eminently successful one. Commencing with 'Junior England,' they pit a Club Eleven against Rugby School; take a M.C.C. team to the Meads to try the Wintonians; another to the playing fields to test the Etonians; and bring Woolwich and Sandhurst, Rugby and Marlborough, and Eton and Harrow to fight the good fight on the old turf at Lord's; thus is an exciting love of the game planted among our young blue bloods. When they grow older, this love is fostered by the Club's matches against the Elevens of Cambridge and of Oxford, and the Universities' contest; and, at a later date in cricket life, is still further encouraged by the Gentlemen v. Players of England, and the military matches. That county cricket is not neglected by the old Club, let their matches against Cambridgeshire, the Surrey Club, Hampshire, Devonshire, Sussex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Essex testify; and that professional cricket of the very highest and most attractive class is played under the auspices of the old Club, the excited and applauding crowds that annually witness the United v. All England, the Players v. the Gentlemen, and the North v. the South matches, bear successful witness to. This year's cricket at Lord's will be played under unusually favourable circumstances; the vast improvement effected by the levelling and re-turfing the greater portion of the old ground must be seen to be appreciated; herbage is unusually thick all over the ground; and good wickets, with truthful fielding ground, will take the wind out of the sails of the most inveterate growler. Time in commencing play, at luncheon, and at ceasing for the day is to be kept with military precision; 'mistakeable thirst' is to be 'made subject to the doctrine of reasonable refreshment;' and that unpleasant sight (worthy only of 'Hog and Swiggle' grounds) of players interrupting the cricket by bodily walking off 'to liquor,' will, it is hoped, no more be witnessed in matches at Lord's. The comfort of the Club members has been materially increased by the enlargement of their old pavilion, wherein, on the 2nd of May, the anniversary dinner will be held, under the presidency of Lord Ebury; two hours prior to which a special and very important meeting of members will take place in the Tennis Court, when 'certain terms under which the freehold of Lord's Ground may be secured to the M.C.C.' will be laid before the meeting. The importance of the Club's securing that freehold is too evident to need advocacy in 'Baily,' and that it 'will be secured,' 'Baily' feels assured.

SURREY has a list of twenty-five matches to play. That their list is not up to their usual standard in quality is not the fault of the Surrey Club; their magnificent cricket arena is open to all comers; but if that rot and humbug, termed 'schism,' prevents the most scientific cricketers in England displaying their skill on one of the best cricket-grounds in the world, why more's the pity, says 'Baily,' that such silly, childish stuff should have an effect so deplorable. That the Oval is in superb form, 'Baily' can bear witness to, as a visit paid to the ground some ten days back found it undergoing its second shave this year from the mowing machine, and in glorious form it appeared,—level as a table, well covered by the fresh spring grass, and as soft and springy to the tread as the most exquisitely wove velvet-pile carpet that ever left the looms; and there can be very little doubt that, when the roller has done its necessary and proper work, some of the finest and truest wickets ever cricket was played on will be found on the ground of the Surrey Club at the Oval;

and it is to be regretted that, with such a ground, such wickets, and ample pecuniary resources, the Club is deprived of witnessing the best players play the best cricket on the best ground in England. However, there can be little doubt that the evil will ere long work its own cure, a consummation devoutly wished by all true admirers of the game. The anniversary Club dinner will be held, under the presidency of Mr. H. Marshall, on the 9th inst., at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge ; but the Club matches do not commence until the 24th.

MIDDLESEX has gained what Surrey has lost, and the addition of the *v. Notts* and *v. Cambridgeshire* matches to their programme has enabled the Metropolitan County Club to publish a very interesting and attractive programme for this, its third season, as their eight first-class county matches with Surrey, Notts, Cambridgeshire, and Lancashire, form brilliant and prominent items in a club-list of seventeen matches. In fact, since the valuable accession of Mr. V. E. Walker to the joint secretaryship, Middlesex has quietly, but surely, advanced in influence among the county cricket clubs of England ; and its native cricket strength, so materially aided as it is by the residential system, will enable 'Cockaigne' to contend with credit with any county. When and where the men of Middlesex dine 'Baily' knoweth not.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE will play their usual number of six county matches ; but, although few in number, these six are clippers in quality, being *v. Yorkshire*, *v. Cambridgeshire*, and *v. Middlesex* ; and all we have to write of this county, so famed for lambs, lace, cricketers, and colts, is, that their county contests invariably evoke cricket of the highest form, and are as invariably played out. And if what we witnessed of their Eleven's cricket last Eastertide on Trent Bridge ground presages their form for 1866, then that form will be great ; and those that oppose them on the cricket-field will have to play their very best to get the best of the Notts Eleven, and even then they may not succeed.

KENT—that county of fair maids, hops, and cricketers—is still pluckily struggling on against adversity, both in the cricket and subscription fields. The supporters of the county cricket and subscribers to the County Cricket Fund will dine together at Rosherville on Wednesday, the 2nd inst. A proposition will there and then be submitted to play all the K.C.C.C. matches on the Gravesend ground for the ensuing three seasons ; and it is hoped that 'at that social gathering successful suggestions will be made for securing more effectual support than that which has hitherto so inadequately represented the wealth, energy, and patriotism of this renowned cricketing county.' And if 'Baily' has any influence in 'the garden of England,' he would entreat its gentry to come forward like true 'men of Kent,' and by their purse and influence give timely aid to the Club, that is doing its utmost to restore the cricket prestige of that county, that in days of yore Felix, Ad. Mynn, Pilch, Wenman, Hillyer, and others made so famous.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE will be again in harness the coming season, and, with such a formidable array of professional talent at present possessed by the Shire, it is a source of gratification to all cricketers that their county Eleven will be more frequently seen on the cricket-field than in the past few seasons ; for those who admire high-class cricket are always desirous of witnessing the Cambridge men play.

SUSSEX has a list of twelve matches to play out, six of which only include the full strength of the county, and none of which are against Elevens of the Midland or Northern Shires. HAMPSHIRE has ten matches on their list ; YORKSHIRE at present has but three ; but including the Gentlemen's matches to

be played by Norfolk, Suffolk, Denbighshire, Warwickshire, and other Shires, we find that there are more than one hundred and twenty county matches to be played in 1866; and if there is a diminution this season in those county contests wherein professionals are engaged, and a proportionate increase in those wholly played by gentlemen, we are not certain that the game will suffer thereby: on the contrary, it is possible such instances will relieve county funds, and increase the interest taken in the game by the gentry of the counties.

The UNIVERSITY CONTEST of this season will have additional interest imparted to it through fresh hands necessarily being introduced into the Elevens, consequent on several members of the 1865 teams having left. Oxford loses the great hitting and valuable generalship of Mr. Mitchell; Mr. Evans, Mr. R. D. Walker, and (we believe) Mr. F. W. Wright are also out; doubtless Mr. Frederick will play this year, but who will fill the other vacancies it would be idle at present to surmise. Accessories from the cricketing ranks of the Public Schools are this year many and promising at Oxford, and no doubt those eventually selected to fill the vacancies in the Eleven will be worthily promoted. Who of last year's Cambridge Eleven will be out of this season's team we have no knowledge. This year's Captain—the Hon. F. Pelham—appears earnest in his endeavours to find out who among his recruits have, and who have not, cricketing abilities. His introduction of 'Freshmen's' matches at Cambridge is a wise and commendable step, and one that we imagine will always be followed in future seasons. That there will be ample material for selection, we believe; that the best Elevens will be selected, we hope; and that the best Eleven will win, we wish.

Of THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ELEVENS for the present season, 'Baily's' knowledge is scant. Of last year's Eton Eleven, the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton has gone to Cambridge; and Messrs. R. Walter, Micklem, Wakeman, and Phipps to Oxford. Of the Harrow Eleven of 1865, the Hon. J. Amherst, and Messrs. Arkwright and Evetts have also left for Oxford. The RUGBY ELEVEN of last season has lost five members, Mr. C. W. Neild having gone to Cambridge, and Messrs. Venables, Crofts, Moseley, and Thorold to Oxford. From Winchester, Mr. F. R. Bowen (last year's Captain) and Mr. C. Awdry have both gone into residence at Oxford. Of the Marlborough Eleven we 'know' nothing, but it is rumoured that several of the past season's team have left, and that a strong Eleven of the Past easily defeated the Present. Mr. Smythe, from Charterhouse, has gone to Oxford; and Mr. H. B. Cotterill, Captain of last season's Brighton College Eleven, has migrated to Cambridge. Beyond this 'Baily's' knowledge does not extend, but perhaps by the 20th of the present month (not later) the several Captains will favour us with that knowledge of their teams that is politic to be publicly known, so that in 'Baily' for June we may be enabled to gossip more interestingly anent the hopes and prospects of The Public Schools Elevens of 1866.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

DURING the month just scored up against us we have entered on our regular season, and have had, or shall have had before May 'Baily' is printed, five days' flat-racing on the course of Longchamps. It is the old story—a good course—a pretty stand, crowded with women dressed as for a costume ball—all the 'world of sport' of Paris and the provinces (for they begin to put in an appearance), and a goodly show of English sportsmen, including those

pillars of the Ring, MM. Morris and Gideon. On our side, MM. Jones and Goringe hold their own, and support the 'laying' honour of Paris. On the other side of the course is ranged the *haute cocotterie* of this curious city—a few grand 'turns out,' whose owners will not (some for political, and some for pecuniary reasons) enter the 'Tribune' or the 'Pesage'—and now we have several vehicles from which 'poules' (lotteries) are drawn, which produce certain small gains (for they are conducted on the fairest possible system), and enormous consequent noise and excitement. So all is very pleasant; but as yet we have had, I confess, very little sport. We have had, of course, several good races, but nothing bearing on the future, or enlightening us on what has passed. As Fille de l'Air last year, Gladiateur has this season walked off with, if not quite over, for the best stakes, as he was bound to do, thus putting several thousands into his owner's pockets; but then it always quite spoils the day for the looker on. As for betting, 8 and 10 to 1, although practically only betted against the horse falling down, are yet long odds to risk. Tourmalet, the little Dutchman of last year's 'Derby,' is back in form, and running well; but the stable—purely French stable—which seems most in form is M. A. Fould's, who has a fair chance for the French Oaks, Derby, and Grand Prix. I believe that Count de la Grange may still be very dangerous for the Red Ribbon of Chantilly. The Poule d'Essai showed Puebla to be a good horse, and he won when Grimshaw asked him, to the delight of all the talent, who stood him to a man. Major Fridolin is said to have a good animal in Belisaire—Maravedis cut up rather badly. We have had a day's steeple-chasing too, which was only remarkable for the first appearance of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton in the racing saddle. The début of the young nobleman was not a 'success.' In both races he was riding slower, and indeed lower-class horses, than his opponents, Prince Achille Murat and Count d'Ivry; nor can he ride half as well as the latter, who is one of the very few good men in France. The Duke is naturally as yet no judge of pace—that is bad enough; but then he was utterly out of condition; and commoner or duke, professional or amateur, no one out of 'fair hunting condition' should ride for me in a steeple-chase where horses must be held together. As for the 'spills,' there were whole bundles of them—in the brook—over the 'stake-and-bound'—everywhere. Next year we shall have a great International Pigeon Handicap in Paris, the Emperor giving the Cup; and I see by a London paper—you never see anything in a Paris one—that it is hoped all the 'drags' will be brought over. It would be a spectacle! The Jockey Club here has been robbed of nearly 2,000*l.* by somebody, who simply got the key of a safe, helped himself, put the key back, and kept the money. They will find him, though, you will see. Barre has been playing tennis this week, a game, I am happy to say, much affected by resident British youth in Paris. It is a better game than 'baccarat,' which has just been prohibited by the Préfet of Police, even at the private clubs. Crockers have parted company during the last few weeks. Patti had a perfectly wonderful benefit on Wednesday last. M. Dion Boucicault's play, 'Les Noces Irlandaises,' will be played here as soon as the public are tired of the 'Last of the Mohicans,' which is now being given at the Gaité.

The Boat-racing and Regatta Clubs of France are annually most rapidly progressing, although up to the present time not much has been heard about them in England, probably many persons being hardly aware that there are 'Rowing Clubs' in France. The principal regatta clubs are—

La Société de la Regatte Parisienne. This comprises the Paris Sailing and Rowing Clubs.

Le Sport Nautique de la Seine.

The Rouen Regatta Clubs.

The Havre Regatta Club. And

The Bordeaux Regatta Club.

It may not be out of place to state here that the Liège (Belgium) Regatta Club turns out a splendid crew to contend for the principal French prizes, in which they have been very successful.

Nearly all the prizes given by these clubs are open to amateurs only; but they have a most liberal rule, which it would be advisable for our clubs to imitate, viz., they throw open their races to all comers, amateurs, upon the same terms in every respect as if they were members of the Club. This liberal proviso should be an inducement to our clubs to send representatives. Moreover, some of the gold medals are very handsome souvenirs, especially the one given by the Minister of State on the Emperor's fête day. The honour of obtaining this prize is very highly estimated: it was won last year by the Anglo-French crew, in their boat *Perseverance*, the Liège crew who won it the year previously being second. The success of the Anglo-French boat was the cause of such an ovation to the victors as has been rarely witnessed at any race, certainly never in France, always excepting Vermouth's famous victory in the Grand Prix de l'Empereur.

The two most successful boats in France are *La Dame Blanche* and *Le Perseverance*. The crew of the latter are English, with the exception of M. Frebault, the champion sculler of France. This boat has never been beaten except through an accident. It is a four-oared gig, as is also *La Dame Blanche*. Most of the principal prizes are rowed for in gigs in-rigged. The average distance of the races is about four miles. The prizes generally consist of gold, silver, and bronze commemorative medals, and also money. The competing for money prizes in England would render persons liable to be classed as professionals, and disqualified from competing in races for amateurs. It has, however, always been customary in France for amateurs to race for money, and this does not disqualify them for rowing as amateurs in England. A race took place lately, in which a gentleman who had competed for money in France was the winner. An objection was raised to his receiving the prize, on the ground that he was professional, having rowed for money. On his side it was argued, that he had not done so in England, but in France, where it was customary for amateurs to do so. The argument on his behalf was held to be good, and he received the prize.

The race for the championship of the Seine always took place at St. Cloud until last year, when it was rowed for at Neuilly. The race was pronounced to have been the finest ever seen in France. Nearly forty thousand persons are computed to have been present. M. Frebault was the winner by a quarter of a boat's length. This gentleman has won the race three years in succession.

Should any of our rowing clubs send representatives to France, they must bear in mind not to treat those they have to pull against too cheaply, or they may sustain such a defeat as they do not anticipate. The boats now are mostly constructed by our best English builders, and the crews generally are fine athletic men. There is, however, one thing against them: they do not as a rule pursue that rigid system of training indispensable to sustained bodily exertion. The horse may be fit, but his chance of winning is greatly jeopardized if the rider be out of condition; and the boat may be unexceptionable, but still unsuccessful, if those who are to propel her, however naturally strong, are not sufficiently trained.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—April Annotations—Crewkerne Coppings—Epsom Etchings—Newmarket Notabilia—Punchestown Pickings—Chester Chippings—Waterloo Waifs—and Gossip Gleanings.

APRIL, dear to the Assessed Tax Collector as to the racing man, has had but few blank days in its Calendar ; and the Guard of the Limited Mail has led an idle life compared with that of the members of The Ring. For on the only day on which English Clerks of Courses were not weighing out jockeys, those of France were engaged in the process of scaling English atoms of humanity ; and the 'International Bettor,' as Mr. Gideon has been named by the clever Correspondent of 'The Daily Telegraph' in Paris, has been called upon to bet upon them, purely from the patriotic principle of strengthening the *entente cordiale* between the two countries which preserve the balance of power of Europe. Rife as is the English Turf in rich characters of the middle classes, who have been the artificers of their own position, we know of no one who has evinced greater knowledge of the world than the wearer of the pencil of Gideon ; and although we dare say we shall have the critics down upon us like a thousand of bricks—we mean those who have recommended us to search through the volumes of Rapin, Goldsmith, and Macaulay, to ascertain the correct spelling of Major Whyte Melville's seat in Northamptonshire—we must publicly state our belief that the gentleman to whom we allude is as sound a philosopher as Aristotle, Plato, or Socrates. And in corroboration of our views, we challenge any of their quoted aphorisms, upon which such stress has been laid, to compete with the truism he uttered when appealed to by an ingenuous youth as to the course of conduct he should pursue on entering life, and the profession of a bookmaker. 'Do as I do,' exclaimed the philosophical member of Tattersall's, and the Albert and Victoria Clubs ; 'imitate me, and Respect your Maker, the Press, and the Police, and all will go well.' And to all of our readers we would say, 'Go and do likewise,' whether they dwell in Marble Halls, Evangelical Villas, or Transpontine Squares. The three great questions of the day have been the right of a newspaper to convert touts into reporters, the occasion of a light-weight jockey for a valet, and the getting off of 'The Northumberland.' The first of these is a delicate one to handle, from the conflicting interests involved in it ; but we suppose the 'Circular Notes' have been created by the demand for them ; and when once the public have been accustomed to their issue, they will not consent to their abandonment. At the same time we must admit that, in so expensive a pursuit as racing, it is hard upon owners to have the inner life of their stables reflected in print like the dinner-parties of the Belgravian Mothers ; because, if an accident occurs in a gallop, all opportunity is lost to an owner of saving any money he may have on his horse ; while, if a trial is witnessed, the first run of the market is often denied him. All these proceedings naturally irritate trainers, who have been making the same razzias on the touts as the Calabrian Brigands on the farmers of that country, so that they are constantly engaged in acts of hostility, and have but few quiet hours to themselves. Therefore, we cannot help thinking that it would be a judicious and 'sportsmanlike' act to discontinue the practice, except on the eve of races like the Derby and St. Leger, or the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch, on each of which occasions the public to a man is interested about the cracks of the day. Of the parodies on the Notes which appeared in 'The Sporting Gazette' we must say a word, for they were exe-

cuted to perfection ; the habits of each individual trainer being hit off to the letter. The secrecy with which their introduction was concocted was not the least meritorious part of them, and the Conductors of the Journal in question must have been not a little amused to hear persons remarking, 'You see to what steps a noble Duke and a Millionaire will have recourse to, to restore and improve the value of their property. Here are they doing exactly what they condemn in others, and are actually making their trainers send official returns, in the same way as they order their keepers to forward accounts of their battues for publication.' For our own part, we freely admit that we believed a change had come over the spirit of several of our aristocratic owners of horses ; and in the fulness of our hearts we imagined that the Earl of Coventry had changed his tactics, and resolved to make the public his confederate ; that Sir Frederick Johnstone had determined that everything done at Woodycates should be as open as Day ; that Mr. Chaplin had abandoned his system of issuing tickets of admission to his stable ; and that Mat Dawson had received instructions from Mr. Merry to prepare a substantial breakfast every morning for those who were interested in the education of his Student. But, it would seem, we were all hoaxed as badly as 'The Times' with its 'Clarendon Despatch ;' and these members of the Council of Ten had in no measure changed their tactics in dealing with the public ; but so well was the idea worked out, that we did not grudge the outlay for it. With William of Woodycates, however, matters took a different turn ; and so impressed was he with the *vraisemblance* of the despatch from his head-quarters, that he conned over all the visitors to his place. Of course he could not fail to recognize the author's sketch of Lord Frederick, who, he said, always kept a Mail Train for his special travelling. But when he went further on, and proclaimed that William had actually tried a horse on Good Friday, his religious feelings broke out, and he could stand it no longer ; and he sat up half the night inditing a letter to 'Argus,' who is generally the representative of his views, and requested him to deny, in the strongest terms, his reported violation of the sanctity of the great Fast of the Christian Church. But happening to cast his eye on a passage which stated that Godding had purchased a box of corn-plaster at the chemist's shop opposite the Rutland Arms, at Newmarket, he smelt a rat, saw he had been done, and, tearing up his protest, dreamed that some day Historian might be found to be an Out-and-Outer. Altogether, the production of the Casuals has provoked more amusement among racing men than any effort of a similar kind since the days of 'Sprot the Tinker,' in the 'Sunday Times.' The evils resulting from the pernicious system of petting light-weights has been generally acknowledged ; and Grimshaw's reply to the Admiral at the Court of Inquiry at Newmarket has served as a peg for many a writer to hang a sermon upon. Seldom has the Admiral been more surprised than at the persistency of the young culprit, in maintaining it was his own valet to whom he gave Prodigal at Warwick ; and, had he been on the quarter-deck of the 'Pique,' a mast-heading would be sure to have been the result of it ; but as it was, his suspension was a warning which will tell with good effect upon his colleagues. That the high rate of remunerating jockeys has long been a subject of discussion and comment, we will illustrate by some remarks of the late General Grosvenor—one of the pillars of Newmarket before any of the present administration came into office, and we can guarantee their correctness from the quarter from which they reached us. A gentleman selects a dirty little boy, unable (it may be) to read and write—who has been born and bred in a hovel—whose parents are perhaps the inmates of a workhouse, and plants him on the back of a thorough-bred horse, a

model of symmetry and action, whose value is possibly estimated by thousands rather than by hundreds, and bids the urchin ride over a mile of the finest turf in the world. If the horse comes in first, the pigmy rider receives five pounds five shillings, and if not first, three pounds three shillings.

The owner of this horse is in London, sick almost to death, his life trembling in the balance, his couch surrounded by weeping and despairing relatives: he sends for Sir Henry Halford (then the first physician of the day), who arrives in a chariot built by Barker, drawn by a pair of the fastest and cleverest of horses, driven by the most expert of coachmen. The door is opened and the steps let down by the liveried footman, and the *Æsculapian* baronet in black shorts, buckles, and silk stockings approaches the patient, feels his pulse, prescribes, and saves the life—and receives one pound and one shilling!! We will leave the contrast to speak for itself.

The starting of the 'Northumberland' from Millwall also for a time revived what is called 'the starting question,' and bitter was the disappointment experienced that all the scientific resources of the Admiralty could not get her to budge from the post. But it appeared strange to us that none of the officers of the company ever thought of applying to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, for the loan of the services of Mr. Thomas M'George, for he has been armed by them with such terrific powers that no ironclad would have dared resist him; and if the 'Northumberland' had not 'started' when he dropped his flag, the consequences would have been frightful to contemplate. We are aware there could have been no precedent in the annals of Newmarket or Burlington Street for such a request; but we are quite sure, under the circumstances of the case, and the great national interests involved in it, that Admiral Rous would have created one, by lending the official in question, who, to do him justice, has got his troops into good order, and has been carrying on his duties in the most satisfactory manner.

Having thus disposed of the topics of the month, we must ask our readers to accompany us to those 'gatherings of man and horse' which have been celebrated since last we had the honour of addressing them; and if we can put 'a new colouring' on them, we shall be amply compensated for our trouble in putting together the materials. Easter, which brings with its Feast the Craven, the Pantomimes, and the Rates, opened in weather which was considerably over-due; and some of the Pilgrims of the Heath imagined they had been sleeping since October, and the Houghton was still going on. Considering the business-like arrangements of Newmarket, it does seem strange that the elements have not yet been brought under control. On the contrary, they seem to take a pleasure in being mutinous, and evidently wish to bring about a contest with the Governor. The introduction of the toll tax for carriages marked a new era in the history of Newmarket; and although of course there was the usual amount of grumbling at the arrangement, we heard of no Rebeccas, and we are satisfied the step is one in the right direction, and was called for by the exigencies of the situation. If the sport was bad, it was not the fault of the company who took part in it, for they were mostly first-class, and their owners dealt with them as if they thought so, for the wagering never was higher. The result, however, was in favour of the Gentlemen, the Players receiving very heavy punishment, against which they bore up manfully. In the Newmarket Handicap we saw the stout blood of Skirmisher show to advantage in the clever-shaped Eakring, and she ought to get mares for her sire, whose stock at Rawcliffe will endorse this letter of credit. John Day had an easy time of it, and kept pulling out horses every day, merely for the

Ring to pull out money for his employers; and since 'Ceylon's spicy breezes' were wafted from the Heath to Danebury, his career has been one continued 'blaze of triumph;' and he bids fair to have as long a run as Sothorn in the 'Favourite of Fortune,' at the Haymarket. In the recess, The Duke had made great improvement in his ducal condition, and, from his performances since, it is quite clear he was never himself last year, and that the original grounds of the stable confidence in him were based upon a sound foundation. Gladiateur was still the mighty one of old, and France and Newmarket may both be proud of him. Student, an inmate of Mr. Savile's Hamman, was of course an object of interest, as no one had anticipated his having the 'Order of the Bath.' The complaint, however, was one which even that institution could not cure, and he gradually went out of the betting, like a spark of a candle; and we may remark, in the language of the tombstones, that he lived respected, and died regretted.

The success of a couple of Lord Glasgow's unnamed animals led him to congratulate himself publicly on his change of trainers; but John Scott in the following week let his old employer know he could still prepare a horse to beat him. The trial of Delight rendered the close of the week more sensational than the opening of it; and we do not often hear of a commissioner taking two thousand to one in a bet within an hour of the commission being out. Such is the way they bet in the age in which we live; but whether the form is 'a staying one,' we leave others to determine. We must now shift our quarters to Crewkerne, the fixture of the Grand National Hunt Stewards, who regulate their Meetings like the Royal Agricultural Society. Of the town of Crewkerne we believe little is known, and in point of dulness we should imagine it would run a dead heat with Yarm. But, as regards extortionate innkeepers, Doncaster must yield the palm to it, and Bognor sink into utter insignificance. It was rumoured the celebrated Charing Cross Barmaid had been engaged at one house of entertainment; but we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the fact, although we know there is never smoke without fire. The course itself was not a bad one to see from, every fence being visible to the naked eye; but Mr. Goodman complained of it as being twisted, and disliked it even more than Windsor. The arrangements, however, in the Stand were as near faultless as possible; and the Committee will be fortunate if they again meet with so indefatigable a Secretary as Mr. Ellers, whose heart was in the right place, without being too fussy, which is a frequent complaint with amateur committeemen and honorary officials. The field for the Grand National was limited in numbers and deficient in quality, compared with those of former years. But although the fixture was so distant from the Shires, Sir Frederick Johnstone was determined Melton should not go unrepresented, so he sent Tom Moody to do battle for him; and never was a horse better named, for he whipped-in well. The New Forest contribution was Wilverley, who might as well have 'paired off,' for he would have saved his owner the difference between the stake and the forfeit, and Lord Charles Kerr a severe shaking. We mourned over Mr. Newcombe Mason superintending the saddling of such a plain hack as Coleman, whose legs bore the marks of the irons as plainly as those of any convict in Portsmouth Dockyard; and we contrasted him with Lottery and the host of other cracks with whom the name of Mason is associated. Shangarry topped over the lot as Gladiateur did the Derby horses in the paddock last year; and the only other who went well in his preliminary gallop was Golden Drop, whom Mr. Jennings, of Leamington, brought out in first-rate order. Nothing scarcely was backed but

this pair, upon whom it was a horse to a hen ; and, in the end, Shangarry won as easily as his half-brother at Liverpool. He is a raw and unfurnished horse, but his education as a steeple-chaser is very far from being completed, as he over jumps himself, and rushes at his fences. Time, however, and plenty of practice will cure him of these defects, and render him a useful successor to Salamander, who died the following day, like Nelson, in the moment of victory and the zenith of his fame. Time did not permit us to remain for the second day, which, we were assured, was the worst since the Deluge ; so we can say nothing about the great race, except that the owner of Old Oswestry must be convinced of the short-sightedness of his policy in opposing the Croydon authorities, and which prevented him having a shy at Salamander. The Welshers, we should add, were in great force at the opening of the Meeting ; but when they saw the colours of Shangarry in front, they fled like the Israelites of old, abandoning their offices to the fury of the multitude, who, we believe, cut up the materials into toothpicks. Next year, Bedford, it is said, is the Promised Land, and from its facility of access, it presents many advantages over other towns ; and, as 'the head-centres' of the Committee are quite alive to them, there is a great probability of the venue being laid there. Bangor has also been hinted, but, like Crewkerne, it is too distant from London, and no interest would follow the running of the horses in so remote a locality.

Epsom Spring gave us a foretaste of Epsom Summer—the last, we believe, under the Dorling dynasty. Extensive improvements we perceive are promised in the Grand Stand ; but, unless it is enlarged, we do not see how they are to be effected, for the building has fairly outgrown itself, and there is not room on a Derby or Oaks Day even for a bee to be comfortable, so the authorities will have to make a plentiful use of india-rubber if they wish to effect their ends. The weather was no doubt 'Delightful' in the estimation of Messrs. Carew and Co., but extremely disagreeable to the rest of the company, and a hollower Suburban has been rarely seen. On the following day the sight of so small a field for the Metropolitan was enough to call Mr. Beeton from his grave ; and certainly the battle of Navarino was not a more 'un-toward event' than the bolting of Eakring, backed by her owner for pounds, shillings, and pence, and which we believe would have gone in alone. But, as what is one man's meat is another's poison, the accident to Mr. Savile's mare let off a great many treble events that had been laid, of Delight winning the City and Suburban, and Lord Lyon the Two Thousand. It also had the effect of proving our prophecy of last month about Treasure Trove to be correct. The First Spring at Newmarket—as the sticklers for legitimacy will persist in styling it—was a grand one in point of company, and the compiler of 'those who were noticed' must have had as busy a time of it as the Court Newsman on a levée day. Never were a worse lot of horses sent to oppose a favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas, which is verified by the liberal odds that are offered against all of them ; and we verily believe a thousand to ten could be had about them in a lump. Lord Lyon played with them as a cat would do with a mouse ; and we believe Mr. Sutton makes no secret of Thomas having told him his horse never galloped in the race, and, had it been requisite, he could have won by any number of lengths. We wish we were in a position to quote the exact orders of Mr. Sutton to his jockey before starting—but it would be a breach of confidence to do so—but our readers may guess their nature when they hear they excited the unbounded admiration of 'Lord Frederick,' who said he should like to give similar ones to the riders of Saladin

and Surney in the Chester Cup. And we really believe Lord Lyon will be the new Premier of Epsom, great as are the pretensions of Rustic to unseat him. Janitor inflicted a heavy blow and great discouragement on Baron Rothschild, who tried him good enough to back for both his races. To temper or a delicate constitution we are inclined to attribute his discomfiture; and we are disposed to think, he would have run a far better animal if he had come to the post untried. Knight of the Crescent was the picture we represented; and the Lord of Burleigh was so pleased with his performance that he immediately addressed 'an autograph letter' to John Scott, expressive of the great satisfaction he experienced at seeing The Knight in such a position; and at this particular juncture the testimonial had increased value attached to it. But if the Gaul was shamefully defeated on the Tuesday, he made amends for it on the Thursday, when in the One Thousand he brought his Bayonet to bear against the English Cannon: long and severe, as might be expected, was the contest, but in the end the national colour and arm prevailed, and the foe 'repulsed.' However, the Marquis of Hastings might exclaim, with Pyrrhus, 'Another such a victory, and I am undone.' Lord Portsmouth's Robin Hood has not improved with his year if the running for the Newmarket Stakes be correct; and with a renewal of our confidence in Lord Lyon and Rustic for the Derby, we finish up our Newmarket notes.

For Punchestown and its Steeple-chases we have a great *penchant*, despite of the difficulties in reaching it; for it is pleasant to witness a small but compact band of Noblemen and Gentlemen united, not for the purpose of getting the best of each other, but solely for the purposes of Sport and good fellowship, and making those around them comfortable. Our passage across the Channel was as rough as the road through life without wealth or patronage, and cigar lights were put out as early as night-lights at school. The fox-hunting division of passengers, however, were the least affected by it, and Lord Henry Bentinck sat on deck as unconcerned as he would have done in the House of Commons. There was also the usual quantum of Cornets, in long frieze great-coats and tight trowsers, with saddle-bags mingled with their portmanteaus. Admirable as is the packet-service between London and Kingstown, the starting of an insurance company for portmanteaus is alone needed to render it perfect: as, when we arrive at the latter terminus, the drawing for portmanteaus resembles that of prizes at the Art-Union, and any *you fancy* is handed over in an instant, without inquiry or proof of ownership. Dublin was full of company, though few of the M.Ps. could get away, owing to the debate on the Reform Bill. Whether the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act had anything to do with the quiet which prevailed during our stay, we will not pretend to say. But none of our friends had seen the instrument of terror; and all we heard of the Fenians who had been captured by it, was that they were the scum of the back slums of the City, and looked more ready to handle bread and meat than pikes. An American General was described to us as being no bigger than Fordham; and his Excellency gave every appearance of not having received his remittances from his bankers; and we have no doubt he could have contracted a loan, to be repaid when the Independence of Ireland was secured, if Finance Companies had liked the security. On the road to the course nobody seemed to care about politics; and Lord Wodehouse went to and fro, like our own Lord Mayor from the Mansion House to Westminster Abbey, without eliciting anything beyond cheering. The course was in capital order; the fence, or rather walls and banks, having been well looked to, and the inclosure and Stand packed as close as the pit of The Strand on a 'Milky White' night.

All classes of society were present, from the Representative of the Sovereign to a trooper of the 10th Hussars. This latter individual, with his shirtsleeves over his elbow, was truly a subject of commiseration as he was engaged in the laborious occupation of concocting claret and champagne cups; and working up to his knees in bottles, he gave one the idea of a sailor at the pumps of a disabled brig in the Channel. Under these circumstances it is to be hoped, as he exhibited so much fatigue, that he was allowed to go on furlough for a short time. We are not quite sure whether the word 'hospitality' is emblazoned on the colours of the Tenth; but it has always been a symbol of the Corps, and Colonel Baker and his Officers are not likely to let it die out. But although Death had caused many country-houses to be shut up, where large parties of fashionables were wont to stay, a good many notabilities were grouped together in the inclosure. Foremost among them was the Marquis of Conyngham, looking scarcely a day older than he does in the picture in which he is taken riding with Her Majesty out of Windsor Castle. His fondness for racing cannot be shaken; and he has recently purchased all the Palmerston Stud Yearlings, in a lump, for a thousand guineas—which shows he will stick to the Irish Turf to the last. Lord Howth seemed all the better for his two months' hunting in The Vale of White Horse; and he inspected every animal that was saddled, as if he had been appointed by the Government for that purpose. And it is needless to say there was not a fault but what was immediately detected or a merit recognized. The Marquis of Drogheda was the Head Centre of the Stand—now inflicting a fine, now rubbing-up a laggard Gentleman Jockey, and now collecting a subscription. In fact, we imagine he must have hired the shoulders of Atlas for the occasion. Lord Combermere, without Sir Watkin, did not look at home, for they run so much in couples; but the Head of Wynnstay had not returned from Rome—where he went, *viâ* Naples as the shortest route—in time to join in his annual excursion. Mr. B. J. Angell attended as the Representative of the Grand National Steeplechase Committee of England, and was so surrounded with Linimer's and Long's men, that we were almost tempted to look across the other side of the course for The Coach and its concomitants. Yorkshire could not have sent two better nominees than Mr. Rudston Read and Mr. Robinson; and the fact of the former having given up Newmarket and The Two Thousand for Punchestown, was hailed as a significant mark of the times, and the accession warmly welcomed. Lord Hopetoun did duty for Northamptonshire, as Lord Henry Bentinck and Lord Doneraile for Lincolnshire. Of Guards, Hussars, and Infantry there were swarms; and an impromptu United Service Club might have been got up in a quarter of an hour. Of the horses we did not think as much as we did last year; and complaints were made to us, that good horses cannot be kept in the country, as, when their merits are known, English gentlemen tempt their owners with such high prices that they cannot resist them. Still, Blood Royal was worthy of his name; and as the great McGraine followed him round the inclosure, he was as proud of him as a hen with one chick, and it was a question whether he was best prepared, or best ridden. Robin Hood was the Lion of the second day, from his winning the Cup; and when Lord Drogheda walked at his head on his way back, he was cheered, as the Promoter of the Meeting deserved, for without his aid and energetic exertions, affairs would have been in a state of chaos. Having a couple of hours to spare on the second day, we stepped down to Palmerstown and took stock of the Stud Farm and its occupants. Rapid Rhone is its Sheet Anchor, and he must be seen to be appreciated, as no one, unless he went by his own eyes, could believe in

the improvement he has made within the last year, and a handsomer short-legged horse, with muscles to correspond, is not to be met with in the United Kingdom, and Lord Glasgow may fairly be said to have done Justice to Ireland in lending him to the Company. Plum Pudding is more popular with the Celt than the Saxon, but as Lord Howth has taken him in hand, there will be a good many 'slices' distributed through Kildare. Whether Union Jack had been put upon short commons before he crossed the Channel, we cannot say, but he looked very different from what we anticipated, not having been punished in the least since he was put out of training. Still, however, if Lord Naas treats him as he does his friends and yearlings, there are hopes of his improvement; although we were never very partial to Ivan, and think the Duke of Newcastle has not lost much by him. One effect of our visit to Palmerstown was to dissipate the idea that they do yearlings anyhow in Ireland, for Mr. Blenkinson himself could not have turned up his lots in better trim. Therefore, none of our readers need be apprehensive of sending a mare to the Association as long as Lord Naas presides over it.

Four-and-twenty hours of steam-work brought us to the pleasant green glades of Hampshire, where in the Vale of Waterloo, the Hambledon Hunt Steeple-chases were brought off by Lord Poulett. The gathering is quite a United Service one, and founded on the principle of an Amicable Insurance Company. All the officials are amateurs with the exception of Mr. Topham, and the services of the starter and his assistant, both well known members of the Garrick Club, were heartily appreciated, for we had none of those long delays at the post which we see at Northampton and elsewhere. The success of the representative of Mr. McGeorge we attribute entirely to a certain manner which he possesses, which combines firmness with discretion, and daring would be the lad who would risk encountering his displeasure. And if ever there is a starter appointed to the Court of St. James, we do trust the claims of this gentleman will not be overlooked. Some amusement was created at the Judge in the box smoking a cigar as big as a ruler, but we satisfied the scruples of the grumblers by assuring them of a precedent in the case of the late Chief Baron Nicholson, who invariably lit up his weed when he took his seat on the Bench. The sport was good, but exception was taken to the summing up of the Judge in the Open Handicap. However, as the decision was a conscientious one, we will not quarrel with it. The Garrison Steeple-chase was the most amusing affair we ever recollect to have witnessed, as there were three distinct races coming on at the same time between the refusers and the non-refusers. The actual winner we presume was got by Artillery, as the men of that corps took charge of him into the inclosure, and cheered his rider, who looked as happy as a schoolboy at a pantomime, in a manner that assured us he must be a very popular officer. And although we have certainly seen better riding among military men, we never witnessed more pluck than that of the riders of this race, who bore all the chaff that was levelled at them with the most perfect good-humour. Next year the course, which is charmingly laid out, will be drained, and a flat race or two added to the jumping games.

The last day of Pompeii could not have been a brighter one than that of the Chester Cup, and the course resembled the pictures of the old Roman Circuses; and if it was a great day for the Million, so it was for the Upper Ten, as we never saw more of them in the Stewards' Stand, which is not bigger than a London conservatory. The Cup betting was very bad, and, like as in all the previous great races of the Spring, the favourites alone are dealt with; and we are afraid the bookmakers have got another shaking, which will try the strength of their

resources pretty highly, should either The Lord or The Clown win the Derby. The race was a complete chapter of accidents; and never have we witnessed such a list of casualties as were reported when the winner came back. Of Dalby we need say no more than he looked a picture of health, and that he won nearly all the way; although, if Delight had not met with his disaster, he would have kept his neck stretched the whole of the way home, as Kenyon said he could have passed him at the moment the leg went. Baragah, who was certainly too good for a handicap horse, was cut to pieces so badly he could scarcely be got to the hospital; and Delight's racing career, we fear, is terminated. Red Cap ran to the form John Day tried him, but Cannon had a very rough voyage with him, several animals coming in collision whenever he went up to take his place. However, we do not think he could have beaten the winner, who seems to be alike indifferent to hard or soft ground.

To get through two Chester Cups in succession is a performance of no mean order; and Dalby seems not to have forgotten the name of his granddam on his Sire's side, viz. Forget-me-not. And he certainly will be remembered for many a year to come. We should like Sir Tatton to have been spared long enough to have heard of his double victory; for it would have confirmed his estimate of the merits of his little Daniel, who, although small, was a far smarter horse than was generally imagined. From the fact of the Rhodoe having been turned into a Cattle Cemetery during the frightful prevalence of the Rinderpest in Cheshire, the Magistracy were congratulated on their selection by the old race-goers, who recollected the number of 'corpses' they had seen laid out on it before from the days of Alice Hawthorn, in Red Deer's year, down to recent times. The Dee Stakes gave us so slashing a finish, it would have woke up 'the most used-up Coldstream;' and Bertie may be said to have won by playing the Cannon game. That Chester is looking up as regards company is quite true; but the immense number of Spring Meetings that have sprung up of late have robbed it of the horses it was wont to boast of; and Mr. Topham must endeavour to find a remedy for this state of things.

Hunting news is not very prolific, but the hound sales seem to have come off pretty well. The Marquis of Hastings is getting a strong pack together for the Donnington country, and Mr. Corbet gave the Irish dealers during the Punchestown week 'a strong order, by purchasing eighteen of the right stamp of hunters for the Cheshire, which he has recently taken, and as new brooms sweep clean, much may be expected from him. And to show how strange hounds remain in families, we may remark, in addition to Mr. Corbet with the Shropshire, Mr. Boughey, the son of Sir Thomas Boughey, has got the Albrightons, and Mr. Rowland Hill the Shropshire, Mr. Paine, formerly in the South Wilts, has gone, we believe, to the Vine, and is now engaged in getting together a pack, the old one having been sold by Mr. Arthur Whieldon to the old Berkshire for a thousand guineas. With the Cambridgeshire matters are looking up, and Jem Stacey, who brings with him a high character from Linlithgow and Stirlingshire, is engaged as huntsman, and arrangements have been made to hunt the Brampton Woodland, alternate Mondays, a step strongly advocated by the Duke of Manchester, who is a liberal supporter of the hounds, and it is said they have a capital entry from the Brocklesby.

Yorkshiremen 'love a bit of racing,' and never tire of hunting. The York and Ainsty had ended their season, when a few farmers near Askham, anxious for another day, persuaded 'Sir Charles' that an old dog-fox had been seen licking his lips and winking at their lambs. At 9 A.M. on the 16th Sir

Charles Slingsby met at Askham. 'The wolf' was viewed away from a 'stick heap' that that keen sportsman and 'forward' rider, Mr. Fearby, provides, for the sake of having foxes close to his house, and, after a good hunting run of 1 hour 15 minutes, was killed in the open. The morning, an old-fashioned sporting one, was much enjoyed by the hounds, the Master, and a select few. The Bramham Moor Hounds met for the last day on the 18th, at Bramham Park. The crowd was enormous, and Mr. Lane Fox was quite afraid to come out of the kennel. A good sprinkling of the regular attendants, and every hack, carriage, and dog-cart out of Leeds formed a large and curious field. In Blackfen several foxes were soon on foot, to the great delight of the 'carriage company,' who saw them crossing the rides. There was a broiling sun, and no scent; but a fox at last broke away for Becca, ran round the park, was making his way back, when he was met by foot people, gigs, &c.; and the hounds being close at him he found the 'balance of power' against him, and his days were ended—making up 70 brace. The 'working classes,' who had come out to enjoy their day, now drew their carriages, dog-carts, &c., up in pleasant spots, pulled out pies and champagne, picked primroses, and voted a day's hunting with 'Lane Fox's fox-dogs far afore auld Neddy Baines and t' Refurm 'Bill.' The hounds, however, trotted away to Westwoods, found, had a smart scurry to Wetherby Grange, crossed the Wharf, and ran to ground at Thorp Arch Hall, ending a very good season. It is a curious fact that the Sinnington Fox-hounds ('trencher fed') have had a good season, are supported by farmers who have a great deal of stock, and have suffered much from cattle plague. But there is no twaddle about fox-hounds conveying disease.

The Surrey Stag-hounds will be gone on with, under the mastership of Mr. Heathcote, to the great satisfaction of the Epsom division. Jem Mason, we are glad to hear, has been out hunting with hounds, and rode as well as ever, in fact, harder than usual, in order, we suppose, to make up for lost time. But he was compelled to wear a respirator, and tired fearfully coming home. The Squire, we regret to hear, is very ill, and confined to his bed, which is a bad symptom for one of such an advanced age, and who has tried his constitution so severely. Mr. Joy's death will be heard of with sorrow by those M. Hs. who sat to him for his Tattersall pictures, which we think Mr. Barraud might effectually finish. Mr. Sydney has been as busy as ever in getting out his Horse Show Programme, which contains a great many features of merit, although we should have liked to have seen the Hundred Pounds Prize for Stallions retained in the list. The fixture being in the Epsom week, we look upon as a good one, as in the off-days the Country Gentlemen will have plenty of time to take stock of the entries, and report accordingly. From Teheran, we learn that the Shah has had good sport in his preserves, and that he 'deigned to bring down' some forty pheasants and partridges, and he gave *one* of the latter to his Secretary of State for War. If the potent monarch, however, was to come to this country, and visit Enville or Bradgate, we fancy Lord Stamford would open his eyes for him, and teach him a lesson in liberality, in which the Ruler of Persia strikes us as being rather deficient.

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and Turf Guide.

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EMBEDDED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

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LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.
1866.

DIARY FOR JUNE, 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	F	All England and United All England Eleven's First Match, 1832.
2	S	Prince Alfred Yacht Club Match.
3	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
4	M	Late King of the Belgians elected, 1831.
5	TU	Windsor Races.
6	W	Newton Races. Royal Harwich Yacht Club Regatta.
7	TH	Hampton Races. Sheridan died, 1816.
8	F	Royal London Yacht Club First Class Match.
9	S	Royal Thames Yacht Club Match—Schooners and Yawls.
10	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
11	M	Sir John Franklin died, 1847.
12	TU	Odiham Races. New Moon 10.7 P.M. Trinity Term ends.
13	W	Bibury Club Races. Beverley Races.
14	TH	Stockbridge Races.
15	F	Magna Charta signed, 1215. St. Swithin.
16	S	Sir Joshua Reynolds born, 1723.
17	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
18	M	Attack of the Malakoff, 1855. [Regatta.
19	TU	Chelmsford Races. Liverpool Races. Royal Western Yacht Club
20	W	Henley-on-Thames Regatta. Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.
21	TH	Ipswich Races. Robert Burns died, 1796.
22	F	Royal Mersey Yacht Club Regatta. Cambridge Easter Term ends.
23	S	Royal Thames Yacht Club Match. (Third and Fourth Classes.)
24	S	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
25	M	Llandudno Regatta—Ocean Match.
26	TU	Newcastle Races. Hungerford Races.
27	W	First Cricket Match between Rugby and Marlborough, 1855.
28	TH	Worcester Races. Moon at full, 3.35 A.M.
29	F	Wilberforce died, 1833. [Cricketer, died, 1849.
30	S	Kingston-on-Thames Regatta. Mr. William Ward, the celebrated

CRICKET.—THE JUNE MATCHES.

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB.

2nd, at Harrow, M.C. and G. v. Harrow School.
4th, at Lord's, M.C. and G. v. Hampshire.
7th, at the Oval, M.C. and G. v. Surrey C. and G.
7th, at Lord's, M.C. and G. v. Devonshire.
11th, at Lord's, M.C. and G. v. Cambridge University.
12th, at Rickling, M.C. and G. v. Rickling Green.
14th, at Lord's, M.C. and G. v. Oxford University.
18th, at Lord's, Oxford v. Cambridge.
21st, at Lord's, M.C. and G. v. Royal Artillery.
25th, at Lord's, The Gentlemen v. The Players.
29th, at Lord's, Rugby v. Marlborough.

THE SURREY CLUB.

4th, at the Oval, Surrey C. and G. v. Essex.
7th, at the Oval, Surrey C. and G. v. M.C. and G.
11th, at the Oval, Surrey v. Sussex.
21st, at the Oval, Surrey v. Oxford University.
26th, at the Oval, Surrey C. and G. v. Cheltenham College.
28th, at the Oval, The Gentlemen v. The Players.

OTHER COUNTY MATCHES.

4th, at Islington, Middlesex v. Cambridgeshire.
7th, at Newport Pagnell, Bucks v. Hampshire.
14th, at Dereham, Norfolk v. Suffolk.
18th, at Bradford, Yorkshire v. Notts.
18th, at Brighton, Sussex v. Kent.
21st, at Nottingham, Notts v. Middlesex.
21st, at Brighton, Sussex v. Kent (Gentlemen).

OTHER IMPORTANT MATCHES.

1st, at Oxford, The University v. Southgate. 2nd, at Rugby, The School v. Oxford University College.
4th, at Oxford, The University v. Warwickshire. 5th, at Battersea, Civil Service v. House of Commons.
9th, at Eton, The College v. Free Foresters. 9th, at Southgate, Civil Service Club v. Southgate.
10th, at Southgate, Quidnuncs v. Southgate. 14th, at Battersea, Civil Service v. Household Brigade.
14th, at Woolwich, R.A. v. Gentlemen of Sussex. 14th, at Rugby, Past v. Present Rugbeians.
26th, at Upton, Civil Service Club v. Cricket Company. 28th, at Battersea Park, Civil Service v. Free Foresters.

Huntley

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

THE young Nobleman whose portrait we offer to our readers this month, may, without the charge of the slightest exaggeration, be described as one of the most important acquisitions to the English Turf that has been made since the début of Lord Stamford. And we imagine we make no mistake when we express our belief that our readers will accord him the same welcome in our pages as is given him on every racecourse on which he sets foot.

The Marquis of Hastings, whose titles are too numerous to describe in full, he being a Peer of the United Kingdom as well as of Ireland and Scotland, was born on the 22nd July, 1842, and is the son of the Marquis of Hastings who for so many years hunted the Donnington country, which was formed out of the Quorn. He succeeded his brother in the marquise on the 17th January, 1851, and his mother in the Barony of Grey de Ruthyn, on the 18th November, 1858. His education was commenced at Eton, from whence he went to Oxford, but his stay at that University was not of very long duration, and he quickly threw himself into those pursuits which were congenial to his rank, his youth, and his purse. His connection with the Duke of Beaufort, through his guardian Lord Howe, naturally brought him in contact with John Day, and a visit to Danebury with his Grace developed the Marquis's latent taste for the Turf, and the result may be at once anticipated. John, of course, pointed out, with all due humility, but at the same time with that persuasiveness which would bring a partridge from its nest, that it was only fitting the position of a young nobleman like the Marquis, that he should have 'a niceish yearling or two,' with which he could win the Derby, and a little million with it. The subject of our memoir saw the matter in the same light at once, and wondered it

had not occurred to him before ; and while he was amusing himself in 1862 with a plater called Consternation, 'John' was actively engaged in seconding his ulterior views relative to the Turf. After Consternation had been done with, Garotter, Tippler, Redcap, Old Fuller, and Attraction were added to the string, and the least that can be said for them is that they paid their way by themselves, and cost his Lordship nothing for carrying his colours. In 1864 the Marquis's team was strengthened by Trumps, Grinder, Lady Egidia, Lady Florence, Ondine, Aline, Pantaloon, Catalogue, and Ackworth, and with varied result. And it was this year the Duke, which John Day thought would keep his promise to the Marquis of winning the Derby for him, came out at Stockbridge in a Biennial, to which there were ninety subscribers, and he won so cleverly as to be almost first favourite for the Derby when Judd got back with him to scale. His double defeat by Liddington in the July and Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, when it was stated he had gone suddenly amiss, caused him to go back a little in the market. But at York, when he had recovered, he ran sufficiently well to restore himself to the good graces of his friends, and until within a fortnight of the Derby, when he was seized with influenza, and obliged to be struck out, he was always second or third favourite for the Derby. And John Day, within four-and-twenty hours of our penning these lines, maintained he would have beaten Gladiateur, had he stood upright. However, as the pair are likely to meet in the Goodwood Cup, we will defer our own opinion until that issue is determined.

But, however successful the Marquis of Hastings might have been in small races up to this period, the first great event he pulled off was the Cambridgeshire, with Ackworth, whom he purchased from Mr. Hill, after running third for the Cæsarewitch to Lord Coventry's Thalestris and Mr. W. Robinson's Gratitude. With Ackworth his Lordship won a very large stake, and handsomely rewarded Cannon, who rode him, for the patience and judgment he showed in the race. Last year, to which we now come, the Marquis displayed his pluck by giving, at the advice of his friends, the largest sum ever known for a horse—we mean Kangaroo—who, having done exactly at Danebury what he had previously exhibited at Newmarket, could not have been deemed the bad bargain he ultimately turned out. But with such valuable engagements as he had before him, it really looked as if one race alone would have paid for him. But vendors cannot insure against the ills to which horseflesh is heir ; and the Marquis bore with his disappointment with the stoic philosophy of a Roman. His subsequent successes with King Hal in the Newmarket Two-year Old Plate, with Ackworth in the Warwick and Doncaster Cups, are too recent to call for any special observations ; neither have we space to dwell upon the host of minor races which, under John Day's guidance, his horses have won. Suffice it to state that few if any beginners on the Turf have enjoyed half the good luck which has fallen to the Marquis of Hastings, or deserved it more. Open-hearted and confiding,

he has placed himself in hands he knows full well will protect his interests and his property ; and whether he wins or loses, he evinces no undue hilarity or despondency. As a dashing bettor, he has had no equal at Newmarket since the famous Col. Mellish ; and those who predict the form is not a staying one, we imagine will turn out to be false prophets. To train for, the Marquis of Hastings is one of the most desirable undertakings that John Day ever had—and his string of masters is a pretty numerous one, from Lord George Bentinck downwards ; for, knowing how sensitive racehorses are, the owner of *The Duke* and *Blue Riband* is ever ready to make allowance, which cannot be said to be the case with all Noblemen connected with the Turf. The extent of the Marquis of Hastings' establishment may be guessed when we state that he has rarely less than fifty animals in training ; and that he can make them pay is the highest compliment we can render to his judgment. It is yet too early to speak of his Lordship as a Master of Hounds ; but from the spirit with which he set about getting a pack together, with which he will hunt the Quorn, we have no fear of his management being either unpopular or unsuccessful ; and we state this the more advisedly, because the very day after he collected his hounds, he had a quiet day to himself in Charnwood Forest, and killed his first fox himself. We should add that the Marquis of Hastings is also partial to yachting, and is the proprietor of one of the finest vessels in the yacht squadron, viz., the '*Lady Bird*,' in which he visited Norway and the northern ports last season.

We must conclude this somewhat imperfect sketch of the Marquis of Hastings by adding that, on the 16th of July, 1864, he was married to the Lady Florence Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey ; and the congratulations and valuable presents made by the Marquis's various tenancies to himself and his bride, furnish the best proof of the regard in which they are held by those who are dependent upon them.

AD MONTEM.

BY M. F. H.

'*MOS PRO LEGE.*' Custom frequently commands a more willing obedience than the iron despotism of statutory law ; and like the hope of reward, that is a more suave incentive than the fear of punishment—the immediate and imperative motives of human action, and on which sacerdotalism bases the principle of religion, penal and celestial—wins an allegiance that is dependent on and in consonance with the better feelings of our nature,—Custom is a bond of affection between the present and the past, and the ancestral commemoration, descending from generation to generation, is linked with the origin of its observance, and furnishes a page of history of easier compre-

hension to the unlettered than the carefully prepared chapter of the diligent and erudite scholar. But modern illuminism has judged these milestones of history to be inconsistent with the progress of popular philosophy—to be remnants of a barbaric age, when an imperial feudalism instituted festivals to perpetuate the memory of particular events, the pageantry of which was enacted by helot menials. Such ceremonies are now deemed derogatory to the princely people, and the glitter of parade to be disgraceful to the participators in the gorgeous pageant. It is a wise, if not a *bright* age, and the knave of Plough Monday, with his whip on his shoulder, instead of crying ‘Cock in pot,’ has changed his note to ‘Nob in ‘pot,’ amidst the clamorous delight of those who are ready primed for the whigamore raid. ‘Mos pro lege’ is accounted to be heresiactal and insulting to popular imperialism—therefore ‘we’ll none of it,’ say they; and henceforward and for aye war to the knife against jovial ploughboys, rotund milkmaids, and floral chimneysweeps. Such mummeries bring popular majesty into discredit, and, in pursuance of the stern mandate, the itinerant and guilty have gone their way in sorrow from the stage of their merry-making, and nothing remains but the catholic festival of the Cuckoo—dies Aprilis 14—‘Oh sound ‘accurst to married ears’—to which the fast ones of the day chant in derisive response, ‘Esto perpetua.’ And the prayer of their petition has been heard in all lands, until even the Pontifex Maximus, mindful of certain passages of his past life in the convent of St. Agape, and in momentary forgetfulness of aught save truth and fact, gave forth unwittingly at the last Paschal festival the pontifical benediction, ‘Amor urbi et orbi.’ Well done, Cuckoo!

Merrie Christmas has lost its blazing yule-log, and the midnight carol, with the boar’s head, orange and rosemary:

‘Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.’

The wassail bowl no longer contains the spicy lamb’s wool:

‘A jolly wassel bowl,
A wassel of good ale.
Well fare the butler’s soul
That setteth this to sale.’

and the ‘jour de Noel’ retains only the lingering mince-pie with the Paphian misletoe; and even this sacred ceremony would have vanished had it not been for the sexagenarian maids, who insisted upon being kissed once in the year, ‘per majorem Dei gloriam.’ But in the factories of the taskmaster there be no signs nor sounds of joy and Christian thanksgiving. In that dismal region, at once the evidence and the hell of advanced civilization, Christmas is Colenso’d, and, together with the philosophical doubt of its historical authority, is ignored the necessity of observing a festival held doubtful in its origin, and adverse to the spirit of utilitarianism, predicated by the Rationalist and Plutocrat of the factory. No song,

save that of the shuttle—no hymnic homily of herald angels!
No—on, on:—

‘Weave the warp, and weave the woof—
The winding-sheet of *pauper* race,
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.’

And the prophecy of the Druidic bard ‘of the sable garb of woe’ has come to pass in a sense applicable to the time, and the fulfilment is echoed in another strain:—

‘Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work’
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
‘Oh, men with sisters dear!
Oh, men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you are wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives.
‘Oh! but for one short hour
A respite, however brief;
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief.’

Of course work—work—work—or how else could the taskmaster meet the expenses of a legislator, in order to vote against the ten hours’ labour bill?

The King and Queen of Twelfth Night, stinted in their traditional bowl of pine-apple punch, the beverage that cheers and does most royally inebriate, have not heart to sing, ‘We won’t go home ‘till morning;’ the pancake bell is silent on Shrove Tuesday; yet the curfew of the conquering bastard of Normandy and England continues to toll out its precautionary command. Jews are not pelted with stones in Lent—the more the pity, if they be of a discounting kidney; the maypole is deserted by Jack in the green; the massacre of St. Bartholomew has taken place a second time, but without bloodshed, and the ‘one a penny, two a penny hot cross ‘buns’ of the itinerant vendors—two a penny by all means, if they be of the same quantity and quality—have been prohibited for the reason of the succulent commodity bearing the crucial stamp of the Scarlet Lady of Babylon. Look out, Calvin—the little ragamuffins at the bun-shop are ready with pockets full of marbles, which we have given them for the pleasure of hearing them rattle against your crop-eared cap. Then, coming gradually to particular domesticities, we cannot fail to observe that the customary garments of our forefathers and foremothers have been traitorously shorn of their proper dimensions. The spouse of Potiphar could not now clutch hold of the curtailed roundabout of the slinking fugitive, and Zuleikah, for that was her Egyptian name,* as she leapt from her couch in pursuit of the disobliging varlet, might present herself in her cutty sark of

* D’Herbelot, ‘Bibliothèque Orientale.’

fainter lawn amidst the Lady Clara Vere de Veres and the Anonymas in Rotten Row, without remark, unless a blush of satisfaction might arise on her cheek for the superior modesty of her own attire. The sponsorial custom, with its caudle cup, has become a matter of taste quite as optional as Paul Pry's sixpence—what's in a name?—ay, what, indeed; and the unharnessing from the connubial collar and chains is rendered conveniently facile in the court of free and easy Wilde, preparatory to the state becoming liberally and radically Mormonized. Nevertheless, 'Vogue la galère,' and having been propelled to the Stygian shore by the wave of progress, to use the metaphor of a distinguished orator, let us burn our boats, and, like him, we will not on any account resign—either our 'Baily' portfolio or the bright hope that the many dear friends round the Wrekin of old Eton may, albeit—

' with faded pinion, soar
From rose to tulip as before.'

Montem, the triennial festival of time-honoured Eton, is now laid aside in the old lumber-room of worn-out customs. It is a thing of the past, and has followed the fate of other obsolete festivals, such as Pancake day or Collop Monday, Shrove Tuesday, the bonfire of St. John's, and nutting on Holyrood day. Collop day was so called, from being the last day of eating meat before Lent, when the collegers of the earlier times had eggs and collops for dinner in Hall. They then paraded the precincts of the college town, singing at the different houses—

' Shrovetide is now nigh at hand,
And we are come a shroving.
Pray, dame, something;
An apple or a dumpling,
Or a piece of truckle cheese,
Of your own making;
Or a piece of pancake.'

Having obtained the pancake, the collegers brought it to the college cook, who was ready prepared with a crow, it is written, but in reality a jackdaw, caught in one of the adjacent stacks of chimneys, which are remarkable for their architectural beauty. The jackdaw was wrapped in the pancake and tied or nailed to the college door, and its unhappy cawing brought the young to the edge of the nest, and its fellow-daws—in amicitiam—flew about in every direction, in dolorous protest. Then commenced the pelting and shouting, and the fun of animal torture having terminated, another pancake was carried by the senior-colleger, in procession, round the schoolyard, and then tossed through the open door into the upper school. Some writers affirm that the pancakes of Shrove Tuesday were derived from the heathen Fornacalia, celebrated on Feb. 18th in honour of the goddess Fornax, the patroness of the bakers. Polydore Virgil considers the festival to be a continuance of the feast of Bacchus, adopted by the early Romish Church from the heathen customs to conciliate popular prejudice. It is certain that at that remote period

the boys wrote verses in praise of Bacchus, and fixed them on the college hall-doors, whilst the Provost and Masters within the hall drained bowls of canonical punch, also to conciliate popular prejudice. The writing of Bacchus verses was continued long after the disuse of pancake throwing. The hunting of the ram, likewise—at which ‘the butcher’ Cumberland was present and took part in 1730—was condemned for its senseless and low-life cruelty.

St. John’s day, June 24, was observed at Eton by a bonfire.

‘ There doth the joyfull feaste of John
 ‘ The Baptiste take his turne,
 When bonfires greate, with loftie flame,
 In everie towne doe burne.’

‘ In worship of St. Johan, the people waked at home, and made
 ‘ three manner of fyres,—one was clene bones and noo woode, and
 ‘ that was called a bone fyre ; another is clene woode and no bones,
 ‘ and that is called a woode fyre, for people to sit and wake therebye ;
 ‘ and the thirde is made of woode and bones, and that is called St.
 ‘ Johanny’s fyre.’ St. John and his Eton disciples not having the advantage of an acquaintance with Sir Samuel Bignold and the Norwich fire insurance office, the bonfire was forbidden, after an accidental conflagration that threatened the destruction of the college. Another version states that Cole, the Provost of Eton, having preached before Cranmer at the stake, and Queen Mary having burnt three fellows of King’s—John Hullier, Laurence Saunders, and Robert Glover, the stake and faggots became repugnant to the Etonians, and upon the accession of Queen Elizabeth the bonfire was discontinued.

‘ In the month of September on a certain day,’—the festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Sept. 14,—‘ the scholars there at Eton were to have a play day, in order to go and gather nuts.

‘ “ This day, they say, is called Holyrood day,—
 And all the youths were now a nutting gone.”

‘ When they returned they were to make presents of the nuts to the
 ‘ different masters ; but before leave was granted for their excursion,
 ‘ they were required to write verses on the fruitlessness of autumn
 ‘ and the deadly cold of the coming winter,’ A.D. 1650. But the bigger boys did not confine themselves to the copses, but sought after the fruitfulness of the partridges and hares of Ditton Park and other places ; so the Festival of the Holy Cross, degenerating into license, became numbered amongst the effete customs.

Amidst the many changes made of late years at Eton, that of a more friendly intercourse betwixt the collegers and oppidans is the most commendable. The difference of dress and station—the benefits of the foundation being originally intended for the sons of the shopkeepers and tradesmen of Eton—created a barrier to intimacy and nullified a good understanding betwixt them. The chance, however, of a fellowship at King’s induced persons of a higher grade to

secure these advantages for their children; and when boys of the social grade of Beauchamp, Greathed Harris, Sir Charles Morgan, the author, Terry of Dummer Park, Stanley, Scrope Davies, Hodgson, the friend of Lord Byron, Sumner, Drury, Aylmer of Morden Hall, Duke Yonge of Puslinch, Sir Edmund Lacon, Beckett, Sir Stratford Canning, Bradley Dyne, Devereux Mytton, Hayne Seale, Lee Warner, Dampier of Twyford, Sir George Crawford, Coke, Luxmoore, Coleridge Buller, Barnard Blunt of Wallop House, Chichester of Hall, Capel Lofft, Errington of Highwarden, Holland Coham, Bethel, Dashwood, Gore, Jodrell, Gwynne, Monck, Fursdon, Villiers, and others, were to be found amongst the King's scholars, it was in vain to maintain the offensive distinctions of old. The hardships of a college life have been done away with—the keeping a sow with her progeny on the leads of the college, in order that the sixth form might have an occasional sucking-pig for supper, is now unnecessary; the tug-mutton system has given way for a better cuisine, and with the good-fellowship of the collegers and oppidans have ended the battle of hoops in Long Walk, and that of snowballing in winter.

A bright morning in May shone gaily upon the Montem of John Barnard in 1814. The din of preparation had been going on for weeks before, but it was not until Montem se'nnight, twenty days before the festival, that the captaincy was then determined in favour of Barnard. On that momentous night, the beds of the collegers in Long Chamber were suspended and fastened to the walls, and at the last stroke of twelve, down they all came with a crash, amidst the most uproarious shouts and congratulations. Then the sixth form repaired to their dormitory, where a champagne supper awaited them at the expense of the captain. John Barnard was equally popular with oppidans and collegers. He was one of the best-dressed boys in the school, and was not a little vain of his well-shaped legs, with the wrinkleless stocking and short kerseys that awaited the brown holland gaiters, kept at Mother Coker's or Chapman's, ready to be donned for a walk up town. In those days, Harding Major, Barnard, Peelipo Roberts, Wilkins, Cox, and Radclyffe were the dandies of the college, rivalling Otway Cave, Lord Wallscourt, Heaviside, Calcraft, Lord Levison Gower, Smith Barry, Wyatt Edgell, Crowder, Hughes-Ball, Gronow, Latouche, Campbell of Islay, Brandling, Townshend, Pea Green Hayne, and others of the oppidans. There was one peremptory mark of distinction: it was the fashion to have kerseymere shorts lined with wash-leather on the inside for riding. This was assumed by the oppidans to be the symbolism of equestrian privilege, exclusive to themselves; and woe to the unhappy colleger who dared to infringe the social law! They had no right on horse-back. Barnard and Harding Major made a stand against the preposterous demand of oppidan tyranny; Keate, however, with Dr. Goodall, the Provost, were opposed to them, and the collegers had to yield the point notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Ben Drury. He stood up stoutly for college liberty of action in the

matter of dress, after that the black shorts and white stockings, which we well remember, had been, by general consent, discontinued. Boots were on the expurgatorial list, shoes being held to be the statutory *chaussure*, and many a line of Homer had to be written out by Otway Cave and Kekewich for wilfully persisting in coming in to twelve o'clock school with laced boots, when the sixth form and upper division were up to Keate. However, the upper boys revenged themselves by wearing every item of prohibited garb in their walk up town after evening chapel on Sundays, to the Long Walk, Windsor Park, where the military bands of the Fifth line and the Coldstreams played alternately.

Servitors were now to be chosen. The Captain had eight; the Marshal, Lieutenant, and the Ensign, six each. We were one of the six that offered, and were chosen to be in attendance upon Rennell, the ensign, the others being Temple, St. John Charlton, Mr. Greville, Lord Clanricarde, and Coxe. Then came the choice of dresses. Mothers and daughters, anxious for the gay appearance of their pet sons and brothers, were busy, in every part of England, in drawing costumes and forwarding them to head-quarters. Hidalgos, old English barons, Hussars, Lancers, Italians of the Middle Ages, Florentines and Venetians, Knights Templars and Highlanders, were in profusion, and the selection depended little upon an harmonious blending with shape and complexion. The legs of the Hussar were not always proper in shape for the saddle—the turn of the knee was the wrong way; the yellow satin of the gorgeous Venetian, plastered with gold, assimilated, but not becomingly, with the yellow visage and brown hair; whilst the green jacket of the Tyrolese jager was virescent as the tinge of the sallow cheek. On the whole, however, good looks were in favour of the boys; yet the grace of carrying brilliant plumage belongs in a superior degree to the taste and elegance of the gentler sex. But what says the chaplain in ordinary of Eversly, in *Cock versus Hen*? Listen, O Baily—‘There are signs already of a return to the law
‘of nature, from the present absurd state of things, in which the
‘human peahens carry about the gaudy trains which are the pea-
‘cock’s right. Does the lioness or the lion rejoice in the grandeur
‘of a mane? the hind or the stag in antlered pride? How know
‘we but that, in some more perfect and natural state of society, the
‘women will dress like so many quakeresses, while the frippery-
‘shops will become the haunts of men alone, and “browches,
‘“pearls, and owches” be consecrate to the nobler sex? There is a
‘secret feeling in woman’s heart that she is in her wrong place;
‘that it is she who is to worship the man, and not the man her;
‘and when she becomes conscious of her destiny, has he not a right
‘to be conscious of his? If the grey hens will stand out in the
‘mire, clucking humble admiration, who can blame the old black
‘cock for dancing and domineering on the top of a moss hag, with
‘outspread wings and flirting tail, glorious and self-glorifying? He
‘is a splendid fellow; and he was made splendid for some purpose,

‘surely. Go on, man, and prosper.’* Just so; that is precisely what we learnt to do at Eton; and, having had a considerable prosperity in the trade, we say that the superior attraction of the hen, to use Kingsley language, ‘will bang Banagher’ in all lands.

After long discussion, and trying on different fancy dresses that had been hastily got up in town, and sent to Reeves, the tailor, at Barnespool bridge—private trials, as it were, with the touts summarily dealt with as at Danebury,—Reynell fixed upon the costume of the Highlander—

‘These are Clan Alpine’s warriors true,
And, Saxon, ——’

We were as nice a lot of young dare-devils as ever marched to Salt Hill, and slashed away at gooseberry-bushes and cabbages; game for anything. And the grand day came at last, brilliant with sunshine; not more radiant than the colours that bespangled the schoolyard, or more joyful than the young hearts that abandoned themselves to pleasure that seemed abounding in every direction.

Every house within ten miles had been full to overflowing for some days. Relatives came from the *ultima thule* of the three kingdoms. The inns at Windsor were insufficient for the accommodation required. The Christopher had its every cranny crammed with old Etonians; lodgings were at a premium; and the collegers gave up their sanctums up town, at mother Coker’s, Chapman’s, Ingalton’s, Rogers’, and Jacobs’, to brothers and cousins who came to gaze on the schoolboy saturnalia. Daylight had hardly dawned when the saltbearers, all collegians, were to be seen going to their several posts in chaises, with their accompanying satellite, and the saltbags to hold the compulsory donation. A chaise was the right thing; the old gig, although cheaper, being judged a disgraceful conveyance worthy of being pelted. It was a crying shame to see Henri Quatre, le Roi si glorieux, with his panache d’Juri, seated cheek-by-jowl with a dirty and drunken ostler; and the Grand Signor was quite out of his element, when the ‘Sublimest of mankind, master of ‘thirty kingdoms,’ in Stevens’ battered tandem, with the ten year-old colt, was summarily stopped to pay the pike. Arrived at their respective stations, on the several roads leading from Hounslow, Maidenhead, Staines, and Sunning Hill, the saltbearers took up their position, and, with an embroidered bag in their hand, demanded ‘salt’ from every comer. The sums—varying from a shilling to one hundred pounds—were bagged, and the person received in return a blue ticket, bearing the words, ‘Mos pro lege,’ or ‘Pro more et monte,’ ‘Mutat quadrata rotundis,’ ‘Εξ ἁλός ἄγλα,’ ‘Cum sale panis,’ according to the fancy of the saltbearer. This ticket freed the bearer from every further demand. If a recusant unwisely tried the question, and refused ‘salt’ upon principle, the stout staff of the saltbearer was brought into requisition, and many a carriage-pane,

* ‘Two Years Ago,’ by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley, Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty, p. 196.

has been cracked, and horses frightened into running away, in maintaining, *vi et armis*, the ancient privilege of taxation. There was no pity for the offender; popular sympathy was with the boys, and, if need were, they might have commanded any amount of protection and assistance.

After dressing at Reeves's, and paying a visit of exhibition to our dame, Miss Barbara Middleton, whose name amongst old Etonians will ever be blended in affectionate association with that of Crumpey Sumner, the late Archbishop and Primate of England, we repaired to Long Chamber, and the servitors having been duly marshalled in order, we went down to the schoolyard, with the ensign and his flag, and took our places in the procession, immediately after the upper fifth form. It was a novel and a grand sight. In military costume, in fancy dresses and in scarlet coats, appeared the sons of the aristocracy of England. Well might any nation be proud of such a rising generation; although the living man who has said unto himself, 'Evil, be thou my God,' has described them in their manhood as 'men who follow the people, their prey, like the jackals of the desert.' Gallant and brave these boys proved themselves to be, in a year after, at Waterloo. The Conservatives have for their leader one who was at that very Montem; the Church had lately for its primate an Eton master of that time; and the House of Commons is now led by one whom, although his present exalted position may be his glory as an ambitionist, but his shame as an honest man, Eton cannot disown. Every colour of the rainbow was flashing within the precincts of the yard. Ladies in the unsightly coalscuttle bonnets, with the nodding plumes and flaming pelisses of that period, were in search of their belongings—the little owlets of the nest, perhaps, but to these warmhearted maternities considered the very pick of the basket. Conspicuous among them all, for grace and matronly beauty, was the late Lady Romilly. Her superiority in every attraction that a lady may be supposed to possess, her winning elegance of deportment, that adorned and lit up a loveliness of face and feature that few ever equalled and none ever surpassed, caused a general buzz of admiration, as she threaded her way through the yard in search of the young Highlanders; moreover, she was as amiable as she was clever, and as good as she was clever—one of those rare creatures that are sometimes allowed to appear upon earth as evidence of the perfection, personal and intellectual, to which carnality can arrive.

'Cosa bella e mortal passa e non dura.'

She was a friend of the maiden aunt who had given us our first hunting toilette, and we were not a little proud of being made a pet for the day by the most beautiful woman at Montem.

The Prince¹ Regent and the Duke of York were present, with Lord Castlereagh and many of the Court. The Duke of York was greeted long and loudly, but the Prince Regent received a very questionable ovation, the more so that his presence caused the

absence of the Princess Charlotte, then resident at Frogmore. She was a great favourite at Eton. The sight of the grey ponies, celebrated in Móore's 'Twopenny Post-bag,' was always welcome; and as the Princess occasionally drove through the shooting-fields with Lady Clifford, the boys testified their sense of her ill-treatment after a fashion of their own. George Canning had come to visit his school haunts with Rose Ellis, the father of Lord Howard de Walden, and received the customary amount of plaudits, again and again, as did also the Duke of Beaufort, Assheton Smith, the Hon. Newton Fellowes, Farquharson, George Osbaldeston, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Salisbury, John Musters-Conyers—all of them old Etonians and Masters of Hounds, and therefore popular with the Eton boys, who ever had a fox-hunting instinct. It is needless to say that there is a captain of Montem, a marshal, colonel, lieutenant, ensign, and sergeant-major, all collegers—and these were dressed in full uniform. Every sixth-form boy ranked as a sergeant, and the fifth form as corporals. They wore scarlet coats with cocked-hats and swords. The lower boys were dressed in blue jackets and white trousers, carrying long white wands, and followed two by two, after each fifth form corporal. The procession was formed, the band played 'God save the King,' and we moved onwards. The long line passed by Keate's chambers, where the Prince Regent was stationed, and then by the lower school into Stable Yard, through the playing and shooting-fields to the Slough road, and on to the Mount at Salthill.

The ensign with his flag and servitors walked after the upper fifth, and immediately behind came the two senior boys of the lower fifth, Sir Harry Goodricke and Burton. Goodricke had a friend in Yorkshire, a huntsman, of course, and, anxious to do him a good turn, he resolved that the scarlet coat should be made for his especial use. Something of the sort had been reported, and a caution had been given to Goodricke that his coat should be decent and of the regulation pattern. However, he paid little attention to caution, and walked boldly into the school-yard in a long straight-cut hunting-coat, coming below the knees, with huge pockets and a button the size of a platter, on which was a fox courant. With this hunting garment of primeval construction the cocked-hat and sword were singularly inappropriate. It occasioned a frequent titter along the line of march. Passing under the colonnade, the procession advanced towards Keate's chambers, where the Prince stopped and spoke to those whose costumes he wished to examine. We had come in for our share of approbation, and were turning to the right into the school-yard, when Goodricke blazed into the Royal presence. Keate was literally purple with rage. The Prince smiled and then laughed outright, and on being informed that it was Sir Harry Goodricke, advanced good-humouredly, shook him cordially by the hand, remarked that he had been acquainted with his uncle in Yorkshire, and that he need not ask if he inherited the family taste for sporting. But there was a tinge of mischief about the shaggy brow of the Doctor. In the lower fifth was a very small boy with

a cocked-hat that might have served for his crib, and a huge sabre swinging about, of which he had great difficulty in fashioning the behaviour. The Duke of York requested him to draw it, and after repeated attempts —greatly to the amusement of the Duke and the Royal party—out it flashed at last and nearly damaged the nose of the Duke, without whose assistance it would not easily have been replaced in the scabbard.

When seen from Fifteen-arch Bridge, the line of procession, as it wound its way beneath the trees in the playing-fields and by the fellows' pond, was most gay and picturesque, and then entering the dense cloud of dust on the Slough road, it wended its way to Salt Hill. Arrived at the Mount, it was the duty of the servitors to keep the ground clear, whilst the ensign from the top of the mound went through the several evolutions of flag waving before the captain, the sixth form, and the masters. Reynell acquitted himself well, and the flag waving being finished, the saturnalian revels of knives and forks commenced in earnest. The real fun of Montem, for the lesser boys, is post-prandial. Scampering about the garden with drawn swords, they slashed away at the gooseberry and raspberry bushes, and sliced the pumpkins and cabbages with a rare relish. A sword on that day had a fructifying value; and as the lower boys were not provided with that appendage, the lower fifth had a ready market for theirs and a quick return of profit. A bottle of champagne for a ten minutes' use was about the market price, and remained at par throughout the day. We were thoroughly disgusted with our Highland dirk. It was miserably inefficient, for we were only enabled to rip up and disembowel the melons and pumpkins,—a most inglorious onslaught, but which we performed heroically. Botham's garden was pretty well demolished,—the Hesperides of Cecil's, however, was strongly guarded, and the tempting cabbages, like the heads of so many bishops, were hitherto unmolested. A diversion was made at the upper entrance,—the guardians deserted their post and ran to the feint attack; the hedge was jumped, and in an instant the heads of the stately episcopals were laid low by the dissenting sabres. In passing by Botham's to the Mount, where we were to re-form, we espied M. Barthelemi, the French professor, leaning over the back of a chair and talking soft sawder to Miss Barbara, with his coat-tail hanging over the ledge of the window-sill on which he was seated. He was an especial old dandy, reeking with powder and perfume. Handling a champagner sabre, we approached stealthily—one, two—a good aim—it was the work of a moment, and the coat-tail fell into the yard. 'Ah! petit vaurien,—'mais à demain.' Yes, we knew what that meant,—but who cared? It is right to state that all damages on Montem day—bar coat-tails—were made good, and the knowledge of this made us consider the gardens as lawful property. The return to college was a march of boisterous confusion, ending in the school-yard—the flag was waved again before the statue of Henry VI., the upper boys cut the staves of the lower boys in pieces, the gay and happy assemblage gave three

cheers for John Barnard the captain, it was then disbanded—and Montem was ended.

The boys who had leave, and we were one of that fortunate number, went wherever they pleased. We were with a party engaged to go to the Windsor ball, and in our Montem costume made a sensational appearance. It was a success; and, ignorant of the scholastic prohibition to be present at that particular amusement, we enjoyed the treat with all the zeal of a precocious boyhood. The prettiest partners contended for a dance with the young Highlander, and 'redolent of joy and youth,' we did our utmost to please and to be pleased. In 'that hour of fiery expectation's dower,' by Jove! Slinker Heath, an assistant-master, came bodily upon the scene. He was madly in love with one of our fair partners, was there on her account, and waxed indignant at the innocent blandishments lavished on us, especially by her by whom he was abhorred.

'I was a goodly stripling then;
At seventy years I so may say—
* * *

We met in secret,'—

that is, behind the green baize door in the cloak-room, and our young benefactress was a charming creature,—

'A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, of love,
And beauty.'

Slinker, full of venom and passion, reported us the next day to Keate. Then came the Monday morning—black Monday all the world over. At eleven o'clock lesson Sir Harry Goodricke and M.F.H. were told to stay. We were in for it. The college clock struck twelve, slowly—the hour of doom and execution. How many hearts have palpitated when counting every stroke that reverberated solemnly through the school-yard and cloisters! It is all very well to say you don't care, but you do care,—and it requires the firm and steady nerve that carries a man over Leicestershire to bring one through creditably. We went into the library. There were the two collegers, Norway, and one of the best of fellows that was ever seen in the neighbourhood of Danebury—an old and valued friend—behind the block, ready to hold us down, and Peelipo Roberts, of the sixth form, with the rods—having spring buds on them—ticklers, and no possible mistake. 'Sir Harry,' said Keate, with his nasal twang, 'it was extremely impertinent for you to appear in that vulgar hunting-coat,'—then came the sharp cut—'against the statute,'—a couple of smart switches that cottoned round the person—and derogatory to the school,'—switch, switch—'and subversive of all discipline'—a sharp farewell and cut away. 'Hah! hah! M.F.H. —bad boy, bad boy—very!' It was in vain that we pleaded having had leave. 'That does not extend to a public ball-room, sir,—take him down, take him down—a very bad boy indeed'—three introductory stingers. 'You will sooner or later cause great pain to your parents'—cut, cut, cut. 'Always out of bounds, and in every possible mischief,'—a switch right round the wrekin—'and cut off

‘ the tail, too, of M. Barthelemi’s coat—very disgraceful, sir, very !’—and wherewithal two valedictory flourishes that made the blood spurt again. Yet we treasure with schoolboy satisfaction the memory of that Montem flogging in company with our old friend Sir Harry Goodricke ; and when we meet the little Doctor in the Elysian fields, whither he is gone, we will shake hands and be friends,—but kick the Slinker on the spot, there and then.

AN HOUR AT AN OSTRICH.

BY RED-JACKET.

‘ Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind ;
We sped, like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer’d with the northern light.’—BYRON.

Curragh Camp, March 20, 1866.

SIR,—A friend of mine, long addicted to the chase, has invited me to contribute to your pages the following sketch of an ‘ ostrich-chase ’ at the Cape. I therefore beg to give you an account of the ‘ kill ’ of my first bird. I must ask your readers, however, to forget for a while (although the effort may cost you a pang equal to that of the wrench of a dentist extracting a tenacious grinder) that there are any such pleasantly-exciting obstacles as posts and rails, banks and ditches, &c., or that these variations on the face of the land are indispensable for sport in a run.

Imagine instead a vast tract of open country, undulating with long ridges, in shape like the Atlantic waves on the day after a storm, when the huge green rollers sweep grandly along the horizon, each in itself smoothly rounded at the top and miles in length. This will give you some idea of the formation of the features of that part of the country called ‘ The Flats ’—the word flats is, I believe, derived from the Dutch, and is not at all intended to convey the impression of a level plain, but merely in distinction to the ‘ Bush ’ (by which term is implied the woodland districts). The soil is sandy, and covered with long, rough, tufty grass, about two feet or so high, and studded with flowering bulbs—gladiolus being the most common ; these grow in patches varying from a few yards to several acres in size.

Occasionally the ground crops up with stones towards the tops of the ridges, which are now and then crowned with ‘ koppies,’ or massive piles of large rough boulders, somewhat similar to the Scotch ‘ corries,’ and affording excellent situations for reconnoitring the surrounding valleys and hollows for game.

This description may not promise well for galloping. Neverthe-

less, a man who wants to go can scour along at a rattling good pace, when mounted on the tough, active Cape shooting pony—an uncommonly useful animal, that always keeps his eyes well about him, and has generally a leg to spare when he comes to a difficulty, such as the traps formed for him by the jackals, who make their earths sometimes five or six together, at a foot or two apart. These, and the large holes burrowed by the ant-bear, being hidden by the long wavy grass, are apt to interrupt your gallop by treating you to a ‘legitimate ‘crowner,’ and damaging more or less the stock and sights of the trusty rifle on which all your hopes depend, at the same time leaving your nag pretty well pumped by the buster he has come down, whilst the game bounds along, provokingly safe, over the crest of the next ridge.

Having now in a sort of way sketched out the ground of the present run, I will just ask you to suppose that D—— and I, having slipped quietly from our ponies (every shooting-horse is called a pony), have crept cautiously up to a ‘koppy’ to reconnoitre. Below us, the ground slopes away gently into a deep hollow or basin, about two miles in circumference, the side of which opposite to us rises very steep, but smooth, to the crest of the ridge, distant about half a mile from the bottom of the hollow—just the very country for giving the game a good sharp burst before opening the ball which is to lead us such a dance.

Between us and the bottom are several herds of springbôks—about two hundred head, a herd of about twenty hartebeests, a few quaggas—about nine or ten, and four ostriches—three of them being hens, and one a magnificent black old cock, with long snowy plumes. All are fairly up-wind, and grazing, quite unsuspecting of the mischief that is brewing around them.

Having that day mounted for the first time a newly-purchased horse—a long, strong, big-boned bay—whose character for stoutness and resolution had been much vaunted by the seller, and knowing that he had a good turn of speed, it was decided that I should go in for the ‘birds,’ and put his mettle to the test.

D—— and my after-rider (an imp of darkness weighing about six stone, who could stick to a horse like a limpet to a rock, and came into the world with a propensity for blood equal to that of a rat-catcher’s terrier) were to wait there until, by a circuitous course, I could gain the top of the steep hill facing us, and make a signal. They were then to charge down the slope, at about a quarter of a mile apart, and press the game right up the steep towards me as hard as they could crack them along, and thus blow them a bit before I should take them in hand.

These tactics being arranged, in about half an hour I had reached my position, where I slacked my girths for a few minutes, and made sure that the powder was well up in the nipples, and the caps all right. Having satisfied myself on these points, and given time for my horse to get his wind, I girthed him up tight, and gave the signal for the drive. And never did fellows go at their work with a better

will. As if impelled by steam, down the slope they came with a rush that almost carried them into one lot of bucks, before they were even perceived.

Instantly the entire basin seems to be alive, and away go the whole of them, not knowing exactly which way to break. At one time heading one way, then another; finally, getting all mixed up together into one large herd, they make a determined dash off to the right, and with every apparent chance of success, for the boy is shoving his horse at such a pace down the hill that there seems to be but little hope of his being able to hold and turn him. However, the pony knows his work, and the boy intends that he shall do it. He manages somehow to yaw him round at full speed on the slope of the hill, and is now going like blazes! In a few minutes he succeeds in placing his ugly little person between them and the nêk or pass towards which they are pointing. The leader of the herd—a big dark hartebeest—perceiving his point shut out from him, at once spins round, the whole of the ruck following his example, and away they dash in the opposite direction under a fresh leader, in the evident hope of clearing round the other flank. But D—— is one too many for that dodge. Whilst the boy was making play, he took a pull at his nag to let him catch his wind; and he can now afford to stretch him out freely when required; but, having learned from previous failures that if he were to start off immediately at score, the herd might make a check, and slip away between him and the boy, who is now following him, he resolves to let them make the running, and when they have fancied their point secure, to make up for the delay by putting on extra steam, then to win on the post.

Anxiously watching this strategy from the opposite hill, and knowing, from the experiences of many a past yâk,* as well as if I were alongside him, the course D—— has decided on, I anxiously await the result, lest the ewe-necked, herring-gutted sorrel he bestrides may not be equal to the effort. 'Full power ahead' is distinctly signalled to me by the spirts of dust he flings back in his start; and it is easy to perceive that between man and beast, each doing their best, a pair of spurs is conveying an electric current, equally exhilarating to both. The struggle is evidently severe, as they are compelled to travel slantwise uphill, to avoid a patch of stony ground. The boy meanwhile backs up, like a cunning, slinking greyhound, ready to take a short cut to success in any direction. Hurrah! the leading buck is out-manceuvred; he turns, and that trick is won. And now a mass of glancing horns, whisking tails, legs, and clattering hoofs enveloped in a cloud of dust, is charging madly up the steep towards me. I can see them no more; but the frantic shrieks of the 'Totty,' and D——'s cheery shout of success (a duet more musical to my ears at the moment than the most gushing tones of Mario and Grisi in their prime) announce that it is time to mount and stand prepared for whatever fate may have in store for us. In

* Yâk means to chace—a Dutch sporting phrase.

another instant the advance guard of springbòks have topped the crest to my left, and are bounding away like so many India-rubber balls down the succeeding slope. Hartebeests follow them, with their long slashing stride, in compact order, and giving a most seductive chance for a right-and-lefter, with a certainty of both bullets telling. Any other time I might be tempted, but to-day they 'pass me as the idle wind which I regard not.' The quaggas have shirked the hill, and skirted off on its face. But the ostriches are going to treat me fairly, I thank the gods !

Here they come ! right across me, all abreast, and at top speed ! the outstretched necks and open mouths telling plainly that the burst up the steep has placed us on somewhat even terms for a yâk. I dare not risk the chances of a cross-shot, the nearest, a hen, being about eighty yards distant, whilst the cock, standing seven feet high, and whose marrow-bones I hope to eat at dinner, is on the further flank, at nearly double that distance. So, with a tight grip of the rein, I turn my horse at his work, and down the slope we go at a rattling pace. Having had to sheer off to the right, to get in the wake of the cock, I am about a hundred yards behind him when we cross the bottom. Up the next rise I try the effect of a touch or two of the spurs, and find that we draw palpably on the birds, although they are going in real earnest, their wings flapping like paddles, and those infernal long legs working with inexorable precision, like the cranks of an express engine. When we gain the crest, I find that I have reduced the distance to about eighty yards. And as my nag has now thrown his whole heart into the trial, and is going as though he knew his fame to be at stake, I determine to hold my own at that interval, regulating my pace by theirs, in hopes of tiring them out. Three more ridges and hollows are thus passed, with no perceptible gain on either side. The birds have within the last mile shown strong symptoms of distress by frequent blunders in their stride, and their sprawling run is now like that of an old dung-hill hen that has been chased round and round a small yard by an energetic puppy, until the efforts of the latter are about to be rewarded with a good 'worry.' The work, however, has also told severely on the tough old horse, who, though he still pulls at the bit—game as a pebble—has lost the elastic spring of his former stride, and is now going sternly for duty and reputation—resolution supplying the place of the pleasure that has hitherto impelled him.

Before us rises a long gentle slope of rather more than half a mile—fair galloping ground, but crowned with a rough rocky crest. Up that rise we must make our final struggle, for a blunder among the rocks at the top would be fatal to success. Accordingly, having taken a shorter hold on the reins, and roused up the old nag with a ringing cheer, treating his flanks at the same time to a vigorous application of Mr. Latchford's stimulants, I cram him up the hill at the utmost stretch of his stride ; and the gallant bay answers to my call with a desperate rush that takes us up to within sixty yards of

them. One shake at the reins, and another cheer, and I find that he has honestly done his best, and though still willing to go on, it will be but mere staggering. Neither pursuers nor pursued are now going much faster than I could manage to run on foot, and we are drawing very close to the broken rocky summit. So it is high time to let Mr. Lancaster take up the running. In an instant I sprang from the saddle and planted myself on the ground, with an elbow firmly pressed within either knee. The two sights have intuitively aligned themselves with the staggering panting mass of black and white feathers in front. Bang! thud! and down goes the grand old cock that has led me such a spin for at least five or six miles, his thigh-bone smashed just inside the body.

Rushing up, knife in hand, to finish him, I find that there is plenty of kick left in him yet, as he spins round and round on the sand, making it fly in every direction, the sound leg lashing out with terrific force, and woe betide the poor wretch who should come within reach of that awful toe. Such was, indeed, very nearly my fate, for whilst making a grab at his long neck, in order to apply the knife, I gave him a chance, and received a prompt visitation on the stomach. Fortunately I was rather far for him; but a gash, cut clean through my leather waistcoat (one of Buckmaster's best), and a sudden sense of intense sickness, afforded tolerably strong evidence of my having been within an inch of enjoying the 'Japanese honour' of being 'disembowelled' on the spot. As it was, I escaped with a slight bruise, and at once stopped his gymnastics with a bullet through his neck.

Thus far all had gone 'merry as a marriage bell.' By the way, does it necessarily follow that a marriage bell should always be a merry sound, even to those who are most concerned with it? I fancy poor Byron must at times have been afflicted with compunctions and visitings of conscience for having perpetrated that pretty jingle of words. 'But,' say you, 'what on earth have Byron's 'marriage bells to do with ostriches? Pray drop poetry, and skin your bird.' I humbly admit the justice of the rebuke, and proceed. Thus far all had gone well, so I lighted my pipe and sat down, 'shut up in measureless content,' beside my prize, awaiting the arrival of D—— and the after-rider to commence the process of skinning. My practice hitherto had been confined to four-footed game, in flaying which I had attained to great dexterity; but never having attempted such an operation on birds of any kind, I was fearful of committing some solecism in butchery, and being unwilling to undergo the ridicule of my 'Totty,' on account of ignorance in such matters, for it is beyond doubt that his contempt for me would henceforth have been unextinguishable (or uneradicable, if there be such a word), I contentedly smoked on, congratulating myself the while that the twenty sovereigns I had paid for the horse was not a bad investment.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I might as well take off his saddle and let him refresh himself with a good roll; and acting on the idea,

I strolled back to the place where I had left him. To my disgust he had vanished, nor could I gain a glimpse of him from any of the adjacent heights. Alone, and on foot, I could effect nothing towards his recovery. Nor could I think of leaving my dead ostrich to the mercy of vultures, who would have descended from the clouds and torn him to shreds in a very few minutes. So again I sat down, but in rather an altered state of mind, and waited, waited, waited—hours it seemed—about twenty minutes it was. At last they arrived, and I immediately mounted D——'s pony for the purpose of following up the horse. The boy started off in another direction for the same object, D—— remaining to strip the bird.

This was at about two o'clock, P.M., and from that hour until the sun was just sinking, I was engaged in scrambling up all the hill tops in the neighbourhood, in hopes of getting sight of the runaway, but still without success. Nor could I now see any signs of the boy. The pony I rode was dead beat, and twelve good miles lay between me and the 'dog-kennel tent' (capable of accommodating two persons lying side by side), which we dignified with the name of 'our camp.' There was, therefore, nothing to be done but to tramp home before it became too dark to find the way.

This accordingly I did, leading the pony, who, poor beast, was thoroughly 'shut up;' and a weary trudge I had, as you may imagine; for what with the failing light obscuring the landmarks by which I had to shape my course, and causing me to lose my way time after time, and the difficulty, nay, almost impossibility, of getting the pony along at all, I did not reach 'our camp' until about ten o'clock, P.M. However, when once within the influence of the cheery fire that crackled and glowed a welcome to me there, all annoyances quickly vanished. The Totty boy had found the spoor of my horse, followed it up, caught, and brought him in. D—— had found his way home with the skin and legs of the ostrich on his back. One of the marrow-bones, served up on a whole round of toast, had just formed the 'second course' of his dinner, and the other bone, containing my share, was ready for me as soon as I should have stowed away the bowl of hot soup and dish of 'Ragout-de-Springbôk,' now placed smoking hot before me. A good stiff horn of Cape brandy and water to wash it down, followed by a strong cup of coffee and a pipe, all enjoyed in the spirit of Burns' 'Grace'—

' Some hae meat that canna eat,
And some hae nane, that want it;
But we hae meat,—and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.'

And who would not say of me, as King James did of Johnnie Armstrong—'What wants that knave that a king suld have?'

It may interest some of your readers to know that the value of the feathers on that ostrich was estimated at twenty pounds; but as I hunted not for the market, I sent the best of them home to decorate the hats of—never mind whom, that is no affair of the reader's—

suffice it to say they are at present doing duty in that line, and are now prized—so a little bird told me—even beyond their original market value. Shall I tell you what I did with the small feathers? I dressed flies and killed salmon with them; but of that more anon.

RODS AND ROUTES.

ANOTHER Derby day has joined its glorious predecessors, and a lull has succeeded the frantic and feverish excitement engendered in almost every breast by the great 'day of days,' which creates almost as much sensation and attention as the upsetting of a throne or the spoliation of a kingdom. Several incidents of an uncommon nature distinguished the race for the 'Blue Riband' of 1866. Stockwell added to his *prestige* as a sire by the fact that his sons ran first, second, and third in the great race; and the short price at which the two favourites stood for months was altogether unexampled, and completely unparalleled. That the result was decided by a most masterly exhibition of artistic riding is undeniable; and the manner in which Custance lifted his horse in, in the last two or three strides, was superior to criticism and above praise. The countenance of French, previous to the start, denoted unbounded confidence; whilst the demure look sustained by Mr. James Grimshaw might lead one to imagine that the lesson which he had so justly received had exercised a beneficial effect in restraining a somewhat unseemly precocity. Whether the race would have been attended with a different result had the Bribery colt been more tenderly nursed, must remain an open question; but that Rustic lacked quality, and 'the Doctor's tip' looked about half prepared, any one who inspected them will readily admit; and, taking the lot together, perhaps a worse field never went to the post.

Whilst the votary of racing is thus in the midst of his delirious enjoyment, and with Goodwood the glorious looming brightly before him, those who delight in the more pacific and humble occupation of fishing have been awaiting, with no small degree of impatience, the coveted first of June, when the broad bosom of the majestic Thames is thrown open to their prowess; and if the pleasures of the heath and moor are more thrilling and exciting than those of the stream and river, the latter boast of delicious joys and calm delights to which the former are completely oblivious; and perhaps the great and dogmatical lexicographer never enunciated a greater absurdity or a more ridiculous statement, than when he characterized the art of fishing to consist in a thread and stick, a worm at one end, and a fool at the other. Ye who luxuriate in the glories and grandeur of Nature, say, have not your veins teemed with leaping blood, and your hearts glowed with ecstasy, when pursuing the spotted trout, or that 'Apollo of the stream,' the

grayling, through the stern and rugged scenery of the northern counties, or when angling for the gleaming roach or sullen jack, in the more subdued, though scarcely less beautiful waters of our southern streams? Welcome, then, most welcome, beautiful June! when the sweet scents from variegated flowers, and the perfume of new-mown hay, load the breeze and charm our senses; but more welcome still, since it enables us to ply our craft in the noble and magnificent river Thames, and, whilst glorying in the gorgeous scenery which may be witnessed from its banks, permits us also to revel in the recollections engendered by the various structures which boast of historical associations, and possess such charms for the wanderer, whether he be a student of Nature or a simple fisherman seeking a quiet day's amusement. And ye more courageous and daring Nimrods who, undismayed by bullfinch or five-bar, carry on your 'mimic warfare' o'er field and fallow, smile not in derision at the more humble occupation of the piscator; for we venture to assure you that no small amount of skill is requisite to land successfully a gleaming roach of some pound and a half weight, when adopting merely the finest drawn gut, or single hair to insure his capture; nor is it a matter of perfect ease to dispose of a twenty-pound jack, when the cold weather and ravenous hunger have caused the tyrant of the river to assume the characteristics of a raging demon, and the utmost dexterity is necessary to prevent the monster regaining his stronghold, and, by breaking away, add mortification to disappointment. Like every description of sport, it boasts of delights, and it is therefore a matter of little surprise that the advent of June is looked forward to with the intense pleasure with which the disciple of the trigger regards the first of September, when once more he surveys with rapture the blue smoke of his double-barrel curl over stubble and turnip, and the whirr of the speckled covey wafts the sweetest music to his ears. Reader, which route shall we take, to seek in our noble river a day's amusement with the rod? Shall it be Hampton, where the edifice once inhabited by the immortal Garrick is now occupied by a dealer in cheap habiliments to clothe and adorn the outward man, whose inward passions the great actor so gloriously delineated? Alas! that the ample and grassy lawn, upon which the surly and pompous author of 'Rasselas' has frequently conversed with that improvident and mercurial genius who gave 'The Vicar of Wakefield' to the world, should now be pressed by the feet of those whose literary efforts are confined to pamphlets containing instructions to the populace as to the best method of 'reforming their tailors' bills!' and that the temple which the great tragedian erected to the god of his idolatry, Shakespeare, and wherein he composed his greatest efforts, should now teem with rank tobacco and the fumes of 'filthy beer.' If tiring of such reflections, and also with the fatigue caused by capturing shoals of silvery dace, with which the swims abound, the piscator may turn his thoughts and eyes upon Hampton Court, and regret the fate of the profound and subtle statesman who, after building it upon a scale of unexampled

grandeur, presented it—a truly regal gift—to his royal master, who repaid him with such base ingratitude.

Should the angler, however, wish for a day's sport nearer town, and still in a locality allied to pleasing associations, let him visit Twickenham, where he can find the finny prey in abundance, and possibly fish with greater pleasure when reflecting that here dwelt the great poet whose puny body was an unworthy tenement to contain so vast and fiery a soul, and whose poem, 'The Rape of the Lock,' will last as long as the hills. Yes; here Pope lived and sung, and, to diversify his studies with amusement, was wont to throw the line, and watch with the keen eye of the sportsman 'the dancing cork.' Here also lived and died the great actress, Mrs. Clive, the great and deserved favourite of the famous Horace Walpole, who concluded some lines which he wrote *in memoriam*, by observing that

'The Comic Muse with her retired,
And shed a tear when she expired.'

To what station, in fact, upon our grand river can we go, where plenty of sport, splendid scenery, and historical reminiscences do not exist in abundance? If we feel inclined to dive for some twenty miles into Surrey, at Chertsey we behold the spot where the invincible Roman legions crossed the Thames, to subjugate and rule Britain for three centuries; and also view the ruins of an abbey where the seventh Henry was buried—but which edifice did not prove his last resting-place, for he was afterwards disinterred, and removed to the more regal town of Windsor: or should we prefer a day at well-known Staines, in Middlesex, we can cease for a moment from our pleasing labours among the barbel, roach, and gudgeon with which the locality abounds, to gaze upon the ancient stone which limited the jurisdiction of the City of London on the Thames.

There is a description of bottom-fishing which, in the scientific manipulation necessary to its success, is but little inferior to 'the poetry of angling'—fly-fishing. If in heavy water the lover of the rod tries for roach with a single hair hook, he will discover, if they run large, that the greatest nicety and watchful care are absolutely necessary to effect their capture; for they exhibit considerable pluck and courage, and resolutely contest every inch of water, so that the least undue tension of the frail tackle would again set at liberty the object of your perseverance. One of the most beautiful fish that swims, he is no unworthy object of pursuit to sportsmen of the highest grade; for, combining cunning with courage, he will occasionally rise boldly to the fly, or greedily take the worm or paste, as the water is propitious or otherwise. To the glorious old town of Windsor—its ancient name was Windleshora, signifying winding shore—we would recommend the reader to direct his course when bent upon fishing for this handsome specimen of the inhabitants of the river; and carried easily by the stream, and emerging from the

lock, a scene of surpassing beauty will not fail to repay the piscator, even should the fates be unpropitious to his sport. The Home Park, with those giant and stately trees which the tempests of ages have left unscathed, beautifies one bank of the river, whilst the frowning battlements and majestic towers of the Castle, like some huge giant, keep sullen watch and ward over the domain sacred to our beloved Queen. Willows kiss with their drooping branches the transparent water upon the opposite side of the stream, from which umbrageous shelter numerous swans sail forth like fleecy clouds, and add additional charms to a scene perfectly picturesque and delightful. The angler can tempt fortune anywhere in this pleasing locality, and near the Victoria bridge may generally make sure of good catches—albeit the annoying, though pretty and graceful bleak, sadly interfere at this season of the year with his sport; but he has only to control a little pardonable impatience and chagrin, and return the lively and green-hued marplots to their native element. But should his ideas be concentrated upon filling his basket, we would advise him to extend his trip to Datchet, where, with anything approaching artistic skill, he can easily secure any quantity of the silver-scaled prey. Let him beware, however, of placing his foot upon the bank, where a Cerberus in the shape of one of her Majesty's conservators is ever ready to pounce upon the unfortunate delinquent, and convey him, *vi et armis*, to durance vile. Your punt or boat, nevertheless, is your castle, from which happy security you can indulge in any reasonable amount of chaff at the official's expense; but as fishing for roach was your object in visiting this inhospitable region, perhaps you had better throw in the ground-bait of clay and gentles, and proceed with the business of the hour with unruffled equanimity and composure. Carefully plumb the depth, for upon that depends greatly your success, and employ nothing save the finest drawn gut or hair hook, otherwise it will be almost useless, and perfectly unsportsmanlike; and whilst with watchful eye you regard the small float of cork as it drops down with the current, prepare with a light turn of the wrist to strike the instant you have a touch. The barb once fixed through the lip of the captive, with tender care play him in under water, ever and anon according him line, or the heavy water and his struggles will most certainly endanger, if it does not part your slender line: and the badinage of your friends will repay the unscientific awkwardness you have displayed.

As we observed previously, without wishing to class it with the noble pastime of hunting, or the more manly sport of shooting, the art of angling should never be despised by lovers of the sports of flood and field; for it necessitates science, judgment, confidence, and patience, together with an intimacy with the nature and habits of the prey which can only be attained by long practice and lengthened experience; and we trust that these brief remarks, called forth by the opening of the Thames in June, may not be distasteful to those of our readers who, like ourselves, have whiled away many delightful hours at the few stations on the river that space has

enabled us to recall to mind ; whilst we hope, in that good feeling and fellowship which ever exists between brethren of the rod, to find indulgence for the weak manner in which so pregnant a theme has been treated.

'SPORTING SKETCHES HOME AND ABROAD;' BY 'THE OLD BUSHMAN.*'

A REVIEW.

GREAT critics resemble their authors ; at least so it was with Longinus, who delineated the beauties of Homer in passages equally beautiful. Those who consider that their morning readings are incomplete unless they glance at the criticisms of the professional reviewer, have not failed to notice by what peculiar rites, ceremonies, and external atonements, conscience may be set, on a pivot, like a weather-vane, to turn with the airy current of self-interest, prejudice, or bigotry. Nor has it escaped a keen discernment, how suddenly the ink is changed, and how instantly the sentences pass from mortal hatred to the most enthusiastic friendship, and change from bitter reproach to sublime panegyric. Every writer wishes to have something understood, though he may not always suggest the truth respecting himself. There is no necessity to state that I am not an author by profession, for that will at once be perceived by the lowest retainer of periodical criticism. This is what I wish to be understood ; that the heading—'Review'—does not exactly correspond with my intention. It is simply a brief notice '*in memoriam*,' or what may be termed a *pros: elegy*.

I asked of our 'Mutual Friend'—'Baily'—(in the words of Wolsey) burial ground for 'The Old Bushman'—

'Give him a little earth for charity.'

The allotment is such as we might expect from 'The Necropolis;' 6ft. x 2ft. 6in. x 5ft., which means one page and no more. Now it is utterly impossible for me to lower 'The Old Bushman' within such precincts. Pigmy dimensions could not have enclosed so large a heart, so I must humbly crave 7ft. x 3ft. x 6ft.; at the same time I am grateful that I am debarred from example-selections, of which the reviewer's staff of life is composed ; for it has often occurred to my mind that to extract all the tit-bits and choice morsels, the sunny sides of literature, is ruination to a good wholesome feast. The epicure who sneaks into the kitchen and bribes the cook to surrender the programme, will in all probability pass by the solid nutritious joints, and lie in ambush for dishes rich and rare, or some *recherché entrée*. I am delighted that I cannot anticipate the luxury of perusing narrations so fresh, so vigorous, so truthful, so full of human nature, and so bound up with the real philosophy of life.

When death has snatched the neglected artist from the easel, it is all at once discovered that his last landscape presents poetry in the foreground, atmosphere in the distance, with a charming reality surrounding the entire scene.

* Author of 'Bush Wanderings in Australia,' 'A Spring and Summer in Lapland,' 'Ten Years in Sweden,' &c. F. Warne and Co, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

So with the untimely death of 'The Old Bushman.' Selfish, and at the same time useless regrets arise, that so much observation, and such extensive experience, should, as it were, in a moment, be lost to the world, and the possessor struck down in the golden time of his intellectual prime, laden with honey, and, alas! the hive cannot be robbed of its rich spoils. Well might his nearest and dearest relative write the following touching sentences!

'Poor fellow! we had made such preparations for him this winter; it's many years since we had been together for any length of time, and the lapse of years had done him so much good; so mellowed and toned him down, that I looked forward to many years of happiness in store for him—

'Dis aliter visum est.'

'We try and bear it as well as we can, but the light is quenched on our hearth, for a long time, you may be sure.'

But lest I overstep the bounds of a fair latitude, the review or notice shall rest upon the simple declaration that there is a blank in every sporting shelf, which can only be filled up by these last words of 'The Old Bushman.' In comparison with the every-day sporting trash, it is like the emerald of the kingfisher, who, darting from the fountain of the lake, shoots past the sooty coot, on the lazy pool, or in his reedy bed.

I give the following, because it is a marvellous reflect—a wonderful commentary, and because it is at this moment in complete unison with my own feelings.

It is the peroration to the concluding narrative, entitled 'The Australian Bush,' and these are the words:—

'It is now some years since I left "my home a vagabond to be," and during that period have wandered over many lands, my gun and my fishing-rod my only companions, a free citizen of the world. In the prime of years, in the full flush of youth and strength, such a life offers charms of wild independence, which can never be realized by that man who is of necessity tied to one spot, no matter with what comforts he may be surrounded, or what sports he may enjoy ready-made to hand. But as years creep on, and one begins to feel that the "old gentleman with the scythe" is pressing hard upon his heels, his enthusiasm will in a measure abate, and the more he has buffeted with the rude waves of the world, the greater will be his desire to cast anchor in some quiet haven, which he may regard as a permanent home in declining years. For how truly has Sam Slick described the dark side of the wanderer's life in the following words:—"Here to-day, gone to-morrow, "to know folks but to forget them, to love folks but to part with them—"to come without pleasure, to go without pain—and, at last—for a last will "come to every story—no home." Never, perhaps, was the history of a life written in so short a sentence.'

We are told in the memoir of 'The Old Bushman' that 'He is buried in Crowhurst churchyard, beneath an ancient yew, one of the few that have become historical by their antiquity. Decandole and others have reckoned it to be 1400 years old, and under its venerable shadows we must feel that our departed friend, who loved nature so well, has found a worthy resting-place.'

My last tribute will be a pilgrimage to this quiet nook in 'God's acre where rest in peace the ashes of 'THE OLD BUSHMAN.'

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

A LARGE section of your countrymen seem to think that the question asked by the title of this paper can be answered by coming over here in an English steamer, filled by English people, with an English valet to 'do' you and conduct you to an English hotel. Doing this, you certainly will know 'what's what in Paris,' but it will be in English, not French Paris. Now, depend on it, there is great truth in that proverb which declares that 'you should do at Rome as the Romans do.' Of course I speak of respectable Romans—Romans of the Empire—not of the pettifogging little *Romani* of to-day. What applied to Imperial Rome now applies to Imperial Paris—the 'grander city on the banks of the Seine,' to quote our great and lost writer. If you want to see, understand, and enjoy a city, try to know how the natives live, and live like them. For instance, coming to Paris in the months of June and July, while the 'dregs of the season,' which are its essence, are filtering away in all sorts of unheard-of 'Oh no, we never mention them' kind of places, it would be absurd to be keeping London hours, and frequenting that society which has been our 'portion' since the opening of the Carnival. Now, with a more relaxing temperature, society happily gets more relaxed. I will instance it by an example taken from every-day life: From February to May you would never dream of asking your friend's wife to come and dine with you, *tête-à-tête*, it may be, or with two or four others (always even numbers) like-minded with you. It would mean a private cabinet—a seclusion and privacy which might lead to a scandal. But once the real warm weather sets in, then all is changed, and at the 'Moulin Rouge,' let us say, or the 'Cascade,' everybody dines with everybody else, and the only remark ever made is that the 'season is getting on, and we must all soon be thinking of *les Eaux*.'

After all, it is out of the season that Paris is so agreeable to visitors. They come over, it is true, in the heart of our season, and meet with a spurious hospitality, rather like that offered to you Tories by a *grande dame* in London. 'How do you do? Are you going to stop long? I am rather sorry you have come.' We ask them to dinner, and hospitably entreat them, after our fashion; but M. X. is thinking how soon he can get to Mme. Z.'s; Count Y. is pining for his cigar before going to meet Mme. de Chose at the 'Italiens,' and so the banquet is incomplete, and the reception of our friend a failure.

Once the 'season' over, resident Paris comes to its right mind. We rejoice in our friends, and open the phials of our private information for them. We take them to our most *intime* restaurant and tell them 'what to eat, drink, and avoid.' We reveal to them Voisin's very driest, and even hint at some Burgundy, which lingers in the cloisters of the Maison Dorée. In a word, we are hospitable and natural.

Close together as the two great cities now are, I think there is no greater change left than that which we can still experience in early summer in twelve hours—dine in London, breakfast next day in Paris, and as you eat your breakfast, which has become a *déjeuner*, you look up, and from the windows see that you are in another world. Paris is the city of early summer, before tourists and nasty odours come in. To dine at the 'Moulin Rouge' (taking care always to get a table on the top of that little summer-house), and after smoking the inevitable cigar, in the freshest of air, to stroll into the 'Concerts d'Eté,' where, for a franc, you have two hours' amusement, hearing good—nay, the best instrumental music, and seeing the lingering society of Paris, is a 'real good thing.' And here I must remark that the 'best' company always lingers. 'But,' asks respectability, 'what is the "best?"' I reply, as the lady did once to the bishop—'Not the wisest, not the cleverest, not, perhaps, the 'most proper; but the prettiest, the most charming women, and 'most amusing men, is the "best," my lord. You know what I 'mean!' Then to the contemplative mind there are worse evenings than one spent in the 'Bois.' You dine, we will say, in front of the 'Café de la Cascade,' and drink your coffee under those elms which fringe the racecourse of the Bois de Boulogne. You dine late, and therefore the 'bourgeoisie,' who rather affect this place, have bolted their dinner and gone off to the little theatre on 'the 'Island,' in the lake of the 'Bois.' You should go there once, so you are calm and your digestion is not spoilt by the plethora of others, their hurried efforts to choke themselves, and their agonized entreaties for the bill. Then, having dined, coffeed, and smoked, you stroll back through the wood—millions of stars, and, perhaps, a great red moon, light you on your way, and nightingales by hundreds cheer your march with their melody. Once, years ago, I stayed at Barford Bridge, for the Derby week. 'How did you sleep, Jem?' asked our host of one of the party. 'Never closed my eyes,' said Jem—it was true, for he had played 'Chicken' till 7.45—'those confounded nightingales made such a row!' Nightingales, are, I think, as plentiful at Longchamp as on those picturesque Surrey hills, where they so disturbed Jem.

Now I am down in the 'Bois de Boulogne,' I must carry your readers off to the new 'skating club,' which is to be 'chic' in Paris next year, provided always, and be it enacted, that it freezes. A droller spectacle than a skating club during a mild winter like the last it is hard to conceive. Frozen-out gardeners are a caution, but a thawed-out skater is a thing for pity, and a grief for ever! Besides skating, however, our new club, which is an offshoot of the little club of the Rue Royale, goes in for athletic games—cricket—and above all, 'pigeon-shooting.' The arrangement for the latter seems to me admirable! There is a sort of wooden promontory run out into the lake, at right angles to which is a stage on which are placed the traps; the 'guns' stand under cover of the portico of the club-house, and the bounds are flagged and staked out in the lake.

Pigeon-shooting, always rather popular with the French, has lately taken a start, and will be the 'thing,' especially now that the Emperor has given his sanction to the fashion by giving an 'International Prize!' His majesty, you know, is a 'practitioner,' not a 'theorist,' and shoots very well himself. English coming over here would find little difficulty in belonging to this club, the entrance to which is £2. The grounds will be very pretty, and all sorts of 'genteel amusements' (oblige me by admiring the expression), including 'croquet,' are to be introduced. Ladies, too, are introduced into this 'club,' and I can assure you that here we are nothing without the presence of those charming individuals who used to wear crinoline, but are now leaving it off. They shoot too, here, killing their birds right and left, and 'wiping the eyes' of less fortunate sisters. Strangers in Paris, too, will do well to visit the Pelouse de Madrid, where, haply, in the proper season, you may see an international cricket match. The ground is improved, but still 'leaves much to desire,' but the play is wonderfully changed for the better; and I saw, not many days ago, a match with the 'war office' 'C. S. C.' and the men of Paris, which was only won by the foreigners by two runs after some batting and fielding on both sides which would not have disgraced 'Lord's.' The wonder, nay awe, with which Paris looks at a cricket match, is intensely amusing. 'Behold! he throws at him, Jacques, and he does not run away!' 'But then, regard again, mon chère Pierre, how they both run nowhere!' 'There must be,' says Alphonse, who is the elder and the philosopher of the party, 'more in it than we perceive!' 'Possible,' retorts Pierre, 'but I prefer "Baccarat;" let us hasten to our club, mon chère, and make our *parti*, bidding adieu to these 'insulaire' idiots.' So differently, you see, are national games viewed. English visitors to Paris who do not agree with Alphonse, Jules, and Pierre, are recommended to enroll themselves on the list of the Paris Cricket Club, the presiding spirit of which is Mr. Sparkes.

While down in the 'Bois' you must really go and see the Acclimatisation Garden: it only costs half a franc. There are a few wonderful beasts, though nothing to what your readers see every day in the Zoological Gardens, that is, provided they ever go there. A great quantity of splendid birds; ducks which make your mouth water; pheasant more splendid than that one which so astonished Mr. Briggs (apud 'Punch'); turtle-doves of a gentleness not to be surpassed, and of a sweetness of 'tone' suggestive of that other turtle which is not 'added' to the car of Venus, but to the 'plates' of the London Tavern; camels strongly suggestive of that old hair trunk which our early youth took with it to its first private school—

'Dark day of horror and of distress,'

as Artaxerxes says; goats looking extremely like our *last* parents, I mean our grandfathers; and sheep of an innocence quite touching, and of an apparent stupidity only to be met with in the countenance of a field officer of K. K. the Emperor of Austria. And then the

fish! Ah! parlez moi de ça! The true knowledge of piscine life 'at home.' We have all met fried soles, cracked our jokes and their shells with red lobsters, seen the souchéed flounder in his watery home surrounded with parsley-roots, brown bread and butter, and pink champagne; we all of us meet at supper every night the prawn 'en buisson' roosting, that is, on a tree of some green material supposed to be elderly watercress; but to be able, as it were, to take a private box and see the wild fish in his liquid home, the transparent shrimp hovering in the water, and trying, like the late lamented Charles Windham, Esq., of Felbrigg, 'to aspire the sky;' to watch the wily pike in his liquid 'earth' (a metaphor, you will observe, borrowed from the noble fox-chase); to smile at the futile efforts of the flat sole as it struggles to its level, or at least such a level as water finds (and I am assured in that matter the element—stay, is water an element? I know that spirits and water are sometimes unhappy elements of discord—well, that the element always 'gets home')—I say, such an introduction to the private life of fishes is absolutely dirt cheap at the ridiculously small price of 'five-pence.' By-the-way, coming out of the gates you will pass by the cockatoos paraded in 'open order.' They will make such a row that the military visitor may probably think they have got the order 'load and fire,' and in colour they are so brilliant that he will think he sees the staff on a grand field day. The civil visitor will rather take them for an illumination plus the noise of the crowd, or a display of fireworks.

I have now told you of a good many things which are good in Paris, now I will tell you what is very bad. I have before spoken of the vileness and slowness of the cabs, and the incivility of the drivers, and only return to that subject to mention that I have hit upon one great cause of the latter. All the 'unfrocked' priests, that is to say, not all the wicked ones, but all those who are not only wicked enough to commit crimes, but stupid enough to be found out (which is guilt, we know, never recommended to mercy in England, or allowed 'extenuating circumstances' in France), go as a rule into the cab-driving profession. Now, given the vices of an unfrocked priest, and add to them the manners and customs of a French cab-driver, I think we may safely conclude that the result will be ruffianism. Another thing which terribly requires reform here are the baths. You can get a decent, but not very good, warm bath; hot vapour baths (Bains Russes) are very indifferent, and hot air baths literally unknown. Imagine a great and luxurious city which has neither hot air baths nor Hansom cabs! Of course you can get boiled in a Russian bath, as they call that system of washing which is not in fact Russian at all; but then you bathe in a dingy room, and are then sent into a dingier to cool yourself. In bathing, as in art, there should be no mediocrity. Unless you can have every luxury, vapour baths are a mistake. I regret to say you cannot get that luxury in Paris.

Boating is another English fashion lately imported; almost every

Sunday during the season there are matches at 'Asnieres,' on the Versailles and St. Cloud lines, and ten minutes from the St. Lazare Station of Paris. They are very popular, and attract great quantities of the middle classes who have not yet got used to 'going racing,' and of that other class which prefers seeing a boat-race for nothing to paying a franc to 'assist at' a contest between 'high-mettled' racers. I advise amateurs of the sport to go and see the matches, certainly, but not to arrange to dine and spend the evening down at Asnieres, which though very pretty, and having decent restaurants, is so crowded on a 'race' day as to be utterly unbearable. It is quite different on a week-day, when four, or six, or eight amateurs may 'pull about' (to quote Mrs. Ramsbottom) the young ladies whom they love, or who love them, all the afternoon, and dine quietly afterwards in an arbour which 'gives on' the river. Such parties have their advantages. The great dancing place of Asnieres is much changed; the ruthless hand of Haussmanization has divided it in twain. Still you may see there the lingering embers of what was ten years ago the fiercest dancing place in Paris. The 'Château des Fleurs' and Mabilles are changed too; they are now one, but I think their day is past! You may now and then see dancing which reminds you of the 'good old days of Chicord.' You may still detect under her thick veil a concealed duchess or an incognita princess; but the times are changed at these temples of Terpsichore décolletée. Yet nobody coming to Paris should omit to visit these places, which too, of course, on special occasions, as 'race-meetings' and 'exhibitions,' recover their former prestige. A married man had best send his wife and children to the 'Comédie Française,' and say he has been asked to dine with a friend at the 'Jockey Club,'—strangers, to be sure, are not admitted into that exclusive institution, but the chances are that Mrs. X—— never finds that fact out, and so all will go well. Another capital summer's evening entertainment is quite as amusing as either of these, and much cheaper, as it costs nothing but time; and though we are assured that 'time is money,' yet I have usually found that men have more to spare, and usually 'part' more readily with one than with the other. I know nothing more amusing than a stroll down the Champs Elysées on a fine summer's evening. It is like a respectable 'Greenwich Fair:' puppet-shows much frequented by soldiers and their *chères amies*; Fantoccini, the delight of children of both the first and last stage of life; dancing dogs (rather mangy, but clever to a fault); monkeys so talented, that on beholding their tricks one is tempted to look over the way at that head-quarters of state-craft the *Corps Legislatif*, and shake the head of derision at the idle performances of the Deputies. Then you may 'gamble'—play billiards, for instance, for china cups and vases (which nobody ever wins), and shoot with the pistol at little images (and not unlikely miss them), and all this is to be seen for nothing, the music of the 'Concerts' being thrown in. Then, too, you must go to the 'Cafés chantants;' there you do not pay to go in, but you pay to go out; for you are

expected to 'consume,' and the 'consumption' is consumedly dear. There you will hear Thérèse, who is now the delight of gods and men in Paris. In the winter this singer, of whom they are all so fond, sings at the 'Alcazar,' in the 'Faubourg Poissonniere,' and in the summer she migrates to the Alcazar d'Été, in the Elysian Fields, where she sings songs rather slang than otherwise, to the intense delight of enthusiastic swells! Well! It is a fashion! Next to Patti, Thérèse had this year the best paid engagement in Paris! She has a song, 'Rien n'est sacré pour un Sabreur' (nothing is safe from a 'Plunger'). I am sure we might parody that song and say, 'Nothing is safe from the vagaries of fashion!' All the 'Cafés chantants' (in hot weather) deserve a visit; there you see a true picture of French life: the 'young man from the country;' the smartly dressed Paris maid with her lover, of course ('Lui' in Paris always goes out with 'Elle'), 'showing life' to her mother (in a cap), and to her father (in a cap and blouse, and with a thick stick); whole provincial families who have always come up to Paris to receive a legacy, and who 'see life' for a few days with a reckless disregard for francs. Finally, you will see astonished 'parties' of British tourists, who, 'Murray directed,' have come to see, and who, if they understand French, sometimes hear more than they bargained for! All the time the tide of Paris population flows up and down the Champs Elysées, and the lights of hundreds of carriages slowly driving backwards and forwards from the Place de la Concorde to the 'Bois'—all Paris, you must know, drives out in the dark, I hope not because their works are evil—make, as far as lamps can imitate the ornaments of the 'bright ethereal sky,' a 'little heaven below.' When persons have driven long enough in the dark, then they go home and 'receive;' and so life passes away in the summer-time of Paris.

And now I must advise your readers never to attempt to go to any of the numerous tempting places near Paris—St. Cloud, for instance, Versailles, St. Germain, &c. &c., on a Sunday or a fête day. They will be crowded, hustled, hurried, get something they can't eat, and bad wine, and then be crushed in a railway on the return journey. On a fête day or Sunday everybody of the trading class goes 'out for the day,' taking with him his family, his servants, and the stranger (usually from Bordeaux) within his gates. They eat up everything like Algerine locusts, and, like them, poison the air with deadly exhalations of bad tobacco. On a quiet week day Versailles of course is worth seeing, though there are about two miles too many pictures, and you are apt to have a surfeit of art after the first three hours. The gardens are pretty and well kept, and if the 'guides'—aged men who remember the first Emperor, but have forgotten everything else—will leave you to yourself, the walk to the Trianon is pleasant enough. At Versailles, too, there is a good (the only one good) hostelry, the Hotel des Reservoirs. At St. Cloud there is also a good deal to see, and a lovely forest to wander about in. If you are good walkers, and will walk back *viâ* Boulogne

and the 'Bois' to Paris, you will have seen the prettiest entrance into the city. People go to St. Germain mainly to dine. There is little to see there, and now the residence, where James II. of England was so grandly received by Louis XIV. of France, is shut up, and is being turned into a supplementary museum to those of Paris and Versailles, which, vast as they are, are full to overflowing. St. Germain-en-Laye must be a good deal changed since the days when the king who lost three kingdoms for one mass used to go 'a-hunting' in the forest. Except maid-servants with children and private soldiers there is no game 'afoot' there now, and in truth when the band is not playing, St. Germain is as dull as St. Albans. You can dine there very well, however, in the Pavillon Henri Quatre. There is a fine view from the windows of the salons, and a good cuisine, so it is much frequented both by the whole and half 'monde;' and while Mde. la Duchesse is eating her 'sôle frite' in No. 15, she can hear through thin partitions the dancing of a lively measure by Mdles. Nicotine, Chlorodine, and Fifine, who have dined earlier with Charles, Jules, and Victor. Go there, I say, by all manner of means. Also to Vincennes, where the forest in the summer, spring, or autumn, is always beautiful. Chantilly, too, is very lovely, and if there was a decent hotel there, would be, I am sure, frequented by English. There is the Cerf, a decent inn, and that is all. The trainers are very willing to show strangers (of a class) their studs and stables.

St. Denis is another place which no visitor here should omit on his list of 'things to see.' A witty French monarch, on his death-bed, was asked by the officer of the night for the 'parole' and 'countersign;' 'St. Denis et Gyvois' (*J'y vais*) replied the king, for his ancestors lie buried beneath that curious old roof. 'J'y vais' should be the countersign of every visitor to Paris, as the old Benedictine abbey is one of the most interesting sights in France. You may still see the tomb of Dagobert Fitz Chelperie, who was the first buried prince of that line whose whereabouts are recorded—I mean the whereabouts of his body, for what became of the rest who shall say? The Iconoclasts of the first Revolution did all they could to destroy this fair page of their country's history, and succeeded to a certain degree; but in spite of headless images, and ruthless ravages of monuments and works of art, St. Denis still exists—the Royal mausoleum of France, from the days before its Constables down to the First Empire. You can drive to St. Denis along a dirty road, which is fringed with market-gardens, where they do not use inodorous incentives to vegetable life; or you can go there in a quarter of an hour for tenpence (go and return), from the Great Northern Station; but then you have to get to the Station of Paris in the Place de Dunkerque, and from the Station of St. Denis (which we frequenters of Chantilly always hail with joy, as being 'close to' Paris) to the 'Benedictine Abbey,' which, however, will repay the trouble. By-the-by, I said 'close to;' does anybody know the measure of that 'unknown quantity?' Once arriving

after a twenty-mile gallop, on an indifferent hack, at Wandsford—Wandsford-in-England (to quote the man who went to sleep on the ‘haycock,’ at Louth, and awoke at the hospitable hall of the Percivals), we asked where the hounds met? ‘Close to,’ was the reply. ‘Lots of time for breakfast, then,’ we observed. ‘Plenty, plenty; say ten minutes;’ and we found that, in Wandsford parlance, ‘close to,’ meant as far as a man in fair condition could gallop on two good hacks in an hour and three quarters. We got there in time, however, and viewed the fox away from Burleigh Great Wood, and saw him killed handsomely after an hour and forty minutes—but we are wandering. As when hounds run by a paddock in which old Tophorn is turned out for life, he becomes young again, flies the fences, and follows his old favourites, to be caught at last with difficulty, and brought back with labour and sorrow,—so do we old fox-hunters run wild if we once get on the scent of a fox, babble over green fields and fences, and have to be ‘whipped off,’ and put upon our proper and peculiar line. Go then, I say, certainly, and see St. Denis.

To change the subject—are you fond of a drain? Mind, I mean nothing slang, merely a question of sanitary science. There are now some two hundred and sixty miles of sewerage opened in Paris; some narrow, of course, others as wide as Canal Grande at Venice; and if you are a royalty, a grand duke, a great practical statesman, or, indeed, ‘a man of the day, sir, a working man,’ you are popped down a hole just opposite the Café de la Madeleine, in the Rue Royale, and expected to do your drains like a workman. Not long ago, I saw an H. R. H. descend from an Imperial carriage, and disappear down a deep hole, where, on the ‘gloomy shore,’ he saw the Charon of this dirty Styx waiting to take him his unsavoury row, and restore him, poisoned and instructed, ‘*superas ad auras.*’ He looked pale and seedy, and, adding to my quotation, I know, said to himself ‘*Hic labor, hoc opus est!*’ Not pleasant, I admit; yet I maintain that the practical mind which visits Paris should go down a sewer, and occupy his business in the deep drains. Do you know what they say here? No! (They say many things which are not dreamed of in your philosophy, and much more that will not bear translation; but let that pass.) Why, they say that with the new system of sewerage the old system of barricades would be impossible. The troops could be sent under ground, and pop up suddenly on the other side of the people’s defence! It is an idea like another, is it not? Also it is said here that the ground-floors of the modern houses are built so well and so strongly that guns could be placed on them without risk. Another little word of advice to the ‘adresse’ of ‘Monsieur le Peuple’—not that I believe either will ever be required. Ask a French working man now if he is quite contented (who is?), and he will probably reply, ‘No.’ Ask him if he wishes for a revolution or a change of dynasty, and the answer will be ‘*pas si bête!*’ Having taken you down into the sewers, I must ‘pick you out of the gutter,’ and bring you back to a respectable level.

We are having a day of lounging—rather a long one, perhaps some of your sarcastic readers will say—and so let us lounge off somewhere else. It must be evening by this time; let, then, the curious in character, on his way to dinner, stroll into the ‘Passages de l’Opera,’ and take his glass of anti-prandial absinthe at one of that line of Cafés which are frequented by ‘speculators’ on the Bourse, who, not contented with ‘playing’ (how true, again, is the saying, ‘What’s play to you is death to us,’ let the dozens of what I believe are called, in England, ‘lame ducks’—here, I presume, they would be ‘crippled canards’—which go limping about after each monthly settlement, declare to the sensible public mind!) from twelve to three (business hours), must gamble in the open air for the rest of the evening. We will assume that it is a ‘busy time;’ that war is what I heard a man, an Englishman on the Bourse, call ‘eminent,’ and that canards are as thick in the air as the missed ‘birds’ after a pigeon-match in the Bois de Boulogne—the whole Boulevard, if it is fine, and all the ‘passages’ if it is not, are thronged with a dense mass of dirty ‘Bulls’ and ‘Bears, who, as ‘it is their nature to,’ rush backwards and forwards, yelling and selling, bellowing and buying, till the life of the listener becomes a burthen. Police, gentlemen in cocked hats, and with dress rapiers buckled round their blue great frock-coats, ‘assist’ at the assembly, and regulate the rather rude manners of those who are in too great haste to be rich. Upon my word it is a sight to see—I know nothing more wonderful. The demon of play used to be a tolerably bad devil—not so black, however, as he was painted; but the speculative demon seems to me to be a very ‘Gladiateur’ among devils, and would give ‘play’ seven pounds and a ‘settling day’ and then ‘lose’ him.

Having attended this, the last act of the drama of the day,—before dinner, during which an interval of two hours is supposed to elapse—I advise you to be off to the nearest restaurant, and forget the fanatic worship of the followers of ‘Diva Pecunia,’ as represented by shares and ‘preferences,’ in the calm enjoyment of the best that the ‘carte’ affords.

‘After me the deluge;’ after dinner there are, literally, a deluge of theatres in which you can indulge; and after the theatres—Well! after the Theatres? There are suppers with a few friends of both sexes about our own age; there are Clubs, where the playful rubber is sobered down by the serious baccarat; there are private houses where life begins with the early morn—the owners believe in ‘beauty sleep,’ and so always sleep till 12 o’clock (in the morning); there are English ‘Houses,’ where men smoke and bet; and French ‘Receptions,’ where they talk politics, make love, and otherwise misconduct themselves; and, finally, there is that fine old institution (much neglected) bed, which is really a good place to go to, after all, as I dare say your readers, rendered sleepy by my ‘amusing and instructive’ chapter, have begun to discover.

CRICKET.—THE MAY MATCHES.

By 'THE ROVER.'

MAY! 'Merry May,' 'Sweet-smelling May,' 'Queen of the twelve months,' 'Harbinger of hope,' and all that kind of thing, when you come to us in your true form, with balmy southerly breezes, bright clear sunny skies, the air impregnated with sweet scents and melodious with nature's music, and with a green sward that springs to the tread like india-rubber, then none welcomes you more heartily than the cheery, flannel-clad cricketer; but 'take any other shape than that;' come as you came this year, heralded by hail, in torrents of tears, and 'backed up' by a roaring, cold, strong nor' east wind, that for a couple of weeks blustered o'er the land; then cricketers will—well, they will do as they did this year,—welcome you for the 'good time coming,' eat their anniversary dinners like Englishmen, and then go to cricket with as good a will as they can, with the hope that they may never have to welcome the advent of another May in such a mood.

The leading cricket incidents of the month have been the anniversary dinners, the cricket at the Universities, the Whit Monday match at Lord's, the revival of the North v. South unpleasantries, and thereupon the passing of two resolutions by the Committee of the M.C.C.

'Let us to dinner' first. These anniversary dinners were this year—as dinners should always be—calm, enjoyable successes. The *cuisines* were pronounced perfection, the wines were of a vintage long anterior to Gladstone's vinous treaty, and of a body and flavour that imperceptibly, but surely sent all those that sipped them into that exquisitely happy state of mind that makes a man willing to forgive even his mother-in-law, and than this we think the force of forgiveness cannot farther go. The Marylebone Club dinner was preceded by a special general club meeting, presided over by Lord Skelmersdale, whereat the proposed terms for the purchase of the freehold of Lord's ground by the M.C.C. were unanimously adopted. Fifty-eight additional members were then elected, and the old Club now numbers 980 members. The seventy-ninth anniversary of the Club was then celebrated by the annual dinner in the Club's enlarged pavilion on Lord's ground. The Club's caterer on this occasion was the Club's tenant, Mr. John Day, whose appropriate taste displayed in the decoration of the dinner table surprised and delighted the aristocratic diners, and whose catering convinced the Club that hitherto they had gone farther and fared worse. Lord Ebury, the President, was in the chair, and Mr. Fitzgerald, the Hon. Sec., very frequently on his legs that evening. It is simply because 'Baily' will be a well-thumbed work of reference, when the newspapers of the time are doing duty at the butter shops, that we here record how eloquently the Hon. Sec. reported that the past season's receipts happily exceeded the expenditure by about 400*l.*; that the ground had been materially improved, and the general property of the Club increased in value; that 8,000*l.*, with interest (amounting to 525*l.* odd), had already been paid to Mr. J. H. Dark, to whom there still remained due 3,000*l.*, bearing interest. Mr. Fitzgerald also informed the meeting that 6,655*l.* had been received on behalf of the Donation Fund, adding a fact that cannot be too widely known among the readers of 'Baily,' i.e. the said Donation Fund still remains open to the liberality of all who desire to aid in effecting the independence of the Club. A special and just compliment was paid to Mr. W. Nicholson, to whom Lord Sefton truly said the Club was in-

debted for its present independent position. Lord Ebury, the outgoing President, and the Earl of Sandwich, President for the current presidential year, were duly honoured; and graceful, just, and enthusiastic compliments paid to the unceasing and successful exertions of the Treasurer, Mr. R. Kynaston, and the Hon. Sec., Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald, brought to a conclusion the seventy-ninth anniversary of the Marylebone Club.

The Surrey Club Dinner, held on the 12th of May, at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge, was one of those pleasant festivals whereat no particular incident occurs to pile up the excitement, mar the pleasure, or interfere with the digestion. Given an admirably served dinner, seventy good men and true to enjoy it, one of the most popular and pleasant Chairmen in England to preside over them, good wines, a rosy debtor and creditor account to be read by the Hon. Sec., and what is the result?—Why, that ‘any quantity’ of enjoyment that fell to the lot of the Surrey men that dined together on the 12th of May. That good and true friend to cricket and cricketers, Mr. E. Wilder, feelingly alluded to the exhaustion of the ‘Felix Fund,’ and appealed to the Surrey Club to take the matter in hand; the Hon. Sec. ‘backed up’ this appeal in good form; and ‘The Rover’ endorses all that has been—or can be—said in favour of a prompt and successful revival of the ‘Felix Fund.’ ‘We knew him well;’ he was a fellow of infinite jest, a clever mortal, a warm-hearted man, and as fine a cricketer as ever stood point, or cut a ball for 5; but paralysis came, and his *physique* was a wreck. Who among us may not be similarly misfortuned? To-day we may be lusty and strong both in muscle and mind, but to-morrow we are stricken by palsy; and the vigorous thought, the hard hit, and necessary healthy exercise are at one attack all laid low for life.* By all means revive the ‘Felix Fund.’

The Kent Anniversary Dinner was held on the same day as the Surrey men dined, and eaten at that ‘Only place to spend a happy day,’ Rosherville. The meeting was influentially and numerously attended. Eighty men of Kent were excellently well dined; and as we are told ‘good dinners create good ‘acts,’ we hope and believe that this dinner will eventuate in great good for cricket in Kent.

The Cambridge County Dinner was not so well attended as could be wished, but it was a success in thoroughly starting a County Club that in time cannot fail to have an influential and successful bearing on county cricket in general.

Cricket at the Universities has been in full swing throughout the past month, and rarely have so many good practice matches been played thus early at the University.

At Oxford the first important match was the University Eleven v. Sixteen Freshmen; but one innings each side was played; the Freshmen scored 66 runs against the Eleven’s 119. However, among the Freshmen were two bowlers who trolled thus:—

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.
Venables (Rugby)	32	11	58	1	5
Walter (Eton)	37	10	40	3	5

Walter’s 5 wickets were all ‘bowled’ down; they were Tritton’s, Boyle’s, Frederick’s, Fellowes’, and Teape’s.

At Cambridge the University season was opened by a match between two Elevens of Freshmen, the respective sides being captain’d by the Hon. F. Pelham and Mr. A. H. Winter. It was, we believe, the first Freshman’s match played at Cambridge, and will, we trust, become ‘an annual.’ It was

a near thing at the finish, as Mr. Winter's side won with one wicket only to spare. Messrs. E. Gray, C. J. Brune, Cotterill, Absolom, Gurney, Hore, and the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton all hit well. The fielding was not good, and the bowling gave the following results (both innings included):—

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.
Brune	54	19	76	—	6
Cotterill	44	13	74	—	9
S. G. Lyttelton	38	15	51	2	8
Hall	38	16	53	—	5
Absalom	23 and 2 balls.	6	38	—	5
Richardson	12 and 2 balls.	3	19	—	4
Hore	11	5	10	—	1

Cotterill and Hall are both round arm slow bowlers.

Seniors' Matches were then played at both Universities. At Cambridge Mr. Tuck displayed very fine batting form by scoring an innings of 75 runs without giving a chance. Others proved in good hitting form, but a preponderance of good bowling on one side was evidenced by the other Eleven collapsing for a second innings of 28 runs, from the following bowling:—

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.
Hon. F. Pelham	13	7	10	—	5
Green	12	8	13	3	5

The Seniors' match at Oxford was not played out—the wherefore, 'bad weather;' but a 40 scored by Mr. Boyle from the bowling of Kenney, Teape, Fellowes, and others, testified to his excellent batting form this year; and on the other side Mr. Carter 'bowled' 3 wickets but of the 5 then down.

Other matches were then played at both Universities. At Cambridge, eleven professionals, including Carpenter (who scored 87, not out), W. Oseroft, Tarrant, and Howitt, were found too strong by one innings for the Eleven, who, however, squared up this licking the same week by defeating the County of Norfolk by 7 wickets, and that notwithstanding they were deprived of the aid of the Hon. F. Pelham (unwell), and Mr. Tuck, who played for the County. The principal University bowlers in this match were Messrs. Green and Brune—the last-named gentleman the most successful, by bowling 65 overs and 2 balls (32 maidens) for 60 runs and 11 wickets. At Oxford College matches were then frequently played; and the time arrived for the first great test match of the year, by the M.C.C. and Ground playing their annual matches with both Elevens. M.C.C. first visited Cambridge. Among the Club Eleven were Mr. Charles Buller (who scored 22 and 64), Mr. Fitzgerald, (who made 38 and 25), and Mr. R. D. Walker (who scored 19 and 20). The Ground men were Grundy, Wootton, and Biddulph. The most successful batsmen for the University were Mr. Warner (27), Hon. S. G. Lyttelton (23), Mr. Balfour (21), Mr. Tuck (17), and Mr. Winter (16). The fielding of Mr. Tuck at point was superb, and the general fielding was quick and good, particularly the long-stopping of Mr. Yates and the long leg work of Mr. Hood; but we fancied we witnessed a great falling-off from last season, at one of the most important positions in the field: doubtless this (if we are correct) was through want of practice; but an inefficient man in that position has lost scores of matches ere now. The University bowlers were the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton, Mr. Green, Mr. Brune, and Mr. Hood, all of whom were fully and fairly tried. The ground was very heavy, through previous rainfalls, and the match was not finished, M.C.C. having played out two innings of 169 and 161,

and Cambridge one innings of 132. To maintain the order of this narrative we will here follow M.C.C. and Ground to Oxford. The Club Eleven there had Mr. Buller, Mr. Bull, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Harvey Fellows among them, and their ground men were Grundy, Wootton, T. Hearne, and Biddulph. What a day's quilting the old Club had, can be imagined when we state that M.C.C. tried eight of their Eleven as bowlers, who between them bowled 138 overs, from which the University scored an innings of 337 runs; of this number Mr. E. Davenport made 107, Mr. E. Carter 51, Mr. Boyle 44, Mr. Robertson 46, and Mr. Venables 24, not out; but notwithstanding this huge score, no fewer than 6 of the University wickets were 'bowled' down. This innings of Mr. Davenport's was pronounced a 'magnificent batting display.' This match was also drawn, the score after the two days' play standing thus—Oxford, 1st innings, 337; M.C.C. and G., 1st innings, 158; 2nd innings, (5 wickets down), 86. The University bowlers were Mr. Carter, Mr. Teape, Mr. Venables, Mr. O. S. Smith, Mr. Voules, and Mr. Darbyshire, the last-named gentleman being very successful during the short period he was tried in the Club's second innings, when he bowled 12 overs (6 maidens) for 9 runs, 2 wide balls, and 3 wickets (all bowled).

The All England Eleven then played a match at both Universities; the first was at Cambridge, against 18 of Trinity College, who defeated the Eleven with 14 wickets in hand; the other match was against 14 of Oxford University, who were defeated by the Eleven with 3 wickets to go down. The 18 of Trinity included several of the University Eleven, but their most successful batsman was the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton, who played a fine innings of 90; his brother, the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton, made 55, and Mr. Winter 20. The bowlers were Mr. Hood, the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton, Mr. Green, and Mr. Harbord. The fielding of the 18 was pronounced by one of the Eleven to be 'worthy of the highest commendation,' and the scores of 55 and 41, not out, made by Richard Daft against such fielding, 'batting displays of the highest class.' In the Oxford match Mr. Maitland scored 38 and 37; Mr. Frederick 4 and 46; Mr. Tritton 0 and 27; Mr. Boyle 13 and 13; Mr. Kenney 7 and 21, and Mr. Scobell 0 and 22. In both matches these University scores were made from some of the best professional bowling in England. Other matches have been played by both Elevens, but these commented on in 'Baily' are the cream of those yet played this season at the Universities. From the results of these some persons already predict an easy victory for one side on the 18th of June; this opinion we cannot coincide in, for, from what cricket we have witnessed, relying on the determination on both sides to play the best Eleven available, and fancying Lord's ground will suit the bowling of one or two of the non-favourite's side, we see every probability of this year's University match at Lord's being the most evenly contested since that of 1859. Anyhow, 'The Rover' has but one wish, and that is for fine weather, the best Eleven to win, and he there to see them.

The United All England v. the All England Eleven's annual match at Lord's was played last week, in very uncomfortable weather, and on the worst wickets we have seen this season at Lord's. The United played two fresh bowling hands, and the old Eleven one. Freeman appears a neat, fair, good pace and truthful bowler of the Grundy style, and one we should imagine could always be relied on as a good change in any match. The other two are left-hand men; J. C. Shaw is very high in delivery, very fast, and appears difficult to play; and Howitt, if not so high as Shaw, puts them down at a greater pace, but at times his bowling is of queer lengths, and very erratic.

Howitt's success in this match on the hard and unlevel wickets was verified by his bowling taking 13 out of the 20 A. E. wickets; but on truthful and more elastic wickets Howitt, we fancy, will be found less difficult than another of the trio; but of all the bowling in that match, commend us to Atkinson's: it was as near perfect bowling as could be well trundled; dead against half a gale, it was wonderful to witness how truthfully Atkinson sent in over after over. At one period he bowled 34 balls in succession without a run being scored from him, and the whole of his fine bowling in this match crops up the following figures:—

Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
80 and 1 ball.	42	78	7

The batting of Carpenter, Roger Iddison, and W. Oscroft was worthy of the above bowling. Carpenter's back play was as fine as ever, and his hitting so effective that he scored 38 not out, and 17. Iddison's 40 was a model of defence, and W. Oscroft's 86 one of the finest innings of defence and (leg) hitting ever played in these or any other matches. Carpenter fielded at point in his finest form; his one hand catch before the wicket that settled Stephenson before he could score being the best thing in the match; Smith was in good fielding form at long leg and cover point, and in the United's second innings, nothing could be better than the long stopping of Rowbotham; but on the whole the fielding was not good, although it must be borne in mind the ground was as hard as granite. There have now been sixteen matches played between these Elevens; two were left unfinished, of the remaining twelve, there are six of one and half a dozen of the other, each Eleven having now won six. The match was attended by the usual Whitsuntide throngs, more than 10,000 visitors having paid at the gate.

The North v. South unpleasantry is the only remaining item requiring notice here, and through want of space, want of knowledge, and distaste of the subject, that notice must be a brief one. There are two sporting journals exclusively favoured by the M.C.C. In these two newspapers of last Saturday, the 26th of May, the following notices appeared:—

'At a Committee Meeting of the Marylebone Club on May 21 the following resolutions were passed, the immediate cause being the refusal of the Northern Players to take part in the match against the South on July 2, at Lord's:—

"1. That as the Committee must decline to enter into the disputes among the professionals, or to take the part either of Northern or Southern Players, another Eleven be selected to play in that match.

"2. That the selection of Players for the match, Gentlemen v. Players, having been considered in reference to the refusal of the Northern Players to meet the Southern men, the Players in all matches at Lord's be selected from those who are willing to play together in a friendly manner in the matches on that ground.'

Now if those resolutions are solely founded on the refusal of the Northern professionals to play with the Southern professionals, then the Northmen's position is wholly indefensible, and the resolutions passed by the Club are the right things done at the right time; but if other questions are mixed up with this refusal to play, such as a request for increased remuneration when professionals have to travel more than 100 miles to play, then there will be something to be said on the other side. Rumour on this subject is very busy; we will, in justice to the Northmen, mention one fact. Last season,

at the request of the Marylebone Club, several of the All England Eleven played at Canterbury in the North v. South match; to do so they travelled from Thirsk, in Yorkshire, to Canterbury, in Kent; and when they had played (a fine match), to fulfil their next A. E. engagement they had to journey from Canterbury to Ashton-under-Lyne, in Staffordshire. The distance they thus travelled—to and fro—was 563 miles, and the railway fares (second class) about 3*l.* 12*s.*; whereas, had they not been required to play at Canterbury on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of August, they could have played in an A. E. match at Trentham on the same days, and thus saved hundreds of miles of tiring travelling, and money in a corresponding ratio. But, as we wrote above, we will not argue the matter now, as we are not in possession of the facts; but if the men have simply refused to play because they *will not meet the Southern Players*, then we reiterate the Marylebone Club is justified in and to be commended for, passing the above resolutions.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

To us, as to yourselves, the month of May has been an eventful one. Like you, we have had our fatal turf struggles, and decided our Oaks and Derby. You, too, before your readers get 'Baily' for June, will have had your Ascot Cup. We shall have had ours in the Grand Prix de Paris, worth some 6,000*l.* to 7,000*l.* It will be too late, however, to describe the day in this month's review. A worse lot of horses than those which contested the French Oaks and Derby has certainly not been seen in France for some years; and, indeed, judging from what we have heard of the two-year olds, the next 'vintage' promises no Gladiateur. At present I am fully prepared to see the English horses which are sent over for the Grand Prix come in alone, and leave the French to settle the matter of being 'distanced' among themselves. Well, we English want a turn, for Chantilly is getting awfully 'cocky.' By-the-by, Chantilly has built a church for racing-men, and owes 200*l.* Can you, kindly, my dear Mr. Baily, send us several swells, who have been in all your 'good things,' and who will give us a 'pony' apiece? If so, please do so. You have long ago had the returns of our Derby and Oaks, and so I need not trouble you with details. As for the Oaks, they left a nasty taste in the mouth, and might as well have been 'bark.' The talent, to a man, 'plunged' on the Delamarre stable, and were 'out' some thousands. The Derby did not improve us. When, on entering the 'rooms' on the Saturday night, I found a confiding public making three of Count Frederic de la Grange's horses the three first favourites at the (to you) inconceivably short prices, I confess I did think we had gone back to that golden age of innocence, of which we have read in the 'poets.' I was rather confirmed in that belief by knowing that at that moment M. le Comte himself had not backed any one of the three. An indiscreet 'confederate' let the cat out of the Florentine bag, and nearly spoiled the Delamarre good thing. It certainly is a curious instance of retributive justice that one of that gang should have peached, for they usually keep silence even from good words, and will see their best friend sinking in the mire, and take 6 to 4 about the very thing which they have just told him is 'no good.' Verily, they shall have their reward! Florentine won the Derby and a good stake for them very easily, but he beat nothing. Grimshaw, by his riding, forced Baïonnette into the second place, but nothing more. Evidently the de la Grange stable is suffering from that natural

reaction which must follow such a year as the last, and has no luck, no trial horses, no 'nothink,' as the boy observed, when he said he was a 'horfan' 'without parients.'

England was very kind to us backers of horses, and sent us several London speculators, so that the odds were 7 to 4 instead of 5 to 4, which is the 'short range' of Paris practice. If it were not for the healthy tone exhibited by M.M. Jones, Morris, Goringe, and Gideon, I really believe we should be offered 'The field for a pony,' when there were thirty-five starters. Mind, I do not say that the odds now offered to us do not leave 'beaucoup à desirer.' Six to four on each of two horses—nine starters, and the two next favourites at 2 to 1 is hardly 'California' for backers. Neither, indeed, is it a just and logical conclusion. We have had our 'grand military' steeplechase, too, and a pretty considerable mess they have made of it. L'Africain, that terrible horse belonging to the pork-butcher of Chantilly, whose career could scarcely be described by 'rectangular lines,' but rather would have gone off at irregular 'tangents, has been running again. M. Vaillant's Africain—who must have been bumped oftener than the Oxford boats, pulled more resolutely than those of Cambridge—who has been run into in trains, run down on Mondays at Tattersall's—who is ever (like a Jewish Messiah) coming, but never comes—has appeared amongst us again. They betted even against him, and he was lost—practically lost. When the race was over, the following scene took place. Count Douville walked out to Mr. Riddell, and said, 'Mon-sieur, you pulled your horse.' Whereupon, Mr. Riddell, possessing the use of that terse Saxon tongue in which your readers usually converse, said, 'You lie!' Then there was a wrangle; and then Mr. Riddell hit M. le Comte right in the eye, getting home handsomely. Then five-and-twenty Frenchmen, with sticks, fell upon the one Englishman—a 'shade of odds' which could not be stood by the outsiders; and so some half-dozen Englishmen, assisted by the Vicomte de Talom (*bon sang ne sait pas mentir*) and Baron Finot, cleared off the rabble, and left Mr. Riddell to make his case good. Of the case I know, and wish to know nothing; but this I do know, in France the pork-butcher and his horse have both decidedly got the 'disease.'

Now we are on the eve of the Grand Prix. What a pity that such a splendid prize should be run for at such a season! How can you expect Englishmen to come over to Paris, for—say forty-eight hours—between Epsom and Ascot? Now I put it to you fairly. Won a good stake; there is the getting it—the seeing that they don't carry it over. Having got it—say on Wednesday—friends still on the debtor side of that nice little ledger which you owe Asprey so much for. 'Given the receipts,' as they say in logic, then there are your dinners to give as a winner, or to eat as a willing 'parter.' How on earth are you to get to Paris for the Grand Prix? Yet it is a pity, for it is a grand race, and at any other season would attract half England. But, soberly speaking, who can leave London in that sacred month? Since I left school that week has been sacred to the 'Penates' of the Club, and I have, I regret, to say, sat at the feet of several generations of Gamaliels, each holding the same irreverent tenets as myself.

The Duke of Hamilton has come out on the turf of France. The Duke is very young, and it is not for me to give him either advice (which would simply be impertinent), or my opinion about his doings. Still I wish he had gone to 'regular racing' instead of the hybrid steeplechases of France. For a little amusement, 'I say you not, No.' But he is deserving of better chances in better company. When he has won a 50*l.* plate, where is he?

If he loses it, there is 'revelry by night' in some second-rate club. On the 'flat' you may win a stake. I write rather bitterly on this subject, as I am sure that our English sportsmen who play 'not wisely, but too well,' and who bet 'monkeys' when the native investor is meditating a tardy 'tenner, have lately been treated very badly. I will state my case as clearly and logically as possible. The Prince Royal of the United and Divided Islands is a member of the 'Cercle' of 'children in long clothes;' he 'pops it on some-times,' as they used to say in old times at Limner's. H. R. H. plays, and, like many of his nation, plays against bad luck. Colonel Cobwebs, whom even his most intimate friends admit to be fond of 'play' (I wonder who is not?), backs H. R. H. when he has a good hand. Luck, we know, neither respects highness or military ability; and, to tell the truth, 'crabs' are the prevailing sign of their speculative 'Zodiac.' When the fell hour comes, however, they part like men—like men with bankers, too, let me tell you; but, although they lost enormous sums, and only asked for the time necessary to communicate with a London banker, the possibility of their paying was openly discussed in society—not often in the presence of English, though; for, on the very first night, one Englishman said, 'Did you never hear of anybody losing so much?' 'Droll! Well, if the money does not come by "return" (that's the right expression, is it not, Charlie? you know you've borrowed so much more than 'I have, man of business), daresay we could find it among us.' But then, excuse my classical language, 'Audi alteram partem.' Native loses at the 'Long 'Clothes' Club, loses a stake, asks for 'time'—a fortnight. Now, a fortnight to a player is the devil.

' Though in time's record nearly nought,
It is eternity '

to one who has 'asked for counters.' Our head magistrate, M. Pietri, has been trying to stop games of hazard, to stop play. As well try to arrest

' The torrent's stillness ere it rush below.'

Men will play, and all that M. Pietri could do was to prohibit 'baccarat' at certain clubs. Luckily or unluckily, as you chose to look on it, money can be won and lost at other games; and so the merry little mill goes round, bringing 'grist,' I fancy, to very few. One swell of my acquaintance 'parted' with 9,000 Napoleons one night this week. The 'golden youth' of the little club of the Rue Royale are going to entertain 'society' on the island in the lake of the Bois de Boulogne. It will be too late to describe this fête of fêtes this month, but you shall have it next; and what with that and the Grand Prix, I think July 'Baily' will bring off a good 'double event,' and 'Paris Sport and 'Paris Life' get beyond its usual average.

By-the-way, what a pity it is that the Great Pigeon Handicap of England is to be shot for on Saturday, thus again damaging the English element of the Grand Prix. This is the week in which I should like to see the great International Pigeon Handicap shot for here next year.

I have no theatrical news of consequence to give you this month. The season of the 'Italiens' is over, and on the night after Patti sang for the last time, there were exactly 70 francs in the house, although Fraschini, a favourite here, sang—this is a fact. Fraschini, who once sang in England with Jenny Lind, and did not receive a sympathetic reception (indeed, he went so far as to d—— the English, and swore he would never sing to them again), is engaged, for next year, at the New French Opera. Patti is also

engaged by M. Bagier for the whole Italian season of 1867. A very fine tenor, Mr. St. Germain, an Englishman, but a pupil of the Conservatorio of Milan, has just been singing in private here. He has a splendid voice of extraordinary register and immense power; and I hope we shall hear him next season on some good Italian stage. We want tenors badly enough, at any rate.

We have had a cricket-match—Civil Service, v. Paris C. C.—fine weather, good attendance. Civil servants very civil, but victorious, and the ground much improved. Great praise due to Mr. Sparkes for his efforts, which are both honorary and honourable, and must give him a great deal of trouble. Cricket however, is, and must remain, an exotic here. 'Do you think,' observed a Frenchman, the other day, 'that I am going to stand up with 'nothing to guard myself but that slice of wood, while a strong English-man throws a nine-pounder at me? No, my dear, I prefer fighting.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—May Meetings—Horse Shows—Yearling Shows, and Racing Rumours.

MAY has not been inaptly described as a MERRY Month, and we suppose the Poets, who centuries back applied that appellation to it, must have had a prescience that it would be selected for the Derby, Oaks, Horse Shows, Flower Shows, and exhibitions of a similar character. But as far as the atmosphere was concerned, it might be said to have changed places with March, which we all know is asserted to come in like The Lion of the Desert, and go out with the quietness of an Islington Lamb. Of the horrors of the Ascot Spring Meeting on the first day, we will not stop to dwell, for the pen of a Barrow or a Franklin could alone describe them. None felt them more than the Heir to the Throne, who was taught to feel that Boreas is no respecter of persons, and he no doubt would have felt much more comfortable in his smoking-room at Marlborough House. And we were not a little amused at hearing his Royal Highness described by a well-known West country Trainer, who is considered one of the best judges of make and shape on the Turf, and who had never seen him before, as 'a nice-looking young gentleman, but he stood a little 'back in his knees, and might perhaps one day spring a sinew.' The force of observation on human anatomy, we fancy, could no further go, and as such we give it to our readers. To have braved without trepidation the Iron Subscription Rookery, and the Press Stand, would have required a long apprenticeship at the Eddystone, or on board the Nab Light vessel; and as very few people possessed those qualifications, those buildings were as tenantless as when 'George Barnwell' is played at Drury Lane, to tell linen-drappers' apprentices, when in want of money, to go to their Uncle. Then the prices of admission were scandalously high, and sharpened by the keenness of the weather, the purchasers indulged in language towards the vendors which they scarcely would have repeated in the presence of the Stewards; for a Special Commission would have been issued to try them on the course, and the sentences we are afraid to contemplate. The leading journal, as we

believe it is the fashion to term the 'Times,' was especially indignant at the Meeting being fixed so early in the year, and one of its most influential Managers, who resides in the neighbourhood, interpolated the introductory remarks to the Meeting with some observations of his own, which are to be commended for their force and truth. Under all circumstances, that the speculation should have failed—which it is admitted to have done, notwithstanding the nailing tariff both in and out of doors—will excite no regret. And we learn from an authority upon which we can rely, that an Illustrious Personage has entirely set her face against a renewal of the Meeting, as she does not wish Ascot to become as common as Newmarket. And this we consider to be the opinion of the great mass of the public, who are of opinion that Ascot's grandeur should not be diminished by the addition of supplements to it. Like Epsom, Doncaster, and other Meetings, Ascot has its specialities in the shape of brave men, fair women, bright toilettes, and regal pageantry, and these we would have preserved in all their integrity. Nothing could be more exacting than the management, which would have done credit to the late Jemmy Parsons, of Moulsey celebrity, and even the sticks a penny tribe were moved to remonstrate at their rents being raised. The Gipsy Cooper, the Head Centre, was loud in his complaints, and said he was certain Her Majesty was not aware he was charged three and sixpence per foot, and if she could get to know that dreadful day, when the wind blew as fiercely as on the occasion of Mazeppa's most uncomfortable ride, he only took ninepence, she would order a return to be made to him, as he was such an old customer. Then the Judge and the Press came to an issue, the former not liking the criticisms of the latter on the position of Lord Glasgow's horse in the Two Thousand, and consequently refusing to give them the distances between second, third, and fourth, which he has hitherto done. This is to be regretted, as we are satisfied there was no ill-feeling on the part of the critics, and it is hard that in these advanced days of railroads, telegraphs, and 'Glow-worms,' and when Colenso is able to set the whole Anglican Church at defiance, that a writer may not state his belief that a horse's position in a race was nearer than the Judge thought it to be, especially when the critic had the jockey on his side, and his evidence to corroborate this view of the question. But, in fact, everybody was cross, and playing at cross purposes; and we do not fancy we shall be accused of employing the language of exaggeration in saying it was a cross country Meeting altogether. The only interesting part of the racing was the *début* of Friponnier, who, with the repute of being ten pound better than The Rake, and twenty-one pound superior to Verulam, frightened all the inclosure with the solitary exception of Colonel Pearson, who shook his head, and refused to hear anything to the prejudice of his own filly, whom he told his friends would keep them in ready money throughout the season. As yet the prophecy bids fair to be realised, her 'Achievements' being of the very highest class. But it must be admitted that Mr. Pardoe's colt has run like a racehorse since his defeat by her here. Corsair winning the long race gave a temporary fillip to Mr. Savile's team for the Derby, and little John Davis's defeat—certainly under a ton of weight—exercised a depressing influence on

the Danebury Derbyites. Salisbury always strikes us as a species of racing Aix-la-Chapelle, where a Congress of Trainers meet to regulate the division of certain stakes, and this year the proceedings were strictly in accordance with the precedents of former 'Days;' inasmuch as when 'John' did not win, 'Alfred' did, and 'William' varied it with both. 'Isaac' also came in for his share, in the shape of a Two Year-old Stake, which he secured with a promising Glenmasson; and as he got a thousand for him within a short time after he had pulled up, this sum may be said to have been added to the stake. It is a long time since Treen has had a turn, and after Morris Dancer galloped in the Wiltshire Stakes, we could not help thinking of Deception, Vitellius, Clermont, Chamois, Windischgratz, and the number of good horses he used to have under his charge, and wondering whether he would ever have a turn again. And perhaps these remarks may have the effect of calling attention to one whose claims have been rather overlooked of late by owners of horses. Bath followed as usual, and gave two as good days' sport as that strange curiosity, the offspring of the Reporter's mind, viz. 'the veriest racing 'gourmand,' could desire. And here we trust we may be excused for avowing our strong wish to see before we take leave of this sublunary scene, the aforesaid gourmand, as well as 'the pot' which is upset so often on the First Half of the Abingdon Mile at Newmarket. For we can never ascertain whether the latter is composed of tea, coffee, porter, or half-and-half, and can only learn that its 'boiling over' is received with tremendous cheering by the Ring. Surely the sacred Heath could never be jeopardised by a fire being lighted upon it; and yet how could the pot 'boil over' without the appliance of heat? We pause for a reply, and should be grateful to any of our readers to furnish us with one. But to return to Bath, which has been so resuscitated by the Duke of Beaufort, that it is second to no Provincial Meeting in England: there was some first-rate sport, both on the card and the return list. Friponnier proved he was no impostor, and his two winning races set Mr. Pardoe's head nodding like a Dutch doll at the Hampton Court sales, in the hope of picking up some second editions. Lord Stamford's Arundel ran very green and raw, but from the way he is nibbled at for the Derby, it is evident somebody thinks something of this son of Nutbourne, who must make haste and make himself at the stud, or be for ever fallen. The Somersetshire is one of the best Handicaps for outsiders the Ring have to deal with, and this year Lord Portsmouth, thinking that industrious body wanted a turn, gave them one with Whalebone; and as he had been turned up by Mr. Ten Broeck as good for nothing, his Lordship was naturally very pleased at winning. Sandal must have lost all heart, as she cut up horribly, and we should imagine was not worth keeping in training, and Lord Zetland was sent back to Badminton after getting third to Ethelred in the Welter Race. And for this position he was indebted to Captain Little, who rode him as hard as Custance did Lord Lyon, because John Day had sent him word by his son that he had betted a bottle of champagne he was not the last in the race. No Derby betting of any consequence took place, as 'the Grand Jury' found true bills against all that were submitted to them, and sent them up for trial on the following

Wednesday at Epsom, when all but Lord Lyon were acquitted. York, which was done out of its annual week by the pertinacity with which Admiral Rous adhered to his Ascot one, although the Duke of Beaufort interceded for the Committee, was dull beyond all comparison, and scarcely any one but those who were staying at the hotels knew that any races were going on. Still the sport was worthy of the old Knavesmire, and what with the Blair Athol levée in the morning, and the racing in the afternoon, the two days were not difficult to get through. Middleham shared the Great Northern Handicap, for although as much fuss was made about Regalia as her namesake in the Tower of London, she was never in the race, Spigot Lodge and Ashgill fighting out the battle, which Windham, the nominee of the former, won cleverly. Manuella's running in the Two Year-old Stake was not liked, and ill-natured people said she would run better at Ascot. It was here we took leave of that quaint character, 'Yorkshire Jack,' who, although smoking his short pipe as usual, and appearing in the best of health, it seems was never destined to see another racecourse, as he was taken ill on the following day, and died on the Sunday, merely expressing a wish that he might be spared to know if Lord Lyon got through the Derby. What creed of religion this betokens, we cannot say, but we have no doubt he will be canonized by the touts, who held him in extreme reverence for many years. His real name was Robinson, and nothing is known of his early history; but he was a great favourite with the Yorkshire gentry, and was very proud of the pipe which Colonel Macdonald brought him from the Crimea. We may remark he made no will, and his estate is not likely to be administered to by his widow.

Of Epsom we must now treat, but after the tons of type which have been employed in depicting its details we hardly know how to deal with it, and it has been so picked by 'the chiffoniers,' as well as the regular carvers for the Sporting Press, there is scarcely anything left on the skeleton for the monthly dissector. Still, as much is expected from those to whom much is given, we must endeavour to appease the appetite of those who are kind enough to assert that our sauce gives a zest to the food we provide for them. It was strange, considering how the mania for racing has increased within the last few years, that so little interest should have been excited about the Derby until within forty-eight hours. But such was really the case; and although haberdashers put out scarfs with Lord Lyon, Rustic, and Redan's colours, the Clerks did not rise at them, as hitherto has been their custom of an afternoon. Pins with the winner of the Two Thousand engraved on them ruled dull, and in green gauze nothing was done. On the Stock Exchange the scratching of Overend and Gurney paralysed the Members as much as that of Lord Lyon and Rustic would have affected the Subscribers to Tattersall's, and other account-books besides Derby ones were thrown into confusion. And, apropos of this event, which has produced such disastrous results in the commercial world, we will give an anecdote which will show what different feelings agitate different classes of the community. On the day after the great suspension was announced, we came across a gentleman well known on the Turf for years, whose rate of interest for money was never less than sixty, and frequently

eighty-five per cent., looking in the best of spirits : and asking him if a good thing had come off, that put him up so much in his stirrups, he replied in the negative. And on our remarking that his face afforded a strong contrast to those we had come across in the City, he answered us by saying what delighted him so much was 'that those Lombard Street beggars, who would never lend him a shilling, and looked on his Bills as rags, had at last come to know the want of a few thousand pounds as he had done himself. And he hoped the lesson would do them good, and open their hearts, particularly on a Settling Day for the Derby and Leger.' That the crash had a great deal to do with the tameness about the Derby, within Temple Bar, there can be no denying ; and one large Bookmaker, who had deposited twelve thousand with the great firm during the winter, for his Derby book, was rather inconvenienced by his not being able to get at it for the day of reckoning. How the Duke of Beaufort fed the touts, while Rustic was being tried is now matter of history, as well as his address to them, that, as he had let them have possession of the ground for some months, perhaps they would be kind enough to let him have it for an hour. Such an appeal, so contrary to what they expected—for they anticipated nothing less than an *argumentum ad baculum*—was so irresistible that they yielded to it at once ; and, without being helped into the Marquis of Hastings' break, they were wafted into Stockbridge before they could discover their surprise, or John Day know his Rustic was not quite so good as his Patrician opponent.

The first day at Epsom was cold and dull, but there was no lack of people to bet and watch the proceedings of that Money Market whose ramifications are as large as Capel Court, and exercise almost as much influence on the fortunes of individuals as that far-famed establishment. The Duke opened the proceedings ; and although he took precedence of everything in the Trial Stakes, he did not benefit Rustic, but, on the contrary, rather helped to serve his opponent, Lord Lyon, whose arrival was delayed by the roof of his van being too high for the railway arches, and he had to post over to the scene of action. Achievement had been deemed what is termed a moral for the Woodcote, but it having been discovered she was slightly off, many of her friends were frightened of her, and those who went to back and remained to see, were mortified by witnessing her going in by herself in the face of Hermit, whose rose-coloured friends thought their chance more than usually rosy. In sending Paradigm to Stockwell, the object of Colonel Pearson—to enlarge her produce—it will be seen, has been accomplished ; and it is strange, after two such animals as Lord Lyon and Achievement, he should this year have gone to King Tom. But no doubt he could show cause, and with good effect, for the step he has taken. The Derby morning was bright as if it had been ordered by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and countersigned by Mr. Dorling ; and, as the Reporter who has never seen any of the proceedings beyond the 'Elephant and Castle' remarked, 'from an early hour London was alive.' Steam and land carriages were alike crowded, and owing to the dust 'The Brigade of Clothesbrushers' were exercised the whole day. As we made our way to the portals of the Grand Stand, the first

parties we came across were the Admiral, attended by Mr. Dorling, waiting to receive the Royal Princes, who, keeping 'Bentinck's time,' greeted the gallant Handicapper most cordially, and, preceded by him, made their way without fuss or ceremony to the Stewards' Stand, where they found themselves among their friends, and entered into the topics of the day as eagerly as any new-fledged Guardsman. Having made themselves *au courant* with the latest trials and movements in the market, they next made their way for the Temple of Lucullus, which stood opposite, and from which they saw the race, free from intrusion. It has been said, and we believe with truth, for our authority is one of the leaders of London Society, that there are only three men in London worth knowing, viz., Todd-Heatley, Poole, and the Prince of Wales—and we place them in the order they were named and as they were designated. For this selection against the field, no doubt good and sufficient reasons exist, and from information we have received, 'The Lord of Hosts,' as the first-named gentleman has been somewhat irreverently, but not inaptly designated, was never seen to greater advantage than when entertaining his Royal Guests, for whose appetites the various capitals of Europe had been ransacked by culinary detectives.

But it is time we got into the Paddock, and let those of our readers who were boxed up in the Stand know our impressions of Mr. M'George's troop. The passage of the Paddock was as fiercely contested as that of the Douro, the arrangements being worse than useless, and Sir Richard Mayne's forces utterly inadequate to repress the efforts of a non-paying enemy. However, having got through without loss of limb, and walking under the southern hedge, the first pair we came across were the mysterious Stabber and his companion The Czar; and we saw, in less time than we can write it, that the Derby was not going to Middleham, and that there was no necessity for the Lord of Fairfield parting with the lot of monkeys he had secured about them. Then came Redan, looking like a smartish two-year old, with a kind of Pharos look about him, which only Jem Mace or Joe Goss could have admired, and we were satisfied he could not stand squeezing; still, he was trained to perfection. 'You will have to look at this one after the race!' was the exclamation of Harry Goater to us, as he led by a handsome, large, unfurnished Trumpeter, who had evidently been hurried in his work, and more adapted for Doncaster Moor than the County of Surrey. 'Like Overend and Gurney, he 'wants time,' was our reply, and moved on to take stock of Lord Glasgow's new favourite, a mean little horse, without bone or substance, and more fit for a pair of Hansom shafts than to carry 8st. 10lb. in the Derby. And yet the Newmarket jockeys who rode in the trial raved about him, and said that they only knew one thing about the Derby, which was, that Lord Glasgow would beat Lord Lyon. The Knight of the Crescent and War were among the latest arrivals, and as soon as the white wide-awake of John Scott was seen, a circle composed of the *élite* of the Paddock was formed around him. To these he communicated his belief 'that one of these cracks would win, and the 'Knight run well;' and, so far, the old gentleman's judgment was borne out. The Marquis of Hastings' bright clothing was the herald of Blue Riband, who

had faded so much that he disappointed everybody, and the enthusiastic Doctor felt qualms about him which he could not suppress; and the Blue Riband looked like a pony by the side of Rustic, who, led by young John Day, was gaped at by the crowd like the learned pig at a country fair. With a magnificent fore-hand, he is too split up behind to suit a severe course like that of Epsom; and John Day made no secret of his opinion, that if Lord Lyon's trial was correct, Rustic could not beat him; but, he added, the latter will beat every other horse that has run in public. The Bribery colt, at whose head walked the Hon. Colonel Byng, was the last of the candidates we inspected previous to taking up our position on the Grand Stand, and a more racing-like colt, or one better prepared, was not in the field; and, as on the previous Saturday, after having been knocked about in the betting to get a lot of money off, he had given Pintail eighteen pounds, and Stag Hound, the winner of the Bath Handicap, no less than two stone, his return to favour was quite accounted for. Lord Lyon was searched for far and near, but without success, for he was saddled, *à la* Blink Bonny and Blair Athol, away from the crowd on the course; and assuring our friends he was certain not to be an absentee, we returned to the place from whence we came, and calmly awaited the course of events on the most celebrated course in the world. Our fears—if we ever had any—of Lord Lyon being *non est inventus*, were soon allayed by seeing Mr. Sutton walking at his head, and stopping him, to allow the Prince of Wales to inspect him. At the same time he shook his umbrella at the Ring, as much as to say, 'Here I am; my soul's in arms, and eager for 'the fray. Come on!' The interval between the cantering down and the start has always struck us as being the most momentous part of the day; and how Inspector Walker can bear the gaze of thousands with the unconcerned air of a Talleyrand we are at a loss to imagine, for there is really nothing to look at but him and the horses.

It boots not at this period to give the order of running in the race, when Mr. McGeorge sent off the lot, but after Blue Riband had been done with at the top of the hill, French, in pursuance of his orders, sent Bribery down it at the top of his speed, in the hopes of choking Lord Lyon. The latter, however, was not so easily done with, although, after he had polished off Rustic, he hung on to Savernake to an extent that, to use a diplomatic phrase, 'excited 'the gravest apprehensions' as to his defeat. Both horses' necks were as straight as fishing-rods, and it was as difficult for the backers to know which had won as for us to state what Mr. Spurgeon had on the race, until the hoisting of No. 4 told Mr. Sutton that he was the happiest and proudest of men on the course. That Bribery was too near to be pleasant there was no denying; still, if Custance's arm had not been so shaken by The Hermit on the previous day, and he could have used it better, we believe Lord Lyon would have won much easier. Immediately after all hands, both winners and losers, were piped to lunch, and a vintage of champagne got through without the smallest trouble to the consumers. Thursday was more of a gossiping than a racing day, and Ischia 'repulsed' her companionship from the post of first favourite for the Oaks. The Derby Settlement was discussed, and, as no Circulars had

been sent out, 'things' were pronounced to be better in the West than the East. Friday was a regular Oaks day, and a better definition we cannot find for it. The mares were, however, unequal to the occasion, the majority being barely good enough for hacks. Still, bad animals produce as good sport as first-rate ones; and after one of the best starts we ever saw, the blood of Old Torment prevailed, and running as stout as her dam with Ninnyhammer at Stockbridge, Tormentor brought the Oaks into Piccadilly, and deprived Gemma di Vergy of getting an Epsom winner. The Duke of Beaufort fell into his old place of third, and the rest were anywhere. The winner is not a taking mare—so much so, that when a friend of ours went to back her he was hauled by a well-known breeder, and implored not to touch such a rat, but to get a hundred out of her; and, melancholy to relate, he fell a victim to the voice of the charmer, who, they say, would talk a man to fight a milestone.

Having done with Epsom for nine calendar months, our next move was to Islington, where the Horse Show was held in its old arena. That the date would be a successful one we were satisfied, as we said last month, as far as the paying element was concerned; and of course the vicinage cared nothing what horses they came to see, and waited for the hurdle-jumping with the exemplary patience of a blue-coat boy for a pantomime. The real Sportsmen—of which there were plenty in the neighbourhood of London—missed the Stallion Show, which could easily have been got up had the Exhibition been postponed for a month, when horses could have left their out-stations, and gone through a competitive examination without injury to themselves or their owners; and until a Premium of adequate value is inserted in the programme, the Show will never be restored to its old form. The Cockney element was also too conspicuous, and the love of the horse seemed to be a secondary consideration to the display of advertisements, which converted the walls of the building into a street hoarding. As a whole, the lot of horses that came out were not equal to the stamp of former years, although it would be unfair to deny there some good-looking animals among them.

We will take first in order Class I., for Hunters, wherein Rainbow, now six years old, that carried Mr. Thompson so well in the Waterloo run, was most liked. He is a magnificent specimen of the well-bred weight carrier, and his legs showed no signs of the hard season that he has gone through. In this Class Luck's All (in last year's show), Hop Vine, Bullfinch, Ex-President, and a few others not noticed by the Judges were fine horses, but there were not many of them. Sir George Wombwell's Hunter, who took the first prize, is well known to many Masters of Hounds, and was a remarkably clever short-legged horse. No wonder Count Fleury could not get away from him, and secured him at five hundred guineas for the Emperor of the French; and who, if he is inclined to ride to hounds, will never have been better carried during his long and eventful career. The others, though showing quality were sadly deficient in bone. Class III. we pass over, as being only fit to carry boys. The Hacks were nothing particular, and as soon as Fire-King made his appearance with Mr. Sheward on his back, he was the cynosure of all eyes, 'and scarce could be more, for each eye was upon him.' To employ the fashionable phraseology of the

age we live in, 'his unexceptionably aristocratic manners,' and grand action well shown off by his rider, soon made him first favourite for the blue rosette of the Show. He also went to the Imperial stables, but whether for the Empress or the Duchess de Mouchy we could not learn; however Mr. Charles Simmond's ambition was achieved, and he went his way rejoicing.

Of the Four-year-olds, Thorpe Malsor by Ugly Buck, in Class IV., caught our eye as being likely to grow into a grand horse. In Class XV., for stallions for getting hunters, we quite agreed with the award of the Judges in giving the first prize to the superior bone and substance of Storm-stayed, by Augur, in preference to Prince Plausible, although the latter is quite a picture of a horse. Among the smaller Park Hacks, Fuschia, by Adamas, stood out very conspicuous, and justly got the first prize; and we cannot help thinking if Mr. F. Milward was to use Adamas for his pony mares, the cross would be a very fortunate one, as he is so remarkably handsome, and his stock have such famous action. The Wimbushes showed a pair of state carriage-horses, which were certainly very handsome, but we did not think they stepped so well together, or were as even in quality, as the Duchess of Beaufort's pair, which carried off the prize a year or two back. Some of the Covert Hacks would not have disgraced Melton or Leicester, and Mr. Briggs was returned for his class without opposition. We must not forget to add that Mr. Donald kindly lent The Scottish Chief and Costa to the Show for the first two days, and their immense improvement since they had been put out of training, and which has before been notified by us in these pages, was duly confirmed by the host of judges who thronged their boxes to inspect the pair. Sunday, the second day of the Exhibition, very nearly led to the sudden closing of it, owing to the enactment of a scene, which is deserving of the strongest censure on the Secretary, who, at an early hour in the morning, ordered all the grooms of the different horses out of the building, that Colonel Fleury and his agent, Mr. Collins, a Surrey dealer, might have a private view, for their own purposes. Such an unheard-of proceeding created, as might well be imagined, the utmost indignation among the Exhibitors, who only heard the intelligence at Tattersall's in the afternoon, from a couple of grooms who had made their escape from Islington for the purpose of laying the case before their masters. It seems that some horses and ponies were taken out, and the noise exciting the stallions, sent them off at once, and the mares replying to them, all was in confusion, and the animals were left sweating without anybody to dry them. As might be imagined, when this was detailed, it put owners in a tremendous passion, and an Indignation Meeting was at once convened, at which those owners who were present, pledged themselves to remove their horses the following morning, unless an immediate inquiry was made into the matter, and an ample apology made for the extraordinary interference with their property and servants. Monday saw the Court sitting at a very early hour, and the address of the Chief to the Committee was of so serious a character that the latter called a meeting of their body immediately, and drew up a resolution condemning the act of their Secretary in the strongest manner, apologising for the same, and faithfully promising the offence should not be repeated. This, of course, was all they could do, and what might have been expected from the high

character of their body, and we have reason for knowing they were terribly annoyed at the serious manner in which their interests had been jeopardised. It seems to us that Mr. Sidney had not the strength of mind to refuse General Fleury's request; and as the latter will be at the head of the Paris Horse Show next year, he was anxious to secure his good opinion in order that the horses he himself brought over from England should have good berths allotted to them in the French Exhibition. Still he as near as possible broke up the Show, as owners do not like valuable horses shown to strangers, however distinguished, without themselves or their attendants being present to see no tricks are played with them. Of the Judges who were on the rota, all we can say is, that they exhibited the same judgment, patience, and impartiality as distinguish their learned brothers when sitting in Banco in Westminster Hall, and suggestions for 'new trials' or 'writs of error' were very rarely heard in our presence.

As Mrs. Glass says, in her admirable book on Domestic Cookery, 'First catch your hare before you dress it,' so we must first look in at the settlement, before we pronounce our final summing up on the Derby. Judging from City advices, we had expected to have found a perfect famine in the market, and to have seen, as we have done, gentlemen coming about with 'large sheets of paper' in their hand, and a pen in their mouth, looking for "monkeys" that have 'never left their "cages," and invisible "ponies" that have never been foaled.' But, on the contrary, we were agreeably disappointed; for all the East-end money had apparently found its way to that room presided over by Thomas, who, if he were to part with his collection of autographs, might realise a sufficient sum to induce him to extend his daily walk from St. James's Street to the Bank of England. Bank-notes were lying about in sheaves as large as packets of sandwiches, and handed over by hard-featured men, with horny fists, to the elegant extracts of the Hussars, Guards, and Infantry. Some little commotion was occasioned to a small party, who were going through a settlement out of doors, by a 'tenner' taking flight over the walls of the adjoining houses. An immediate hue and cry was raised, rumour asserting that the note was 'a long-tailed one;' and the rush after it put us in mind of a flock of Naturalists in pursuit of a Dodo. Eventually the search was successful, and the finder was congratulated on his escalade, which was made in a manner that promised well for him on a forlorn hope expedition.

Although somewhat pressed by space, we must find a few lines for the consideration of our last 'Saturday Review,' which was published at Hampton. The contents were not the best we had ever seen, still they were very good, and eagerly perused by the learned critics to whom they were submitted. Owing to so many departures for Paris, there were not so many drags and phaetons as usual in the paddock; still when the Duke of Newcastle drove up with Melbourne Scott on the box, we were satisfied business was meant, and Joseph Dawson behind Messrs. Pryor and Hawkeley was equally ominous of the destination of certain animals. The presence of Alfred Day at the foot of Mr. Padwick was "confirmation strong, as proof of holy writ," that the Panic had not extended to Hill Street. Lord Derby's Secretary for Ireland was in Colonel Maude's carriage, looking out for wrinkles for the Palmerstown Stud Farm. The Squire of Blanking was under the guardianship of the Admiral,

who was not likely to let him go astray. Lord Coventry was to the fore by himself, and Lord Stamford was accompanied part of the time by his Domestic Chaplain. No sooner was the Blister colt put up, than the voice of an old Danebury Master was heard bidding for it, and he was soon accommodated for a nobleman, who has been painted by Landseer as a boy in a jacket jumping a Shetland pony over a log of timber ; and this description will sufficiently identify him to all who are acquainted with sporting pictures. The nods that came from Mr. Prior's carriage when the Trickstress and Brother to Verulam colts were put up, told Mr. Tattersall need not look elsewhere for a customer, as they were evidently bespoke. The Ayacanora colt was the flower of the flock, and *non cuivis homini* was clearly his motto. But that sentence does not apply to Lord Stamford or Mr. Padwick, and hard at it the pair went, the commoner making and stalling off The Peer in the last stride : he won by a tenner, which we suppose to be equivalent to a head. Brother to Little Lady, and a half brother to The Duke, were secured for the Marquis of Hastings, who, after having seen them the day after the Oaks, left an unlimited commission in the hands of Mr. Hill. The Vidette colt, out of Doralice, a fine specimen of that horse's get, the Duke of Newcastle purchased, and he will be trained with a few others by Scott on a race-course which his Grace has formed in his park at Clumber. Lord Stamford would not be denied a Voltigeur colt out of the grand dam of Macaroni, for 710 guineas, and we don't think he will lose by him. The Hepatica yearling was not as handsome as that of last year, but still Lord Coventry, who does throw his money away, had some difficulty in getting it for 620 guineas. Then Mr. Padwick, as if caring nothing for Credits Fonciers, Mastermans and Agras, Mexicans or Credits Mobiliers, brought down three fillies in succession, viz., the Peri, one half sister to his Pericles, the Julie, his one own sister to Julius, and one out of Nina, winding up with a brace of others, which were, perhaps, the highest quality ones of the lot, viz., the Eulogy, filly by Newminster, and a Newminster one out of Ariadne, making him the best customer Royalty ever had at Hampton Court. The venue was then changed to Hampton Green, where, in the language of pugilistic reporters, a fresh ring was soon formed, into which 'the Mamheads' entered. Report had previously stated they were the best lot that had been sent up from the Far West, and ocular inspection confirmed it. The Craters took at once, from their good looks and racing properties, and if they only run, as they give promise of doing, Devonshire will have the best sire that ever went into the West of England. The King Tom filly out of Sneer, and the King of the Forest colt out of Start Point, and the King Tom colt out of Botany, all of which were picked out by us as foals, and noticed in our accounts of the paddocks at Mamhead, were made first favourites when they came out, and reached such prices as proved their worth, and could only be obtained from those whom Providence has blessed with affluence. Sir Lydston having now broken the ice, will, we hope, go on and prosper. He has seen the public will only deal with fashionable blood ; and while he supplies them with it, they will deal with him as soon as with 'any other man.' *Verbum sap.*

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and Turf Guide.

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. Vol. XII.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE.

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1866.

DIARY FOR JULY, 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
2	M	Cricket Match at Lord's between North and South.
3	Tu	Newmarket July Meeting. Carlisle Races.
4	W	Newmarket July Meeting.
5	Th	Newmarket July Meeting.
6	F	Newmarket July Meeting.
7	S	Sale of the late General Angerstein's Stud.
8	S	SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
9	M	Pontefract Races.
10	Tu	Abingdon Races.
11	W	Abingdon Races.
12	Th	Reading Races.
13	F	Reading Races.
14	S	Pigeon Match at Shepherd's Bush.
15	S	SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. St. Swithin.
16	M	Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's
17	Tu	Nottingham Races.
18	W	Nottingham Races and Down Corporation Races.
19	Th	Stamford Races.
20	F	Stamford Races.
21	S	Pigeon Shooting at Shepherd's Bush.
22	S	EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
23	M	Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.
24	Tu	Winchester Races.
25	W	Southampton Races.
26	Th	Huntingdon Races.
27	F	Huntingdon Races.
28	S	Pigeon Shooting at Shepherd's Bush.
29	S	NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
30	M	Comparing Day at Tattersall's for Goodwood.
31	Tu	Goodwood Races commence.

CRICKET.—THE JULY MATCHES.

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB.

2nd, at Lord's, NORTH v. SOUTH.
5th, at Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Gentlemen of Yorkshire Club.
9th, at Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Sussex (Benefit of T Box)
13th, at Lord's, ETON v. HARROW.
16th, at Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Suffolk.
16th, at Southampton, M.C.C. and G. v. Hampshire (r).
19th, at Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Norfolk.
23rd, at Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Essex.
26th, at Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Birkenhead Club.
30th, at Lord's, M.C.C. and G. v. Rugby School.

THE SURREY CLUB.

2nd, at the Oval, Gentlemen of Surrey Club v. Gentlemen of Scotland.
5th, at the Oval, Surrey v. Kent.
9th, at the Oval, Surrey v. Hampshire.
12th, at Gravesend, Surrey v. Kent.
16th, at Brighton, Surrey v. Sussex (r).
19th, at the Oval, Surrey v. Lancashire.
23rd, at the Oval, Surrey Club v. Birkenhead Club.
26th, at Islington, Surrey v. Middlesex.
30th, at the Oval, Surrey v. England.

OTHER COUNTY MATCHES.

2nd, at Southampton, Gentlemen of Hants v. Gentlemen of Sussex. 3rd, at Islington, Gentlemen of Middlesex v. Gentlemen of Yorkshire. 5th, at Southampton, Gentlemen of Hants v. Gentlemen of Devon. 5th, at Manchester, Lancashire v. Middlesex. 5th, at Nottingham, Notts v. Cambridgeshire (return). 16th, at Islington, Middlesex v. Lancashire (return). 19th, at Southampton, Hants v. Bucks (return). 23rd, at Gravesend, Kent v. Sussex (return). 26th, at Gravesend, Gentlemen of Kent v. Gentlemen of Sussex (return).

Hammond

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE.

THE Marquis of Clanricarde, whose portrait we would have presented to our readers before this, but for his public and private engagements preventing him honouring our artist with a sitting, is the most fitting representative of the Sportsman of Ireland in the present age; and it is only due to himself and ourselves that his deeds on the Steeple-chase Course and in the Hunting Field should have some more enduring memorial than that conveyed by a local newspaper paragraph.

The family of De Burgh, from whence the subject of our memoir is sprung, ranks among the most distinguished in Ireland, and deduces an uninterrupted line of powerful Nobles from the Conquest. The Marquis of Clanricarde, the present head of it, was born on the 20th of December, 1802, and succeeded his father as fourth Earl on the 27th of July, 1808, and in 1825 he was advanced by Letters Patent to the Irish Marquisate, and created a Baron of the United Kingdom. Eton and Oxford can claim him among their alumni; but at this distance of time no anecdotes of his school or college career are current, but it may be taken for granted he was a young man of promise, or that great Statesman Mr. Canning, whose daughter he married, would not have selected him for his Private Secretary. Commencing life at a period when Irish wit, Irish society as it was of old, and Lever's heroes were still flourishing, and the Galway Blazers were yet extant within his native county, Lord Clanricarde entered heart and soul into all the hilarity which surrounded the sporting circles of his immediate neighbourhood. At that time daring horsemanship and sporting accomplishments were considered as the high road to distinction, and, with the social advantages which he possessed, tutors were not wanting for so apt a pupil; and after perfecting his education in the art of riding over high walls—and no better school can be found to attain to first-class horsemanship—his Lordship made his *début* on the Curragh in 1822, winning the first Corinthians ever ran in

Ireland on Penguin, by Waxy Pope, beating six others. In the following year he repeated the victory with the same animal, beating the celebrated Roller. He also won a good race on the flat at Loughrea, in his native county, on a wretched-looking animal called Sarsaparilla, belonging to the parish priest, which so delighted the peasantry, that as they cheered his Lordship coming back to scale, they exclaimed, 'Sure if he was on an ass of Father Peter's, 'wouldn't he have a right to win!' But to the Turf Lord Clanricarde was never really partial, while to steeple-chasing, on the other hand, he devoted himself with all the enthusiasm of Irish youth; and he may be said to have won his spurs shortly after leaving Oxford, in 1822, over the Roxborough Course, in Galway, on Hawk, by Scherdone. The course was four miles over a stiff country, including four five-foot walls, and the last one measured five feet nine inches at the spot where The Hawk took it. He won the same stake the next year on Mr. Persse's Rollo; but nine inches had been taken off the last-mentioned wall. In 1830, at Luton Hoo, in what was called the First St. Albans Steeple-chase, got up by the well-known Tommy Coleman, and for which sixteen started, he ran second to Lord Ranelagh's grey gelding Wonder, ridden by Captain M'Douall, of the Life-Guards, with a little Irish horse called Nailer, who had only just landed from Ireland in hunting condition. The course was an unflagged one, and that Lord Clanricarde's fame had reached Hertfordshire was clear, when Captain M'Douall, in asking how he was to ride The Wonder, was told simply to pay no attention to anybody, but to wait upon Lord Clanricarde. True to his orders, Captain M'Douall never deserted his pilot, and at one period in the race exclaimed, 'Halloa! you are 'going wrong!' But the turn proved correct, as the first and second came in some minutes before the others appeared, Nailer having at the end to succumb to the superior turn of speed of Wonder. His two next appearances in the Metropolitan District were more successful, as he won two Grand Steeple-chases on Mr. Elmore's famous Moonraker, beating good fields of first-class horses. The last of these races finished over a very strong line at the Windmill, near Old Oak Farm, on the Edgware road; and on this occasion, it was always reported that Moonraker, who was a hard puller and a very big jumper, cleared a lane. At the period to which we refer, Lord Clanricarde had been a frequent attendant with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's stag-hounds, which were then kept at Cranford, and having distinguished himself in several runs over the Harrow country, Mr. Berkeley, after he became the Master of the Oakley Hounds, got up a steeple-chase at Bedford, and asked Lord Clanricarde to ride for him. Parliament was sitting, and there were no railways in those days, but his Lordship was not to be denied, for he rode a couple of hacks down the road to Bedford, rode his friend's horse in the steeple-chase, rode back again to town, and attended in his place in the House of Lords in the evening.

Having sketched, somewhat too briefly we fear, Lord Clanricarde's sporting exploits, we will now discuss his merits as a horseman, and we are not saying too much in stating he may be classed among the most remarkable men across country of the day. His forte lies in possessing the art of imparting confidence, or enforcing obedience to every horse he gets on. He can ride a brute with the vigour and determination of a Dick Christian, he can humour and encourage a timid or half-broken horse by patience and good temper, or he can guide a finished hunter like a gentleman. While gifted with the skill of a perfect *ménage* rider, he exemplifies, as he goes over a country, that horses, when let alone at their fences, seldom fall. Impressed with the necessity of having a full command over his horse, he generally rides with severe bridles, and is most particular about the fitting of his curb, which he may be seen altering several times during a day's hunting; such tackle requires good hands, nor are they wanting. His seat is graceful, his style of riding simple, not a symptom of the more modern steeple-chasing element being visible. Never flurried or in a hurry, whether the fence is a mere water-cut or a binder leaning towards him, or stiff timber with bad taking off: it seems a matter of perfect indifference as he holds on the even tenour of his way. Certain malpractices to secure a start, or to take any unfair advantage by overriding hounds, he never availed himself of, nor was he over particular in selecting the weak spot in a fence, for with him the shortest way was the best way. It is a pleasant sensation to get away on a good horse abreast of the leading hound, but many a good man succumbs when he misses his start, having, perhaps, fifty men before him and fifty men around him; and few have pluck and resolution to overcome difficulties—such as the certainty of being ridden on if your horse makes a mistake, or the collisions threatened by bad and reckless riders. But a bad start never deterred Lord Clanricarde; for he could thread his way with perfect ease through a crowd, and bide his time with patience until a check or lucky turn let him up to the front; and when the pace had begun to tell, when horses' legs were dropping into the opposite ditches, when the timber rattled under their feet, or the sob of distress gave warnings that induce most prudent men to look out for the nearest by-road or line of gates, he could assist a beaten horse over a country with consummate judgment and skill.

‘ To him nought came amiss,
One horse or that, one country or this,
He through falls and bad starts undauntedly still
Rides to the motto, “ Be with them I will.” ’

Running such risks, he could scarce come off scatheless, and although frequently knocked about, his activity, his presence of mind, and his spare figure often saved him from serious consequences. But no man ever received punishment more unflinchingly. Early in 1854, on a Saturday, in Leicestershire, a weedy Birdcatcher horse gave him an awkward fall at timber; and he felt his collar-bone

go crack. But, getting up again, he had not gone three fields when a piece of water appeared, and the horse never rising at it, he got under him, and was at once extricated half-drowned and much bruised, and, as it turned out, with his collar-bone broken in another place. On the following Tuesday, however, he was at his post in the House of Lords, and spoke for forty-five minutes without a check on the impending Russian war. We should state, however, that the deep interest which the Marquis has ever taken in politics made hunting and the stud secondary considerations; and the rapidity and seeming carelessness with which preparations were made for a visit to Melton, or The Shires were quite appalling, and afforded a remarkable contrast to the practice of the present, when Mason, Newcombe, Darby, and Sheward require many weeks' notice before collecting a Leicestershire stud for fastidious gentlemen. On one day the Marquis would appear on a plain, hunting-like horse, on the next on a weedy thoroughbred, on the third on an ancient far advanced in his teens, or very groggy on his legs, and perhaps a couple of awkward horses to ride completed the stud. From Melton they were then perhaps transported to do duty over the stone walls in Galway or among the intricate fences in Kilkenny or Kildare.

It seemed a perfect matter of indifference to him what he rode, as the following anecdote will illustrate. Passing through Dublin, he called on a well-known friend of every Irish sportsman. 'H——t,' he said, 'can you let me have a horse to ride with the Kildare Hounds?' 'I am very sorry, my Lord, I have nothing to offer you just at present,' was the reply. 'What! not a horse in your stable?' 'Nothing, my Lord, but a one-eyed horse I bought from a miller to carry a Whip. I hear he has been hunted, but I know nothing about him, and he is in moderate trim.' 'Never mind; send him on. I will be at the meet.'

The well-known covert of Lough was the first the hounds drew; and the first fence was the brook (now bridged over), simply a ditch about fourteen feet in width, with a high bank on the opposite side. The field diverged to easy parts of the fence; but the Marquis, on the chesnut (afterwards called Nelson), came straight down at it, got well over, and went first in a gallop of 17 minutes.

As might be anticipated in so long a career, Lord Clanricarde has from time to time been the owner of good horses: among the best in former days were Leatherhead, a grey horse that had the honour of being the last that Mr. Val. Maher ever went in his old form on in Leicestershire. This horse hunted up to the age of twenty-seven, and at that age jumped an undeniably big fence on Barrow Hill. Angelo, 'a perfect fencer,' carried the Marquis for ten seasons; then Gehazi, 'a leper' as white as snow; and in later years Caustic, who in 1864 won the Irish Grand National within three weeks of his appearance at a Leicestershire covert-side. It would be hard to find a more awkward horse to ride hunting than Caustic, with his head all in the wrong place, a loose neck, a hard, unyielding mouth, and a desire to go as hard as he can at every fence.

Mr. Long, who rode him in the National Race, to this day describes his 'sensations,' as the horse rattled in and out of the lane at Punchestown with him.

In politics the Marquis of Clanricarde has ever been a decided Liberal, and has supported with earnest eloquence measures that have been introduced into Parliament to forward the interests of Ireland. He has also filled the offices of Ambassador to St. Petersburg and Postmaster-General. We may also conclude by remarking that Lord Dunkellin—whose motion in the House of Commons on the Reform Bill led to the break-up of the Russell Administration—is the eldest son of the Marquis, and will succeed him in his titles and estates.

EXPENSES OF FOX-HUNTING ESTABLISHMENTS.

DIRUIT ædificat mutat quadrata rotundis. Such may be said also of Fortune's freaks with regard to Subscription Masters of Foxhounds—she pulls down one, raises another, and changes square shoulders for round. The past season has been productive of more changes, perhaps, in this respect than any previous one, and this will continue to be the case until the expenses attendant upon such establishments are conducted upon a more moderate scale, or subscriptions increased to meet them fairly and liberally. In these times everybody is well paid who is engaged in popular enterprises, except a Subscription Master, who works harder than any engineer or lawyer employed in managing railway schemes. We are alluding now to men who have had considerable experience in the management of hounds, and to whose better judgment and discretion all matters relative to the efficient hunting of the country they have undertaken may be confidently entrusted, and who have every claim to zealous support. How often do we find Masters of this class forced upon their own resources to keep things in proper place, and then deserted and abused because they will not ruin themselves and families to pander to other people's amusement. Although it is reasonable to suppose that no gentleman would undertake this arduous office unless passionately fond of hounds and hunting, yet it is equally reasonable to expect, that beyond his own particular establishment of horses and men, which he might keep for hunting in any other locality, all other expenses ought to be borne by the members of his Hunt. We have heard of riding a willing horse to death, and this practice is, we regret to say, too often adopted towards a willing, enthusiastic Master of Foxhounds. Subscriptions slacken, and the remark is made, 'Oh! he is too fond of the fun himself to give it up.' Rare, moreover, are the Subscription Hunts in which a martinet is not found in the field, as well as a marplot at the council board. The former is generally a man of high position in the county, with per-

haps a large amount of landed property, and a small share of hunting knowledge, who enacts the part of dictator to all of minor pretensions. He is, probably, or has been a first flight man across country, one of that class who hunt to ride, and on account of obtaining some notoriety in this respect, arrogates to himself a complete knowledge of 'the noble science,' a lesson of which he has never learnt or wished to study,—the sort of man who has been heard to exclaim, on a bad scenting day—'Confound those hounds! I wish they would get out of my way.' In our hunting career we have met with many of this character—know-nothing do-nothing individuals, except in mischief-making—supercilious, fault-finding critics, when they themselves are amenable to the greatest criticism. If men, horses, and hounds are not in the most perfect trim—if Jack, the under-whip, has omitted to bestow the attention he considers requisite to his scarlet; if he is not clean-shaved, his white cravat thoroughly clean also, with a neat tie, hair arranged *à la mode*, doeskin gloves, and continuations scientifically pipeclayed, without raising a cloud of dust when in motion, the tops of his boots exhibiting a perfect contrast to the black shiny leggings below—the ire of the martinet begins to simmer; and if, peradventure, the hounds' coats don't look as smooth as moleskins, quickly boils over. Should the weather, moreover, prove unpropitious for scent, and nothing is done or can be done to afford sport, Master, hounds, huntsman, whips, and horses are all consigned to the lower regions, and the dictum of the dictator promulgated:—'This sort of thing, gentlemen, won't suit us; we must change our executive.' We will offer the advice to our martinet which was once given to one of his class by an older and more genuine sportsman:—'Hang it! W——, you are always finding fault, and as you think you know so much more about hounds and hunting than any other fellow, why the deuce don't you keep the hounds yourself? You have lots of tin, and can't fail to do the thing well—at least to your own satisfaction.' 'Softly, my dear fellow, I am not married yet, but when I am, perhaps I may be driven to that necessity, *pour passer le temps* when one becomes a little *gené* with turtle-doving at home.' 'That we opine, my lord, is rather a remote contingency, since, so long as you can obtain an *entrée* into other men's houses to flirt with their wives, it is more than probable you will not think of taking one yourself, any more than you would take the management of the hounds upon your own responsibility whilst you can have your fun out at another man's expense.' 'You are disposed to be complimentary this morning, Mr. Grey-stock.' 'Not intentionally, my lord; and so long as you are permitted to act the part of premier in this Hunt, I must decline assisting you with my vote and influence.'

It has never yet been our misfortune to hunt a subscription pack of foxhounds, and we would much rather undertake the responsibilities and risks of a railway guard than thrust our head into such a hornet's nest. Once we were induced to act as a substitute for a short time to a particular friend, who had, without possessing a single

requisite for such an undertaking, rashly committed himself, when *plenus Bacchi*, to the hunting of a country. Being a youngster, the *éclat* of the thing took his fancy, and he imagined himself, when the M.F.H. was tacked to his name, a person of very great consequence. Everything at first looked *couleur de rose*, and being of a lively, cheerful disposition, gentlemanly and agreeable, members of the Hunt generally thought him just the right man in the right place. But two or three of the old birds were not to be caught by this chaff, and soon found out that he knew little or nothing about the business part of a fox-hunting establishment. The stable was given up entirely to the management of the head groom—fortunately for the young Master, a very sensible trustworthy servant of long experience—and the kennel to the huntsman, an experienced hand also. Thus far the young M.F.H. had decided wisely, in taking with the hounds the principals of his predecessor's staff—a celebrated foxhunter, who would never tolerate a bad servant; but the case was altered when these servants made the discovery that they could dictate to their new Master. We cannot conceive a more humiliating position to any man of high birth, good education, and aristocratic ideas, than the obligation of submitting to dictation from those in authority under him. In the present times we know full well that it is the fashion with Young England to submit the decoration of their persons to the taste of their tailors, and the management of their horses to a stud groom, and so far from being ashamed of such ignorance, it appears rather a source of gratification.

‘What horse do you ride to-morrow, Tom?’ asks Will Careful, who had two only to his name.

‘I’ve not the least idea, old fellow,—trust all this sort of thing to Wilson, who says they are nearly all screwed up from these con-founded pluviades of rain.’

‘Well, but how many have you in stable?’

‘Fourteen, besides hacks, and Wilson declares they can’t do my work, twelve stone in the pigskin, although every devil of them cost me over two hundred.’

‘Then change your man, and look into the stable a little oftener than you do.’

‘Don’t understand that sort of thing, any more than cooking my own dinner.’

‘But you know if the turbot is underdone, or the haunch of venison roasted to rags—and as you wouldn’t stand that sort of thing from your cook, you need not have your horses overdone or underdone by your groom.’

‘Give warning if I found fault, old fellow.’

‘Then let him go—and be d——.’ [Exit Careful.]

It has ever been our practice to make ourselves intimately acquainted with everything appertaining to the business or amusement in which we were concerned, and we see nothing derogatory in the highest nobleman showing his ability to handle a horse-brush as well as a cricket-bat. In the olden times, dukes and aristocrats of the

highest order deemed it no degradation to feed their own hounds as well as hunt them; and on non-hunting days, the stables during dressing time afforded greater attractions than the billiard-table. In private life a man may be of a very amiable, placable disposition, and be ridden over *si placet* by his stud groom in the stable, or his second horseman in the field;—that is his own concern, and few would care whether his neck were broken by going too fast at a fence on a horse out of condition, or his ribs fractured by his adjutant coming in upon him when down. These are mere family matters, in which no other person has the slightest interest. But when occupying the position of Master of Foxhounds, he becomes a public man, and consequently public property—to be pelted *ad libitum* by all malcontents, with bad epithets, like a delinquent in the stocks, with rotten eggs and sundry other offensive missiles, all his acts and deeds being criticised with unscrupulous severity. He who undertakes the management of any Subscription Hunt, by virtue of his office voluntarily engages to perform certain duties attached to it, and these duties in a new country, strange to himself, his men and hounds, are by no means ‘trifles light as air.’ If a tyro, ignorant of the noble science in all its branches, his only chance of success lies in the selection of a clever, experienced huntsman, who has a character to lose, rather than one who has a reputation to earn—for if Master and man are both young and inexperienced they will make wild work of it. Be that as it may, if things go wrong, he will alone have to bear blame. If the huntsman does not show sport, the Master is abused for the shortcomings of his servant. If horses and hounds do not appear at the place of meeting in first-rate condition, it is the Master’s fault, whether he knows anything about their training and feeding or not, and this to a certain extent we must admit to be the truth. When all goes merrily as marriage bells, he gets the credit for this happy state of things; and, by the same rule, *tempora si fuerint nubela*, he will be left alone to bear the brunt. On the other hand the members of the Hunt have their duties to discharge towards the Master, which, although light and insignificant in comparison, are too often as lightly observed. There is an agreement made by the contracting powers, that so much money is to be paid for so much work done. To enthusiastic fox-hunters, this bargaining may appear as distasteful as the drawing up of marriage settlements to a very ardent youthful lover, previously to obtaining the hand of his enchantress; but since nothing can be had or done, in this utilitarian world, without money, the sinews of war must be provided to defray the expenses of a fox-hunting establishment, as well as for domestic affairs and their contingencies.

Subscription countries are of two kinds—one where the pack belongs to the gentlemen of the Hunt, and sometimes the servants’ horses also—the other where the Master has to provide everything. In both cases, however, the purchase of oatmeal, old oats, beans and hay is a preliminary necessary outlay, which must be made before the commencement of cub-hunting, and to defray this, half the sub-

scriptions ought to be forthcoming upon the Master taking the government on his shoulders, and the other half on the 1st of November, according to the country and number of days per week required for hunting it. Then there is an item not to be passed over *sub silentio*—the style in which the thing is expected to be done. We shall be met, perhaps, *in limine*, by the rejoinder, that what is worth doing at all ought to be well done. Granted. Yet that admits of dubious interpretation, according to the different views fox-hunters entertain on this subject. The majority of those calling themselves by this name are for ostentation. The minority, genuine sportsmen, regard only the efficient working of the establishment. By the former, white kid gloves as well as buckskins might be considered indispensables wherewith to equip huntsmen and whips—to the latter dark materials present a more sportsmanlike appearance. In a song composed by G. Monkland, on Mr. Warde's establishment, we remember the remark—'Will Hiddon's breeches were greasy a few,'—which from our own observation we admit to be true. But Will Hiddon, notwithstanding so little attention paid to his toggery as head whipper-in, was *nulli secundus* to any man of his class. Pipe-clayed, he would have been totally and entirely like a fish out of water—paraphernalia of this sort would have lifted him out of his element—he would have been looking more to his own personalities than to his hounds. Mr. Warde's were notoriously steady to their game in a country abounding in riot—a term applied by Masters of Foxhounds to hunting any other kind of game, one of the most inviting scents being that of deer; and we have heard old Tom Rose, huntsman to the late Duke of Grafton, declare, that when his hounds got into Whittlebury Forest, with a middling scent, his satanic majesty could not have stopped them from having a fling at buckskin. Few hounds have the barefaced audacity to run a muck at deer herded together in a park, but when an outlying one, fresh from his lair, crosses the fading line of their fox, on a queer scenting day, then it is, that in the depth of forest or large woodlands, secure from castigation, that hounds even arrived at years of discretion, will flush away on the more enticing odour of the haunch—small blame to them we say, having ourselves a particular *penchant* for the flavour of *veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinæ*.

Although not prepossessing in appearance, or very nicely attired, Will Hiddon possessed all the other essentials of a first-class whip, voice excepted, for he had lost that entirely from a very bad cold. A harsh guttural sound only seemed to proceed from the depth of his chest, which served as a rate to check the young hounds when disposed to mischief, although their names were unpronounceable. We think dark woollen cords have a more workmanlike appearance than buckskin, although, in an economical point of view, the latter, as much more durable, are the cheapest in the end; but then to look well and clean, time must be deducted from other occupations. Estimates for keeping foxhounds are contingent upon the price of the principal articles consumed—oatmeal, corn, and hay, the value

of which fluctuates according to the season. We have purchased oatmeal at 11*l.* per ton in one year, and the following it has risen to double that sum. The same may be said of hay—3*l.* 10*s.* in a good season, 6*l.* to 7*l.* per ton in a bad one; so that it is impossible to give an accurate statement of expenditure under so many extraneous circumstances. Servants' wages have also increased considerably in these days, as those of artisans—in short, they have attained a point more than equivalent to the emolument of a well-educated hardworking country curate. Sufficient has been said of a certain jockey retained by a nobleman at a salary of six hundred per annum to show the utter absurdity of such lavish expenditure upon men of that class, who are more often spoilt than benefited by such indulgent extravagance. It is not our intention now to enter into the merits or demerits of jockeys, who, by fortuitous circumstances, have been raised above their position, or lay before the public the secrets of the racing stable, which bring masters and servants into an intimacy, too low for the former and too high for the latter. There are no such secrets between Masters of Foxhounds and their huntsmen; all relative to the kennel is above board—everything open to the public. The huntsman as well as Master are public men, and have to maintain their reputation by honest and straightforward action. The characters of horses and hounds also admit of no concealment, and there is no fear of their being tampered with. The salary of a huntsman depends upon the country for which he is engaged (supposing him to be a first-class man in his profession), and the number of days per week he has to hunt. The pay in the Shires generally exceeds that of the provinces, although in large establishments of noblemen, and wealthy squires through the kingdom, high wages are given either in 'meal or malt,'—*i.e.* money or perquisites. In large kennels of old standing, the fees for the use of stud hounds amount to something considerable; then the draft hounds; and last, though not least, tips in the field, or an annual *douceur* at Christmas. The drafts and field-money may be reckoned in fashionable districts at two hundred pounds per annum. As the expenses of fox-hunting establishments have now risen to what we consider an unnecessary height, it may not be amiss, for the guidance of new Masters, to add an estimate of the necessary yearly expenditure in a three-day per week country:—

Huntsman's wages and cottage	£110	0	0
First whipper-in, 65 <i>l.</i> ; second ditto, 40 <i>l.</i>	105	0	0
Clothes, boots, &c., for the three	36	0	0

We do not include the price paid for nine horses and three hacks, which are sufficient to hunt three days a-week, allowing a horse to each man on each day,—but proceed with the expenses of their keep and attendants.

Three helpers in the stable,—two men at 14 <i>s.</i> , and lad at 8 <i>s.</i> , for nine months, from the 1st of July to the 1st of April	70	4	6
20 tons of hay, at 5 <i>l.</i> per ton	100	0	0
120 quarters of oats, at 1 <i>l.</i> 8 <i>s.</i>	168	0	0
10 quarters of beans	22	0	0
Carried forward	£611	4	6

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Brought forward	£611	4	6
Straw subservient to contract; or, if grown by the Master, reckoned as <i>nil</i> .			
Blacksmith by contract, 2 <i>l</i> . per head	24	0	0
Sadler, for wear and tear	10	0	0
Druggist	8	0	0
Thirteen tons of oatmeal for forty couples of hounds, at 16 <i>l</i> . per ton	208	0	0
Horse-flesh	52	0	0
Coal will vary greatly, according to locality, from 12 <i>s</i> . to 20 <i>s</i> . per ton, including carriage; say 26 tons, at 15 <i>s</i> . per ton	19	10	0
Feeder, at 14 <i>s</i> . per week	36	0	0
Medicine for hounds	10	0	0
Taxes for servants, horses, and hounds	57	19	6
Repairing, whitewashing, &c., stables and kennels	12	0	0
Earth-stopping, fees to keepers, and their dinners, with extras of that kind, will depend upon the country hunted,—say	200	0	0
Wear and tear of horses, including accidents, we may make an annual allowance for of	100	0	0
Total	£1,348	14	0

We have included in this calculation every item for which a Master of Foxhounds is chargeable in regard to servants, horses, and hounds kept for the use of the country, excluding his own men and stud; and we have put all these things down upon a very liberal scale, allowing ample, and more than ample, according to our own experience, for such a purpose. Forty couples of good hounds are quite sufficient to hunt any country, pasture or arable, three days per week. The better the country the shorter the pack—flints and fallows always laming more hounds than grazing districts. A hunter is not worth his keep that cannot carry huntsman or whipper-in one day a week throughout the season; for, taking the average sport, long runs and hard days form the exception rather than the rule. A Master of experience will purchase young horses of a certain stamp, instead of old screws which have been nearly stamped out, for his servants' riding. The first improve in value yearly; the last deteriorate in value daily. Cub-hunting offers a rare opportunity for breaking-in young horses, as well as young hounds. The most restive will soon become quiet and tractable after two or three tiresome woodland days, which is a far better mode of taming wild horses than any of Mr. Rarey's inventions. The hacks, as we call them, may be used by the huntsman for covert work at any time of the year, and he can then mount his hunter fresh, when hounds go away; but their principal use is for exercising the pack during the summer months, when hunters are lying idle; yet they ought to be able to make a tolerable fight across country in case of emergencies.

We have not inserted in this estimate the wages of a head groom, who is supposed to belong to the Master's private stud, although superintending the whole stables. The huntsman may perhaps perform this office, and often does in establishments of this kind, although never required to dress or touch a horse; in fact, he has quite enough to do with his hounds. The two whippers-in are

allotted two horses each; and the two helpers and lad ought to be quite equal to do the others. On hunting-days there will not be more than four horses out of the servants' stables, allowing a second horse for the huntsman, and five pairs of hands to clean them on their return. Wishing to steer clear of parsimony on the one hand and prodigality on the other, we have endeavoured to pursue the middle course, believing that any three days a week country may be efficiently hunted, and the establishment conducted in sportsman-like style, for the sum here specified. We may add that, where one establishment of this kind exceeds the estimate we have set down, nine, under the management of experienced Masters, fall far short of it. Our only object—when we find such lavish expenditure in the present age upon horses and hounds, and so many countries becoming annually vacant in consequence—is to show to what extent this is warrantable. Fast young men may go any lengths in spending money upon themselves, their servants, and their studs. One may give five hundred per annum to his huntsman, and three hundred to his stud-groom; others, as we have lately seen, may spend six hundred per annum on a jockey, besides his mounts, thereby enabling him to give a hundred a year to his valet! With men of these extravagant ideas we have nothing to do; but for the sake of 'the noble science' itself, we must reduce the expenditure within moderate and rational limits, or, like the Quorn country at present, others may soon go begging for a Master. We have before pointed out that, unless retrenchment is made with regard to fox-hunting establishments, in the number of men, horses, and hounds—more cumbrous than necessary, and useless except for display—subscriptions will never be found adequate for their support. It is very true that more men hunt now-a-days than ever have been known to hunt since the time of Old Meynell; but these men must be considered rather in the light of birds of passage than indigenous to the country. London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other large cities send forth almost a countless number of *sporting men*—not *sportsmen*, such we must decline to call them—who can afford to occupy a first-class carriage, and having their hunters in loose boxes behind them, to meet hounds within any reasonable distance of their places of business. These men add numerically to the hunt which they may condescend to patronize, but without adding to the strength of that hunt by any contributions, except perhaps a sovereign to the huntsman. The onus of maintaining the establishment rests still, as it used to do in olden times, upon the shoulders of country gentlemen, supported, as they generally are, by those most disinterested, yet most zealous of all sportsmen, the bold yeomen of old England; and well we can imagine their disgust, upon seeing their fields ridden over, and their fences broken down, by a set of money-made men with whom they have no interest or communion. We cannot set up a gate or entrance to a fox-hunting field, like a barrier to a race-course, through which none can pass except on being mulcted in a certain sum for admission; and here the old plan of capping for a

hunter, on the death of a fox, would be of little service, since not one in a thousand of these men, who come out to parade themselves, their toggery, and their horses at the covert-side, would ever see the death of a fox, except chopped in covert. How to obviate this state of things is a bullfinch through which we do not see our way, except by unusual pressure: how to do it, is the question. We would suggest the expediency of the Secretary to the Club representing the low state of finances, as to the renting of coverts and preservation of foxes; and therefore those gentlemen not belonging to the Hunt, but honouring it so often with their presence, may not be unreasonably called upon to assist in defraying those expenses which do not belong to the Master of the Hounds—say to the extent of a five-pound note annually. We do not mean to put into the mouth of the Secretary, or any person employed in such an unpleasant office, ‘The smallest donation thankfully received;’ yet it is but fair that these men, who have all their amusement at present for nothing, should, in obedience to their own *amour propre*—if they have any, or understand its meaning—put their shoulders to the wheel when lacking sufficient oil to be turned glibly. A stranger’s fund might be established for this purpose, or some other mode adopted, whereby these drones may be brought to contribute to the working of the hive.

DARTMOOR FISHING AND AN ITALIAN BATTUE.

BY M. F. H.

It was a skilful cast. The thin line, imperceptible in the air, gradually descended, and the fly fell lightly on the surface of the dark water, gently curled by a southern breeze. Then a dexterous hand gave that vibration to the rod which causes the artificial to imitate the erratic movements of the natural insect.

At that spot, the Rattlebrook, after fretting in its noisy course amongst the rocks of Dartmoor that impede its course, rushes out at last in rejoicing liberty; and, sweeping round the base of a vast boulder of granite, subsides into a deep and tranquil pool. It was here that Fitzpayne had calculated upon the probability of taking a good fish. A creel full of the black trout of the moor had already well repaid the early exertions of the morning; but their diminutive size, somewhat compensated by exquisite flavour, makes them to be regarded as of little worth by the keen fisherman; and he generally abandons the shallow and rapid stream for the deeper water, where the patriarch of the tribe reigns in lonely tyranny.

There is no fiercer fellow than the larger one of the moor trout. Should a puny neighbour venture up a stickle or shallow, and enter his domain, he remains for a moment passive in his hover, and when the trespasser is about to disport himself and make merry in his new

quarters, he darts at him, and either chases him back over the stickle, or else not unfrequently makes him his prey. This act of voracity has been disputed; but the remnants of the smaller fish that have been found within the larger, place the fact beyond dispute.

There was an indistinct motion on the water, and the fly was softly moved by way of further provocative. He of the pool, however, was wary. Either a want of steadiness in handling the rod, or the glare of a sunbeam shooting out from behind a cloud, disclosed something wrong, for the fish, making a quick and short circuit, went down suddenly, and the water welled around in quivering ripples. This was a bore. Next to the loss of a shoe when well placed in a fast run, or an incomplete trysting, the tantalization of losing a fine fish is the most provoking of failures.

‘Naw, naw, yer honner; thicky vly’s no gude; none whatsumdever. Hur’s tew cute for that there fandangle.’

This was uttered by a sandy-haired fellow of the name of Rubby, called by his pals Ruby Rubby, who carried the gear and provender of Fitzpayne and Colonel Mohun during their fishing excursion on the moor. In these wild wanderings the cad is always a necessary ingredient, bearing with him those grateful comestibles that lighten the fatigues of success, and afford consolation on the want of it. He is often a poaching adept in the sport of which he should only be a witness, and enjoys a sinister and subdued laugh—in Devonshire parlance, a grizzle—at the inexpert efforts of his employers. He is a bit of a humbug with the semblance of servility, scanning the character of his chance master with the tact of a diplomatist. On his part this is a defensive operation. His wits are, at once, both his commodity and capital, and, to use the jargon of Manchester, he buys in the cheapest and sells in the dearest market. Like those huckstering magnates, also, his dealings in the cheap market might challenge a various nomenclature in the descending scale of value given by him, until, passing the absolute line between right and its reverse, the more trite and familiar word of appropriation would be the fitting exponent of barter.

The cad in question was a wide-awake fellow, up to every dodge, good-humoured, ready for anything, without reference to the moral, and capable, like all hill-men, of enduring great fatigue. Not a path, bog, or tor, was unknown to him, and in a moor-mist his experience might be relied upon for extrication from that serious peril. He had the best terriers in the district, using them to unearth, amongst the fastnesses of the moor, the vixen and cubs that he sold to the neighbouring masters of hounds—a questionable practice, highly to be deprecated, for, independent of graver reasons, the same vixen and cubs have been sold repeatedly during the same season to the same master. He could draw every badger in the district, and was a proficient in that most reprobate of sports, cock-fighting—discoursing with unction on the comparative merits of the red and grey pyes. His countenance wore a continuous and implacable smile, accompanied by a nervous twitching or tremor of the head, as if shivering from cold,

or expressive of an indiscriminate negation of everything. It had no connection with the Gallic 'nenni' of the poet Marot—

‘ Un doux nenni avec un doux sourire,
‘ Est tant honnête, qu’il vous le faut apprendre.’

Ruby Rubby had never nennied to any one in the sentimental way; others, perhaps, had instructed him in a less amiable manner, so as to excite this affection of the nervous system, as it were, in constant and irritated reprobation.

‘ Put this here on to the eend,’ he said, ‘ and stand a crim more ‘ back from the bank.’

The fly produced was not of the regulation pattern; but Fitzpayne was too experienced an angler not to be aware of the occasional value of a home-made article, however clumsy the manufacture. Who, after having tried in vain the choicest inventions of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, on some noted water, has not met, with a sensation of disgust, a clod with his rude basket full of glittering beauties, obtained by the commonest of rods without a reel, and with a line partly made of twine. The fly was put on and neatly thrown. It was moved with a cautious hand. A rise—a faint ripple. The line was sent over him again—a strike—and a trout of half-a-pound was bounding and displaying his red spots and golden sides amidst the blue heather.

‘ That beant t’other,’ remarked Rubby; ‘ hur’s a biding quite ‘ like down to bottom. Let un be awhile.’

After trying other parts of the stream with more or less success, they returned to the pool. Again the line was cast just below the stickle steadily and softly, yet the tempting bait was unheeded. In these moor pools it is difficult for the eye to peer down beneath the water, for the stream is tinged by the colour of the brown peat through which it passes, and the fish likewise partake, on the back, of the same dark hue. Hence these ‘ black trout,’ as they are called, are difficult to descry at all times, and nothing remains but to watch the water; and to a practised eye each minute undulation has a significance.

‘ Dray agin, squire, more neerst to t’other side. I thoft I seed un ‘ naggle,’ said Rubby.

The line was sent away cautiously, and according to direction. After a few moments of anxious suspense, it had a result. How charming is the thrill of eager expectation, when a tremulous motion, of the slightest, gives notice that a fair fish is on the move—that his attention has been attracted, his greediness excited, and that he is coming forth to see what is up at that time of day. The fish rose from his hover. He had been alarmed by the gaudy Londoner, and his suspicions not having been allayed he scanned warily the alluring repast. On he came slowly, not quite convinced of his good fortune; then lowered himself, and remained for a moment stationary. Having at last made up his mind, on the first motion of the fly, up

he darted, and flashing his bright and yellow side out of the water, down he went with his prize.

‘Hur’s a slashing shaver,’ cried the satisfied moor-man, well content that his home-made article had beaten the ‘up-country fangle.’

There is no room for playing a fish, even in the largest of the Dartmoor pools, notwithstanding the rapid freshets have worked out a good depth, with a certain breadth of water, underneath and around some of the huge piles of rock that intersect these hill streams. The fish sulked at the bottom—then of a sudden raced round his narrow demesne—sulked once more—made two or three angry leaps out of the water, and the pound and a quarter of delicious pink was landed.

‘Ah, down to Derriford Pound, nigh to Dartmeet, they’m three times so big, and a deal more yellower,’ observed Rubby, with his head trembling, as if in involuntary dissent to his statement. ‘I mind when I was there with a gent from Lunnon—fine man, with a power of money. He come all the way to see Brimpt’s Mine—that’s there—with his two blessed eyes. He seed mun, by Gor! and that’s Bible truth; and in he wor to the venter, over ’ead and ears, and tuk no eend of sheares. And, you see, our Aunt Moll, from being of a widder, had come back from Ross Vear Mine with a sight of spessimins, copper, lead, and what not, shining like diminds. And I gived the gent these spessimins day by day—and a crown for every bit—all from Brimpt’s Mine;’ and here the rogue chuckled, with a significant wink. ‘They went up to Lunnon all along with the trout, and the venterers shelled out like mad; the sheares were sky high in to Tavistock, and plenty to drink. But Aunt Moll of a forenoon went scat, and died right off; and then no more spessimins and no more crowns.’

‘That was sad. And what became of the mine?’ inquired Fitzpayne.

‘Hur went scat tew.’ And Rubby’s face, with its eternal grin, oscillated marvellously, from gratified and applauding recollection.

‘What sport?’ said Colonel Mohun, coming down from the tor above, where he had been exploring.

‘Look,’ was the reply; ‘a decent lot for the peer at Combe Delaval; and here are some in prime order, with one, too, that has cost me a little care. Shall I present some to Rachel, from the preux chevalier? or would you rather make your peace-offering yourself to the Whig potentate for your Derby-Dizzy allegiance?’

‘Never mind my Toryism,’ replied the Colonel; ‘out with the brave word once and for all, that sounds so bitterly in the Whig ears of your stately sire. Yet I have a right to claim a share of the bright lot for Lady Rachel, to whom you will say all the proper things; not but that I am too old a sojourner in the plains of Moab ever to entrust a message of ten words to a brother. However, there is a nice spot for our lunch up yonder, in what this fellow calls Haretor, with a little shade amongst the rocks.’

‘Aye, but the wind is rising,—coming up from the Cornish hills, just at the turn of the day,’ remarked Fitzpayne, ‘and the sun will not be amiss.’

‘Yes,’ replied Mohun, ‘the old Tsabæan deity does not make himself too common with his worshippers in these northern latitudes ; and I always am tempted to laugh outright at the silly complaint of being knocked up with the heat in England. The debilitated lassitudes of the season should have been with us at Varna, where we were quartered in ’55. Now, Mr. Rubby, shoulder the ammunition, and trot.’

The friends wended their way along the stony path leading to the tor above, and the inner region of the moor gradually expanded its purple waste, sprinkled with grey bluffs of granite, and crowned by the castellated tors, whilst the fern and rank herbage freshened the marsh-lands beneath, that led to and surrounded the vast morass called Cranmere Pool. There is a solitude, a sense of loneliness amidst the sterility of Dartmoor, that even in the most cheerful day tones down the wantonness of high spirits. It seems as if in the hollow wind that sweeps over this wilderness Nature had breathed forth her spirit, and having moaned forth a lonely plaint amidst the tors, was pausing, in the succeeding calm, for the lingering answer.

‘Here, this will do admirably,’ said Colonel Mohun. ‘Place the grub in that *kistvaen*, wherein some Druid Vates of the faith was packed after his day of pride and deceit was over ; and here is a rock basin, with the marks of the chisel still visible, and the pure element ready, which we will appropriate to uses for within, more agreeable than the ancient lustrations from without. Here goes veritable cognac, to represent the darker and sacrificial fluid shed by the arch-Druid—perhaps of a virgin—*reddens laudes Domino*.’

‘And having poured out the libation of grace,’ added Fitzpayne, ‘then for the grand Io Pæan of our youth—on this very day, the 4th of June, never forgotten, even in climes and regions far far off, north and south, east and west—

“Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
“Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ ;”

‘and here we are, sun and desert to the very letter. *Florat Etona*.’

Yes, the old school braves the battle and the breeze of prejudice right nobly ; smiles at the parliamentary commissioners, dares the big B—— and his blackguards, and will play at cricket, football, rackets, fives, pull up the river, ride across country, race, make Latin verses, speak in the House, Upper and Lower, and translate Homer, —Eton against the world—*semper eadem*.

Reginald Mohun was the son of a clergyman in the north of England, and of Devonshire extraction. He was an only child, and, as the elder brother of the clergyman had never married—the result of a combination of temper and folly yclept sentiment, from having been jilted in early life—he had been brought up by his ascetic and affectionate uncle. The early loss of his parents had converted

Mohun Audley into a home. There were spent the Eton holidays ; and there was read with feverish joy the Gazette wherein he was appointed to a cornetcy in a light dragoon regiment. He was a first-rate rider, and, from having won a grand military steeple-chase—that most cruel and ruffianly of sports—on his horse ‘ Creeper,’ was ever after known in the shires by the name of ‘ Creeper Mohun.’ When he had obtained his troop, the uncle pressed him to settle down quietly at Mohun Audley, and to stand for the county, which he (the uncle) had declined from ill health. Then came the Crimean War, and the regiment was under orders for foreign service. The generous relative offered to settle two thousand a-year upon the young Hopeful if he would leave the army—foreign service and death being synonymous terms with the aged. What soldier would desert his comrades when called into action ? Captain Mohun went out, survived the charge of Balaklava, and came home, as the phrase goes, ‘ cut to pieces.’ The old uncle tenderly nursed his darling nephew, and resumed some of his early fire when the authorities at the Horse Guards purposed to do that nephew a grievous injustice. He fought the battle himself against official wrong, and he succeeded. The Victoria Cross, which had been already bestowed, was accompanied by a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy ; and then, and not till then, Colonel Mohun sent in his papers.

Years bring about, in endless variety, the same event—ever the same. Walter Reginald Mohun, of Mohun Audley, in the north of England, and Moor Farm, in the county of Devon, passed to his long home, full of honours and virtue, according to the ‘ County Gazette,’ and the nephew reigned in his stead. An independent five thousand a-year, with a large amount in the Funds, is a comfortable state of affairs, and calculated to make a man look kindly and leniently on everybody and everything. An inheritance of this kind is generally the ruin of a very young man—a substantial gain to the man of experience—and to the elder in years, the windfall of fortune is a certain provocative of avarice and all uncharitableness. How many, when poor, had a loose half-crown always for the passing call of benevolence, and having become suddenly rich, never afterwards had a shilling for that purpose.

His friend, the Hon. Henry Fitzpayne, a younger son of the Earl of Dartington, and a foreign attaché, had that chilling and self-possessed manner that well becomes the elder diplomatist, but which sits stiffly, if not affectedly, on the juniors of that cold profession. He was thoroughly sound at heart, pleasant when divested of the official buckram, and delighted in these moor rambles with his old Eton chum.

‘ Who can this be coming over the shoulder of the hill just below ?’ said the latter, as he pointed to a cloaked figure that was rapidly walking down the hill towards the brook. ‘ What can bring a woman, single-handed, here, of all places, and evidently making way straight for the inner ground of the waste.’

The person to whom he pointed wore a dark cloak, wrapped

tightly round her person, with a close bonnet of the same colour. Moving quickly through the heather, she could hardly be distinguished except when passing by and in relief against the bare rocks. She was dark-eyed, under the middle age, and had the bright brown hue that denotes the Roumani cross. On she went towards a cluster of rocks in the middle of the stream, immediately above the pool where Fitzpayne had caught his larger trout. It had escaped his observation that in many of the large stones steps had been cut, and flat pieces of granite had been laid down between them, thus affording the convenience of a foot-bridge. The woman passed over quickly, and rested herself on the opposite bank. There she paused for a moment, and then moved forwards on her lonely way.

‘Her visit, whatever it may be, is a determined one, evidently,’ remarked Mohun, ‘and is of necessity and not of pleasure. She appears to have something beneath her cloak which should be the burthen of her tale.’

‘You light-bobs, that are familiar with outpost duty, are sharp in noting trifles,’ said Fitzpayne. ‘By-the-by, were you not in the Abruzzi last year with the Garibaldians, in pursuit of brigands? I heard Rachel relate something of the sort, that happened after I had left Naples.’

‘Brigands or Bourbonists, as you may please, for they were both,’ replied the Colonel. ‘However, the Garibaldians had not anything to do in the matter. It was a regular affair with the Bersaglieri and some of the Line, in the Abruzzo Ultra, or rather on the extreme point of the Terra di Lavoro.’

‘Racconta dunque bel’ Signor; but let me first light up,’ said Fitzpayne. ‘Thanks; all right; and now fire away.’

‘Secret intelligence had been transmitted from Rome, that a descent upon the Neapolitan frontier was preparing, and the government at Naples took immediate precautions. Detachments were ordered to meet at Capua; and, being personally acquainted with the minister, I obtained leave to accompany the expedition. My health was better, my wounds sound, and I felt that the air of the Apennines would be of service to me. Besides, I liked the nature of the thing. I had hunted the tiger in India, buffalo and elk in the American prairie, stag in the Highlands, bear and chamois in the Alps, and a little bandit-stalking would be a grateful change—the more so as some priests were mixed up in it, and a “caccia di prete” would be both original and jocose. The troops followed the line of the Garigliano to Ponte Corvo, and then marched briskly northward, arriving, however, at their destination too late to prevent the mischief, although in time to alleviate and to avenge it. Never shall I forget the scene at Arpino. The Bourbon brigands, commanded by a Belgian of rank, had mustered at Anagni—the very place where Sciarra Colonna surprised and took Pope Boniface VIII. prisoner, in 1303, and had him flogged for the cruelties he had perpetrated on the different members of his family and adherents at Palestrina.’

‘What a glorious sight that must have been!’ exclaimed Fitzpayne. ‘What fun to have seen the old pontiff taken down, as we had it in the old library at Eton, and properly whipped! Eureka! Three cheers for the little Doctor! Here’s to his memory. How he would have pitched into the old fellow! Three cuts for each crown in his tiara. Held hard down, too, and no shirking with the collegers’ gowns.’

‘And he never recovered the insult,’ added Mohun; ‘for he died thirty-five days afterwards, from sheer vexation of spirit, blaspheming and cursing the Colonna and the Ghibellines to the very last. Like Argante, in Tasso,—

“Superbi formidabili e feroci
“Gli ultimi moti fur’ l’ultime voci.”*

‘The Cardinal, *par excellence*, had maintained a private correspondence with the Padre Canonico at Arpino, and was well informed of the state of the country. The Belgian commander surprised Sora, defended only by some civic guards, that, literally taken from the plough, were overpowered by numbers; and then, marching on in the middle of the night to Arpino, surrounded the ill-fated town. The intention was to have held Sora, and, with another and larger body of troops from Frosinone, to have advanced to Ponte Corvo and made the line of the Garigliano the base of operation. The mountain population, half bandits, was thoroughly priest-ridden, and almost to a man were for the “Re Assoluto.” The Bourbons entered the place without opposition, and the house of every Liberal was marked for destruction. The podestà, who had formerly proclaimed Vittorio Emmanuele Re d’Italia Unita, was forced to denounce him publicly in the Piazza as a traitor and enemy to the Holy Roman and Apostolic Church. His wife and daughters were maltreated before his face, and then commenced a series of atrocities and horrors in the name and for the glory of Pio Nino and Francesco II. that words cannot realize.

‘We had come up to the small stream that runs into the Garigliano opposite the town. Here we halted, and sent detachments to cross above and below, and to push on to the other side of the town. There were no outposts, and the frightened peasants imagined we belonged to the Roman troops. Volumes of smoke indicated the nature of pontifical and Bourbonic vengeance, and on we hastened. So intent were the miscreants upon plunder and every excess of ferocity, that we had surrounded the place before they were aware of their danger. The officer in command of the Bersaglieri, a gallant soldier, gave strict orders to take the Belgian commander prisoner, adding, significantly, that he did not wish to hear anything of the Padre Canonico. If made prisoner, it would

* Villani. Muratori Annali d’Italia. Spondanus. ‘Acta inter Bonifacium VIII., Clement V., et Philippum pulchrum.’ Printed A.D. 1614, at Paris, by Peter Puteanus. Gibbon shirks the details of the punishment, having a partiality for the daring and violent character of Boniface.

‘ have been awkward to have dealt out to him the full measure of
 ‘ his deserts ; for, although the written proofs of his conspiracy were
 ‘ at hand, the Italian peasants would have been shocked, and have
 ‘ resented any judicial act of violence to the person of him who, in
 ‘ their belief, personated God himself. A hint to the Bersaglieri
 ‘ sufficed. They were noble fellows, combining all the fire of the
 ‘ southern with the steadiness of the mountaineer.

‘ Leaving some men outside the place, to take care of the run-
 ‘ aways, the word was given, and in we dashed. The cowardly
 ‘ vagabonds never stood a moment. The Belgians, belonging to the
 ‘ proud brigade of the Knights of Malta, threw away their muskets,
 ‘ and skedaddled, whilst the Italians drew their knives, which they
 ‘ carried under their uniforms ; but they were tumbled over and
 ‘ finished instantly. The shrieks of the women and children shot
 ‘ down by these fellows, and otherwise wronged, were heard on all
 ‘ sides ; and there stood the Belgian marquis, sword in hand, before
 ‘ a large house in flames, with the door barricaded on the outside.
 ‘ It was the special doom—concerted by the cardinal, and enjoined
 ‘ upon the Belgic noble to see performed—for the rejection of his
 ‘ suit, in a delicate sense, by one of the unfortunate family. The
 ‘ inmates, men, women, children, and servants, were screaming at
 ‘ the windows “ per pietà,” in the face of a horrible death. And the
 ‘ Belgian butcher looked on serenely. He would have been shortly
 ‘ disposed of had it not been for the peremptory order of the com-
 ‘ manding officer. No quarter was given, and the affair was over
 ‘ in half an hour.’

‘ And what became of the canonical ?’ asked Fitzpayne.

‘ The Padre Canonico,’ continued Colonel Mohun, ‘ was not
 ‘ forthcoming. A traitor, however, has generally one of his species
 ‘ handy for a return of the compliment. The curate, ambitioning to
 ‘ be a canon, and vivified by the titillating prick of a bayonet—a
 ‘ gentle touch—discovered the place of his concealment. He had
 ‘ secreted himself in an old house belonging to one of his partizans,
 ‘ the back of which looked over the low walls of the town into an
 ‘ clive wood. A file of men was despatched into the wood, whilst
 ‘ others searched the house. I accompanied the former party. We
 ‘ waited some time in perfect silence. The soldiers came to the
 ‘ windows of the various rooms, evidently without result, and then
 ‘ ascended to the upper stories. Presently a small door was opened
 ‘ slowly upon the flat roof, where the linen, walnuts, and Turkish
 ‘ grain were dried, and an old woman in an ample cap, stiff and starched,
 ‘ popped out her head, and looked about cautiously. Zitti ! not a
 ‘ word was spoken. Then the old lady, enveloped in a large cloak,
 ‘ not perceiving any danger, crouched under the parapet, and
 ‘ crawled behind a large chimney stack. There she remained, par-
 ‘ tially hid, but leaving the brush well in sight. Now there was no
 ‘ necessity for this act of concealment, since it was thoroughly well
 ‘ known that our men protected the women from the Bourbon
 ‘ brigands ; besides, in getting along the flat roof to the chimney

‘ stack, a square shoe buckle with a purple silk stocking told a tale. The officer of the Bersaglieri, calling to one of his men—a capital shot—pointed to the cloak that bulged out from behind the chimney: he sighted—a sharp crack—and the figure, with a yell, stood upright, displaying the ponderous cross of gold pendent on the breast. Tira! and the Padre Canonico fell headlong upon the flat roof, riddled with balls.’

‘ Bravely done!’ exclaimed Fitzpayne; ‘ a rare battue; sarved him right. And the brave Belge?’

‘ A drum-head court-martial was held upon the marquis, which was short and decisive. It was proved by facts, patent and avowed, that he had ordered, personally superintended, and cheered on his soldiers in their butcheries. His sword was broken, his epaulettes torn off—he was led out, tied in a chair—for he funked—and shot. Leaving a strong guard, we pushed on to Sora, which was immediately abandoned by the undisciplined rabble. They retreated in haste across the frontier, and were once more under the fitting protection of the Sommo Pontefice and his cardinal minister, himself the son of a brigand of Sonnino. The priest who had betrayed the canonico was a preter-pluperfect bacchanal. He smoked with the Bersaglieri, gave spiritual consolation and the bacio di pace to the black-eyed servant-girls, pledged all the world in bumpers of Aleatico, and sang vespers after a liberal and Colenso fashion. He had a superb voice that would have made his fortune on the boards of St. Carlo, and which he displayed in the following canticle, questionably sacerdotal:—

“ Viva Bacco e viva Amore;
 “ L’un et l’altro ci consola;
 “ Uno passa per la gola,
 “ L’altro va dagli occhi al cuore,
 “ Bevo il vin’—cogli occhi poi
 “ Faccio quel che fate voi.”

‘ And look at our bold bacchanal of the moor,’ exclaimed Fitzpayne, pointing to Ruby Rubby in the distance; ‘ there he is, leisurely mopping out trout by the dozen with a poaching fern web. What a cool hand! Halloa, you fellow!’

‘ Well, let us be up and moving,’ said the colonel; ‘ but I am never tired of lingering and gazing on the grand old moor.’

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD OAK TABLE.

‘ Quercus amica Jovi.’

WHEN Cowper wrote his ‘ Table-talk’ he would have certainly given that poem a different title could he have anticipated the tomfoolery to which table-talk has given rise in these latter days. But it never occurred to his mind, imaginative as it was, that mere slabs of oak or mahogany could be made to acquire the power of a Pythian

priestess, nor that educated men and women could be found who would not only consult these oracles but believe in them with their whole soul. Indeed, it may well be doubted if the ancient Greeks and those who worshipped at the Delphian shrine possessed a tithe of the faith exhibited by the believers in table-jugglery at the present time.

But, gentle, or, it may be, simple reader, be not alarmed: I affect no inspiration either from good or evil spirits, and promise neither to shock your nerves nor your good sense by the assumption of a mysterious power to which I can lay no claim: I simply mean to tell you, in print, first my own tale, then the tales of others; of the few who are still amongst us and who, encircling 'the old social board,' as they are wont to call me, can still enjoy

'The feast of reason and the flow of soul;'

but, alas! of the many who have long since mingled their dust with the churchyard mould.

To begin, then, from the beginning: the noble oak, from which my timber was hewn, grew at Golynos on a picturesque slope of the Monmouthshire hills; and if the opinion of men skilled in arboretic knowledge be of any value, the grand old tree must have attained a truly patriarchal age when the axe was laid to its root. Mr. Jesse, in his 'Gleanings,' gives the following interesting account of its vast dimensions, and the important national service to which its trunk and limbs were applied:—

'There have been few more interesting or wonderful trees than the Golynos oak, which grew on the estate from which it takes its name, about four miles from the seaport town of Newport, in the county of Monmouth. It was purchased by the late Thomas Harrison, Esq. (many years his Majesty's Purveyor of Plymouth Dockyard and Dean Forest), in the year 1810, for one hundred guineas, and was felled by him the same year. Five men were twenty days stripping and cutting it down, and two men were employed one hundred and twenty-eight days sawing it. The expense of felling and sawing (exclusive of superintending the conversion or hallage of any part of it) was 82/. It was felled in several parts, and stages were erected for the workmen to stand on to cut down the valuable limbs. Previously to being felled it was divested of its smaller branches, which were placed as a bed to prevent the timber from bursting in falling. The main trunk of the tree was nine feet and a half in diameter, and consequently no saw could be found long enough to cut it down: two saws were therefore brazed together. In cutting the main trunk through, a stone was discovered six inches in diameter, six feet from the butt, and three feet in a diametrical direction from the rind, round which the timber was perfectly sound. The rings in its butt being reckoned, it was discovered that this tree had gone on increasing for upwards of four hundred years! and as many of its branches were dead, and some broken off, it is presumed it must have stood little short of a century after it had attained matu-

‘rity. When erect, it overspread four hundred and fifty-two square yards of ground. It contained 2,426 cubic feet of timber, and produced in the market nearly 600*l*. The bark was in some parts three inches thick.’

Some time had elapsed after the fall and conversion of the tree, as above described, when the hounds of the Baron of Bodewas, who had found their fox in Hafod-Tudor and were bringing him merrily on towards the great covers of Henllis, came to a sudden check within a hundred yards of the spot on which the Golynos oak had flourished for centuries, the pride and glory of the surrounding scene. By a happy cast, the Baron soon hit his fox off again; but, although fired by the chase, into which he threw his whole soul, his quick eye immediately detected the gap in the landscape, occasioned by the loss of its most striking feature. He turned his horse for a moment, and catching sight of the broad circular stump that still appeared above the surface of the earth, the sole visible remains of the glorious canopy that once crowned the spot, the Baron absolutely groaned with regret; for, although living in the same county, such was the lack of intercommunication in those mountainous districts in those days, that this act of Vandalism had not yet reached his ears—so, as he, in common with all who had souls capable of appreciating the picturesque and magnificent, regarded the Golynos oak with the veneration of a Druid, his feelings were really touched and saddened by this sudden discovery.

When the fox had been accounted for and his fine white-tipped brush elevated with proper dignity to the frontlet of the huntsman’s horse, as the *spolia opima* of the chase, the Baron appealed to his friend the Squire of Risca for information respecting the disappearance of the forest monarch thus toppled from his throne.

‘The popularity of the old oak,’ said the Squire, ‘was the sole cause of its downfall; for the trespass created by the countless pilgrims who came to visit the tree so exasperated the owners of the estate that they resolved to cut it down.’

‘And was there no want of money in the case—no metallic emergency to incite them to such a sacrilege?’ inquired the Baron.

‘None whatever. My neighbour, Sir Charles Marshland, would have given double the sum the oak fetched to have saved it from this doom. But the imposing grandeur of the tree did not constitute its only charm in his eye; many a happy hour has he spent under its wide-spread crown, when presiding over those social picnic parties of which he was the life and soul in his younger days; ay, and many a time has he led the dance with a partner, as fair as the garden of Eden itself produced, until the night-winds whispering in the branches warned them to retreat. No; Sir Charles will never forget those days, nor forgive the sacrilege that brought that tree to the ground.’

While this conversation was going on the two gentlemen, on their homeward route, again reached the farm now rendered historic by its production of this famous tree; and passing over the naked ground,

once so grandly overshadowed by its forest of limbs, the Baron pointed to the stool, and expressed his belief that the timber beneath the surface, the moors that had anchored the tree to the earth and enabled it to raise its giant-head so high, in spite of the storms of centuries, was at least co-extensive with the timber already carted away.

‘At all events,’ said he, ‘that must be the case, if there be truth in that passage of Virgil in which, speaking of the oak, he says—

——“Quantum vertice ad auras
Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.”

‘I’ve no doubt of it,’ replied the Squire; ‘and what a mine it would prove to the cabinet-maker who is fortunate enough to secure it. Why, one slab from that stool would make a table worthy of King Arthur.’

At that moment the huntsman, having listened attentively to the above colloquy, turned aside to the Golynos farmhouse, to exhibit the trophies of the chase and to obtain a jug of ale for his pains. Here he briefly recapitulated the remarks made by his master and the Squire, and astonished the proprietors not a little by the information thus conveyed. The result was that negotiations were soon commenced between the owners of the property and a cabinet-maker in the West of England; who, when he had ascertained the sound condition of the roots, and the nature of the soil in which they were embedded, undertook to unearth them at his own cost, and pay one hundred guineas for the produce. Mr. English, of Bath, who at that period was, *facile princeps*, the first artist in England for the manufacture of fancy furniture, subsequently purchased a large portion of this timber; and from it many a cabinet and many a bookcase, of exquisite design and workmanship, were constructed, and commanded a ready sale among the wealthy of the land. Mr. Beckford, then so renowned for his high classical taste and knowledge of art, furnished four rooms at Fonthill exclusively with articles manufactured by English from this stock; and it was by the hands of this skilled workman, and from the root-heart of the Golynos oak that I was first fashioned in my present form,—a round table, solid and substantial to my very claws; and great need had I in those times to be substantial; for my back and my limbs often groaned with the barons of beef and other mighty dishes characteristic of Old England in that anti-Gallic age. Now, any flimsy board serves the purpose of a dining-table, which, lacquered over with French polish, cannot even endure a hot dish on its surface.

My diameter being exactly seven feet, twelve persons can be comfortably seated round me; and it was owing to this circumstance alone that I escaped a doom which even now fills me with horror. Mr. Beckford would have secured me for Fonthill; but, as he had an especial repugnance to good fellowship and sociality, the accommodation I could afford was no recommendation to him; on the contrary, much as he admired my true proportions and clean com-

plexion, the very idea of entertaining a party of twelve at dinner so alarmed him that he rejected me with a taunt unworthy so refined a man.

‘That table,’ said he, ‘may suit the purpose of some hunting squire, who kills more foxes over his festive board than he does in the forest; it would make a glorious cromlech for such sacrifices. But it will not do for me, Mr. English.’

Had he decided otherwise mine would have been a solitary fate indeed. But it is idle to speculate on what might have happened to me in the retirement of Fonthill; let me rather tell you what did happen to me immediately after my rejection by that fastidious cynic. He had scarcely turned from the doorway when a gentleman, bearing a very different expression of countenance from the author of ‘Vathek,’ entered the shop, and, after some conversation with Mr. English as to my quality and condition, ordered him to forward me forthwith by one of Wiltshire’s waggons to his seat in Devonshire.

Well; his was a country-house in the best sense of the word; but as unlike that of ‘Vathek’ as the Manor-house at Hungerford, when occupied by that prince of men, John Ward, was unlike the Vatican. So instead of passing my novitiate in dull dreamy splendour and voluptuous ease—for Beckford was a second Sardanapalus—I entered on the duties of my existence with a cheeriness and solidity of purpose worthy of the hearty old oak from which I was formed.

The country gentleman into whose possession I had the good fortune to fall at once established me as the chief of his Penates at Strawleigh; and before I had been a day in the house I had the satisfaction to hear him say to the butler—‘Waters, pay great attention to this table; give it plenty of oil, and don’t let Sponger (this was the footman) spare his elbow; its condition will not be perfect till its face is as bright as old Tophthorn’s jacket.’

‘Yes, your honour, it shall be dressed carefully. Tom Pipes tells me as there’s no macassar equal to elbow-grease for a horse’s skin, and it’s pretty much the same with a table, as I well knows.’

But before I proceed further with my own history, let me endeavour to give a description of John Crocker of Strawleigh, the man under whose roof I was so cordially welcomed.

To begin, then, with his personal appearance. There was little about it at first sight to attract particular attention; he was a trifle above the middle height, weighed twelve stone, and dressed and looked like a gentleman; his clear blue eye, however, absolutely beamed with light, and, at the same time, had so much quiet fun, benignity, and candour in its expression, that it was impossible from such a title-page not to augur favourably of the heart within. Every man, woman, and child trusted him at a glance; and although at times his temper got the better of his reason, when either his hounds were brought to an untimely check or were hallooed away while their noses were down, yet due allowance was always made for John Crocker’s rough tongue on these occasions, and there was

not a man in the county more popular than he was in the hunting-field ; consequently a blank day was a thing rarely known during his occupation of that country.

A few days only after my installation as the chief chattel of his family, he attained his fortieth birthday, and never shall I forget the social delight with which he gathered his friends around me on that festive occasion. The hounds had met at Strawleigh in the morning, and after finding their fox in the vale, and killing him near Widdicombe-in-the-Moor, a distance of fourteen miles as the crow would fly, had been brought home to the kennel by the Squire himself, the huntsman having been thrown out in the run.

Beside Mrs. Crocker, who, by the way, was said to be a descendant of a Cruwys of Cruwys-Morchard, one of the three Saxon families still flourishing in this county, and of whom the author of the 'Worthies of Devon' says : 'This family hath lived, ever since Sir Alexander 'Cruwys' time in King Henry III.'s reign, now near upon five 'hundred years, together in the same house at Cruwys-Morchard, 'with an handsome estate, without the least help of a gown, a petticoat, or an apron ; *i. e.*, without any augmentation from a lawyer, 'an heiress, or a trade in the family ;'—well, beside this lady, who sat in an upright uncushioned oak chair, with her back to the fire, and exactly facing her lord, were ranged on either side of her the two daughters of the house, as if still under the protection of the maternal wing. Then came the invited guests, eight in number, which filled up the circle comfortably. Of the daughters more anon ; but of the guests, there was a gentleman named Ball amongst them, an old master of hounds, to whose knowledge of hunting every one present seemed to defer, whom I will introduce at once to the reader.

Old Ball, for that was the name by which he was best known in the country, was an original in every sense of the word, and belonged to the old school of sportsmen, now unhappily extinct—I say unhappily, because hard riding and hound racing is now the chief feature of the chase, and hounds' work is the last thing thought of by men of the present day. Earnestly and cordially did Ball denounce the new style of fox-hunting, such as old Tom Noel had originated at Cottesmore, and John Warde and Meynell were then practising in the Quorn and Oxfordshire countries. 'They may 'whip their fox,' said he, 'out of a furze-brake, and then race him 'to death in forty minutes ; but I call that nothing more than a 'bastard sort of sport ; something between coursing and racing ; it 'ain't hunting at all.'

'Well, but you must allow,' replied John Crocker, who was somewhat tainted with the new heresy, 'that from first to last you 'can't keep too close to your fox if you mean to kill him handsomely ; 'and that a fox well found is a fox half-killed.'

'I can't understand for the life of me,' said the other, 'how any 'one who loves hunting can dispense with the melody which, on a 'hot drag, is certainly one of the most charming features of the 'chase. Then, if you *will* be on the back of your fox, you get what

‘you call a fine burst, and tear him and eat him before he catches his second wind. But that is not hunting, John Crocker, it is coursing your fox to death; and I’d as soon stand up to dance without the fiddle as I’d join in such devices. No: give me hounds with plenty of tongue, plenty of nose, and then as much leg as you like; that’s the sort for the senses, say I; and I look upon it, ’tis for their especial gratification that we indulge in the chase at all.’

‘Oh! but it is so good for the health, you know,’ chimed in the younger of the young ladies, who, up to that moment, had been as still as a statue; ‘if our hounds are to run mute, I am sure I shall miss the music as much as you do, Mr. Ball.’

John Crocker’s blue eye glistened with delight as he heard his favourite daughter, Blanche, join in the hound conversation; and, although he had been for some time infusing fresh blood into the old-fashioned breed of hounds, for which his kennels had long been distinguished, he was quite ready to own that a good ‘cry’ was indispensable to the full enjoyment of the chase.

‘Yes, by all means let us have music,’ said he, addressing Ball; ‘but I confess I should like to hear the style of the music improved; ours, in the west country, savours too strongly of the full choral harmony you hear at oratorios; very charming, it is true, but to my ears somewhat heavy and too “long drawn out,” especially if you have a flying fox before you. And, again, the music must be at the right moment; not on the drag though, most decidedly, but as much of it as you please so soon as the fox is afoot. In cover there is no horn equal to a hound’s tongue for keeping the pack together, I admit; but the pipers must always be in front of the fray or mischief will be done.’

‘Do you mean by that, John Crocker,’ said Ball, impatiently, ‘that none but the leading hounds are to throw their tongues in cover?’

‘Certainly I do, in cover or out of it; and when a tail hound is guilty of such a fault, the sooner you draught him the better; that’s Warde’s plan, and I mean to follow it.’

‘Then you’ll ruin your hounds, my friend, that’s certain; give me a full peal and full cry, and if any hound don’t join in it, I’ll draught or hang him at once.’

This argument would probably have been continued till midnight, or even to a later hour, if, when the ladies had retired, Mr. King, of Watercombe, had not purposely turned the subject by describing a laughable circumstance that had recently occurred to an old groom in his service. Mr. King, among his intimate friends or the country people, affected the vernacular in his speech so pleasantly, that I am tempted to tell the story, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

‘Drat the fellow,’ said he, ‘twas titch-and-go with un, I can assure ye; old Jim was tooked worse after a hard day’s sport on the moor, and so bad was he, that I had to send for Dr. Host to come and see un without delay. When the doctor arrived,

‘ and felt Jim’s pulse, says he, “ Mr. King, sir, he’s got a fever,
 ‘ “ and must go to bed, lose a few ounces of blood, and after twelve
 ‘ “ o’clock take a tablespoonful of mixture every hour throughout the
 ‘ “ night.” Well, when the medicine came, I desired Betty Jones, the
 ‘ gardener’s wife, to sit up with un in his loft above the saddle-room,
 ‘ and to give un the trade* according to the doctor’s orders. But
 ‘ no sooner was my back turned, than the old woman skulked off
 ‘ and sent up the gardener’s boy to do duty in her place, telling him
 ‘ to be sure to give the mixture to Jim every half-hour through the
 ‘ night, or die he must if this were not attended to. But the old
 ‘ witch forgot to tell un that she had placed the bottle containing
 ‘ the mixture in a cupboard hard by. So, at twelve o’clock, the lad,
 ‘ looking round for the medicine, saw nothing but an old crock,
 ‘ which, as it contained a dark thick liquid, and was simmering
 ‘ near the fire, he at once supposed was the *the trade* that was to
 ‘ save Jim’s life. But fai’, the crock contained nothing more nor
 ‘ less than a horse-poultice—a horrible compound of hogs’-lard, pitch,
 ‘ turpentine, and tow. “ Now then, Jim,” says the boy, handing
 ‘ him a great iron spoonful of the mixture ; “ here’s your trade, and
 ‘ “ the doctor says you’re safe to die if you don’t take it.” So Jim,
 ‘ with the fear of death before his eyes, took a mouthful of the stuff,
 ‘ but gulp it down he could not, for the tow got entangled in his teeth
 ‘ and all but choked him. Then, as the boy said, ’twas an awful sight
 ‘ to see the old man gasping for dear life, and tugging with his fingers
 ‘ at the tow, which looked for all the world as if he was a-vomiting up
 ‘ long black worms. After a while, Jim, when he had washed out his
 ‘ mouth with a gallon or two of water, got a little easier, and the boy,
 ‘ seeing the time was up, again approached his bedside with the iron
 ‘ spoon charged to the brim. “ No, no,” says Jim ; “ live or die,
 ‘ “ I’ll tak’ no more o’t ; ’twould poison a pig or yet a horse-doctor ;
 ‘ “ I’ll tak’ no more o’t.” I may so well tell ye,’ added Mr. King,
 ‘ that Jim has survived that rough treatment, but daily swears he’ll
 ‘ dress the lad with an iron hoop the first time he catches him in the
 ‘ stable-yard.’

A mighty punchbowl, only second in size to the great Sir
 Watkin, the baptismal font of patriotic Welshmen at Oxford, now
 made its appearance ; and hounds and horses became, as indeed they
 had hitherto been, the principal subject of conversation for the rest
 of the night. When due honour had again been done to John
 Crocker’s health, coupled as it was on each occasion with ‘ Success
 ‘ to Fox-hunting,’ old Ball inquired if any one present had ever
 hunted with Captain Hopworth’s founmart hounds. ‘ Because,’ said
 ‘ he, their noses are the most wonderful I ever heard of. They will
 ‘ carry the line of a founmart steadily over rough moorland ground
 ‘ forty-eight hours after the animal has passed that way. Now,
 ‘ that’s the sort of nose I should like to cross with my pack ; if I
 ‘ could do so without getting the wire-hair and the psalm-singing into
 ‘ the bargain——’

* Trade, in Devonshire lingo, means doctors’ stuff.

‘Ay, that would be the difficulty,’ said George Stoford, then a young, blue-eyed, fair-haired man, possessing a large estate, a fine intellect, and the most winning manners in the county; ‘but who is to prove that so much time has elapsed before the hounds are laid on the scent? who can tell when a polecat travels; for is he not as nocturnal in his habits as the otter, and as rarely seen as a live mole?’

‘The fact was proved beyond a doubt a short time ago at Gladymoor,’ said Ball. ‘Captain Hopworth backed his hounds to perform the feat, and procured a trapped polecat, which he turned out under a moor wall, of course on the side of it that had a northern aspect and could not be influenced by the sun’s rays. Well, at eight o’clock on a Monday night the trap-door was lifted, and the fougart liberated; and on Wednesday night, at the same hour, the hounds were clapped on the line, and away they went in full cry as merrily as if the animal had only preceded them minutes instead of hours.’

‘“Hounds sagacious on the tainted green,”

‘without a doubt,’ said Stoford, quoting Pope; ‘but of course they could not run up to their game, starting as they did on such terms?’

‘No; that was beyond even their noses; but I believe Hopworth and his hounds would have done it if the thing had been possible. However, this I know, Stoford, that no hound in my pack could have done half so much, that’s certain.’

When he had thus spoken, down came Ball’s fist with a whack on my broad face that made me tremble to my claws. This, as I afterwards found, was the mode he took of expressing the orthodoxy of his views and of bringing his conversation to a close whenever he anticipated contradiction. Stoford, however, who was brimful of fun and spirit, paid, I fear, little or no respect to this significant signal of the testy old bachelor; for, although he well understood its meaning, he always contrived to add something by way of cap to the last remark; but this he did so pleasantly, that even Ball himself was often forced to join in the laughter raised at his own expense.

‘Well, that I believe to be really the case,’ said Stoford; ‘for the last time I had the pleasure of hunting with your hounds, they suddenly lost their fox in Heavylands in a most unaccountable manner.’

‘Ay, that was a vixen in cub,’ said Ball, warmly; ‘and you know, or ought to know, that, under those circumstances, Nature favours the vixen, and that, to enable her to escape, she leaves little or no scent behind her; while, on the other hand, if a hound is in that condition, the powers of her nose are perceptibly improved, so that she may the more easily hunt down and secure her prey at such time.’

Then came a thump in my face that made the glasses jingle on the board; but Stoford was not to be stopped in that fashion.

‘Depend upon it,’ said he, ‘that was the secret of Hopworth’s success; his hounds were doubtless a lady-pack, and all must have been in that interesting condition to which you refer. There can

‘be no other mode of accounting for their superiority of nose to your hounds, Mr. Ball.’

A shout of laughter, in which the old man joined heartily, followed this sally; and immediately afterwards, Waters, very inappropriately so named, entered with the candles, and host and guests retired to their respective rooms.

DOGS.*

A REVIEW.

THE dogdays are rapidly approaching; hydrophobia is rife amongst us, and in the City of London and many other places everything seems ‘going to the dogs;’ banks closed, contractors crying off, merchants smashing up, and everything, in short, ‘going to the dogs,’ except Sport and ‘Baily’s Magazine.’ Wherefore, then, need we sing an ‘Io Pœan?’ Simply because Mr. Jesse has, with maladroitness, thrust upon the world of letters and of sports a most charming and entertaining history of the canine race. Everything that can be said for man’s ‘steadfast, unchangeable friend,’ is here said; everything which has ever been written about the noble brute is here recorded. Our acquaintance with canine literature is tolerably extensive, but Mr. Jesse far surpasses us. He has ransacked every author, from Lord Byron downwards, for poems in praise of, or anecdotes concerning the dog. Every language, living and dead, has been put under tribute in manufacturing these two handsome volumes, and the history, peculiarities, and anecdotes relating to dogs of every country find record. Modesty, not to say bashfulness, would seem to be one of Mr. Jesse’s weaknesses. He never thrusts himself forward, but lets every other writer have his own say, when we are well aware that Mr. Jesse could have said it much better.

A book got up as this is, is not amenable to the ordinary laws of criticism. It is an elaborate repertoire of everything which has ever been written in favour of the dog—for nobody has had the daring to write against him; but it is to be regretted that, in discussing so dire a scourge as hydrophobia, Mr. Jesse should place the implicit confidence which he appears to do in newspaper reports of the malady and its remedies. He even confounds *hydrophobia* in man with *rabies* in the dog, and speaks of ‘spontaneous hydrophobia.’ Let us, if Mr. Jesse is not, be clear upon this point. Rabies, that is, madness in the dog, may arise, and frequently does arise, *spontaneously*, and without inoculation or infection from another dog suffering from the malady; but hydrophobia in man can never occur unless its possessor has, at some time or other, been bitten by a dog suffering from rabies; and, that there may be no misunderstanding of the subject, we assert in the most positive terms, and as the result of a competent experience, that hydrophobia, or a madness at water, or an incapability of swallowing it, is *not* a symptom of rabies in the *dog*. We have several times seen mad dogs lap water, and even bathe or swim in it. It is only in the human subject that the disease manifests the peculiar idiosyncrasy of madness at the sight or sound of liquids, or of an impossibility of swallowing them. As to remedies—prophylactic and curative—we have none. Cauterization of the part bitten is utterly useless. The poison is taken up into the system in less than a second, and any application to the penetrated part is simply ridiculous. Even instantaneous amputation of the arm of a person who had been bitten by a mad dog—all the necessary instruments for the purpose being ready on the occasion—would avail nothing; before an incision through the skin could be made the virus would have travelled to the central parts, and have ‘touch’d corruptibly’ the life of all the blood. This is a sad picture to draw of a malady, which, from the number of rabid curs allowed to run at large, threatens to be rife during the present autumn, but it is a true one.

* ‘Researches into the History of the British Dog.’ By George R. Jesse. London: Hardwicke. 1867. 2 vols. 8vo.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

IF, during the early spring, yachtsmen had fair ground to grumble at the inclemency of the weather, which delayed them in putting their pet craft into commission, assuredly the last month has brought a temperature in every way suitable for their most enjoyable sport. The great gatherings of Ryde and Cowes are yet *in futuro*, but we have already to chronicle several races of interest, which have been productive of excellent sport. The Prince of Wales Yacht Club sailed a match early in May, when several small clippers entered, and Captain Bennett's *Satanella* took the first prize, beating Mr. Lemann's *Octoroon* and the *Dione*. The two former thus became entitled to first and second prizes; but, strange to say, both entered protests, which were, however, soon dismissed. The Thames Yacht Club fixed their opening cruise for the 19th, and on the following Monday started the Channel match from the Nore Light to Dover, for which were entered the noble commodore's yawl *Xantha*, Lord A. Paget; *Sphynx*, H. Maudsley; Mr. Morice's *Marina*; Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's *New Moon*; the *Vanguard*, Captain Hughes; *Lulworth*, G. Duppa; *Egeria*, J. Mulholland; *Christabel*, J. Kennard; *Gloriana*, A. O. Wilkinson; besides the *Evadne*, *Blue Bell*, *Iolanthe*, *Fleur-de-Lys*, *Amulet*, *Amazon*, *Vindex*, and *Niobe*, the last of which did not start. The fleet went away with a fresh breeze, E.S.E., the *Marina* and *Xantha* making best weather at the start, and the *Lulworth*, coming to grief owing to some of her plates starting, had to retire and make for Sheerness. Several changes took place during the voyage, and the *Christabel* was distanced for neglecting to round the South Sand Head, according to instructions. The craft arrived in the following order:—*Xantha* (yawl), first; *Egeria* (schooner); *Christabel* (cutter), distanced; *Sphinx* was fourth, but received third prize, Mr. Kennard's vessel being disqualified. The *Gloriana* and *Marina* were close behind. The Prince Alfred and the Royal Mersey Clubs opened on the 24th, and the Thames fixed their second match, from Gravesend to the Mouse and back, for the same day. The second class did not fill, so only the first-class match was on the card. The *Lulworth*, *Vanguard*, *Vindex*, *Sphinx*, *Amulet*, and *Christabel* entered. They started about mid-day with a strong wind, E.S.E., but before the close of the match it lulled considerably. The *Christabel* led throughout, and won the prize of 100*l.* easily. The course was judiciously shortened, the vessels being signalled to round at the Nore, when the *Vanguard* held second place; but on the homeward voyage the *Lulworth* gained on her, and won the barren honour by something less than a minute. Had a prize been attached, however, the *Vanguard* would be entitled to it by tonnage allowance, as she claimed 11 minutes from Mr. Duppa's renowned clipper, which, when in the late Mr. Weld's hands, did rare service. The Royal London Ocean Match to Harwich was a decided success, but we are debarred from more than a passing allusion to this and other important items of the yachting calendar, which must be adjourned until next month.

The professional rowing world has, during the last few months, been fully occupied with the International matches between Kelley and Hamill, which, after many pros and cons, are to come off at Newcastle on the 4th and 5th inst. All kinds of reports have been prevalent about the Yankee, who certainly sculls in a most remarkable and apparently fatiguing style. Harry Clasper has been looking after him, and is supposed to be satisfied with his chance; but as he works in a manner the very opposite to Bob Chambers, or, indeed, any of the Newcastle or southern school of scullers, we are at a loss to understand how the veteran can stand such a fast stroke, unless Hamill is a man of the most marvellous staying powers. The American is said to be capable of pulling sixty strokes per minute, and as forty is about the maximum of what we are accustomed to in this old-fashioned little island, one may dimly fancy the revolution that must take place in aquatic tactics if the Yankee wins. Kelley is busily at work on the Tyne, and goes as well, if not better than ever; we expect him to win, certainly the right-away race, but if Hamill is to 'land' anything it will be the turn and turn about affair,

which is a style of tomfoolery to which English watermen are not accustomed.

In addition to the International affair, however, there have been several interesting matches amongst watermen, the principal of which was between Sadler and Hoare. The latter has been before the public for some time, and is undoubtedly one of the gamest and best little men that ever stepped into a boat, having beaten Randolph Cook, Cannon, and Cole, besides a host of smaller fry; indeed, up to the present he had never lost a match. Sadler, though less known, had a great reputation, having beaten G. Drewitt with great ease, and it was generally admitted that the latter accomplished sculler had never rowed better in his life. So confident were Sadler's party, that, in spite of public form, they laid odds, and the result justified their confidence, as Sadler went right away, and though Hoare pulled as pluckily as possible, he was never in the race, Sadler winning easily. His young brother also disposed of Williamson, one of the Manchester division, with almost equal ease, and as Joe won the fours and pairs for the Thames National, and young William 'walked' in for the Coat and Badge, the Sadler *frères* bid fair to make a mark on the river Thames. The Regatta at King's Lynn brought together J. Sadler, Cooper, Hoare, and other minor lights, but owing to a confusion at the start, only Cooper and Barratt went off, and of course the Northerner won easily. The King's Lynn authorities, who are laudably anxious to promote aquatic sports, proposed to make a match between Sadler and Cooper, which, however, fell to the ground; but we hope the project will be revived, as their meeting in a fair race would be very interesting. Unfortunately, Sadler was too busy with oar-races to scull at the T.N.R., but we trust these fine representatives of the Thames and Tyne will ere long fight their battle o'er again with a more satisfactory result. The match between Caffin and Kippen was a poor affair, as the former won all the way; and the meeting of Kilsby and Barratt resulted in the latter fouling the Londoner, who, however, was able to win the race virtually twice over, both by the foul and by coming in first, which he accomplished without much difficulty. Drewitt and Coombes were matched, but unfortunately the latter had to forfeit, owing to a severe fever, which confined him to his bed; and as Coombes's party did not insist on Drewitt's rowing over to claim the stakes, he was enabled to start with Kelley for Newcastle a little earlier than was originally intended. A race which excited much attention came off between Tom Hoare and Mr. Woodgate, late of Brasenose College, Oxford, the present captain of the Kingston Rowing Club. It originated in the latter wishing to test his powers against a professional, and asking Hoare to give him a spin, promising him 10*l.* if Hoare won. Bets amounting to 200*l.* a-side were added and duly staked, and it was the betting which gave rise to the protest referred to in our notice of Henley Regatta. The course finally chosen was Hammersmith to Barnes, though it was announced to take place between Putney and Hammersmith bridges. The amateur was a hot favourite, 7 to 4 being laid on him, and the race almost justified this confidence, as he took a decided lead to Chiswick, where a barge was in the way, and Hoare steering better, came up and afterwards won easily, though Woodgate kept well at work to the finish.

The opening day of the Metropolitan Rowing Clubs, which last year took place on the 1st of April, was this season made only a procession day, so that the various clubs were left to their own resources as to commencing operations. The procession did not take place until the 5th of May, and, in spite of a little rain, was a very satisfactory display. We forget how many eights and fours were collected together on Putney Reach, but it was something very enormous, and if a few of the boats were indifferently manned, the London, West London, and Twickenham, at any rate, showed a fair sample of what a crew ought to be. At the dinner on the following Monday, Charles Dickens presided (we won't say the 'eminent novelist' for every one knows that); and the attraction of his name, superadded to the cause itself, combined to produce a great gathering. Mr. Dickens's geniality as an after-dinner orator is too well known to need aught beyond mention: suffice it to say that on this

occasion he was equal to himself, and his quaint stories of the fireman-waterman will long be remembered by those who heard him. The procession and dinner were a decided success, but we question the policy of having them so late in the spring, and hope that next season the Committee will revert to the original plan, and have a joint opening day of all the Clubs. By May rowing men are supposed to be at work, and London Tavern dinners should then be among 'the things they read about, but very seldom see.' The London club had been already at work some time, and their trial eights were a great improvement on last year, though May won too easily to test what his men could do. The other clubs had also several fair races, but the Twickenham made a great mess of a race for the Captain's prizes, and the West London rowed an eight-oared race without either umpire or judge. It was clearly won by one boat by a few yards, but a deputation of the win, tie, or wrangle society took the case in hand, and the result was a general *emeute* among the members, which, we are glad to hear, has since been amicably and fairly arranged.

The Regatta at Henley is generally a most enjoyable gathering, and this year was assuredly no exception to the rule; indeed, though much is continually written about the increasing sporting taste of the masses, we think few meetings, either of land or water sport, have risen as rapidly in public importance, and this year the muster was universally admitted to be greater than ever. The bridge was crowded with traps of all kinds, waggonettes 'for choice' being evidently the opinion of the ladies, several of whom sported their friends' colours in the most bewitching manner. With the exception of a few slight showers on the first day, the weather was *sans reproche*, and on the second day came fully up to the recognized Henley temperature (about 100 in the shade if there is any), involving a large consumption of seltzer and cham., and other gaseous compounds. The Grand Challenge was, as usual, the first event, and the reappearance of the Oxford Etonian Club, who have not shown at Henley since '44, was looked forward to with interest, as they were known to be a strong crew, and many of their members had taken the highest aquatic honours. In the trial they had to meet the London Rowing Club and their former schoolfellows from Eton College, and the race was the fastest and one of the most exciting of the day. The boys got first away, London splashing and going wild, but in a few strokes May had his crew at work and the L.R.C. showed in front. At half the distance the youths were outpaced, the other two going nearly level to Poplar Point, when the Oxonians having the best station, got away and won barely clear of London, and the lads well up. The second heat, between 1st Trinity and Leander, was a grand surprise to the talent, as the latter were much fancied, having the famous Jack Forster, of University, for stroke, and several more good performers in the middle of the boat. Trinity was unusually unlucky, their stroke, Pinckney, having been quite unwell for some days, and had it not been for Griffiths of 'Third' kindly rowing in his place during the practice, the crew would probably have been broken up: as it was, Pinckney managed to row, and that right well, but the various changes in the crew made their opponents justifiably sanguine, and 3 to 1 was laid on Leander. The race, though much slower than the first heat, was even more exciting, as it was any one's race all the way, and the non-favourites finally won by less than their own length, to the intense delight of the Cantabs. Neither crew was first-rate, as was proved by Eton beating Trinity easily for the Ladies' Plate, on the second day, but Leander was most capable of improvement, and with practice would have been worthy antagonists; as it was they were very rough, and we hope the old Brilliants, mindful of their want of practice, will consider the circumstances of their *début* rather encouragingly than otherwise, and come up next year with not merely fine material, but with a good crew well together. In that case they will doubtless be formidable, as on paper their lot looked as good as any. The Diamond Sculls were in the first heat, a mere paddle for 'Bradford,' the *alias* by which Woodgate elected to appear on the card, but in the second the race was very close, Edwards, who had too much the best of the start, finally winning. The

Wyfold heat was set down as a moral for the Oxford Etonians, who had already beaten London in the eights, and two at least of the latter's Wyfold lot being 'cast-offs' from that crew, Etonians were very confident, and indeed most of the Londoners thought their men were not in it. The result, however, proved otherwise, as Monteuis, rowing a splendid stroke, kept his men well together, and overhauled the others about half way, but could never get clear, London winning this splendid race by half a length. The first heat of the Stewards was another 'moral,' as 4 to 1 on Kingston was freely offered; but though the 'pot' did not actually boil over, it was a very near thing, the winners being hard pressed by Trinity all the way, and only landing by the third of a length. In the second heat University (Oxon) had an easy win, Leander breaking an oar; but as the former were well clear at the time, it did not affect the result. On the second day the Grand Challenge Final between Kingston (holders) and the Oxford Etonians produced a marvellous race ding dong all the way up to the Poplar, where Oxford having the station won by about 10 feet. We need hardly say that both crews had had enough of it at the Lawn; but the cheers which greeted winners and losers alike were some recompense for their exertions. The Stewards between Kingston and University went absurdly easily to the latter, who also took the Visitors' Cup, with the same crew. For the Ladies' Plate, Eton, Trinity (Cambridge), and Radley came together, and Eton, though from the worst station, won anyhow, but the others had a good race. At the finish age and weight told, and Trinity took second place, but the rowing of the Radleians is so much improved that if they go on we expect to see them well up next June. The Goblets went to the Kingston pair, Woodgate and Corrie, who alone of the trio had any notion of steering. The Diamond Sculls lay between Woodgate and Michell, and the latter won them for the second year in succession, after a good race for more than half the distance. Woodgate had already rowed a severe race in the eight, which no doubt affected his chance; but his great power was well shown by coming out for the third time to row the pairs, which, as we have just remarked, he won easily, making the fourth time of winning this valued prize. The Wyfold was a grand surprise, the Londoners, who had beaten the Oxonian four the previous day, being strong favourites, as the Kingston men had been continually shuffled about, and their stroke having been changed within the last day or two, they were by no means well together. In spite of all this they went right away, and scored one of the easiest wins of the day. Monteuis, the London stroke, rowed very pluckily, but was outpaced from the start. Some excitement was caused by the Londoners protesting against Woodgate being admitted as an amateur on account of his recent match with Tom Hoare of Hammersmith, which, it was stated, was a race for money, 'within the meaning 'of the Act,' as the lawyers say. Lord Camoys, the Chairman of the Henley Committee, cut the matter very short, by asking if Woodgate were a member of the Kingston Rowing Club, and being answered in the affirmative, said that that alone was a sufficient qualification. Without entering into the merits of this particular case, it is necessary to protest against membership of any club being considered in itself a full answer to such a charge, as the precedent would lead to all sorts of confusion. Another protest was made on behalf of the Oxonians, on the ground of some of the Kingston crew not being members of the club, but this was satisfactorily answered. With the exception of these *désagréments* all matters at Henley went merry as a marriage bell, and Mr. Towsey and the officials have cause to congratulate themselves on another success. A great improvement was made in the meadows by the absence of sundry dancing booths and other noisy vulgarities, which have for the last few years disfigured the pretty scene, and in 1865 reached a most odious climax.

The Thames National Regatta took place on the 27th, and the revival of amateur races lent additional interest to the meeting, though, owing to the non-professional element being in antagonism to the forthcoming Metropolitan Amateur Regatta, none of the London Clubs, except the Leander, were represented. The latter won the Fours, after a good race; Kingston, who were

not well together, and sprung one of their oars, being last. The eights were a moral for Kingston, and it was hard luck for Woodgate to leave the winning crew and row with Oxford in order to fill up a vacancy. The Pairs went to the Henley winners, who were never in danger, and won by several lengths, Goodden and partner being stopped opposite Simmonds' by some duffers in a skiff. The Sculls went to Michell, who won rather easily, Woodgate making his chance worse by a bad start. Among the professional races, the Coat, was a certainty for W. Sadler, and the Pairs for Hammerton and J. Sadler, who also formed part of the winning four, though their victory in the latter affair was a mere fluke, the Newcastle men leading well until close to the finish, when their stroke became overpowered by the unusual heat and 'shut up,' the Pride of the Thames then going in first, and the Northerners just securing second money. The Sculls were a moral for Bob Cooper, who disposed of all his opponents with great ease. Considering the beauty of the weather, the attendance was rather less than we anticipated.

The Barnes and Mortlake Amateur Regatta takes place on the 14th inst., but it is to be regretted that the Walton Meeting is abandoned, and there seems little chance of the Regatta at Kingston taking place unless the two amalgamate. In lieu of these pleasant gatherings, however, we are promised a grand gala day on the 14th August, when the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta offers prizes for every class of aquatic aspirant, and challenge cups for the principal races will make the affair a sort of tidal *encore* of Henley. We need not advise our readers to subscribe to the good cause, as all in any way connected with aquatics are sure to be sufficiently badgered by some of the indefatigable honorary collectors, whose mental capacity is at present entirely devoted to that object. All the principal clubs will, it is understood, be represented, and a great *r union* may be anticipated.

CRICKET.

By 'COLONIST.'

A REAL cricketer's month has been June, 1866. First of all, the weather, which gave us torrents of rain in May, has consented to show its loveliest graces during the present month, so that, although the thermometer during part of the great match between Gentlemen and Players stood at 90, the most delicious breeze conceivable cooled our brows, and forbade us to wish ourselves elsewhere. We do not say that the Gentlemen in the field shared our views—but of this anon.

June is ever big with the fate of the University teams—first, rumours reach us from Alma Mater how that Jones, who bowled so well last year for Eton, or Robinson, who was Captain of the Marlborough Eleven, have taken their places in the 'Varsity team, and we scan each newspaper report of their home matches, in the hope of seeing the old familiar name with a fat score, or goodly number of wickets to its credit. Then come the trials with the Marylebone or England Elevens, the results of which govern our views as to the issue of the University match. This year the features of these trials are on this wise. On the 14th at the Oval, Surrey v. Cambridge:—

	1st innings.	2nd innings.
Cambridge	255	161 with 3 wickets.
Surrey	157	258

A rare match this, displaying Surrey in the colours in which she has so often appeared to advantage, viz., having all the worst of the first part of the match, but pulling up until the victory becomes hardly earned, by whichever side it may be achieved.

On the 14th, Oxford tried their hands against the M.C.C. and with the following results:—

	1st innings.	2nd innings.
M.C.C.	147	231
Oxford	140	

Thus this match, like the first one between the same teams, ended in a draw, and when Cambridge met the old club we find—

	1st innings.	2nd innings.
M.C.C.	224	59 with 10 wickets.
Cambridge	47	235

Cambridge appeared perfectly puzzled by the ground in their first hands, and could never regain their leeway. During the early part of the season, we heard it constantly asserted that the University match of 1866 was reduced to a moral certainty; that it was coining money to back Oxford at any price; that this was 'really one of those good things which occur once in a man's life,' &c. With what justice these assertions were made our readers may opine from the fact of 3 to 1 having been laid on Cambridge at one period of the match, while the ultimate struggle for victory was closer than on almost any previous occasion, 12 runs only separating the victors from the vanquished! Much of the credit is due to the play of Mr. Fellowes, whose bowling in the last innings was a treat to behold, while his addition of 21 to the score in the first innings more than gave the victory to Oxford. But we are often struck with the fact that at cricket, success is more often due to the shortcomings of the losing side than to any special instance of superiority among the conquerors; and with all admiration for the pluck displayed by Cambridge in their endeavours to obtain the 106 needed, we cannot disguise from ourselves that the Oxford bowling from the racquet-court end, gave plenty of opportunities for some fine leg-hitting, of which the Cambridge batsmen altogether failed to avail themselves. Now three leg-hits of the good old stamp would have saved and won the match! Before adding the score it may interest some of our readers to know that the closest match ever played between the Universities was in 1841, when Cambridge won by eight runs.

OXFORD.		1st innings.	2nd innings.
E. L. Fellowes, b Pelham	21	not out	5
E. Davenport, b Pelham	8	run out	17
W. F. Maitland, c Winter, b Pelham	0	b Weighell	51
O. Spencer Smith, c Winter, b Pelham	6	c Winter, b Lyttelton	30
E. W. Tritton, c Green, b Pelham	1	b Absolom	7
S. C. Voules, b Green	2	c Richardson, b Weighell	21
G. P. Robertson, o Balfour, b Pelham	0	c Warren, b Lyttelton	5
C. E. Boyle, run out	7	c Pelham, b Absolom	8
E. S. Carter, c Balfour, b Green	4	c Richardson, b Absolom	15
R. T. Reid, not out	5	b Pelham	0
E. M. Kenney, st Balfour, b Pelham	3	c Pelham, b Lyttelton	0
B 1, w b 4	5	B 7, w b 5	12
Total		62	171

CAMBRIDGE.		1st innings.	2nd innings.
A. H. Winter, c Kenney, b Fellowes	23	b Fellowes	16
Hon. F. G. Pelham, b Maitland	1	b Fellowes	13
A. Walker, leg b w, b Fellowes	1	b Carter	16
J. M. Richardson, b Fellowes	8	b Fellowes	6
R. D. Balfour, c and b Maitland	2	c Maitland, b Carter	11
Hon. S. G. Lyttelton, c Kenney, b Fellowes	3	b Kenney	1
C. E. Green, c Voules, b Fellowes	16	c Boyle, b Fellowes	0
C. Warren, not out	37	c Reid, b Fellowes	5
G. H. Tuck, c Boyle, b Fellowes	9	c Voules, b Fellowes	4
G. A. Absolom, C. Kenney, b Carter	13	b Fellowes	9
W. B. Weighe., c Robertson, b Carter	3	not out	2
B 4, l b 4, w b 3, n b 1	12	B 3, l b 3, w b 4	10
Total		128	93

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

OXFORD.—First innings: Weighell bowled 60 balls, 17 runs, 6 maidens, 4 wide balls; Pelham 103 balls, 26 runs, 14 maidens, 7 wickets; Green 44 balls, 14 runs, 6 maidens, 2 wickets. Second innings; Green bowled 92 balls, 35 runs, 8 maidens; Pelham 172 balls, 58 runs, 16 maidens, 1 wicket; Absalom 56 balls, 24 runs, 6 maidens, 3 wickets; Weighell 30 balls, 25 runs, 2 wickets, 1 wide ball; Lyttelton, 35 balls, 17 runs, 4 maidens, 3 wickets, 2 wide balls.

CAMBRIDGE.—First innings: Maitland bowled 84 balls, 47 runs, 7 maidens, 2 wickets; Fellowes 92 balls, 42 runs, 6 maidens, 6 wickets, 2 wide balls; Kenney 36 balls, 12 runs, 4 maidens; Carter 37 balls, 4 runs, 5 maidens, 2 wickets, 1 no ball; Voules 12 balls, 11 runs.—Second innings: Kenney bowled 72 balls, 23 runs, 5 maidens, 1 wicket, 1 wide ball; Fellowes 130 balls, 47 runs, 16 maidens, 7 wickets, 2 wide balls; Carter 56 balls, 9 maidens, 2 wickets, 1 wide ball.

Close on the heels of the University match followed that between Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's, on the 25th. A glance at the teams engaged showed us that the Gentlemen's Eleven could hardly have been improved upon, while that of the Players lacked the four or five names which have recently obtained an unenviable notoriety in connection with the feud between Northerners and the South. Regretting, as we do, the absence of such men as Carpenter, Hayward, Tarrant, and Daft from the first of our metropolitan grounds, we cannot but think that these players are doing far more serious and permanent harm to their own pockets and reputations than to the cause of cricket generally. The men whose names are handed down as chiefs in the lists of cricket, have won their spurs in the metropolis, and not by engagements with provincial Twenty-twos. Moreover, the absence of such men as the above is in itself a stimulus to the Metropolitan Clubs to bring forward young players of promise, who will by degrees teach the public to forget the existence of cricketers whom they do not regularly see taking part in the game.

The match this year presented, we thought, no special feature of excellence. Hearne's innings of 122 (not out), was played with great luck; he was let off repeatedly in the field, and by those from whom we expect better things. Jupp's scoring was of the most careful character, and that middle day during the whole of which the gentlemen remained in the field was devoid of anything especially brilliant. Of Mr. W. Grace's bowling, and Mr. Lubbock's fielding at long leg, we cannot speak too highly; and the plucky second innings of the Gentlemen against such a score as 233, will not be forgotten. Mr. V. E. Walker's brilliant drive for 6 was like the flare up of the expiring candle; but all would not do, for the Players won by 38.

PLAYERS.		1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
H. Jupp, b E. M. Grace	31	b W. Grace 54
T. Humphrey, b W. Grace	4	c and b E. M. Grace . . . 6
G. Wootton, b W. Grace	19	b E. M. Grace 8
G. Bennett, c R. D. Walker, b E. Grace	0	b Fellowes 21
J. Grundy, c Maitland, b W. Grace	14	c Fellowes, b Lyttelton . 20
T. Hearne, b E. M. Grace	16	not out 122
E. Pooley, b E. M. Grace	7	c Balfour, b W. Grace . . 3
Jas. Lillywhite, c Lubbock, b E. M. Grace	14	c Lubbock, b E. M. Grace . 5
T. Lockyer, b E. M. Grace	5	c Lubbock, b Maitland . . 4
E. Willsher, not out	0	c Balfour, b Maitland . . 1
G. Howitt, b W. Grace	0	b Lyttelton 0
L-b 3, b 1, w 2	6	L-b 2, b 5, w 2 . . . 9
Total		116	Total . . . 253

GENTLEMEN.		1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Hon. C. G. Lyttelton, c Lockyer, b Lillywhite	6	b Willsher	19
E. M. Grace, Esq., c Wootton, b Howitt	7	b Howitt	25
W. G. Grace, Esq., c Hearne, b Bennett	25	c Wootton, b Bennett	11
C. F. Buller, Esq., c Howitt, b Lillywhite	1	run out	1
R. D. Walker, Esq., c Hearne, b Bennett	15	b Grundy	63
A. Lubbock, Esq., c Lockyer, b Bennett	13	b Bennett	15
A. H. Winter, Esq., b Bennett	9	b Lillywhite	16
W. F. Maitland, Esq., b Grundy	15	not out	15
V. E. Walker, Esq., b Grundy	3	b Howitt	10
R. D. Balfour, Esq., b Wootton	23	b Bennett	4
E. L. Fellowes, Esq., not out	16	b Bennett	2
L b 2, b 1	3	L b 4, b 10	14
Total		136	Total 195
Umpires—H. Royston and Alfred Shaw.			

At a time when all the cricket world is looking forward to the Harrow and Eton match of 1866, it may interest our readers to hear somewhat of the doings of the boys during June. The former school played the M.C.C. on the 2nd inst., and administered the first licking (if we mistake not) which the Club has received this year. Later in the month the Boys beat the Town easily, but found themselves collared on the 23rd by the Harlequins, who won an up-hill match on the first innings, thanks to the splendid batting of Mr. Mitchell, who scored 70 (not out), and hit the ball out of the ground three times. When about 25 runs were wanted to tie the school's 174, Mr. Mitchell was joined by Mr. J. Ponsonby (last man), a present member of the school, and acting as substitute for an absent Harlequin. These two scored 50 between them, Mr. Mitchell, of course, taking the lion's share; but if Harrow can boast eleven better men than the youngster above named, we shall not despair of their chance at Lord's, malgré the accounts which reach us of the great improvement in the Eton team. That a great improvement has taken place there is certain, and that they have been 'tried pretty high,' is attested by their numbering among their opponents such names as Mitchell, Dupuis, Lyttelton Hoare, *et hoc genus omne*. 'Baily's' 'tips' never extend outside 'the Van;' and we therefore take leave of the schools until next month, with the hope that the match may be played out, and that the best Eleven may win.

We make no apology for again reminding our readers of the 'Felix' fund, to which the editor of 'Bell's Life' has consented to act as treasurer. Subscription lists, we hear, are open both at Lord's and at the Oval; and any young cricketer who does not possess that popular work, 'Felix on the Bat,' should not fail to supply himself with a copy. Therein he will find the game treated of pleasantly, instructively, and, above all, so scientifically, that were we required to furnish a motto for the work, it would certainly be—

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

'OUR VAN.'

INVOICE.—June Jottings.—Blenheim Biddings.—The Rous Rejoicings—
Australian Auctions.—General Gossip.—Monthly Mortality.

JUNE with its Jollities, its Races, its *Fêtes*, its Pigeon Matches, and its Debates, has imposed upon its Chronicler almost as hard a task, as the pedestrian one of walking a hundred miles backwards in a certain number of hours. And if we were to break down in our work, we should have to console ourselves with the

idea, we are not the first great favourite who has done so. It has been a month also of merry-making and mourning, and rarely has the myrtle been so entwined with the cypress. London has been fuller than ever, and the waiters of the West-end hotels must all have followed the example of those of Limmer's, and stuck to Lord Lyon, as very few of them have since been returned as fit for duty. Pigeons have been scarce, at least feathered ones, and have ruffled the tempers of some of our Aristocratic shots. But of human ones, there has been a plentiful supply, and the dealers in them have done a brisk business. The money-panic has been arrested, we suppose, at Temple Bar, for, at Tattersall's and the West-end, where the disease has hitherto raged most furiously, nothing has been seen of it, and the Albert Gate Circulars have been of a far more favourable character than those of Capel Court. The war fever has not been confined to the Continent, but has broken out at home between the Jockey Club Officials and the Fourth Estate, reprisals being made on each side, and as the Stewards have refused a Congress, there is no knowing when the blessings of peace will be restored to us. The minds of Breeders have been reported to be seriously affected by the Middle Park mania, which broke out after Ascot, and it is feared they are not likely to recover until after the second week in September, when the bracing air of Doncaster may restore them. Our racing circuit commenced at Ascot, continued to Hampton, and concluded at Stockbridge, the Calendar at each place being exceedingly heavy. The chief cases we shall, of course, dwell upon, leaving the minor ones to that immortality which is conferred upon them by the Authorities of Burlington Street. Ascot was a grand gathering, but spoiled by the parsimony of the Executive, which made it resemble a magnificent picture, hung in a cheap frame. Divested of some of its original charms, it is yet invested with new ones, in the shape of the private boxes, which afford an amount of accommodation worthy the sum demanded for it. The Paddock Tax upon owners and trainers was, however, so iniquitous that the Duke of Beaufort got it abolished on the second day; and Lord Cork was so indignant at its imposition, that he desired the money that had been paid for the tickets to be returned to those who had been compelled to disburse. To invite a man to bring a horse three hundred miles for the amusement of the public and the profit of the proprietors, and then to charge him half a sovereign for following him into the saddling paddock, was a piece of assurance that took away the breath of Frail, made Sam Merry's hair stand on end, and endangered the life of Topham. Brilliant as was the scene on the lawn, it was to be regretted, that the hitherto decorous demeanour of the feminine part of the audience at an Ascot Meeting should not have been preserved, and that endearments which the Church had not sanctioned, should have been permitted to be lavished by the worst half of society on the other half. Surely Ascot is not going to degenerate itself into a Cremorne, nor are the mothers and daughters of England to be driven away from their favourite resort, by the exhibition of practices which, however venial at a suburban tea garden, are not tolerated in ordinary society! We mention this circumstance because we are of opinion the evil should be nipped in the bud, and not permitted to assume higher dimensions. But if we dwell any longer on ethics, we may be hauled over the coals, so we will turn to the cards of the day, remarking that when John Scott, taking time by the forelock, and anticipating even the Continental Monarchs, declared War against the Ascot Stakes, he had quickly as many volunteers as Garibaldi at Como. And although Lucifer—as is always the case—stirred up the action, and a Dulcimer tried to lure away the recruits,

victory rested with Whitewall. It is the fashion, we believe, to condemn Beadsman, and denounce him as a three-cornered angular brute; but if he only gives us a succession of Palmers, such as we saw in the Maiden Plate, owners of brood mares will be begging his services, and he will make himself. The other promising ones were, strange to say, the best-named ones, viz., Captain Kidd by Buccaneer, and the Latona colt, upon whom Mr. George Angell has bestowed the apt appellation of Python, thus again showing to the world his erudition and classical knowledge. Baron Rothschild commenced here well with Hippias in the Queen's Stand Plate, and had his usual Friday to himself. The Lyon and Rustic factions met like two Irish tribes to settle their long-standing dispute, and fiercely was it contended. But the Derby winner was not the same horse he was at Epsom, his coat being as dry as a biscuit, his heels open, and he went down to the post like a hansom cabber, after a Hampton Cup day. In truth, as a friend remarked to us, nature had been handicapped too highly, and fairly broke down under it. Still the fight was long and game between the two heroes; but, at the last, the six-pounder and Fordham's patient riding told its tale, and, for the first time since he went to the starting-post, Lord Lyon knew the meaning of the word defeat, and taught his plucky owner, that the bow must be kept unstrung sometimes. Of course the success of the Duke of Beaufort with Rustic, after his defeat at Epsom, was as gratifying to his friends as to the general public, and a pleasant supplement to the Grand Prix at Paris; but Rustic swerved so palpably at the finish, that it was clear his victory—like that of the Battle of Navarino—was an untoward event, and the St. Leger betting remained undisturbed. Mr. Sutton, however, is one of that cut-and-come-again sort, whom owners don't care about meeting, and many would like to buy him off, as keepers of ordinaries were wont to do persons with inordinate appetites from shilling ordinaries, and he declined to let Danebury have a second good dish. For the Queen's Vase was put down for the Duke—and he put in his veto to the award—with Elland, and Mr. Clarke was unable to say no to him: a proceeding quite in accordance with the wishes of the Ring, upon whom the Ducal patronage was very strongly bestowed. From it having oozed out, from the whist-playing employers at Woodyates, that William Day had a good hand, and that his Leading Suit was worth following, he had plenty of backers; but public form again asserted its right over private practice, and Hermit won the trick, beating not only the crack, but also Dragon, the French flyer, and whom he encountered with a gameness worthy of the famous St. George himself. And although we have never had any authentic accounts of how that latter personage was received when he showed after the fight, our Hermit was cheered as much, and has been talked of since even more than the one of Mr. Parnell's, who has been handed down to us, as making his food the fruit, his drink the crystal well. Still, good as we look on Mr. Chaplin's colt to be, we fear his honours will be confined to his two-year-old career, as he is too set to give promise of making a three-year old, big enough to contend with ordinary-sized horses of the first class. The Ascot Derby inflicted almost as severe a blow on Danebury as that of Epsom, as, instead of feeling the benign influences of Ceylon's spicy breezes, they were aroused by the bayings of a Staghound, whom Mr. Payne had let loose, and he hauled down the prize without much effort, although the bold Robin Hood made every effort to catch him. The Hunt Cup had its usual quota of favourites and its usual field, enabling the Reporters to employ their favourite and usual simile of the tulip-bed, without which, we much fear, no Hunt or

Stewards' Cup race could be reviewed. That Historian would be at the head of the poll before the race, there could be but little question, seeing his name was in every one's mouth. Then Isaac Woolcott fancied Langham, and his party became a strong one; and a rumour was spread that the ancient Deerfoot was going to be revived, like a favourite play, with entire new properties, and the name of the Star was coupled with certain Lord Burleigh nods and shakes of the head, intimating almost that Mr. Ten Broeck had communications with the other world, and had entered into a compact with a certain nameless individual for the Cup. In the mean time the winner, Attaché, was taking his canter, and going as free as a bird, with 40 to 1 yelled against him, unnoticed by any but the followers of 'Argus,' who had placed him first, and Historian second, in his Letter of Advice, which was really one 'of Credit,' and by Lord Stamford, and after a slashing set-to with the favourite, he just did him by 'a good head,' which an Attaché ought to have; and in his new stable we have no doubt he will have to undergo a great many competitive examinations. Anxious to secure our retreat for London, we stopped not to witness another exhibition of Colonel Pearson's Achievement, upon which Young England 'took headers,' without doing themselves any harm, and the calm which prevailed in the Ring, while she was galloping, assured us the race was a mere matter of form, for if she had been beaten, the Stentors would have caused it to be heard at Windsor. The Cup Day is gradually becoming as disagreeable as the Derby Day, despite all the efforts of the Executive to render matters pleasant, by the erection of new private boxes. But when the railway arrangements of the South and Great Western are so admirable, there is really every excuse for their being patronised to such an extent. On the Cup it boots us not to dwell, as Gladiateur's motto was 'Veni, vidi, vici,' and, at last, he may be said to have lived down the calumny of his early youth. His next appearance will be at Goodwood; but, we are informed, Jennings is almost ashamed to pull him out, as his mane and tail are so disfigured by the lady visitors to him at Newmarket, having begged for so many locks of his hair *in memoriam* of their visits. In the New Stakes, which occasionally gives us a new Derby favourite, Achievement did exactly with the fresh lot of horses what she had done with the old one; so no wonder her owner has taken one of the new Two Hundred Guinea Subscriptions to Stockwell, which Mr. Naylor has just issued, and which we believe to be at a premium. Friday found Lord Glasgow more irritable with Godding, about Strafford, than he had ever been with John Scott, relative to General Peel, and the Trainer's tenure of office hung upon a thread. However, the old Northern Earl had, at last, the satisfaction to see his Strafford pull through the race, for which he was only last year just beaten by Fille de l'Air, and he went his way rejoicing, posting back to London by the road, as he had done on the preceeding day, to avoid the crowd at the railway station. Windsor saw Mr. Frail introduced to a new constituency; and, judging from the reception that was given him, Shrewsbury may well be jealous of the attempted division of his affections. Discountenanced at first at head-quarters, and threatened also by the elements, an utter failure was predicted. But who ever knew Frail defeated?—à la Prospero he turned away the storm, and the Chiefs of the Turf found themselves drawn to him *nolens volens*, and his curtain fell amidst such applause, that he was called before it, and, in returning thanks, promised increased exertions for the future. Having had enough of the Court, we must now turn to the People, and look in for a moment at Hampton, where 'the million' had their regular 'outing' on the

Thursday, not caring a straw for the postponement of the Cup until the following day. The elements of Hampton are too well known to need recapitulation, and the course looked as if Cremorne and Greenwich Fair had been taken in one vast excursion train on to the Hurst. Of the racing, the less said the better, as the majority of visitors forgot the names of the winners before they took their departure; and John Scott who, after an absence of twenty-two years, came to see Knight of St. Michael run, declared that time had dealt more leniently with Hampton than with any other race-course in England. From Hampton we received orders for Stockbridge, where the ropes were next pitched amidst such a company as had never before been seen in Hampshire, and for miles round every lodging had been secured. Although the weather was cold, the backers of horses found it warm enough, and the dealers in stamps at the West-end were so sold out on the following Monday, that they were compelled to send to Somerset House for fresh supplies. The cards of the day were as long as playbills, and the races arranged in so careless a way, that the loudest complaints were elicited respecting them. The sensation features of the week were few and far between. Hermit went on gallantly winning his races, but scarcely took higher Epsom honours. The 'Comedy of Errors' in the Nursery was so absurd as almost to counterbalance the serious annoyance and inconvenience it occasioned in high quarters, and the next assessors of the Land-tax, we imagine, will be found to have imposed a heavier rate than that which was made for Stockbridge. Here our circuit terminated, for the Modern Tyre was beyond our reach, although we felt assured Captain Gray would strike 'Terror' into the Cup folks. And, certainly, Fobert has done better for him, than for any Master he has had since the days of Lord Eglintoun, and the Graymount sideboard can hardly contain more Plate, than he has already put upon it. The regular Provincial Meetings have gone on with their wonted regularity, but beyond benefiting their respective Clerks of Courses, giving excuses to hotel-keepers to increase their charges, and amusing the inhabitants of their localities, we are not aware of their having conferred any benefit on the Turf.

The Sales of the month have been both Sporting and Military, and each was distinguished by large and appreciative audiences. Rarely was Middle Park seen to greater advantage than on the Ascot Saturday, which is always devoted to the dispersal of Mr. Blenkiron's collection of young things. The inward man was first refreshed in the most approved style; and a more judicious process for getting a correct outline of a yearling could not be adopted, as by it encouragement is given to timid judges, while good ones are more firmly sustained in their estimate. Of drags there were scarcely so many as last year, but still, with the phaetons, they made up a goodly show of company. The Admiral occupied the box-seat of Mr. Chaplin's coach, having his friend Captain Little for his aid-de-camp, while the Squire of Blankney and Mr. Ten Broeck sat behind them. The Master of the Holderness crammed his phaeton with Yorkshire friends, and still had Reynard in his mind. The Marquis of Hastings had Messrs. Hill and J. B. Morris for his supporters, and occasionally gave the Duke of Hamilton the benefit of his judgment. One carriage was, however, sadly missed, viz., that of Lord Chesterfield; and so regular an attendant was he of Middle Park, that one almost expected to see him dashing up with Colonel Forester and Sir Henry Des Vœux. In his opening speech, Mr. Edmund Tattersall, who has the same regard for the Kent Circuit as Baron Martin has for the Northern one, feelingly alluded to the sad loss the

Sporting World had sustained by his death, and the difficulty in replacing him—a truth which was admitted by all who were present. He next congratulated the Patrons of the Turf on the solvent state of the Ring, adding that while large City Banks were every day giving way to the pressure of the times, those of Messrs. Hill and J. B. Morris had kept open, and the amplitude of their resources never questioned. This neat compliment was blushingly acknowledged by both gentlemen; and it had such an encouraging effect on the latter, that, immediately after the sale was over, he commenced a Twenty Thousand Pounds yearling book, and found plenty of customers for it. So much has been talked and written of the sale, that anything but the merest sketch of it would be flat, stale, and unprofitable at the time these sheets will meet the reader's gaze. Suffice it to say, Mr. Tattersall did not exaggerate, when he stated that they were the very best lot Mr. Blenkiron had ever sent up, and he expected they would make the largest return. Nor was he disappointed; for, by the opposition which the young Duke entered against the young Squire's claims to the best-looking pair of the lot, viz., the Newminster colt out of Lady Elcho, and the St. Alban's one out of Elspeth, he obtained, for Mr. Blenkiron, the largest prices on record in this country for yearlings. And, from henceforth, Mr. Stirling Crawford and Mr. Towneley must hide their diminished heads, with Lord of the Hills and The Nuggett, before the Duke of Hamilton and Mr. Chaplin. As dramatic critics say, when reviewing amateur performances, 'Where all were so good, it would be invidious to particularise,' still, among the lots that particularly took our fancy, were the Kettledrum colt out of Goldfinch, very like his sire; the Dundee colt out of Ennui, which might have been named Saunterer the Second; and the Weatherbit colt out of Butterfly, which was good at both ends, and certain to race. Opinions were naturally divided as to the merits of 'the four-figured cracks;' but our own verdict must be pronounced in favour of the Newminster colt, and the Rawcliffe sire may well be proud of having headed Stockwell in the price obtained for his progeny. Going by Mr. Blenkiron's average, the Marquis of Hastings has got a rare bargain in taking Mr. Naylor's yearlings for 10,000 guineas, for had they been put up near London, on a fitting day, the Tattersalls would have got him over 25,000, without any trouble, seeing that the descendants of Pocohontas were the first five for the Derby. The raising of Stockwell to 200 guineas was not unexpected, but it led to the withdrawal of a few subscribers on the old terms. These vacancies, however, being filled up instantly, no harm was done to the horse, and if a Stockwell wins the next Derby, it is not improbable he will be raised again, until he reaches 500 guineas a mare, which is quite as reasonable as 2,500 guineas for a yearling. The horses of the Eleventh Hussars, whose doings with the York and Ainsty and Bramham Moor we so often chronicled last season, also went off in the most spirited manner, the Regiment maintaining in Essex their Yorkshire hospitality; which had so good an effect on the company, that they bid for the best hunters like school-boys for slices of plumcake; and Mr. Tattersall returned home with a flowing balance-sheet; and a clear conscience.

The Rous dinner was one of the most remarkable sporting banquets we have known of late years, inasmuch as it was the recognition of a long ministerial career, more stormy than that of any political leader of modern times; and as the Admiral could not retire on a pension, it was only fitting he should understand that the time he had devoted to the Turf had not passed unnoticed. Nothing could have been better than the arrangements, except the engagement

of Lord Granville as chairman, which 'The Benefactor' of the Turf effected with his usual happy tact. The speaking, however, was not as good as the eating, with the exception of Lord Granville's addresses, which were excellent, as from his diplomatic skill he steered clear of every debatable point, and brought out the salient features of the Admiral's career with great effect. The latter, in returning thanks for his testimonial and his health, fairly broke down under the influence of the scene; and as he had run the allotted space to man, he would have been aught but human had he not done so. On getting off he fell into difficulties from which for a time he did not recover; nor was he fairly set going until he got to sea, when 'the Ancient Mariner,' as a Noble Earl was wont to call him, rallied strongly, and 'Richard was himself again.' With true vigour he related his narrow escapes from shipwreck, which convulsed some of the Ring with horror; but as they appeared originally in these pages, there is no occasion for their repetition. The chief points in the address of the Admiral were his apprehensions that when he hauled down his flag, handicapping might fall into venal hands—a fear which we ourselves do not share. He acknowledged, also, that he had completely overcome his original early prejudices against the French, and paid that nation a high compliment for the manner in which they bred and raced their horses; and he likewise informed the company that his heart had been penetrated by the recollection of him by Mr. Davies. Altogether the reply was manly, appropriate, and characteristic of the Leader of the Turf. Mr. Payne, from whom so much was expected from his excellent speech at the Tattersall dinner, was seized with such a sudden spasm, he was obliged to pull up suddenly, and content himself with the assertion it was a pleasure for a man to do business with the Ring, whether he won from them or lost to them, a compliment which they were nothing loth to acknowledge. The Duke of Beaufort stuck to France and the French, and the recollection of the Grand Prix had evidently made a strong impression on his memory. Lord Wilton proposed the health of the Committee, which was acknowledged by Mr. Padwick, who said their work was a labour of love, and instanced the popularity of the testimonial by the fact that when Mr. Morris opened his book for it at Salisbury, 'he had a thousand 'pound field money' within half an hour. The whole concluded, as the play-bills say, with 'second time,' the favourite farce of 'The Bench and the Bar,' principal character by Mr. Hawkins. What connection the Bench and the Bar have to do with the Turf we are at a loss to know, and we might almost infer that racing men were being perpetually brought up before the Bench, and required the services of the Bar to defend them. However, as the learned gentleman has assisted the Admiral so much in the compilation of his new book, and has been engaged so much in Jockey Club cases, being sometimes counsel for them, and sometimes against them, there may be some excuse for his figuring in the bills of the day, and he certainly played with his usual *verve* and spirit, carrying his audience with him from the time he rose, until he resumed his seat. We imagine we have now said all we need do on this unique and interesting entertainment, which, for a wonder, gave entire satisfaction to those who partook of it. We should have liked, however, to have the veteran Leader of the Turf and the Arbitrator of Racing both in England and Europe better supported by his chiefs and lieutenants; and we missed from the ranks of his colleagues such honoured names as Lords Derby, Glasgow, Zetland, Stafford, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Exeter, and Lord Portsmouth, and General Peel, all of whom have partaken of the benefits he has conferred upon

the Turf as much as the owner of the veriest platers. Perhaps, however, if called upon they could show cause for their absence.

But the interest in blood stock sales has not been confined to the old country, for we find by 'Bell's Life in Victoria,' a very excellent specimen of a colonial sporting paper, that at Maribyrnong they have had a sale eclipsing even that of Mr. Blenkiron's, and giving still greater encouragement to breeders to persevere in their exertions to procure the best stock. From the newspaper in question we gather that Australian sales are conducted on much the same principles as our own, and that colonists like to slake their thirst as well as Londoners. The fixture was a paddock close to the box of old Fisherman, and the auctioneer—a slip, we presume, of the old Corner Plant—we learn is fonder of long speeches than his great original, and he not only goes fast, but can stay—no mean acquisition in such a country. The stud put up was that of Mr. Fisher, who, it may be recollected, purchased largely at the sale of the late Lord Londesborough a few years back, and who subsequently imported Fisherman. Mr. Parr's mouth, we are sure, must have watered when he read how his old favourite, and contributor to his fortunes, was appreciated in the New World, and he certainly ought never to have been permitted to have left this country. In support of our argument we merely quote the fact that a foal by him out of Omen fetched 550 guineas, and another out of Rose de Florence 400 guineas. Then a two year old out of Marchioness, an Oaks winner, topped everything everywhere, and was not got under 3,000 guineas, the first bid of 1,500 guineas from a Mr. Keyham eliciting loud cheers; and we read on that the gentleman in question, after he had made it, instead of imitating the quick style of Mr. Chaplin, cocked his hat on one side with a self-satisfied air, as much as to say 'That's a poser for you; lick it, if you can.' But the conceit was soon taken out of him, for in a second demand of 'What for Fish-hook?' he was cut down and chopped in an instant by an offer of 2,000 guineas, which ultimately rose to 3,000 guineas. Upon this, Mr. Tattersall thought it time to interfere, and whipped the spurs into the colonists by exclaiming to them, 'This is the time for pluck, Victorians! look to your laurels!' This happy allusion and call on their patriotism had the desired effect, and in a few minutes he was preserved for the colony by a last bid of 3,600 guineas by Mr. Fisher, the brother of the vendor. Fish-hook is described to be as handsome as paint, and of great size and symmetry, and, like the generality of the Fishermans, he has long pasterns, large knees, flat legs like bars of iron, and the high rump of the old horse. Still, with all these advantages, we confess we should like to have had Colonel Pearson's opinion of him before we gave 3,600 guineas for him, a price we believe even unknown in Hill Street. Sea-gull, another two year old out of Omen, a Melbourne mare, and described as the grandest in the colony, and only fourteen years old, and who fetched 1,250 guineas, was so very racing-like that the gentleman who wanted him had to pay so much as 1,900 guineas before they would let him have him. Lady Heron, a three year old, also out of Omen, was secured for 1,600 guineas; and a yearling colt out of Sir John Mill's mare Cerva, who, it will be remembered, won the Somersetshire in 1856, was good-looking enough to command 1,150 guineas. The whole lot-made 26,455*l.*, a sum which is worth studying by English breeders and English sportsmen as a sign of the times, which should not be disregarded.

The sudden death of Mr. Joy, the painter of the Tattersall Pictures, arising from an attack of bronchitis, rendered it necessary that his pictures and sketches

should be disposed of, and on the Ascot Settling-day they were dispersed to the winds, at Christie's. Happening to pass by at the time they were going to be put up, we could not resist the desire of taking a last long look at so many celebrities, with whom we have been associated, and to witness how they were appreciated by a grateful and discerning public. Nor did we regret our determination, as we were taught to estimate the value of fame, as well as the reputation of an Artist. The Admiral was the first put up, and we are glad to record, at this particular period, that he was handicapped the highest of the lot, that well-known portrait of him with his hand in his waistcoat being knocked down to an ardent admirer for 4*l.* 4*s.* The Duke of Newcastle got second honours, a trio of sovereigns being disbursed for him very freely, and Mr. Richard Tattersall was an excellent third at 1*l.* 17*s.* Lord Courtenay, by means of one of his constituents, was placed fourth, the auctioneer obtaining 1*l.* 11*s.* for him, and as the returns for Lord Coventry and Lord Dunkellin were 1*l.* 10*s.* each, the ex-Romeo Lord may be said to have beaten the pair by a short head. As the portrait of the overthrower of the Russell Administration was one of the best of the series, we were rather surprised it was not more appreciated, and it was said to be purchased for the Carlton Club. The Duke of Beaufort did not fetch so much as might have been anticipated, as all the eloquence of 'the man in the box' could not squeeze out more than 1*l.* 6*s.* for him. But then perhaps no Danebury Commissioner was present, and, as we have always contended, the likeness was not a fortunate one, there being an absence of that 'quality' for which his Grace is so remarkable. Lords Westmorland and St. Vincent, strange to say, ran a dead heat at 1*l.* 2*s.*, which was willingly given for them. The brace of Hampshire Earls, viz., Lords Poulett and Portsmouth, went up together, and averaged 13*s.* each, which sum was given from the waistcoat-pocket of a gentleman who had enjoyed good sport with them. And this price, we may observe, was the general one for M.F.H.'s, inasmuch as the acknowledged talents of Mr. Hall, of the Holderness, could not get him beyond 15*s.*, and Lords Macclesfield and Spencer, each good men and true, never rose above 13*s.* Lord Poltimore did better, as a sovereign was laid out for him, and Lord Forester ran him close at 18*s.* The excellent portrait of Earl Strafford was secured at a pound, and Lord Exmouth stood next on the roll to him at a shilling less. Of the members of the Ring, Mr. George Herring was most in demand, and the competition for him was very lively both by the Patrician and Plebeian element of the audience. At last the biddings ceased at 1*l.* 8*s.*, at which price it was reputed to have been secured for the Yarmouth Town-hall. On Mr. George Reynolds being put up, there was the same sensation created in the room as when a crack yearling is led into the Ring at Hampton Court, and the auctioneer made himself up for business. He first enlarged on the accuracy of the likeness, which, he contended, was far superior to that of Mr. Reynolds in Harry Hall's equestrian picture of him, in which he is taken 'on his favourite hack;' he then eulogised his talent as a Commissioner, illustrating it by the cases of Gardevisure, Alcibiade, and Lord Lyon, and concluded by demanding a bid, in accordance with the value of the picture. Seven shillings was the first response to this invitation, and half-crown by half-crown he rose, until the large sum of 22*s.* was arrived at, when all was over and the hammer fell, the lot being purchased, it was said, by a lover of dramatic art, for the green-room of the Strand Theatre. As soon as Mr. Reynolds had taken his departure, Mr. Frederick Swindell came before us, looking as sharp as a London sparrow. The excitement then

heightened, particularly as the auctioneer enlarged on his talents in diplomacy, and regretted he had not been despatched to Vienna and Berlin, with credentials from the Foreign-office, as he was certain 'he would have squared the 'war' which was now raging. Upon hearing this statement, a Member of the Peace Society, residing at Manchester, and who happened to be present, boldly bid a crown for him, and at one moment it looked as if he was really going at that absurd figure. But a Stock Exchange Broker, and an old subscriber to Tattersall's, came to the rescue, and, by the outlay of another crown, procured this Historical Portrait—for the subject of it assured us he will never sit again to any artist for the miserable bagatelle of 'half a quid.' But whether the purchaser intends it for his own Gallery, or the Kensington Gallery, we do not know. But of this we are certain, viz., that it is worthy of a place in the latter establishment, as showing how shrewd common sense has triumphed over obstacles which few men can conquer. For Mr. Perry the competition was greater, an *esprit de corps* inducing the same gentleman who rescued Mr. Swindell, to do the same kind office for the Stock Exchange Commissioner, even although he had to go to one-eighth more. The feather of the Handicap was Mr. J. Adkins, at 5s.

With the ring of the Welsh Harp guns still in our ears, we are enabled fully to contradict a report that Mr. Heathcote is tired of handicapping, and going into private life. If, indeed, he does, a facetious friend of ours remarked, he will have to become a 'Monk of La Trappe.' In addition to the usual handicaps, he provided a monster stake, which came off at Ashburnham, and brought all the best men together, at the sporting distance of thirty yards, and with forty birds, so that, as in a long game of billiards, there was a chance of pulling up leeway. The shooting was at times quite first-rate—we wish we could say the same of the pigeons: part of them were far from good; and we fancied Barber must have been searching all the hollow trees in Windsor Park to fill up his baskets. The result was, however, satisfactory, for Captain Fredericks had many more 'snipes' than 'owls,' and yet brought them down in splendid form, his second barrel being especially quick and deadly. Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley, who was second, only lost it by one bird; and many others shot capitally—to wit, Captain de Winter, Captain Bateson, Lord Stormont, &c. It seems wonderful really where all the pigeons are procured from, and occasionally Barber must necessarily run short of good ones, but when a stake is worth 1,000*l.*, it seemed a pity the best birds should not have been saved for it. At the Welsh Harp, on the 23rd, they were much better, and had a strong wind prevailed, more would have escaped. The shooting was very good; and by six o'clock, Mr. C. Hamboro was declared victor; Captain de Winton, who was in at the long distance of 28½ yards, missing once ran a close second, and Messrs. P. Vivian and S. Bateson came in third and fourth. It seems nothing can take place in the Sporting way without 'backing your opinion,' and if some old cock pigeon could know that his escape made a difference of hundreds of pounds, it might render him still more 'cockey' on his return to the dovecote. Before many years are over it is not unlikely every battue will have its 'Ring,' and 'take your 5 to 2, my Lord' (as a rocketing pheasant comes over), will be the order of the day. If a little gambling, however, does enter into pigeon shooting, it is all for ready money, and when in sovereigns gives good cricket practice, for a Guardsman and his 'Mate' sitting on a horse-rug, secured 'points for pounds' all day at Hendon.

Our Obituary, we grieve to state, is a heavy one, and, since our last number

went to press, several good Sportsmen have gone to their long account. First and foremost among them is Lord Chesterfield, the *beau-idéal* of an English nobleman, and one of the finest Sportsmen of this or any other age. Never—and our recollection extends over a score of years—has any Nobleman connected with the Turf been so sincerely and justly mourned for. In his generous nature, the wild doctrine of revenge never for a second held a place; and he was ever ready and willing to assist the distressed, and confidence in him was never misplaced. Let a Trainer be warned off Newmarket and other racecourses, or a Jockey be suspended from riding, Lord Chesterfield was the first person they applied to for assistance, and they never spoke in vain. Probably, a more Aristocratic man than Lord Chesterfield never existed, and once seen, he was never forgotten. No stories are in circulation about his being ever taken for a tradesman or a hawker, for one glance would tell 'he was in the Stud-book, and had not a bit 'of hair about the hoofs.' His walk was, and we believe to be still, unapproachable, and so was the style of his hat, and the manner of putting it on. Everything he undertook he did well; and as it has been said of a late Lord Chancellor, that no one ever quitted him without feeling insulted, so we may observe of Lord Chesterfield, that no one ever had an interview with him, but was both pleased and instructed. Our own sketches of him have been so widely circulated, through the kindness of the sporting journals, that we have little regarding him to add. Still, Frank Sheridan's lines in the poem of 'The Statue of Achilles' contrasts him so favourably, as a coachman, with his contemporaries, we make no apology for reproducing them:—

'But hail! kind patron of the art I love,
For when at Troy, like Chesterfield I drove,
Like him, behind, a done-up Trojan had,
Hector, as he had Cotton for his cad.
Of all the drags that issue from the street,
What team so matched? what equipage so neat?
Following his tracks, surround a murmuring band
Who vainly strive to work their four-in-hand
For Richmond bound. I see them passing by,
Their hands unsteady, and their reins awry.
Some scratch their panels, some their horses' knees:
Beaufort and Payne, I class you not with these.
For who so smoothly skims along the plain
As Beaufort's duke? What whip can equal Payne?
No matter. Dinner comes. Then all are able
To drive their coaches well around the table.
Ricardo then can daring feats relate,
And Batthyany swear he cleared the gate.
Till midnight closes o'er the festive scene,
Then who so bold as ride with Angerstein?
For who, like he, could mark with unmoved nerve
His wheelers jibbing, whilst his leaders swerve;
And sit, all careless, midst the wordy war,
And break a linch-pin or a splinter bar.'

It was to his lordship's passion for driving that he unfortunately lost his life, as he caught cold going out one afternoon to see the coaches go down to Greenwich on the Monday after the Derby, when the east wind caught his throat, and perhaps laid the seeds of that fit of apoplexy which prostrated him, and may that Turf he adorned so much sit lightly on him.

Sir Bellingham Graham belonged to a totally different school, and had almost died out of the recollection of the present generation of sportsmen. Still, a finer Master of Hounds never existed, or a better or more generous fellow.

In horses and hounds he never grudged any sum of money ; and when he gave up, he always got more than he laid out for them. As a yachtsman, he was first rate, and made a capital Vice-Commodore of the Cowes' squadron. As a companion no man was more agreeable, having volumes of anecdotes of *The Turf*, *The Chase*, and *The Road* at his command. He had long been in a declining state, and may be said to have fairly died of old age and the hard fatigues of a sportsman's life. Lord Rosslyn, who went off more suddenly than was expected, of the same disease which robbed us of the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Herbert, was also a very worthy and honourable man; but being very reserved, he was not much known beyond his own immediate circle, in the Army, and among Masters of Hounds, by whom he was very much appreciated. Mr. Wigram, while we are writing, has lost the number of his mess, as sailors say. He was a kind-hearted old gentleman, and a great *bon vivant* ; and he will be more recollected for his dinners in Grosvenor Square, than for Pilate and Melrose, and the few racehorses he owned. His wealth is said to have been immense.

Of general news there is very little stirring, but we are glad to state that the Yorkshire Hound Show is put off to the 9th of August, so as not to interfere with Goodwood, and to enable the Prince of Wales to see it, the day before he inspects the Yorkshire Volunteers. The alteration is one that was most devoutly to be prayed for, as the Exhibition will be one of the best ever known in England, and well worthy of the patronage it has received. Their Royal Highnesses we understand will be the guests of the Archbishop at the Palace, and some surprise has been felt that none of the ancestral mansions in the neighbourhood of York have been placed at their disposal, as it is to be presumed his Royal Highness would feel more at home than when fettered by ecclesiastical etiquette. However, it is to be hoped his Grace's weeds are of a good sort, and all we have no doubt will go off well. The starting of the old 'Times' four-horse coach for Brighton, which does the journey in five hours and a quarter, has created quite a sensation at the West-end of London, and at the Albion at Brighton, where crowds assemble to see it get under weigh. Well horsed and well appointed, it has been well patronized, the only stoppage permitted being five minutes for sodas and brandies at the White Hart, Reigate. And although the proprietors have not yet arrived at the practice of Stephenson of the well-known 'Age,' in sending a silver sandwich-box round to the passengers with a flask of sherry, there is no knowing what things may come to. With the Long's men, there is a perfect mania for the box seat, and while the coach continues to be so well worked, the fashion is not likely to die out.

Baden Races, with all their varied attractions, we may add, will take place as usual at the end of August, there being no chance of the war extending into that district ; and at the present moment the pretty Valley looks as quiet and happy as that of Rasselas.

N. B. Owing to the illness of our French Correspondent, we have not received our Paris Despatches.

END OF VOL XII.

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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

LONDON

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DIARY FOR AUGUST, 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	W	Goodwood Races. The Stakes Day.
2	Th	Goodwood Races. The Cup Day.
3	F	Goodwood Races. The Nursery Day.
4	S	Deauville Races, near Havre.
5	S	TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
6	M	Settling Day for Goodwood at Tattersall's.
7	Tu	Ripon and Brighton Races.
8	W	Brighton Races.
9	Th	Brighton Club Races.
10	F	Horse and Hound Show at York. Lewes Races.
11	S	Lewes Races.
12	S	ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
13	M	Settling Day for Brighton. Grouse Shooting begins.
14	Tu	Egham and Wolverhampton Races.
15	W	Egham and Wolverhampton Races.
16	Th	Stockton Races. Oxford Races.
17	F	Stockton Races. Oxford Races.
18	S	Victoria Yacht Club Match from Cherbourg to Ryde.
19	S	TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
20	M	Grouse Shooting commences in Ireland.
21	Tu	York August Races.
22	W	York August Races.
23	Th	Dover and Plymouth Races.
24	F	Dover and Plymouth Races.
25	S	Mr. Thornhill's Emilius died 1847.
26	S	THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
27	M	Settling Day for York. Lichfield Races.
28	Tu	Tunbridge Races. Yarmouth Races.
29	W	Derby Summer Races.
30	Th	Weymouth Races.
31	F	Baden-Baden Races.

CRICKET FOR AUGUST.

1st, at Lord's, Marylebone Club v. Rugby. 3rd, at Trent Bridge, Notts v. Yorkshire.
6th, United Eleven v. Ryde Twenty-two.

Newcastle
O. M. M.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.



THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

CONSPICUOUS among the young Noblemen who have recently come upon the Turf to replace 'the mighty dead,' is the Duke of Newcastle; and those who may not have known him personally, will, we are satisfied, readily recognize him on the race-course, from the extreme accuracy of the Portrait which faces this page, and which we consider to be one of the best our artists have yet produced.

The Duke of Newcastle was born on the 25th of January, 1834, and succeeded his father as sixth Duke on the 18th of October, 1864. He was educated at Eton, and from thence was transferred to Oxford; and on the 11th of February, 1861, he was married to Miss Hope, daughter of Mr. Henry Thomas Hope, of Deepdene, Surrey. His Grace's accession to the Turf began at an age which indicated his passion for it, as in 1856 he had horses in conjunction with Mr. Parr, who trained them at Benhams, near Wantage; and among them were Indifference, a very bad animal, but not badly named; Nerio, a plater; and Gaspard, who ran a dead heat for the Cæsarewitch with Sir W. Booth's Artless, his chance being much deteriorated by his having been sent to Paris the previous week to run for the Grand Prix de L'Empereur. His Grace had likewise an interest for a short time in Fisherman, as a two-year old, and likewise when he ran for the Lincoln Handicap as a three, and was beaten by Tame Deer; and had he been enabled to have retained him, we should have returned the Duke a far more frequent winner than we are enabled to do up to the present period. Lupus was another animal that won him a few races; but, on the whole, his career in the Wantage Stable was very unprofitable. After this time family reasons induced the Earl of Lincoln—for he had not then succeeded to the dukedom—to give up keeping horses, and for some little time he was merely a spectator at races. His next venture was with Aurelian, in the Findon Stable, but the change from

Mr. Parr to William Goater brought scarcely any alteration of luck. In fact, such an unlucky career would have caused many a beginner with less pluck to give over. But the Duke of Newcastle was not the person to retire from an arena where distinctions are to be gained without making every effort to attain them ; and as Mat Dawson happened to be at liberty, through resigning the service of Mr. Merry, his Grace could not resist the opportunity of engaging him. A trainer, however, without a stud is a useless appendage to a Nobleman's establishment ; and therefore the next endeavour was to furnish him with materials to work upon in the shape of horses, which was soon accomplished through the agency of Mr. Padwick, who sold him his own stud, that was in the hands of Alfred Day ; and as it contained some valuable two-year olds and choice yearlings, it is to be hoped the fruits of his Grace's enterprise will soon be realized. And it is curious, and perhaps ominous of good luck, that while we are penning these remarks the telegraph has announced the first victory of the new trainer with Julius at Winchester ; and we trust it is only the forerunner of many others. Of breeding the Duke of Newcastle is very fond, having got one of the most complete establishments of the kind at Clumber, which is placed under the charge of William Scott, formerly head stud-groom to the late Lord Londesborough, and of whose fitness for the post there can be no question. But even in this department of the Turf his Grace's start was an unlucky one, as Ivan, with whom he began, and for whom he gave a large sum of money, died after he had been a short time at Clumber, and without the opportunity of bringing back his purchase-money. His place was filled up by Lord of the Isles, who was hired of Mr. Merry, and, in addition, the Duke purchased Exchequer of Lord Coventry. The mares, a dozen in number, have been well selected, and there is no reason, with ordinary good fortune, why the Clumber stud should not stand comparison with those of its rivals in the North. Of the Duke of Newcastle personally it is rather difficult to speak, as his frank and affable manners, his extreme kindness of heart, and the courage with which he has endured his reverses on the Turf, have extended the popularity which his father, who literally sacrificed his life to his country, enjoyed among all classes of his countrymen. As yet the Duke has not embarked on the stormy sea of politics, although he sat in the House of Commons for a short time for Newark. But on those occasions on which he has had to appear in public his addresses have been marked by a vigour and grasp of thought, which plainly showed the stock from whence he sprung ; and we have no less an authority than that of Mr. Gladstone, who was his father's executor, and who presided at the opening of Shire Oak Church, the first stone of which was laid by the Prince of Wales, that if his Grace were to apply himself to a political life, he was convinced the same distinctions which his father gained were quite within his reach. We may state, among other offices which the subject of our memoir holds, is that of Grand Master of the Freemasons of Nottingham ; and in that capacity,

as well as the landlord of an extensive and prosperous tenantry, his rule is as mild and paternal as that which might be expected from his character; and he entirely ignores the famous doctrine of his grandfather, relative to 'a man having the right to do as he likes with his 'own;' for the freedom of election prevails on the Clumber estate as much as the most ardent lover of civil and religious liberty could desire.

Our Portrait is taken from a photograph by the Wathlotype process, practised at 213, Regent Street, and which, from its exquisite finish, and the clearness with which it brings out the features of the face, is becoming most popular with the upper classes of society, and bids fair to supersede the other systems.

OVER THE HILLS.

FOUR o'clock on a July morning. The steep, uneven streets of the little town silent, cool, and smiling; deserted, save by the daws from the neighbouring tower, who, rendered tame by long immunity from harm, hop fearlessly from side to side. Across the echoing market-place, and thence by a narrow path under spreading chesnut trees, the wayfarer strides rapidly on his route. Rod and landing-net strapped neatly together, pannier slung tightly under the left shoulder, thick boots, and a battered wide-awake, tell the tale of his destination. He is bound over the hills; bent on a foray amongst the speckled beauties of a mountain brook; buoyant at the thoughts of a long day to be spent far from the worry and hurry of town life. *Procul negotiis*, there are a few hours of happiness to be snatched, and the golden opportunity may not be neglected.

Anon the south-west breeze is laden with perfume, far different from that diffused by limes or honeysuckle, more searching and pungent than the smell of the late-mown hay. Oh, that first pipe of the day! What hopes and resolutions, alike ambitious and praiseworthy, have owed their birth to the blackened dhudeen! What bright visions have arisen with its first kindling spark, and died out with its expiring puff of smoke! And how many schemes of benevolence have been nipped in the bud by damp tobacco or choked-up stem!

Two more anglers; two more blackened conductors to acts of charity; two more clouds of smoke hanging about the overlying branches, and sickening the bees humming amongst the foliage. Greybeard, stalwart, dogmatic, and sixty; a walking epitome of receipts, culinary and thirst-assuaging; a perambulating Racing Calendar; a peripatetic Stud Book. The youth, slender and twenty; hasty, self-confident, and irreverent; but keen after sport of any kind. Affectionate greetings; hopes, fears, and suggestions as to the weather and fishing prospects. The youth eager to know by what hour we shall be able to get to work; Greybeard desirous of ascertaining the time fixed for dinner on our return; very

anxious and precise on this point. Fairly *en route*, and the outskirts of the town left behind, attention is drawn to the suspicious manner in which the youth is handling his rod ; balancing it across his left thumb and forefinger, grasping the butt meanwhile with half-turned wrist. Accused of recent pool or pyramids, he denies the charge, maintaining that the previous evening was spent over tea, and Alison's 'History of Europe ;' he, the speaker, being proof against the rival attractions of white on red, and gin sling. The opportunity for a homily is, however, too good to be lost ; and, as we commence the ascent of the first hill, Greybeard holds forth. Against gambling of every description he declaims ; adjures our youthful comrade, as he values his future peace of mind, to abstain from every acquaintance which may by possibility lead his thoughts towards the most dangerous of vices. He fortifies the warning position he has taken up by quoting cases of ruined hearths and homes, traceable to early affection for cards and cues ; and finally becomes so pathetic in his entreaties, that emotion overpowers his speech, and the sermon is concluded. Our good friend, however, soon revives under the influence of the sweet fresh air and the smart pace ; and, falling into his customary chatty strain, he tells us how, three years ago, he all but broke the bank at Hombourg.

The first hill topped at last ; and, close on the right, lies that dear old bleak, hilly race-course, with every yard of which our boots are familiar. If only for five minutes, we must turn aside, and see if aught be astir. See ! here come a string of sheeted beauties, with their trainer, Mr. Burr, heading the column, attended by his aide-de-camp and brother, a ruddy-faced man, one large smile from head to foot. A rare looking lot of youngsters they are, too. That bay Lambton colt has already won a 'mort' of races ; and the wiry grey is a bonny horse, though it was with a pale face and a sinking heart that we saw his stride begin to shorten last Derby day. Well, we must not stop here to gossip, for the August gathering on Knavesmire is not far distant, and Mr. Burr must send some of his team along for that classic meeting, and we dare say he would rather be without inquisitive bystanders. But, oh ! as the eye travels down the long stretch of moor before us, what a host of stirring recollections are aroused ! Fitzwilliam, Hamilton, Sackville, Darlington, are names intimately connected with its traditions. Sir Frank Standish and Sir Harry Vane Tempest knew it well in days of yore. Goodricke, Peirse, Hutchinson, Crompton, were words familiar to its annual occupants. A century and a quarter since the Yorkshiremen flocked from all sides to bet on the Fifty Guinea Plates run for on its uneven sward. How many sires of future turf heroes have traversed its long ascent ! How many mares, famous for their own deeds, more famous still for the prowess of generations of descendants, have struggled home from the famous Grey Stone ! Here it was that Shuttle succumbed to Sylvio, in a fierce Cup contest. Dainty Davie, and Le Sang swept all before them ; Tuberoze and Miracle were well-nigh invincible ; and Poor Soldier twice bore away the

bowl. Here—tell it not in Gath!—Lady Shaftesbury's Storm ran on the wrong side of a post, and was beaten by Abba Thulle; and the crowd shouted in triumph for Sober Robin and Garswood, or cheered as Cockfighter passed the post—Cockfighter, who, a fortnight later, galloped down his horses in both the St. Leger and Doncaster Cup. Young Chariot—mark the primitive nomenclature—defeats a field of six; and, says the musty chronicle, 'So thick a mist arose during the running, that nearly all fell.' 'Six to four I'll bet the Duke of Leeds' Mowbray beats Rosette!' sang the schoolboy prophet of the day; but the oracle was at fault, and Cardinal York was too much for the local favourites. Trophoniüs, Amadis de Gaul, and X.Y.Z. followed in rapid succession; and then the (for those days) large field of ten were brought together for the golden trophy, and Filho da Puta, when half the course is run, falls on his knees, but recovering himself, shoots to the front at last. What legends could we not relate of Leopold, the Duchess, and Otho! What tales of Dr. Syntax, who, when extended, 'moved like a fox!' But, really, if we maunder on in this way, we shall have no trout in our panniers to-night, and the youth is becoming dreadfully fidgety and irritable; so, half reluctantly, we turn once more to the dusty high road.

Then, as we bend our steps once more towards the still-distant stream, Greybeard waxes eloquent. Of racers present he discourses, and eke of those famous in days of yore. 'Lord Lyon won the Derby!' he exclaims with scorn; 'bah! a jockey lost it, you mean.' And then he utters prophecies as to a result on Doncaster town moor in September, which shall expose the fallacy of the Surrey contest, and make John Scott more celebrated than ever. Warming to his subject, our excitable friend pours forth a copious flood of anecdotes, all bearing on the classic ground we have just left behind, its trainers and trainees of old. How Sir Hercules should have won the St. Leger and did not he tells us; and he has store of quaint legends of the sayings and doings of Billy Pierse, and plenty of gossip of Lord Sligo, Frank Richardson, and Fang. In stirring tones he relates how the latter was defeated by young Lord Kelburne and Retainer, in a terrible race for the old York Derby; and how, although all other participators in that famous struggle have passed away, young Lord Kelburne was that same Lord Glasgow whose quenchless love of the sport was rewarded but a few weeks ago by a great triumph on Ascot Heath. And so, beguiling the way with talk turfy, we trudge past the lonely Beacon, which still bears traces of half-consumed tar, relic of a time of terror and watchfulness; past old, clumsy, tottering stone walls, and bleak tracts of moorland, where the peewit is wheeling over the scanty turf, and the curlew screams in the distance; past that dense, solemn, gloomy wood, so often traversed in schoolboy days with fear and trembling. Subtle rumours of crows' and owls' nests would ever and anon tempt the youngsters, single-handed, to explore its depths; but, lo! just when the coveted prize was in view—when the carrion-crow sailed uneasily overhead, or the sparrow-hawk shrieked defiance—

there would fall upon the would-be robber a sudden nameless dread. The stillness, the sombre shadow of the firs, the sickly yellow light stealing here and there through the matted foliage, wakened, firstly uneasiness, then frantic horror; and rushing from the spot, tearing his way through clustering brambles, hanging branches, and rank underwood, the pallid fugitive would at length bound into the high road, and cast himself on the sloping bank, panting and dishevelled.

Down a hill, steep as Parnassus, across the dusty path at its foot, and the longed-for stream is at length in sight. Unconsciously the pace increases. The keenest and youngest of the party slips the leathern rings from his rod, and attempts—hapless youth!—to put it together whilst at best speed. The old stagers, scarcely less anxious to be doing, abstain from such rash procedure; for well they know that a flourishing copse has yet to be traversed ere the beck be reached; and woe to the neophyte who attempts the passage encumbered with adjusted rod, line, and flies. At last we stand on the shelving bank, soft and mossy, spangled with mountain pansies. A point is fixed on for the mid-day halt; a metal cup passes from hand to hand; pipes are tightly stuffed, and vigorously puffed into a glow; and the party separate, each to angle on his own account. But, stay! Greybeard halts—returns. His comrades wonderingly rejoin him. A cloud of smoke issues from his mouth, followed by the words, slowly and impressively delivered, ‘By Jove! Plenipo *was* a horse!’ and turning on his heel, the speaker disappears.

And, oh! the delights of the next few hours! The pretty beck comes tumbling and splashing for miles and miles through a wild, rocky glen. Cliffs and crags, crowned with sombre yew trees, grey, crumbling rocks, fringed with trailing ferns and mosses, frown on either side. Beyond these stretch vast tracts of moorland, where the grouse—this year, alas! sadly thinned—are wont to run and call by hundreds. Nearer at hand is rugged and broken ground, plentifully strewn with sharp fragments of limestone, the *dissecta membra* of many a giant rock. In the holes and crannies which abound amongst them lurk a countless race of rabbits, so tame that they heed not the approach of the solitary angler. Ah, me! what lovely broken streams; what seductive ‘dubs;’ what deep trout-holding holes under crumbling banks, that pretty brook offers to the fisherman! Surely it would make a man good and honest and just in spite of himself, if his life could more frequently draw fresh nurture amongst such scenes as these, and in pursuit of the same harmless enjoyment. And thus, casting, landing, moralizing, and profoundly happy, we follow the devious course of the stream, luxuriating in the peaceful certainty that there is naught to disturb the solitude and our thought-wanderings, save the birds and rabbits, and the sheep-bells on the hill.

Two o’clock. And there are Greybeard and the youth true to the tryst. Rods are laid carefully under the lea of an old wall, *impedimenta* hastily flung aside, and then comes a vigorous assault on

egg-sandwiches 'freshened' with anchovies, and Glenlivat diluted with delicious water from a dripping well hard by. Next we have more pipes and the counting of scalps. Out the bonny troutlets are poured on to the grass, two or three of them, poor things, still kicking and flouncing. Greybeard and the scribe muster well-nigh sixty between them, and though their companion can produce but a dozen, has he not, as he explains, done battle with such monsters as the beck ne'er knew before? And though, oddly enough, each and all of them escaped (owing to sunken roots, defective wrapping, or what not), he protests he would not have foregone the tussles he enjoyed with them for all the fish his friends have caught. So each of us is satisfied. Now, reclining on his elbow under a mighty thorn-bush, Greybeard begins a lengthy narrative of the wondrous doings of Catherina, victress in countless hard-fought frays. In a dreamy, reflective tone, he tells how, 'not knocked to pieces as a two-year 'old,' she afterwards became the terror of all country handicappers, at Manchester, Liverpool, and Heaton Park; and once upset the great General Chassé himself at Newton. Then he babbles of Whalebone, Whisker, and Woful, the wondrous brethren, and recapitulates their marvellous stud triumphs with never flagging gusto. And here the youth, who is always in trouble, again puts his foot in it. 'Whisker,' he exclaims, 'ha! brother to Blacklock, 'wasn't he?' Greybeard gazes upon him sternly, and emits rapid puffs of smoke, vouchsafing no reply. A moment after we hear him remark under his breath that 'Plenipo *was* a horse.'

At a bend of the stream below the spot selected for our banqueting hall, a trout, ensconced between two large stones where the water is scarce deep enough to cover his back fin, has for half an hour past kept rising at short intervals. The scribe lays hold of the nearest rod, and, still crouching on his elbow, poises it for a throw. It is a long shot, and branches are waving all around ready to seize the taper line. You might safely offer 20 to 1 that the flies do not alight in safety. Whish! right over his nose. A bubbling splash, a violent agitation of the pool, a gentle heave, and master troutie lies gasping on the bank. It was the work of a moment and perhaps a little bit of a fluke; but it has the effect of recalling the idlers to a sense of the duties to which they have devoted themselves, and 'onward' is again the word.

The character of the stream here changes. It is narrower, in parts much deeper, and is so thickly overhung with brushwood and heavy branches that it is useless to persevere with the fly. Off come the light duns and 'snipe and crimson,' and a long fine gut bottom is substituted, weighted with a single shot. From a corner of Greybeard's pannier comes the well-filled worm-bag, and sneaking behind bushes, crawling on hands and knees, the fishermen pitch the brandling before them under roots, behind stones, by the side of eddies and the top of pools, to every spot, indeed, where an angler's instinct tells him that a trout can lie. You may call this poaching or pot-hunting, reader, but without making the experiment you wot not of the science

needed to tempt trout to a worm in low clear water, on a bright day. We, the illustrious trio, must be adepts at the art, or else Fortune has this day specially smiled upon us, for our creels grow heavier and heavier, and our forefingers are sore with extracting the barb from troutie's sharp-toothed jaw. From his covert amongst the submerged roots of a stunted alder, Greybeard pulls out a great black-backed gold-bellied trout, so long and thick that we hang over him in admiration as he kicks and flounders on the bank; and in a nasty, dark, creeping pool, the youth catches an eel, and is so smitten with fear that he dares not remove the hook from the slimy captive, and is fain to delegate the office to another.

Now, surely sufficient havoc has been committed, and the evening is drawing on apace. Regretfully we quit the lovely little beck, which by this time, narrowed to scarce more than a yard in breadth, has led us to the outskirts of the moors. Traps are once more packed together and panniers adjusted, and striding lustily out the voyagers are homeward bound. The rooks are holding 'a parliament' in a neighbouring field, and care not for passers by; the hare starts from the corner of the hedge and scurries away before us, and a great brown owl, dazzled by the last rays of the sun, flaps and scuffles through the branches of the oaks. It is a rare hour for walking, and with pleasant country sights, and sounds, and smells, to beguile the road, we travel on famously. There is one terrible hill to be surmounted ere the neck of the journey be broken, and it is not without much panting and perspiration, more than one halt on the part of the elders, and a cursory remark or two from the youngest of the party, that the miniature Snowdon is successfully scaled.

Reaching at length the summit, we pull up rather distressed. 'And now,' says Greybeard, 'give me one little pull at the flask and I will tell you a story. Many years ago—when my father, indeed, was yet a youngster—a strange scene took place at this very point of the road. John H—— had entered his celebrated horse Sylvio for the Cup to be run for on the course we saw this morning, and backed him for a sum so vast for those days that he had not nerve enough to watch the decision of the event, but left the ground, and after wandering about for some time, threw himself, so story says, behind the wall of this very field. After a period of intense anxiety he heard the galloping of a horse and the voice of one of his tenants crying, "Bonny H—— for ever!" "What has won?" cried H——. "Sylvio!" was the answer. "Then," said the man's landlord, "you shall live rent free the rest of your life," and so he did.'

And so through the long north country twilight down the darkening lanes; the cushat moaning plaintively in the dim plantation, the pheasant startling the silence now and again with his short sharp crow; the bat flitting uneasily around, and the countless insects of mid-day well-nigh silent. Past Mr. Burr's pretty cottage and stables, whence issues the tuneless refrain of some jockey boy chaunt; past the cricket-field dotted with white shirts still, late though the hour

be, and resonant with cheerful voices, into the now busy streets of the little town. We dismiss as speedily as possible eager inquirers after our sport, for we are hungered and athirst, and the portal of our destination is near at hand. Ha! but the bath *is* refreshing, so are the roomy clothes, so are the large slippers, so, we trust, will be the dinner, about which Greybeard was so anxious in the morning. 'Tis but simple fare that our *dame de cuisine* provides, for the quips and quaint conceits of cookery she understandeth not, and he were a bold man who flouted her ignorance. Trout, the spoils of the day, delicately fried to a golden hue, with the inevitable fresh green parsley sauce, and piles of thin brown bread and butter; a saddle of lamb, cold, crisp, and succulent, with a mighty salad compounded after a mystic and most venerable fashion; a secret which tortures shall not wring from its possessor; a duckling, fragrant and tender, peas, melting and suggestive of much mint. My friends! it is no fault of mine that 'the twelfth' has not yet arrived: console yourselves, it is at hand, and brings with it hours of grouse; in their stead despise not the omelette *aux fines herbes*, deftly served, and lo! here is a tart of green apricots, and glorious rich Yorkshire cream mantles in a jug of purest white Parian. It likes me not at this season, but yet if it be your will one glass of pale, pale sherry, pleasantly bitter as a sweetheart's reproof, dry as the sands of Sahara, shall wash down the trout. There is Sauterne, cooling and priceless. One bottle of Roederer marches with the duckling. Moët and Clicquot, with your cloying streams, aroint ye! And when hungry nature is satisfied there is claret, soft, smooth, suggestive, refined, born under the blazing sun of '34, and drawn from a bounteous bin. Dost like the picture?

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The windows are open to the floor, the cool night wind comes stealing over the broad moor, the sweet-smelling woods, and the bright, ever-murmuring river, ere it fans our cheek and forehead. Couches, arm-chairs, and a litter of books and papers. Pipes, cigars, —meerschaum and clay, Lopez and Cabana. Seltzer, ice, whisky of the mellowest, and the pale sherry now first useful. The youth reclines on his back, puffing gently at a magnificent regalia; it may be his thoughts recur to the lost ones of the brook, or mayhap he muses on the tender cares of love. In a huge arm chair sits Greybeard, erect, solid, defiant. But a moment since we spoke of old racing days, and his voice was loudest, and yet methinks he yields to the glamour of the drowsy god. Yes! his head drops gently on his brawny chest, his faithful dhudheen forsakes his lips, his arms drop by his sides. Hush! he speaks! Bending forward we drink in his muttered words, and as we live he is telling some one—far away in dreamland—that 'Plenipo *was* a horse!'

THE FELON HUNT.

BY M.F.H.

‘THAT was a hound, surely,’ exclaimed Colonel Mohun; ‘listen, again!’

‘I hear it too—to the nor’ard, coming up from Lidford,’ said his friend. ‘But what on earth can hounds be hunting at this season of the year? There is not an outlying deer in the forest, and no other would face a hill away from the river, without a point of inland water to make. It must be a sheep dog; or hounds, at exercise, may have got away upon riot of some sort.’

The sounds died away and stillness again fell upon the waste, broken only by the low breathing of the south-west wind through the waving tufts of the purple moor grass that yielded gently to the breeze as it swept onwards to the far morass of Cranmere Pool. There might be heard faintly the plaintive cry of the curlew and the shrill twitting of the lapwing, disturbed from its nest in the plashy table land that stretches away in that remote and almost inaccessible part of the savage wild. Cranmere Pool, the former abode of cranes, is wont to be called the mother of rivers, and Carrington, in his poem of ‘Dartmoor,’ thus writes of it:—

‘What time the lib’ral mountain flood has filled
The urn of Cranmere, and the moisten’d moor
Pours to the dales the largess of the heavens!
Oh let me wander, then, while freshness breathes
Along the grateful meads, and list the voice,
Dartmoor—exhaustless Dartmoor—of thy streams,
Thou land of streams!’

We regret to disturb the beautiful description of the poet, but the pool is grander in name than in reality. It consists of an uneven hollow, oblong in form, 220 yards in circumference, from six to eight feet deep in the middle,—imperfectly filled with water, and environed on all sides by a wide expanse of bog, which renders access impossible in the winter time. During the summer months it is often dry. No ‘mountain flood’ fills ‘the urn of Cranmere,’ which is fed entirely by land springs and the ‘largess of the heavens.’ Moreover, ‘the graceful meads’ are far distant from these black and treacherous morasses, that have often engulfed the wanderer benighted amidst this howling wilderness. Not that for a moment we would disparage the noble and stately poem of Carrington. It is now open before us beside the ‘Excursion’ of Wordsworth, and the flowing richness of its melodious march of numbers contrasts brilliantly with the puling debilities of that most inveterate Laker, ‘On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,—musing in solitude.’ The Taw, the Dart, the Teign, the Okement, the Lyd, and the Walkham—streams of celebrity to the fisherman—derive their sources from the adjoining swamps, but strictly speaking, the Okement alone flows

from the dark waters of Cranmere Pool, gushing out from a bed of gravel beneath the stratum of peat bog.

In the monotony of desolation that marks these undulating marshlands of the centre of Dartmoor forest, there is not a particle of provender for sentimental inspiration. Nothing prevails but a sense of loneliness that depresses, an anxiety of caution, that on seeing a skulking turfcutter and poacher in his sheepskins, moving stealthily behind the piles of turf stacks, makes one grasp the oak sapling with a tighter hold, and instead of chanting forth, in Miltonic 'entusymusy,' 'These are thy glorious works,' the interrogatory, sharp and curt, to the moor representative of 'man's disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree,' is, 'Who are you, you scoundrel?' Glance where you may, there is the same unvarying surface of brown heather in wavy sweeps, with the low, moaning wind disturbing the brooding silence, as if in discontent at such a continuity of unenjoying isolation. Still there is a certain charm in being alone in the domains of primeval nature,—in the momentary alienation from human kind,—free from Thackeray's snobs, one and all; far removed from the grasp of the twelve tribes, that, had justice been done, would have been swallowed up in the Sirbonian bogs of Cranmere, and sole with one's thoughts that, wafting 'from Indus to the Pole,' bring back the scenes of the unforgotten and storied past—

'Aërial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale,
In wild Vaucluse, with Love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloïsa's cell.
'Twas ever thus.'

No doubt, and the more personal recollections may be, like Benjamin's tunic of many colours, varied in light and shade. But dark or bright, they are always accompanied by a sense of pleasing mournfulness, conducing to a 'rest and be thankful' principle, that embodies itself in the generous outpouring of—a homily?—No—of a glass of sherry.

There is more philosophy in a glass of sherry than the unbeliever in this tutelary compound is disposed to acknowledge. It invigorates when the system is undertoned by the casualties of existence; it steadies the nerve when in a state of undue irritation. Stimulant or emollient, active or passive, it is the friend of man—his faithful friend,—his consoling friend. 'Vino Xères di Pasto' ever ready at a moment's notice,—in the hour of joy and in the day of sorrow,—at sixty shillings a dozen with the carriage paid—

'Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit.'

Ruby Rubby, assisted by a neat handmaid from the Dartmoor Inn at Lidford, had disgorged the contents of the basket and arranged the lunch on a spotless napkin in a sheltered corner of Haretor, from which the friends were now moving after having performed their parts satisfactorily. It had been daintily composed. The cold 'pot pourri de veau à la Custozza,' with the congealed 'sauce à la demi-

‘monde,’ was in the last degree *appétissant*, and paved the way for a due appreciation of the ‘mayonnaise de poulet à cresson.’ We have high authority for insisting on the duties of careful refection. The mother of mankind was most sedulous in her preparations to entertain her celestial guest, the archangel Raphael—

‘She turned, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacies best;
What order so contriv’d as not to mix
Tastes not well join’d, inelegant, but bring,
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change.’

The primeval law of courses and a dinner ‘à la Russe,’ with ‘rose’ and odours from the shrub unfum’d,’ are authoritatively enjoined. Then the angelic guest remarks upon the daintiness of Eve’s *menu*—

‘God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights
As may compare with heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice.’

He might fairly take full credit for appetite after his long flight to covert of millions, billions, trillions of miles.

‘So down they sat,
And to their viands fell, nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians; but with keen despatch
Of real hunger.’

This is of the Rag and Famish order, without the compliment of a grace before meat, and then we turn from the empyrealism of Milton to the racy and rollicking Don Juan—

‘I will not dwell upon ragoûts or roasts,
Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for man,—the hungry sinner!—
Since Eve ate apples much depends on dinner.’

And Tennyson to wit—

‘Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home,
And, half cut down, a pasty costly made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret, lay
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks,
Imbedded and injellied.’

We must wash this down with a cool glass. Let it not be red, O ‘Baily!’—sub Dio and under a warm sun abstain from the ruby Leoville and Mouton, and above all from the purple Romanée Conti and Corton of Burgundy, with its caloric sediment. Lay hold of that beryl swan neck of Hinterhauser, or that other of Elz Schloss Moselle, and let us have a refreshing draught with the gay Don—

‘For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda water.’

How delicious! we must have another, 'Beviam' tocchiamo, Tommy Moore, ancora più—

' Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when through the frame
 It shoots from brimming glasses.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of care
 Smoothes away a wrinkle.'

And with this exquisite cream cheese of Devon manufacture we will call upon the immortal bard of Ayr—drunk though Caledonia be from stem to stern with whisky—and with Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny carol—

' The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 But aye we'll taste the barley bree.'

And then from common malt returning again to Paradise and Maraschino—

' Meantime, at table, Eve
 Ministered naked, and their flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd.'

Corpo di Bacco! but this is of the strongest edition of Anonyma—the counterpart of the costume *au naturel* of the demimonde ball given by 'il Re Galantuomo' at Naples. And there is the little maiden from the Dartmoor Inn with her smart cap and snowy bib and tucker, in contumacious disobedience to the sumptuary statutes of Eden. Haretor, peradventure, might be chilly under Paradisaical observances, and the sharp granite, as a couch, an unpleasant substitute for 'the grassy turf and mossy seats' of the archangel and his hosts. Neither is Ruby Rubby, 'with his own complete perfection,' an exact counterpart of 'our primitive sire,' except in the original sin of having been brought before the magistrate for stealing apples.

' Here, take the remainder of the veal pasty, my fine fellow,' said Fitzpayne.

' Naw—thanks, maister, all the same; 'tis tu wite for my hinkling, and for all the world the likes of our granny, when us a-salted un in——'

' Your grandmother!' exclaimed Colonel Mohun; 'what do you mean?'

' Ees, sure. You sees thicky cot down along there hom' by Tavy Claves—wall, us was up there a-Christmassing with grandfayther and the folks from Tavistock, and the snaw it com down, and snawed us in—the ole lot on us—cudn't git away nohow; and then granny was tuk bad, and went right off, all to wunce, pur auld crater; and us hadn't no corfin nor nort; and there hur lay stiff outright as a door-pawst. What alive cude us do? So us tuk the pig's trough, and the pickle that was ordained for the pig; and with sister Jinny us a-salted granny in downright; and then

‘arterwards, when the snaw was a’ gone, us took un in to Tavis-
‘tock, and put un to ground vitty. Curiss, sir—warn’t it? I
‘never ates no wite meat since that time; but, howsomdever, I’ll
‘take thicky leg of that there brown dook, if yer honner’s so gude.’

But Rubby was interrupted by the sound of hounds, that once more came upon the wind, and his terrier, Nelson, barked. This time there was no mistake. It was not the short tongue of the fox-hound, nor the multiplied notes of the yelping harrier, but it was a loud and prolonged chorus of hounds in full chase; and as they crested the outer range of the Dartmoor hills between Brai Tor and Doe Tor the body of the pack came in sight, sweeping downwards to the banks of one of the many branches that joins the main stream of the Lyd above Kit Hole. They were powerfully built hounds, with rough and wiry coats, heavy in gait, and slow, as a matter of course. Pace was not an essential in the chase for which they were bred, nose and a superabundance of tongue being the predominant requisites; and as a pack of otter-hounds none could be superior.

In a short time the field—to bestow an honourable appellation on the ragged crew that were following—could be seen scrambling amongst the rocks at Doe Tor, some on foot, and others on horses and ponies, shouting and cheering as if the result of the run depended on the liberal employment of their own individual pair of lungs. The hounds had checked, and were turning back. This appeared to give satisfaction to the old huntsman, in a faded scarlet waistcoat, with dilapidated gaiters and breeches to match. He never said a word until he arrived at the bottom of the steep hill, down which, old as he was, he rode with a slack rein and at a pace that would have shaken the nerve of many of the best in the grass shires. Duly arrived at the bottom, he deliberately stopped, pulled out a greasy handkerchief from his cap, mopped his head, and took a ‘soop’ from a leathern bottle that he carried in a wallet strapped behind the flap of his saddle, and which had evidently done good service already on that morning. He was now comfortable, and, after a pause, said—

‘Darn it, what be all this about, then? It’s never no hotter—
‘nor it bean’t a fox, nor a shep, for the last they gutted to
‘Sourton Tor didn’t run harf so fur—nor it ain’t, seemingly, a carf
‘nor a sheppy, or us must have seed ’un.’

After this soliloquy he began to think that whatever the scent might be there was a possibility of its being ahead; but before suggesting this to his hounds he deemed it prudent to get to the other side of the stream. Having attained his object, and being on vantage ground, Dick Down called to his hounds. They came readily. He had no whipper-in: the duties of that functionary might be said to be performed by popular representation and election, varying in the person according to the country. Nevertheless, Dick had his pack well under control. He had in his wallet, together with the brandy-bottle, sundry odds and ends that superseded the use

of whipcord; and his favourites well knew that obedience would be rewarded.

‘Yoi, Buxom, old wench! Here’—flinging a bit of damaged ship-biscuit—‘that’s a dear critter! And you, Derrymaid, ‘doen’t be so fractious now; be quiet. Well done, Solomon; ‘you’re true blue! I seed ’ee make that there het on to the path. ‘That’s a brave boy! and here’s anither bit for ’ee. Konkerbine, ‘you’re a hout-and-houter!—’most as rampagious a one as ever ‘wagged a starn. Sweetlips, let’s be at ’em agin now.’ And then Dick made his cast.

The head of the heterogeneous field had arrived by this time, showing a long trail of footers coming on the line, and cutting off the angles with a running accompaniment of shouts from one to the other. ‘Come along, Jim; I never seed such a burster in all my ‘born days; be alive; we’re jist to the top.’ And the policeman A 99, having emancipated himself from duty, was out for a spree on a rough pony, and, excited by the bright sunshine and the uproar, sang out, by way of encouragement to the hounds—

‘Bright Chanticleer proclaims the morn.’

‘Howld your noise there,’ shouted Dick, ‘and let them be. Merry-legs has it there—there hur goes! Have at ’un, my lads—‘Hoick! hoick!’ and the old man blundered on, impeded every now and then in his narrow path, and swearing lustily as the end of the long otter-spear at his back banged against a projecting rock, forcing him on to his horse’s neck.

The hounds had turned on the side of the steep under Hare Tor, and were holding it straight on the line that the woman had taken in the morning. They stared wildly, and could only carry the scent by snatches, going back heel at every check, like all hounds of that class, instead of flinging for it forward.

Colonel Mohun and Fitzpayne were watching the scene with interest.

‘What can all this be!’ exclaimed the Colonel. ‘Let us inquire. ‘Here, policeman, what are they hunting?’

‘Don’t know, sir,’ said that personage, touching his hat. ‘Squire ‘Kellicot’s otter-hounds were out to-day, and the huntsman ‘stopped at the Dartmoor Inn for a horn of beer. As they came ‘on to the down, beyond the wall, away they went at score, all at ‘once, and there was no stopping them. Whether ’tis a stray stag ‘from Exmoor that has been lately harbouring in Lidford Woods, ‘or what else, they can’t tell.’

Further remark was prevented by the hounds recovering and taking the scent down the hill to the crossing place at Rattle Brook. Here they threw up again, and the main body tried down the banks of the stream. One old bitch-hound held back, and, with head up, winding the scent, leapt upon the stones, and opened freely.

‘That’s a good bitch!’ cried Dick. ‘Yoi! at ’un, Gaylass!’ and the pack dashed across the stream to the spot where the woman

had rested and laid down her basket. Then they caught it again, and went up the far side of the hill with a will, carrying a head and racing for the lead.

‘At ‘un, Haro and Harper!’ chimed in Dick. ‘You’m all so ‘gude as yer mawther Gaylass, what used to car’ you a-hunting ‘along with herself, when you were pups, to wark, no bigger than ‘foumarts. Them’s the rale sort to cut along—tis only to volly ‘arter ‘em. Hoick for’ard!—hoick!’ And he sucked the bottle again by way of affidavit to the truth of their canine virtues.

The Colonel and Fitzpayne, joining in this singular chase, made the best of their way over the uneven ground, now amidst a ruck of stones, and the next instant floundering through the black slush of an unexpected bog. The hounds had brought the chase to Tavy Cleaves, then bearing suddenly to the right at the base of Anicombe Hill, they breasted the further side of the ascent, leaving the large swamps of Cranmere to the right. They were far ahead, going in the direction of an elongated pile of rocks, called, in moor language, ‘a clitter,’ extending under the brow of this round headed eminence. Every hound spoke to it gallantly, but the crash, loud and exhilarating in the gorge of the valley, became faint as the wind carried it away on the top of Anicombe. Onwards trudged the sobbing yet still vociferous multitude; and amidst this Babel of sounds might be heard the interrupted lay of the policeman—

‘Fleet Towler leads the croy.’

‘That’s more than you can do, Mr. Blueman,’ cried Dick Down. ‘I take it you’m a purty nigh a pumped out,—no fizgig left. Lor a’ marcy what be they dogs about?’

The hounds had come up to their game, whatever it might be, for after clambering and jumping from rock to rock, they gathered round a particular spot and marked furiously. The clitter was composed of layers of huge granite blocks, covering a large space of ground, and only wanted altitude to be called a tor. Towards the lower part, a vast slab seemed, by some convulsion of nature, to have been split asunder, and the narrow fissure scarcely allowed a person to force himself through into the dark interior.

Dick Down got down from his horse, and by the aid of his otter-spear, scrambled from rock to rock, at the same time holding a familiar colloquy with his hounds. Encouraged by the well-known voice, they responded loudly; some of them entering the opening in the rock and as speedily retreating. All was now confusion, and each gave his opinion as to the quality of the animal of venery. Dick at last, having arrived out of breath, looked around, took off his cap, scratched his head, the ready sign of Danmonian doubt, and exclaimed ‘by Gur!’ The expression purposed to convey the idea that the conjuncture of circumstances was beyond Dick’s powers of solution.

‘Go in to ‘im bowldly, my heroes,’ he cried, a ‘heroism that he

was far from personally exhibiting, as he stooped down and peered through the dark cleft.

‘That’s the right sort, Halloo on, Nelson,’ cheered Rubby, who with his terrier, and on his hands and knees amongst the hounds, was crawling through the aperture. He had hardly got his nose within the inner precinct, when a sharp blow on the head made him retreat precipitately. Standing up and rubbing his sore head, he exclaimed—

‘They ’m all alive in there, they are,—I seed some ’cwoats,—‘there’s a ’oman, and there’s a spice of light there t’other side;’ and calling to his terrier, he clambered over the rocks above to ascertain if there might be any egress on the further and upper side of the clutter.

‘Its Rab Williams,’ shouted out a dozen voices at once, ‘and ‘Sam Mason in coorse; the darned rogue what stole our dooks,’ cried one;—‘And tuk our guses,’ said No. 2; ‘And cut the throt of ‘my shep and carr’d away the carkiss, and left the skin,’ vociferated No. 3. ‘It’s them surelie.’ Amidst this storm of words, mingling with the uproar of the hounds, Dick Down, again titillating the crown of his head, sorrowfully observed, ‘Here’s a purty Jakes!’

Not one of the crowd ventured on a closer inspection of the premises, contenting themselves with a personal abuse of the supposed inmates,—calling upon them to come out, an event which they neither desired nor anticipated. At length one old foxhound, grey, worn out, yet time honoured, and not forgetful of a brighter day, shouldered his way through the body of the pack, and led through the fissure with the others close upon him.

‘Yoi in Lucifer, my owld cock of the wark,’ cheered Dick; ‘those Fizwillems have got the, pluck anyhow,—they’ve more ‘fight in them than the Blueforts, to my mind.’ Gallantly the old hound led into the den of the clutter: he was fairly landed, and at work with something, when the crack of a pistol was heard—then a howl, and the hounds huddled out backwards, still keeping up an incessant din.

‘Why, Policeman, it seems to be your turn now,’ remarked Fitzpayne.

‘Give me your spear, huntsman,’ said Colonel Mohun, and taking the long weapon he thrust it through the opening, and was in the act of following, when a loud shout and a tally was heard from Rubby. So long as the inmates of the cavern had been beset by their fellows, they made a stand; now, however, when they heard the voice of one of higher degree, and the tone of determination that did not admit of compromise, they became sensible of immediate danger, and tried to escape. It is ever thus: when simple brute courage, unsupported by the moral, has flashed out its force, the tide of daring ebbs with the impulse that bore it onward. Not so with him of the higher order: the stern valour is upheld by the sterner resolve, that never flags in spirit, nor blanches under lengthened peril, and triumphs more by the sense of moral than physical superiority.

It is the race between the thoroughbred and the cocktail,—the lord and the lout,—with the ever invariable result.

Rubby had viewed a man running and skulking among the rocks, and making for the upper part of the clitter, where, turning over the edge of the hill, he might possibly steal away unperceived whilst the crowd was gathered round the entrance to the cave. The chance might have been good had it not been for Rubby and his terrier. Ruby Rubby had neither forgotten nor forgiven the whop on his head. It pained him still, and served to sharpen his wits. Having certified the nature of the game, he had divined the probable mode of escape, and, like a good whipper-in, he took the upper side of the covert, ready for a view. He had well conjectured the contingency,—was now in full chase, and the hounds sprang away to his halloo. Now the man was seen glancing past a rock—then he dived amidst the granite piles, and knowing well the intricacies of the stony way, gained upon and baulked his pursuers. Still the hounds—although impeding each other in the narrows between high rocks, were keen on his track—followed every turn, showing the line and enabling the runners to shorten the way and press forward for a capture. On—on—they struggled and toiled, but of the many that started, only Rubby, the policeman, and one other were visible in front.

Dick Down did not accompany them. He stood on a flat rock, looking on wistfully at the strange race, and he had not spirits even to suck the monkey.

‘Drat it, what a fule I be,’ he soliloquized; ‘that I shouldn’t have thoft of the likes of this, when I couldn’t tell most what they were a hunting of. Poor Rab! I’m sorry for ’un; I’m sure now us have had many a come-by-chance snack, and who the warst? Empty bellies be empty bellies, dog or man, and there’s no law agin that. There was that shep and lambs to Peter Tavy, that was never knowed of, and that old ram to Cawseyford, and that carf what us paid for and sold arterwards to markit—prime vale as ever was. Then Rab’s a kind like cousin to my missus, and she’ll be in to me for this here. Blame that there Collonel; if twarn’t for him Rab might have bided or gotten clane off. They arn’t a cotched un yet though——’

The fugitive, upon reaching the top had gone over the hill, and when out of sight had suddenly doubled back amongst the rocks, making way downwards for the marshes towards Cranmere. He struggled bravely,—and having gained the open, forced the pace to the utmost. A short space only was now between him and the safe retreat of the bogs. The hounds refused to run in or to touch him, for every now and then he gave a snack to the foremost of something from his pocket, after the manner of Dick. It was clear that they were not altogether strangers.

‘Now Rab,’ shouted Dick, in a running fire whilst perched upon the rock, ‘that’s yer sort—stritch away for yer varra life,—that’s right—kick off them butes, thicky Perleeseman can’t car’ his to his likes no how,—the Gov’ment harn’t a vitted he proper, little

‘Janny’s tu to long to his taw—rin man, rin; Dreadnought won’t tich ’ee, for he knowed you when hur wus out to wark,—that’s right, gie ’im a bit more; ha! drat ye, Bonnerlass, what now? I’ll dray into yer whiles, you see; Rab, Rab, what be ye doing of?’

The man was on the flat, and made a circuit, thus allowing the policeman and Rubby to cut him off, and they were coming up hand over hand at the top of their speed; but he knew that he had made the race safe. On they ran, with clenched teeth and every nerve strung to the utmost, in full confidence of catching the runaway. ‘Bide the bog!’ shouted Rubby, as he saw before him the red and yellow moss, with the intervening black patches and puddles of treacherous import. Too late—in went the policeman up to his armpits.

‘Hoorar!’ vociferated the delighted Dick. ‘Rab’s tu to many for ye. Git up, Bluebottle; the Perleese Gov’mენტ’s in a minority of eleven. I sim they’ll make you Secretar’ come next time. Here away—away, my hearties. Come away—away!’ And toolaloo—toolaloo went the old battered yard of trumpet.

The further pursuit of Robin Williams was hopeless. He had reached the swamp of Cranmere, and no one dared to explore the bog paths of that dangerous mire. The men, dispersed by the sharp run, were congregating together slowly and crestfallen. Dick went to meet his hounds, and Colonel Mohun and Mr. Fitzpayne turned on their way homewards, calling out to the beaten and exhausted Rubby to follow. In a moment the woman of the morning was amongst them. Unseen had been her approach from among the rocks. There she stood, a solitary woman in the midst of a crowd of unfriendly men on the bare wild of Dartmoor. It was the wife of the fugitive. Her dark and sunburnt face was flushed with angry excitement, and she silently went her way in the direction of Tavy Cleaves. All knew, yet from a variety of causes no one spoke to her, until the policeman came up, covered with slime, and with his temper damnified by the taunts and chaffings of Dick and his satellites.

‘Stop, Mrs. Williams,’ he said. ‘One word, if you please. Where do you come from—where are you going—and where’s your brother Sam?’

‘I’m a-going down to Mary Tavy,’ replied the woman; ‘and you may sarch me if you like. I’ve a-took nothing, and you’ve no cause to stop me; and as for Sam, he’s a-working to Gunnis Lake.’

‘Sober, my lady,’ rejoined the policeman. ‘Wasn’t that your husband that ran away just now? I rather think so; and he got away from the cave up yonder. It’s of no use now; just come up and show us the way in.’

But the woman refused to stir, and leaving her in charge of the bystanders, in company with Dick, who was revengefully lashing, under a false pretext, those of the hounds that had been foremost in

the pursuit of Mrs. Down's far-off cousin, the policeman, with Rubby and one or two more, went up again to the clitter. The Colonel and Fitzpayne, curious to see the beginning of the end, followed. An entrance to the cave was soon effected. It was pitchy dark; there was an intolerable smell of fried fat and gunpowder, whilst the mouldering embers of a fire testified to the habitable uses of this Cave of Adullam, only that respectable Whig David was wanting. A little dry heather and rushes were quickly kindled into a blaze, and the interior became luridly visible. In the corner were some tallow dips, and being lighted, supplied the means of minutely examining this moorland den of thieves, but of the money-changers themselves there was not a vestige. It was high, and there were two inner recesses slanting upwards, through one of which came the light that had been seen by Rubby, and thus the aperture afforded an egress above; the other shelved to the blank rock. But around and everywhere were the coarse signs of plenty. The remnants of a sheep were carefully hung up in this rocky larder—poultry was not wanting—a quantity of hare and rabbit skins bore witness that the guns in the corner had been well used, and the pistol lay on the ground which had shortened the career of the Fitzwilliam Lucifer. Some kegs of cyder and a few smaller ones of a more potent liquid were stowed away in the several holes, and the whole interior was supplied with the appurtenances of a dwelling-place. There were yet graver symptoms of depredation, and amongst them on a ledge of rock was a basket full of medicines and liniment. A 99 was at fault. He had calculated upon the capture of Sam Mason, the brother of the woman Williams, and he was visibly chagrined. The portables were removed, the cyder and spirits paying heavy export duties in kind on their way out.

As the men came forth one by one into broad daylight, the woman from below, apparently unconcerned, scanned them narrowly. They were baffled, and she was inwardly content. Not so the terrier, Nelson. One-eyed, like his great namesake, he was as sagacious as he was brave, and his whine spoke plainly to his master that his suspicions were not allayed. He followed him out, but when the men were departing, and had gone a little way, he ran back suddenly to the cave, stopped short, and barked.

' 'Tis all alive yet,' said Rubby. ' Loo' in, my boy—us bean't nonplushed noways. Sharp's the word, Mr. A.'

And in they went again, making a scrutiny more careful in detail than the former one, yet with similar failure. The dog was most active, and his intelligence keenly excited. He quested closely, coming back repeatedly to the place where the basket of medicine had been placed, nosing it round eagerly, and then scoured away in a cast again round and round the cavern. At last he sprang upon a large slab of granite, and tried to get upon the top of a huge block that formed one side.

' No, no, good dog; that won't do,' said the policeman; ' they're too big to move away.'

' Stop, now—you be quiet—let's look a bit,' cried Rubby.

‘Here, Nel—Nel; go it, my beauty—up there; loo’ loo’ up.’

The terrier leapt once more upon the stone, and failing to reach the upper ledge, Rubby lifted him up. In his struggle to gain a footing on the blocks one smaller than the rest logged, and, then Nelson set to work, barking and scratching with all his might and main.

‘Gie us a hand here,’ cried Rubby; but in an instant the stone was violently displaced, then another and another was thrust back, and out rushed a man with his head bandaged, crippled in a leg, and with a large clasp-knife open in his hand. He jumped down to the bottom of the cave.

‘Stave off, or I’ll rip yer up, all on ye,’ he shouted. ‘Take care, or I’ll sarve out some one now.’

‘Steady, my lads,’ said the policeman, calmly; ‘hold up the lights, and don’t move. Sam Mason, come along; this is no use.’

‘Ain’t it, though,’ replied the man, with his back against the rock. ‘You’m that feller what’s been after worritting me for ever so long. You’ve a-hunted me from where I was at work above ground, and under ground to the mines, where I was arning a honest pen’orth. And you, Rubby, my fine chap, I’ve a score for you and yer cussed taryer. Who’s afeard?’

‘This won’t do; you’re making matters worse,’ observed the policeman, advancing fearlessly. ‘Put up your knife, and don’t let us have any more nonsense.’

‘No, no—blast ye! Stave off, I say, or here goes, by ——.’ As he spoke the terrier rushed in and seized hold of the injured leg. With a cry of pain the man stooped to hit the dog; the policeman caught his arm instantly—wrenched the knife from him—a struggle—a click, and the handcuffs were on.

Sam Mason was a powerful villain, strongly built, dark as a mulatto from a gipsy stain, and with a countenance shaded by a sullen ferocity that was pledge for many a desperate adventure. Finding himself suddenly manacled, and incapable of effectual resistance, he kicked off those who held him, and, leaping up, tried to dash himself headlong against the stones. When he was brought out into the open air, the woman below, uttering a loud scream, rushed up the hill, and with every term of endearment threw herself sobbing on her brother’s neck.

The mystery was cleared up. Sam Mason, in one of his midnight maraudings, had injured himself severely. He was enabled with difficulty to reach his hiding-place on the moor, where he was nursed by his confederate Williams and his sister. She had obtained from the surgeon of the district the necessary liniments and embrocation, in which was a strong herbal infusion. Carried in a cracked bottle, the contents had leaked out through the basket, and formed the powerful drag which had led to the capture of the one burglar. The fulness of that affection that was exercised to alleviate and to shield the sufferer was the very means that brought about the dis-

aster ; and bitterly did the poor creature reproach herself for the casual inadvertence that had defeated the anxious care of sisterly devotion.

Strange, yet how sweet is the power of woman's love in all the phases of its devotion—in all the many grades of life. Absorbing every other sentiment, it is the master pulse that guides her in the fond pilgrimage—never valued by the recipient of it at its real worth, and often spurned by creatures incapable of appreciating this priceless gift of Providence. Prince and pauper—judge and felon—hero and dastard—one and all partake alike of the benefit of this almighty design for the peace and solace of man. The form may differ, the state of being may vary, but the beautiful affection—‘immortal ‘amidst ruin’—is ever lovingly and devotedly the same.

CRICKET.

WE live in an age of sensations, and cricket appears to form no exception to the sensational rule. When we left our readers last month at the end of one, and the eve of another match between Gentlemen and Players, we could not anticipate the mass of cricketing matter which now awaits our discussion, nor could we guess at the amount of interest which attaches to the Public Schools' Match of 1866. Taking things, however, as they come, we find the Gentlemen's team at the Oval differing in three names from the Eleven who had just been defeated at Lord's ; and, at the first glance, it seemed that their wicket keeping was likely to be as much against their chance of success as it was before. The Players might certainly have been strengthened, but after they had scored 250, and had disposed of their adversaries for 102 runs, it did appear like Lombard Street to a China orange, and one well-known *habitué* of the Pavilion (whose opinions upon cricket and free trade are held in equal respect) absolutely laid 10 to 1 upon the Players. But the next day showed, no doubt, the finest display of batting which has been seen for many years ; for the Gentlemen's second innings of 352 was made against a succession of the best bowling. Only one single figure was there, and we pass from name to name without knowing where to specially particularize. Perhaps Mr. Maitland should bear the palm as head score in each innings, while the decision which obliged the finish of his second hands was a very questionable one. Mr. E. M. Grace did good service with the bat as his brother did with the ball—(by-the-by we must protest against the former gentleman being called ‘Dr. Grace’ by the cricket-reporters, who are, perhaps, unaware that Dr. Grace (pater) is an elderly gentleman in the full possession of all his faculties, and devoted to the game of cricket. It must, therefore, be manifestly unfair that the young Esculapius should be ‘borrowing paternal lustre by having his own name prefixed to his father's scores) :—

PLAYERS.		1st innings.	2nd innings.
H. Jupp, c Voules, b W. G. Grace.	12	b W. G. Grace	18
W. Mortlock, c V. E. Walker, b Dr. Grace	0	c Lyttelton, b W. G. Grace	8
E. Pooley, c. Buller, b R. D. Walker	3	b W. G. Grace	4
G. Wootton, run out	1	l b w, b W. G. Grace	5
T. Hearne, b V. E. Walker	47	c and b Maitland	41
T. Humphrey, c W. G. Grace, b Dr. Grace	15	c Dr. Grace, W. G. Grace	0
G. Bennett, run out	10	l b w, b Maitland	7
Jas. Lillywhite, b W. G. Grace	8	not out	2
L. Greenwood, st Lyttelton, b I. D. Walker	66	c Maitland, b Dr. Grace	5
A. Shaw, c Lyttelton, b Dr. Grace	70	c V. E. Walker, b W. Grace	0
E. Willsher, not out	14	c Dr. Grace, b W. Grace	13
Byes 9, l-b 2	4	Wides	3
Total		250	106

GENTLEMEN.		1st innings.	2nd innings.
Hon. C. G. Lyttelton, b Lillywhite	5	c Pooley, b Willsher	45
Dr. E. M. Grace, c Pooley, b Bennett	12	b Shaw	48
W. F. Maitland, Esq., c Bennett, b Lillywhite	25	c Pooley, b Greenwood	61
C. F. Buller, Esq., b Lillywhite	22	c Jupp, b Shaw	21
R. D. Walker, Esq., c Hearne, b Wootton	1	c Willsher, b Hearne	52
W. G. Grace, Esq., c Pooley, b Wootton	7	b Greenwood	34
I. D. Walker, Esq., l b w, b Wootton	0	c Pooley, b Wootton	12
S. C. Voules, Esq., b Wootton	9	c Wootton, b Shaw	23
A. H. Winter, Esq., c Hearne, b Wootton	2	b Lillywhite	19
V. E. Walker, Esq., not out	13	b Wootton	9
G. M. Kelson, Esq., b Wootton	2	not out	13
Byes 2, l-b 2	4	Byes 8, l-b 7	15
Total		102	352

Umpires—Stephenson and Cæsar.

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

PLAYERS.—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Dr. Grace	143	73	10	3	0
R. D. Walker	80	37	5	1	0
W. G. Grace	120	49	12	2	0
V. E. Walker	68	23	6	1	0
I. D. Walker	36	22	1	1	0
Maitland	68	34	3	0	0
Voules	32	8	4	0	0

SECOND INNINGS.

Dr. Grace	96	27	6	1	0
W. G. Grace	156	51	5	7	0
Maitland	44	25	1	2	0

GENTLEMEN.—FIRST INNINGS.

Lillywhite	140	39	18	3	0
Bennett	56	35	1	1	0
Wootton	82	24	7	6	0

SECOND INNINGS.					
	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Wootton	168	104	10	2	0
Lillywhite	108	42	10	1	0
Shaw	116	57	9	3	0
Bennett	96	42	7	0	0
Willsher	64	28	5	1	0
Mortlock	20	15	1	0	0
Hearne	44	22	1	1	0
Greenwood	44	27	2	2	0

North v. South proved an apology for a match, and we should have thought that had the Thames been made the line of demarcation, a more even contest under present circumstances would have been the result :—

NORTH.—1st innings	85	and innings	65
SOUTH	203		

The first of the Public School Matches was that between Eton and Winchester, played on the ground of the latter, but won by Eton with ten wickets in hand. Mr. Thornton showed some tremendous hitting power, sending the ball three times out of the ground ; and we shall be much mistaken if this gentleman, who is very young, does not prove a thorn in the side of his foes in years to come. The Winchester bowling and fielding was below par this year, so much so as to effectually deceive those who took a line from this match in estimating the results of that between Harrow and Eton. Mr. L. S. Howell, in the Winchester team, is a good bat, and all round player, but he could not win the match by himself against the superior forces of Eton, whose Eleven all scored double figures with the exception of one (run out) :—

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.			
		1st innings.	2nd innings.
J. C. Moberly, b Ferguson	10	c Foley, b Gilliat	3
C. B. Phillips, c Reibey, b Pelham	7	c Gilliat, b Ferguson	1
F. Haygarth, b Ferguson	9	b Lubbock	24
S. K. Douglas, b Ferguson	12	b Barrington	10
F. B. Harvey, run out	52	c Thornton, b Barrington	3
G. Hall, b Lubbock	17	b Thornton	15
J. M. Evetts, c Ferguson, b Gilliat	6	b Gilliat	2
L. S. Howell, c Walrond, b Gilliat	45	not out	27
A. G. Hastings, b Lubbock	8	hit wkt, b Barrington	3
E. Armitage, not out	10	b Barrington	13
W. H. Ley, b Lubbock	5	b Barrington	0
B 3, l-b 1, w 3	7	B 8, l-b 1, w 9	18
Total	188	Total	119

ETON COLLEGE.			
Hon. T. Pelham, c Armitage, b Moberly	30	H. Gilliat, b Haygarth	10
C.R. Alexander, c Harvey, b Howell	27	H. M. Walker, not out	37
W. B. Barrington, c and b Howell	34	W. H. Walrond, c and b Moberly	14
J. W. Foley, b Ley	49	R. R. N. Ferguson, run out	0
E Lubbock, run out	18	B 1, l-b 3, w 5	9
C. J. Thornton, l-b w, b Ley	47	Total	291
J. C. Reibey, b Ley	16		

In the second innings of Eton, Hon. T. Pelham scored (not out) 13; J. W. Foley (not out) 4. Total, 17.

Rugby and Marlborough followed next with every prospect of a score of 1,000 runs during the match, had there been time to finish. The latter school appeared in far more brilliant colours this year than on former occasions ; but the boys labour under the great disadvantage of playing at home with scarcely any 'gallery,' whereas at Rugby the contrary is the case. This is natural enough from the relative localities of the two schools, but we are convinced that a first visit to Lord's on a full day must operate against the nerves of a boy who has hitherto encountered no criticism outside his own school :—

SCORE.—Rugby, 1st innings . . 283 2nd innings, 180, with 7 wickets down.
Marlborough, 1st innings 224

The match between Eton and Harrow will have become a household word long ere these lines are in the hands of our readers ; and if we devote some considerable space to the details of the play, it is because the press generally has not succeeded in giving to the public a correct account of the fracas which ended the first day's cricket. For instance, one of the weekly sporting journals published a leading article in which the writer gravely represents Mr. Lubbock's hit to have been 'a cut to the off,' while another gentleman, who addresses the 'Pall Mall Gazette' under the signature of 'F. D. H.,' suggests that the unlucky wight who stopped the hit in question was no other than the Harrow twelfth man ! No one can regret more than ourselves the tone of the article in the last-named paper, which called forth 'F. D. H.'s' communication, because the animus therein contained was unmistakable ; and if the writer were to be recognized in the neighbourhood of Barnes Pool after 'absence' on any half-holiday, before the end of the half we should not be ambitious of changing places with him. Our own impression, which is founded on constant personal observation of the Eton play during the past half, is that both the boys themselves and their mentors have done their best to turn out an Eleven creditable to the college ; and when we say that no less than seven professionals (Muncey, Shearman, Dawes, Grundy, Wells, Tinley, and Bennett) have added their instructions to the unremitting attentions of Messrs. Mitchell, Dupuis, and Leigh, we cannot attribute the defeat of Eton to idleness on the part of her boys. We will even go a step further, and suggest that boys do *not* continue to improve under too great a pressure of advice, especially professional advice. But look again at the fielding, that invariable test of careless cricket. We say, without hesitation, that the Eton field was superior this year to Harrow ; the former school, after losing the toss, had six hours of it in a broiling sun. They missed but two catches in an innings of 302 runs. Harrow, on the other hand, fielded worse than we remember for some years ; but their batting was straight and even, and their bowling far above the average. Hence the result. Eton had relied on Mr. Lubbock's underhand 'all sorts,' with the idea that Harrow would not meet them with a straight bat ; but Harrow boys rarely play with anything else, and Mr. Lubbock might as well have directed his efforts against a

brick wall. Had not Mr. Gilliat done good service in supporting the Pavilion end, there is no saying what the Harrow score would have been. His bowling under the circumstances was excellent—53 overs for 55 runs. Turning to Harrow: with the exception of Mr. Stow (whose batting and generalship were above praise), we should call them a steady rather than a brilliant team; but there was cricket in them throughout, and that cricket had been carefully instilled and wisely matured. We are quite sure that no Harrovian who looked on could fail to recognize that master hand whose name was represented, and excellently represented, among the Eleven.

Mr. Cobden is a bowler of great promise, with both pace, delivery, and head. We shall be much disappointed if we do not see him again hereafter trundling among the best of the land. Mr. Money (said to have lost his form in 1865!) proved again that Lord's is one of the grounds on which he bowls to the greatest advantage.

We now approach the one incident which impeded the harmony of the match, and we will give a short statement of the facts which occurred, in justice to both Eton, Harrow, and the umpires. Going back, then, to first causes, we ask, Why do not the police keep the ground effectively? They are well paid for their services, and had they done their duty, we should have been saved such a scene as we trust may never again disgrace a cricket field. The ball when hit by Mr. Lubbock rolled among the spectators, though without reaching the ropes. It was stopped by a little fellow in a check jacket, but *was not thrown by him to the fieldsman*. This is the distinct evidence of Shaw, and is confirmed (to our knowledge) by Mr. Money, who fielded the ball. The ball, under these circumstances, was *not dead*, any more than a ball would be, if stopped by a bench placed in front of the ropes of a tent (after previous agreement that all hits under the ropes of the tent should bear a nominal value). Recognizing, therefore, the extreme bad luck of Mr. Foley's losing his wicket through such a mischance, we cannot see how the umpires could have decided otherwise, or how the committee of the club could have accepted the responsibility of disputing the fiat of the umpire. Moreover, a statement having appeared in some of the daily papers, that the committee of the club met and confirmed the decision, that body has promptly negatived such statement by a notice to the public that the committee *has no power to revise the decision of an umpire*. Mr. Lubbock was undoubtedly to blame in leaving the match unsettled for such a period as three-quarters of an hour, and we must also take exception to the behaviour of a few of Eton's partisans, who have not the 'calida juvenia' to urge in their behalf, as it may be urged in the captain's case.

But if Friday's sun went down amid clouds and frowns, Saturday's dawn was bright with the appearance of a continued game and more amicable relations among the combatants. Imprimis, Mr. Lubbock made the *amende* in the most honourable way, which was met by a frank offer from Mr. Stow that Mr. Foley should resume his bat;

and the courteous rejection of these terms by Mr. Lubbock brought to an end a matter which we hope may in future be effaced from the memories of either school.

The second day's play was decisive enough ; things went smoothly for the victors, though Mr. Thornton played a most plucky innings, and Mr. Walter showed the bowler more of his bat than any of his companions did. Before evening the conquering match of forty-two which have taken place was scored by Harrow amidst the usual acclamations. We trust their late repeated victories will not render the Harrovians oblivious on the score of fielding, as noticed above ; and as for Eton, we shall hope to see them next year profiting by past experiences, and preparing for future triumphs. There is no victory so sweet as the one which succeeds a series of reverses, and no character more noble than that delineated in the line—

‘ Merses profundo—pulchrior evenit.’

HARROW.

H. H. Montgomery, Esq., b Higgins	12	J. Ponsonby, Esq., b Thornton	33
C. T. Smith, Esq., c and b Gilliat	15	J. H. Gibbon, Esq., not out	35
W. B. Money, Esq., c Pelham, b Barrington	15	F. C. Cobden, Esq., b Gilliat	29
M. H. Stow, Esq., run out	50	E. Mathews, Esq., c Barrington, b Lubbock	10
T. Hartley, Esq., c Lubbock, b Higgins	3	B 12, l-b 3, w 15.	31
W. H. Hadow, Esq., b Higgins	31	Total	302
R. Digby, Esq., c Reiby, b Walter	38		

ETON.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
W. B. Barrington, Esq., b Cobden	1	b Cobden	11
Hon. T. Pelham, b Mathews	0	c Mathews, b Money	9
J. W. Foley, Esq., run out	1	st Stow, b Money	5
E. Lubbock, Esq., b Mathews	25	b Money	0
W. H. Walrond, Esq., b Cobden	3	c Ponsonby, b Money	0
C. J. Thornton, Esq., not out	46	b Cobden	7
J. C. Reiby, Esq., b Cobden	4	c Stow, b Money	2
H. M. Walter, Esq., b Cobden	13	b Money	5
H. Gilliat, Esq., c and b Money	24	c Mathews, b Cobden	3
R. N. Ferguson, Esq., b Cobden	0	c and b Money	0
W. Higgins, Esq., c Montgomery, b Money	2	not out	0
B 3, w 2	5		
Total	124	Total	42

Umpires: Hearne and Shaw.

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

HARROW.—1ST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.
Gilliat	212	25	55	3	2
Higgins	178	10	81	1	3
Lubbock	137	14	43	—	1
Barrington	80	9	20	2	1
Walter	48	1	28	—	1
Ferguson	95	13	20	2	—
Thornton	68	13	10	7	1
Pelham	20	1	14	—	—

ETON.—1ST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens	Wides.	Wickets.
Mathews	104	11	38	—	2
Cobden	132	17	37	—	5
Money	55	5	18	—	2
Hartley	40	3	21	—	—
Smith	16	2	5	—	—

2ND INNINGS.

Money	89	12	32	—	7
Cobden	88	17	10	—	3

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we chronicle the return to the cricket field of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who took his place among the Gentlemen of Norfolk v. I Zingari, the latter club being handsomely defeated in one innings. We are authorized, nevertheless, to contradict the report that (upon the result of the first day's score becoming known by telegraph) the honourable Company of the Spectacle-makers called a meeting, with a view to presenting the freedom of the company to his royal highness, in case the events of the second day should render him an eligible candidate for that honour. It is far more probable that the Prince, who fielded at short leg, has recognized the propriety of being 'taught by the 'enemy,' and has taken a leaf out of 'Jerks in from Short Leg,' from the pen of I Zingari's wicket-keeper, the immortal 'Fitz.'

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD OAK TABLE.

CHAPTER II.

' 'Twere harsh to control thee, my frolicsome steed,
I give thee the rein—so away at thy speed ;
The rider will dare to be wilful as thee,
Laugh the future to scorn—and partake in thy glee.'

THE separation of his guests for the night, however, was not so complete as John Crocker supposed it to be. On the upper landing of the staircase might have been seen three of the junior members of the party, consulting in a suppressed tone as to the possibility of enjoying a quiet cigar before they parted finally for the night.

Now it so happened that John Crocker, like James VI., had a very strong aversion to the smell of tobacco smoke: in the field he barely endured it; but within doors he considered the habit of smoking an abomination to be practised only in the lowest pot-house. Smoking had even then become very general at the two Universities; and, as Stoford, Reynell, and Treborough had only recently quitted those sacred seats of learning, they had acquired the cloud-compelling accomplishment to a vast extent. But the cigar before bedtime was held to be the *bonne bouche* of the day, the handmaid of sleep, without whose aid rest might be invoked in vain. All, however, were well aware of Crocker's antipathy to the fumes of the fragrant weed; so how to manage the matter without doing violence to his feelings was a question of some difficulty. Nevertheless it

was soon solved ; for where there's a will there's a way, as the old proverb says. Treborough, who slept in a room apparently more remote than those of his two friends from the quarter supposed to be occupied by the family, invited them to adjourn to his chamber, and there have their last weed. ' And,' said he, ' if we open the ' windows, and pin a blanket over the door, John Crocker will be ' none the wiser, even though he had the nose of one of Hopworth's ' fougart hounds.'

Thither, accordingly, the party retired, and having, as they imagined, secured the room against the chance of a discovery, they drew their chairs to the fire and smoked to their hearts' content. But alas ! as it afterwards appeared, all their precautions had been taken in vain. By some contrariety of procedure the current of vitiated air, which should have passed up the chimney, preferred escaping through the windows, and then, taking a downward course, entered the dressing-room window of John Crocker himself.

The veritable fumes of Tartarean sulphur could hardly have surprised him more than the intrusion of this foul and noxious vapour into his sanctuary. In an instant his hand was on the bell-pull ; but, instead of jerking it, the reflection occurred to him that if others forgot their manners he was bound not to forget his, at least in his own house ; so, bearing it as he best could, he soon completed his toilet for the night, and withdrew at once into a purer and more agreeable atmosphere.

The next morning, as he entered the dining-room and greeted his several guests with his usual heartiness, there was no cloud perceptible on John Crocker's brow ; on the contrary, a pleasant sunshine beamed from his eye, strongly indicative of that happy and cheerful temperament for which he was so remarkable. He looked from head to foot, as in truth he was, the *beau-idéal* of a country gentleman. His leathers, made by Maddox of Worcester, were faultlessly clean ; and his long broad-skirted hunting-coat, so different from the swallow-tailed pinks commonly worn at that period, gave one the notion that John Crocker preferred comfort to fashion, and was a sensible man.

' Well, gentlemen,' said he, somewhat gravely, ' I am very glad ' to find none of you were disturbed in your sleep ; for the fact is ' my house was entered by burglars during the night.'

' By burglars !' said the guests, almost simultaneously. ' And ' what did they carry off ?'

' Oh, they did no damage in that way ; but the impertinent ' fellows had the audacity to smoke in the house ; and I would ' rather they had carried off my Cellini tankard than taken such ' a liberty with me.'

Stoford's look of concern at that instant was a study for an artist. Not for the Duchy of Cornwall would he have taken part in that indulgence, had he anticipated the annoyance it must have given to his kind host. Still there was a something in Crocker's manner, a pucker in the lip or a twinkle in the eye, that gradually reassured

him and his fellow-culprits. They saw that, instead of treating the matter seriously, he was disposed to turn it into a joke ; and in reality he could not have adopted a more effective mode for bringing them all on their marrow-bones.

‘ For heaven’s sake, hold hard, Crocker !’ said Stoford. ‘ It was a gross violation of hospitality on our part, and I may truly say we are heartily ashamed of ourselves ; so pray accept our apology.’

‘ No need of one at all,’ said Crocker, almost taken aback by this penitential appeal. ‘ I’ve had my revenge ; so now we are quits on that score.’

And, after some merriment on the part of the ladies and the uninitiated guests, there the matter dropped ; but for many a year afterwards old Ball never met one of those young men without asking him what had become of the rest of his gang.

‘ The wind is still in the east,’ said Crocker, as he quitted my side and examined the vane over the stable-turret, ‘ and there it has been for the last fortnight ; but so long as it brings neither frost nor fog, to my mind we could not have better hunting weather. I have seen rare sport during the prevalence of a steady easterly wind ; and you will remember that when Meynell had that famous run from Billesdon Coplow, twenty-eight miles in two hours and fifteen minutes, the wind at north-east was “ forbiddingly keen ;” yet, as Lowth says,

“ Not Meynell himself, the King of all men,
Ever saw such a chase, or will ever again.”’

‘ Ah, that was something like pace !’ said Stoford, who had now quite regained his composure. ‘ When I was at Great Glenn, in Leicestershire, last winter, I saw the famous picture painted by Mr. Lorraine Smith of Enderby, in which the finest feature of that run is admirably delineated. Mr. Germaine, J. Masters, and the artist himself are in the act of crossing the river Soar. The first swims fairly over on his horse Melon, for ever afterwards surnamed the Water-melon ; the next throws himself off in mid stream to relieve his beaten horse Joe Miller ; and the third crosses at a ford, only known to the Squire of Enderby ; while the hounds, carrying all head and no tail, are streaming away over Enderby Warren as if they never would be caught again.’

‘ I’d give away a year’s income to see such a run as that,’ said Mr. King, whose passion for the chase knew no bounds. ‘ But I don’t understand the north-easterly wind, and that, too, in the month of February. Surely from such a quarter there ought to have been a frost.’

‘ Lowth must have taken poetic license, I suspect,’ answered Stoford, ‘ and adjusted his compass according to the requirements of his metre.’

‘ I wonder those gentlemen did not catch their death from cold,’ observed Blanche Crocker, on whose mind Stoford’s description of the picture had left a deep impression. ‘ They must have wanted

‘ their hot gruel as much as the poor horses before they returned to Melton.’

‘ And they had it, without doubt, and something more,’ replied Stoford, ‘ for Enderby Hall was close at hand when they killed their fox ; and not a man of them would be allowed to pass the portals of that mansion without partaking of its hospitality. Brotherhood in the hunting field is a strong doctrine with Lorraine—

“ — through whose free-opening gate
None comes too early, none returns too late.” ’

Now, if Stoford had any intention of making a hit, and of gaining a good score in the estimation of Blanche Crocker, he could not have sent a better shaft at his mark than one winged with poetry.

‘ The infinite circle of song,’ as Schiller’s translator so beautifully calls poetry, had fairly enrapt her with its magic influence ; and, devoted though she was to the charms of nature, to the wild brooks and romantic scenery of her native moors, over which, when accompanying her father to the chase, she swept with the speed of a Camilla, yet a few hours passed in the company of her favourite Schiller, whose inspiration seemed to elevate her very soul, were always the happiest of her life. For the time, at least, if not long after the volume itself was laid aside, the gushing enthusiasm of the poet, his earnest faith, and the pure and noble spirit which animates his heart, made Blanche a sincere convert to the principle of ideal excellence, of which he is the great master ; and she longed for a stronger faith in the poet’s views, as a plant longs for the light.

‘ You must ride your mother’s horse to-day, Blanche,’ said John Crocker, who at least liked her to accompany him to cover, even if she did not wait for the find. ‘ You gave Cock Robin such a benefit yesterday, that he will scarcely be fit to go again before Friday.’

‘ He certainly carried me superbly,’ said Blanche, ‘ and the faster and farther he went, the better he seemed to like it ; but, for the moor, Josephine will be a great treat.’

Now Josephine had a temper of her own, and Mrs. Crocker had ceased to ride her for some time on this very account. The slightest mismanagement of her mouth by the hand had the effect of rousing the vicious Katerfelto blood in her veins, and she usually managed by a few short plunges in the air to unseat the most expert rider.

‘ Isn’t that your awkward mare,’ inquired old Ball, ‘ that threw the groom last year at Ivy-bridge, and broke his leg ?’

‘ The same,’ said Crocker. ‘ The fellow had swallowed too much of your cider that morning, and began pulling her mouth about, just as Waterton might have handled the cayman when he had him by the head in the Essequibo. Josephine requires a light hand, Ball ; and that’s just the reason why I mean Blanche to ride her to-day.’

This was quite true ; Blanche Crocker could have ridden the mare with a packthread ; her hands were perfect, and so was her

seat. The third pommel, by which so many fatal accidents have since occurred in the hunting field, was unknown in those days; nevertheless Blanche generally managed to keep her seat in all difficulties,—except, indeed, when her horse fell, or, as was sometimes the case, floundered headlong into a bog under her.

‘The mare has really no vice,’ continued Crocker; ‘she is simply a nervous animal, and, having a very sensitive mouth, woe be to the rider that handles it roughly or checks her too suddenly! A smooth plain snaffle is the only bit she will endure; and even with it, if the hand and arm do not yield pliantly to her action, she resents it at once.’

‘Quite right, too,’ said Ball. ‘More horses are ruined by mismanagement of the mouth than by any other mode; but ladies have usually light hands, and rarely commit that mistake, I conclude.’

‘Pardon me,’ replied Crocker, ‘many ladies have no hands at all, and for that very reason can only ride finished and well-broken horses. Few really understand the easy give-and-take system, and how to maintain a delicate correspondence between the horse’s mouth and their own hands; and there is quite as much difference between one lady and another in the manipulation of the reins as there is in their touch on a piano,—the hand of one falls heavily on the keys, while that of the other seems to have music at her fingers’ ends. The unpliancy, or rather the rigidity, with which the bridle is held is the too common fault of many riders, of women as well as men. They hold on as if they were grasping a hedge-stake and had hooked a grampus, instead of bearing on the mouth with a light tension, and playing with it as if they had a trout or a grayling in hand.’

‘To what cause, then,’ inquired Stoford, ‘do you attribute such general incompetency?’

‘Chiefly to inexperience in early life: few surmount this deficiency and become expert riders in after years; then, nervousness, a want of confidence, and a natural inaptitude for the exercise, may also account for the rigidity with which some people clutch their reins. But, after all, I really believe fine hands to be the gift of nature, and utterly unattainable by the majority of riders, no matter what their experience may be, or what their nerve.’

‘Doubtless a heaven-born gift,’ said Stoford, ‘like the poet’s art or the huntsman’s instinct; though, I am inclined to think, education may do much even for the most unsensitive.’

A too-too-too from a distant horn now roused the company, and brought the breakfast to a summary conclusion. In an instant my side was deserted by every soul, and a general movement to the oriel window indicated the lively interest all took in the hounds now coming to the meet. It was Ball’s pack, headed by John Robins, then considered by far the best huntsman in the west of England, his speciality consisting in a thorough knowledge of the habits of the wild animal he was called upon to hunt.

As he entered the lawn John rode straight for the well-known window, and, lifting his cap as he passed it, the hounds were walked leisurely to and fro for the inspection of all the company. This parade, however, attractive as it was, only lasted a few minutes. Ball was eager for the field, and, although proud of his hounds, he hated show, and only submitted to this ceremony from deference to Mrs. Crocker and her daughter's wishes. Indeed, his respect for the first lady amounted to a kind of idol worship, and he was wont to tell John Crocker that, had he been fortunate enough to fall in with a woman of her quality and good sense in early life, his bachelor days would have been soon ended, and then he might have been a better and a happier man. In answer to which compliment and reflection Crocker never failed to say, 'It is never too late to do a good thing, man; there's many a nice woman would think twice ere she said nay to Roger Ball: look around you, I say, and you may yet follow what you are pleased to call my good example.'

Ball was on the dark side of sixty, so the hey-day of his youth was well-nigh over, and although he constantly recurred to the subject of matrimony, especially when he met with so happy an instance of it as that of his friend John Crocker, he never assayed the silken chain, but died, as he had lived, a discontented old bachelor.

The old-fashioned stamp of hound, on the breeding of which Ball and his ancestors had bestowed no little thought and attention, was now seen in great perfection; and take him for all in all, for nose, courage, perseverance, and music, when the pace would permit it, no better animal could have been produced for that hill-and-dale country. The hounds were bred for the double purpose of fox and otter hunting; and, to judge of them by the sport they showed, it must be owned that Ball's predilection in favour of his own blood, and his doubts with respect to that of more fashionable kennels, might well be justified.

The pack on the present occasion consisted of fourteen couple of hounds, all of which were either of a lemon or badger-pied colour. They were fine smooth-skinned animals, symmetrical, lengthy, and without lumber. Level, however, they were not, for they averaged from twenty to twenty-five inches; Ball's idea being that the under-sized ones travelled best in cover, and the big lashing hounds best over the open; and so far as work and not show was the object, who shall say he was wrong?

'Give them more meal and less broth, John,' said Ball, somewhat sharply, as he rode up and scanned the pack; 'they are showing more rib than I like to see in them.'

'That's the two hard days they had last week; they're now just right, tough as bell-wire, and fit to kill the best fox as ever carried a brush; leastways, that's what I think, your honour.'

John's deference to his master, or any other human being on the subject of hunting, was not of the highest order; indeed, to bate his opinion one jot as to the kennel or chase management would have been a weakness to which he never owned. And fortunately for the

success of Ball's pack it was so; for a huntsman without self-confidence and strong opinions of his own had better lay aside his cap and horn and take to mole-catching, or any other business not requiring much decision or firmness of character. Hence perpetual jars had been going on between master and man for the last forty years, but, as usual, the stronger will generally prevailed, and John Robins had his way in spite of Ball's fist, with which sometimes he well-nigh cracked the pommel of his saddle.

'Ball and his antipode,' said Stoford to Blanche Crocker; 'a contrary couple they seem to be, but in reality they work very well together. John regards his master's rating as a kind of summer thunder, noisy but not dangerous.'

'He certainly does not seem to stand in much awe of it,' said Blanche, 'nor need he do so; for although Mr. Ball may be a little rough sometimes, I've heard my father say that a kinder-hearted man does not breathe.'

'Quite true; but I wish he would not take such pains to conceal his true nature. That constant fault-finding in the field is not pleasant for his friends, and only hardens John's heart, just as the hide of Parson Baker's pony has long since become callous under the perpetual fall of the parson's stick.'

A narrow rugged path, winding by the bank of a noisy brook, and leading to a bridle gate on the borders of the moor, now compelled Stoford to drop astern of his fair companion, and, as he did so, gave him a further opportunity of observing the perfect accord existing between the lady and her steed. To judge by the manner in which his eye wandered from one to the other, it might almost be surmised that he was asking himself the question and endeavouring to decide which of the twain he admired most at that instant—Josephine, with her snake-like head and neck, her thoroughbred look and flowing action, or Blanche Crocker. At length he said to himself, 'To separate the pair would be to spoil the picture: such a combination of harmony no human sculptor ever yet produced.' And that was the truth. Blanche, in addition to the charms of a sweet face and a bright winning manner, had a lithe and matchless figure, and never was it seen to greater advantage than on the back of Josephine. It was the living, animated, graceful work of nature cultivated by that of art; a group of perfect unity, for she sat in the saddle as if she had been born there, and had lived the rest of her life in daily association with her pet companion.

The cover-side at which they had now arrived was a granite tor on the borders of Dartmoor. Ball, who had accompanied his hounds, and had reached the spot some minutes before the arrival of Crocker's party, now signalled to Mumford, the kennel boy, to uncouple a brace of terriers which he carried in saddle-bags on either side of him, and to slip them into the rocks.

'Now then, if the Turk's at home,' said Ball, in a low tone of voice, 'we shall start on good terms with him. The Tartars have gone in, so say nothing till he's well away.'

But there was no fox in that rocky hold ; the terriers soon probed it to its innermost recess, and emerging with a disappointed look, were immediately collared by Mumford and popped into their saddle-bags again.

‘Trot them away to Knowle Wood, John,’ said Ball ; ‘thanks to my friend George Newnham, that cover is as sure a draw as the Bank of England.’

‘Or his own cellar,’ said Crocker ; ‘than which, after a hard day’s hunting, I know nothing better.’

In crossing, however, a piece of rough ground towards the point indicated, the hounds began to feather on a scent, and, carrying it briskly forward, five or six of them threw their tongues simultaneously as they dashed over the moor wall and entered the cover. Then Roger Ball put his finger in his ear and encouraged them with a startling cheer.

‘Master likes music dearly,’ said the huntsman in a low voice to Crocker ; ‘but as your honour knows, if it ain’t given at the right time, it only helps the fox and not the hounds.’

John Robins was an old and a good servant, and therefore a privileged person ; and, as I have before said, his knowledge of the wild animal’s habits made him a most successful huntsman ; a man who, even with moderate tools, did his work admirably. If Meynell or Warde had reared him in their kennels, John Robins’ name would have been as well known as Will Long’s, or Tom Wingfield’s, or any of the old heroes of the hunting world.

But now, every instant, the drag is improving, and the whole pack are in full chorus, but still it is the drag, as any novice might know from the steady sonorous sound that salutes his ear. The fox, too ; is he slumbering quietly in his snug kennel, while this hubbub of war is waking every echo in the vale ? Far from it ; Roger Ball’s first cheer warns him to be off.

A hat, held in the air by a shepherd on the opposite hill, indicates a view, and instantly John Robins, in defiance of long-standing orders, hearing a short lull in the chorus, rattles his horn vigorously, and ten couple of hounds fly to the trumpet that never gave an uncertain sound. In a few minutes they are clapped on his line, and, having the open grassy moor in front, they settle to the scent, and away they go together, like an avalanche on a mountain side.

Roger Ball hears the tail hounds below him indulging in sweet melody, and, from a genuine love of the old legitimate style of hunting, forbears interfering with them till they have fairly broken cover ; he then takes them by the head and rides for a point down-wind, for which he thinks the fox is making. But he does not overtake the leading hounds till they come to their first check in Stony Bottom.

‘One hour and twenty minutes,’ said Crocker, looking at his watch, ‘and every inch of it on grass.’

‘True ; and the fox not half-killed as yet,’ replied Reynell, who, mounted on a long thoroughbred horse, had never really stretched him throughout the run.

By a quick and judicious cast, however, John Robins soon recovers the line. A hound, called Whimsey, is the first to hit it, and the whole pack are again in full swing and full cry for the next parish. But, through how many parishes the chase led, it would be tedious now to tell; suffice it to say that, although the country was fair and the scent good, yet the gallant fox quailed not for two more hours, but finally gained the tor of Dunmore, the leading hounds snapping at his brush as he entered those deep earths.

Roger Ball looked back in vain for the boy and his terriers; the fox had gone as straight as a cormorant flies, and there had not been a turn to let them in; so the hounds were trotted back eighteen miles to their kennel, undecked by the laurels they had so nearly won.

Well, the talk about that run lasted for a month; every day after dinner the subject was renewed, and every feature of the chase discussed with an interest that never seemed to abate. Roger Ball had not returned to Strawleigh, so the faults and merits, not only of his pack, but of individual hounds in it, and his system of hunting them, or rather of letting them alone, underwent, as might be expected, the minutest criticism. John Crocker was usually the first to commence the conversation.

‘I shall always think,’ he would say, ‘that if that fox had been well found we should have killed him in the first hour; but those hounds jingling on the drag did the mischief, that’s certain.’

‘Quite true,’ Stoford would reply; ‘the fox took the hint and saved his life by it: but you should have heard old Ball’s ejaculations when John Robins lifted the hounds to the moved scent; they were anything but complimentary. He called him a wild, racing, unmusical madman; and swore he was one of Meynell’s sort, and none of his.’

‘At all events,’ said Crocker, ‘there was a method in his madness, for, if he had not done what he did, we should scarcely have had a gallop at all. No hounds can hold a line better than Roger Ball’s; and side by side in chase, they are doubtless as fast as any hounds in England. But they have too much tongue and too little dash, and never carry the head that so eminently distinguishes the modern foxhound.’

‘And without a good head you cannot have a brilliant run,’ said young Reynell, then an ardent disciple of the new school, and afterwards, although in holy orders, one of the most distinguished and fearless horsemen that ever crossed a country.

And so the talk went on, hounds and horses, horses and hounds. It was just the transition period in Devon, and forty years afterwards no such hounds as Roger Ball’s were in existence in that county.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

THE weather is very hot sometimes in Paris, as, indeed, I am told it is in some other places, notably Timbuctoo and Turin; and there arises a consequent desire for fresh air and a dinner by a river. We have all in our hot youth felt this, and have therefore waited under the shadow of 'Achilles' till the confident, if not confidence-inspiring coachman came for us in that drag—pride of the regiment, but belonging chiefly to Tollit—which was to take us down, and barring accidents (and deuced short odds against them), to bring us home from water-souchée whitebait, brown bread and butter, and cup—cup later diluted with claret. When Lord Alvanley fought a duel with the younger O'Connell, he gave the hackney coachman a guinea. 'Take that,' said the witty Peer, 'not for driving me there but for bringing me back.' Some such desire must have been felt in old times (of course everybody is a 'safe coachman' now!) by many of your readers when they were safely delivered on the steps of the Club. But I am digressing. Fresh air, and a window looking on a river, I say, are luxuries at certain periods of the year. At the end of the Paris, as at the end of the London, season—at that time, when both your whitebait is 'very fine indeed,' and when with us peas begin to rattle on your plate—when you are helped by an obsequious waiter—well—'Inveni portum'—I have found the haven, a land flowing with milk (of human politeness) and honey (of good cookery), within easy reach of the Boulevards, and yet so easy to get at, that all Sunday Paris rushes there to revel in fried gudgeons. Let us begin from the beginning. You order your brougham at 3 p.m., wind blowing calmly S.S.E., and the company unruffled, and make up your mind to go in for an afternoon. Of course, I say of this place, as of all others, 'do not go on Sunday, if you have anything else to do;' but then to be sure it is just that, we have nothing else to do. You tell your boy to drive 'tout doucement' by the forest of Vincennes, to Joinville on the Marne. En route you traverse the whole Boulevards, from the Italiens to the Prince Eugène, one of M. le Préfet's latest glories. You see at a distance (as in my opinion you should always see a burying ground) Père la Chaise; you peep in passing at the Rue La Roquette, where stands the Newgate of France, and where at intervals is erected that horrible machine, which is the French substitute for our even more horrible drop. O, Joseph Ignatius Guillotin, doctor of medicine! you provided a rare but charming recreation for your fellow-citizens when you ravished that 'Maiden' from bonny Scotland. That 'Maiden,' under her foreign title of 'La Guillotine,' is introduced sometimes to the public, and receives such an ovation as is only offered to highly popular persons and performances. When, in July 1866, Philippe, who confessed to one murder and was certainly guilty of another, with 'extenuating circumstances,' was to be guillotined, the place was crowded night after night by thousands of expectant amateurs,

who hoped that the next sun might dawn on one of those terrible scenes of horror—an execution.

Here no warning is ever given; and if there still exists any 'Sir Carnaby Jinks of the Blues,' who wishes to emulate George Selwyn, he will have to pass three or four nights 'en faction,' unless indeed he can succeed in bribing a cabman—they generally know late at night when the fatal morning is coming. But I am wandering, and am truly going from

'Gay to grave, from lively to severe.'

Passing this dread spot we drive along the Boulevard to the Place du Trône, pass the 'barriers,' where they still ask you if you have 'anything to declare?'—'Yes!' lately replied 'a man sitting close packed in a tight brougham; 'Yes, I declare that I have no room for my legs' (exit custom collector outraged)—and pass into the pretty forest of Vincennes, where noble Henri and Louis' used to hunt, and where, indeed, I saw a wild rabbit only last week. If you want to see the 'donjon' where Harry the Fifth of England reigned and died, the cells in which the victims of 'lettres de cachet,' were entombed, and the pleasant place of torture where the 'question' was applied and the 'boot' forced on, you must get an order from the artillery officer in command. If you desire to see the best 'Tir 'National' (Rifle-club), you pay a franc—it is close by—and if you have luck, you may see the best rifle practice, and perhaps, big-gun practice, outside and all for nothing. It is the long range of the Paris garrison. All the balls are cast at Vincennes also, so it is ever busy.

It was here that on the return from the Crimea all the troops met in parade, but truly in working order (just as they landed), and marched past before the Emperor. There was not a whole uniform, and barely a sound shoe to a company. Close by here is the best steeple-chase ground of France, and also the model farm and breeding establishment of His Majesty. The latter may be visited by tickets received from General Fleury or Mr. Gamble (who do not however give them as a right), and the former on application to the man at the gate, who on 'race' days will charge you 20 francs. When there is no racing the public enter free.

Getting on from thence we approach our 'final goal,' as they say in the 'Giaour,'—we get to the railway station. You can go down by 'train,' if you like, only the station is very far from English Paris. And, halt a minute! I have spoken of English Paris, and now, once for all, I tell you that there are an English and a French Paris, and that they are as different as any two cities you can imagine—as different, for instance, as Athens and Andover; Bristol and Brescia; Constantinople and Cheltenham, and so we might go on, 'with 'alliteration's artful aid,' through the whole alphabet, mutes, liquids, vowels and 'sometimes w and y' included. English Paris used to be found in that part of the map of Europe which shows us the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, as the *ne plus ultra* of lounging; and,

indeed, even now it really is the prettiest street in Paris; and if you want anything, from patent medicine to unpolished diamonds, the shops in that brilliant street are still, to quote the words of Sir Robert Peel's neighbour at dinner—'Sir Peel,' as they would say here, had taken him for a leading man in the county—'The buffers as I like, 'and as likes me!' And the 'Palais Royal.' Now, we never leave the new boulevards, and ungratefully turn our backs alike on the 'Brothers of Provence,'—(did you ever taste bouille-a-baisse? No! then go there now and do)—where we considered we found the 'only dinner in Paris,' and on numero '28,' and numero '36,' where perhaps we gave more than we received. Well, what then? Is he not blessed who gives? I wonder whether Frascati and his croupiers are blessed at this moment, or whether they have returned to their native element? But this, again, is by the way. You will find no punting or playing now in Paris, I can tell you, gentle reader, unless you belong to a club—then the door is closed with green baize, and I would rather cut out my tongue (not that I write with that member), than speak of them,—or get introduced to a Russian or Polish countess who 'receives;' and as for that—well! upon my honour, I would not! 'Experto crede,' as the Latins are said to have said, believe one on whom that little game has been tried.

English Paris now, then, begins at the Grand Hotel, and ends at the Café de la Madeleine on the south, and at the Café Riche on the north. Arrived at the railway station, we descend on Joinville sur Marne, and at once go off to the 'Tête Noire' (I heard it profanely called the 'nigger's nob,' by a youth evidently a better judge of a sign than of an inscription), and order our rooms. 'La Tête Noire' is as big as a new and 'limited' hotel; there is a garden where whole parishes might dine; avenues of private cabinets (never confuse this expression with privy councils), and whole square acres of public rooms. Who was it in some book who 'paused on the 'threshold?' We did, the first time we entered this vast caravanserai. You dine there cheaply and well, and are waited upon by servitors or rather servitresses who puzzle your French—that language which you possibly, in common with many of your countrymen, possess, 'after the school of Stratford-atte-Bow,' more ornamental than useful. 'Garçon' we know is Gallic for 'waiter!' but these are not 'waiters,' they are female! now there is no word 'garconne' in the French dictionary any more than we can find the expressive words 'mauvaise soujette,' yet I fancy there are as many he's as she's in that last category. Order your dinner, then; do not order 'fried gudgeons' or a 'matelotte,' for you will as surely have them as 'whiting pudding' and 'devilled bait' at Greenwich, or the inevitable 'duck' at the Star and Garter. The Lord be good to us, how I used to loathe that daily duck! Then go out and you will see the prettiest bit of home scenery to be found near Paris: before you runs the Marne, studded with a dozen islets, round which in summer breaks the slow current of a really bright river—a thing rare out of England—spanned by a great bridge not only built for

traffic, but trending off in small arches, which clearly prove that the Marne of the winter does not repose in the bed of the Marne of summer, but rushes about like a disreputable river-god, the cause of wide-spreading mischief. How we might moralize about this! and the effect of breaking bounds, and of too much indulgence; but, unfortunately, we only speak of water. Could we call up any

‘Spirits from the vasty deep,’

we might really do a ‘good business’ in immorality. To the left our disreputable Marne serpentines himself away through gloriously-wooded banks, and is ‘lost to sight’ (still however remaining ‘to memory dear’) among groves which we wish we could say were not of ‘poplars.’ (Confound that impertinent tree, we have it in our earliest ‘Noah’s ark,’ with the green rabbits and the pink pigs, no doubt chosen as rare specimens by the proprietor; find it on our first tour, and if we live and die abroad, are haunted by its fluffy, catterpillar-breeding shadows to our final home.)

There is a great underground canal here, 1,800 feet long, much such as you may see in Staffordshire and then, having looked at that over a bridge, and possibly thrown a stone in, turn your eyes to Saint Maur, a pretty place in a pretty situation. Here are the salient points of an ‘outing’ to Joinville, where I advise you all to go at least once. If you get bored there go back to the wood of Vincennes. There is a certain restaurant of the ‘Porte Jeune,’ where you can *eat* if you cannot *dine*—where your table is placed by the side of a calm and pellucid lake (I like feeding the ducks, but that is a vulgar taste)—where you swallow your soup to the music of an orchestra led by Dame Nature, and consisting solely of night-ingales—where you can see the native in his element (not water), eating his melon with a knife! Then you light your cigar and wander off through the wood, brilliant now with a myriad of stars, and meet your brougham at the gate which leads to Paris. I have given you an odd day, my reader, but do not neglect it. It is different from anything in England—different, and not a bore. I have done it, and will again; therefore I say, ‘Go thou and do likewise.’

Another very pretty summer’s ‘outing’ is Meudon, six miles from Paris—a railway from the other bank of the Seine—or an hour’s drive. Meudon, now the residence of Prince Napoleon, is one of the prettiest places in France, and no sportsman or other lover of forest scenery should omit to see it.

Situated on a grand terrace, the old house of Meudon looks down on one of the finest woodland districts of France. The gardens were planned by Le Nôtre, the imitations of whose stiff style may still be seen disfiguring nature’s handiwork at Hampton Court, and in some few very old and respectable English country-houses.

The following description, written by the ‘Mercantile Dandy,’ Tom Raikes, in 1834, gives a very graphic account of this residence, which has seen many vicissitudes, and been inhabited by constables

and kings, princes and parvenus—by the heirs of St. Louis—Bourbons—Napoleons—Orleans—and is now again in the hands of a Buonaparte :—‘ We went to see Meudon to-day, which belongs to the Crown, and is occasionally inhabited by the Duke of Orleans. It is a good house, but the furniture is modern—put in by Napoleon. The great beauty of the place is the terrace, and the extensive view which it commands for many leagues of the surrounding country, Paris, the Seine, etc., etc. It was built by Louvois, and left by him to his widow, who sold it to Louis XIV. for 400,000 francs and the palace of Choisy. It then became the residence of Monseigneur le Dauphin, and was afterwards pillaged in the Revolution, and then restored in the Empire. Meudon is situated on an eminence above Belle-Vue, two miles from Sèvres, and at an equal distance between Paris and Versailles.

‘ I forgot to add that it was sold to Louvois by Sabité san G. Servient, Superintendent of the Finances in the time of Louis XIV., who spent treasures in embellishing it. He entirely harried the old village, and rebuilt the new one, in order to form that beautiful and extensive terrace on the hill, which is so much admired.’

So wrote that ‘ Star of the East which set in the West,’ and who is always good reading.

Meudon is really worth seeing. The Prince has a great collection of works of art there—pictures, statues, arms, &c., &c.; he has also a pack of hounds, which hunt every Sunday in the season. The scene of a ‘burst’ through those woodlands—the hunter’s echoing horn—the many noises and much irresolute galloping—if not the least like hunting, is at least very much like Schneider, and is a picture to behold. The hunting is of course open to the public, but to see the house permission is necessary, but not very difficult to get. And this reminds me that in Paris Prince Napoleon lives in the Palais Royal, and with a little influence and a little trouble it is possible to see the palace. It contains mines of artistic wealth: pictures by David—a fresco by Julio Romano—dozens of sketches by Ingrés (after David)—some statues—a wonderful collection of arms of every date, form, and country—and finally, perhaps (if you can get permission to see the inner room—the smoking-room—the ‘unholy of unholies’), more cigars than you have ever seen out of Hudson’s or Benson’s. As snuff to the late Duke of Sussex, so cigars to the present Prince, who is indeed a noble smoker, as indeed, is the Emperor, who usually lights another cigarette as he smokes out the last. Would you like a story about his Majesty the Emperor, to relieve the rather instructive tone I am obliged to take up in this attempt to enlighten. My wish is to tell the truth not dully—

‘ Ridendo dicere verum,’

but it is not always easy; for, as we all know, ‘facts are stubborn things,’ and sometimes refuse to be amusing; so perhaps it is as well to enlighten our darkness with a flash of anecdote.

Early in 1848 Prince Louis Napoleon was sitting on the chain

pier at Brighton, talking to a friend—an Englishman. ‘Prince, is it possible that you have abandoned politics?’ asked the Englishman. ‘Que voulez vous!’ asked the Prince. ‘I am still suffering from the effects of imprisonment. As your proverb says, “What’s one man’s meat is another man’s poison.” Ham was my poison, and has nearly killed me. Still, I have betted the Princess Mathilde that I sign myself Emperor of the French in four years.’

You know, the Emperor always believed in himself—a fine creed—and used to talk—I knew it once happened at Lord Lytton’s place, Knebworth—as Prince Louis Napoleon, of what he would do as Emperor. Fortunately for France, he has realized all that he promised in that Hertfordshire smoking-room. But I am straying from my story. Go and see the Palais Royal if possible; and mind you ‘do your pictures’ properly. The Prince had another residence in Paris; a house built on the plan of the ‘Villa Diomede,’ or any of the best villas in Pompeii. When furnished, and lighted with the thousands of classical lamps that his highness had collected in his travels, it was very pretty. When seen, however, in the cold light of day, and deprived of that luxury of adornment which is required in such southern houses, it was but a poor palace. So thought his Highness, and so he sold it. The ‘Villa Diomede’ is very well in that hot corner of Pompeii (close to the dirty albergo where they sell lachryma Christi, at a remunerative price, and where the plague of flies still exists in all its intensity), where we stand and wonder; but a Pompeian villa in the Avenue Montaigne, in 1866, was an anachronism, as well as an error of climate. You may see it now for a franc, and have a concert given in. Going to a different subject altogether, I really must advise those of your readers as like such amusements—which, I confess, seem to me more fitted for an ‘old mole’ than for decent people clothed by Poole—to go and see the Catacombs. You must apply to the Hôtel de Ville, addressing yourself to the Inspector-General of Excavations; and if you have interest enough (but it is not very easy), you may get an order. If you like seeing millions of square mètres of bones; if you like wandering about under instead of in Paris, allez! don’t stint yourself; there are miles of excavations; and while we are driving quietly down the Faubourg St. Germain, you will be poking your way about, with a candle, many feet below the level of decent society. Still, go if you like; I have told you the way. I would myself as soon go an excursion up those drains, to which I have already alluded. I have been, too, into the Catacombs of Rome and Naples. In the first I saw nothing; and in the other, asking a friend what he thought of it, he replied, profanely, ‘It is like a cellar full of empty bottles!’ ‘Where,’ replied a friend, who was blundering after us, misdirected by the light of a tallow-candle (twenty-four to the pound), ‘where would you put your *dead men* if not in the tomb?’ We thought it a fine joke, and laughed consumedly. But to return to Paris—upstairs, not basement Paris. I must again lead you o ‘fresh scenes and pastures new.’

You must not neglect the markets of this metropolis ; for, in the first place, they are instructive, as showing the paternal care taken by a despotic Government for its people ; and, secondly, because they are very pretty. I have already, as it were, skimmed the cream off this subject, by taking you to those cheap retail Gardens of Eden, —entirely managed by Eves of different ages—the flower-markets, but still much remains to see. I do not suppose you will tarry long in the meat-market, or become a peripatetic philosopher in those groves of beef and mutton ; but poultry is pretty to look at, game good to view ; and then, in proper times and seasons, you will see fruit and vegetables from the five quarters of the world. If, too, you come to reside, or even stay some little time in Paris, you will find the advantage of these great wholesale-retail magazines, where you have fifty times the choice, and ten per cent. less of the extortion of the shops. Besides the great Halles Centrales, in the Rue Rambuteau, which cost a million and a half (sterling), and pays a fine dividend, there are fourteen other markets, besides the horse killing and consuming ‘company’s establishment (very limited at present), which has just, as I hear, started a ‘knackery’ of its own. These include markets for fish, meat, vegetables, fruit, flowers, hay and straw, horses (to ride and drive, not eat), cows, pigs, rabbits, and dogs.

A strong minded and stomached English country gentleman, with several farms on his own hands, may go and see the slaughter-houses in the Quartier Montmartre. I do not like ‘killing days myself, but others do ; and the bucolic stomach, as we know, is unjaded and strong. This I will say, I have never seen such a translation into modern language of the well-known words—

‘Procumbit humi Bos,’

as I saw the only time I was at that murder-house. A great ox was walked into a doorway ; a man with a mallet stood opposite ; one crashing blow, and, without an effort or a groan, that which was ox had become beef.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

‘CIRCUMSTANCES over which I had no control’ (you may, I assure you, take this very literally, for I was in bed with gout in the writing hand—gout, I should tell you, induced by a sudden return to early hours and virtuous habits, they being, in their turn, superinduced by the end of the Paris season) prevented my keeping your readers properly *au fait* of the doings and sayings of Paris in your number of ‘Baily’ for July. I owe, and moreover pay, many apologies to that select body, and ‘promise not to do so any more if I ‘can avoid it’ (especially the gout). Podagra is the devil, but gout is what Charles Lever—the lords be good to him ; they ought now the Tories are in office—calls ‘the punch band,’ is a devil, doubled, teak-built, and copper-bottomed. Well, then, I must ‘hark back’ for a moment, and try and hit on that old June scent ; fortunately, the ground is not much foiled, as few events have happened this month—events, I mean, befitting ‘Baily,’ where we do not care to publish the dire success of breech-loading, when applied to

our fellow-creatures instead of other fellows' pheasants, or the dread return which is the result of the use of that deadly quick-loader.

I must cast back, then, like a hare-hunter, and try round the Grand Prix. It is a very old story now, yet we here are never tired of talking of the triumph of that 'Grand Seigneur' the Lord of Badminton, who not only won the race like a good sportsman, but also his money; who made the best speech (in French) after the Jockey Club dinner at the 'Trois Frères' which has been heard in Paris for a long time, and when impudently dunned by 'one of those confounded writing fellows, you know,' gave 100*l.* to our Chantilly Protestant Church. Verily he shall have his reward; and I hope the Duke of Beaufort will win another and a prettier Grand Prix de Paris in the coming year of grace, and of the Universal Exhibition, 1867. By-the-by, I hear that the Jockey Club here are irate because some of the English papers criticized the shape and make of the *Objet d'Art* won by Ceylon. Now we should not, of course, 'look a gift horse in the mouth.' I never had but one given me, and I confess I did look in, and found the noble animal past mark of mouth—must, in fact, have been of age when I was a boy, which perhaps accounted for the 'gift;' but, as a rule, you should not do so. Still, with an 'Object of Art' fair criticism is allowed; and this 'object'—certainly not of 'high' art, for it was as flat as a frying-pan—was neither elegant nor classical. It is very odd that the French, whose designs for glass, china, and even household plate are beautiful, cannot make a racing-cup: they confess it themselves. Yet the country which has produced a *Gladiateur* should also be the parent of an Emmanuel or a Roskell. *Apropos* of cups, the Imperial donation given by the good sportsman who rules over France for a Great International Pigeon Handicap, will be shot for at the 'Cercle des Patineurs' in the Bois de Boulogne one day of the Grand Prix week next year. Programme for visitors—two days' racing, two days' shooting, and the rest for the Great Exhibition of everything from everywhere, with great public money added. Respecting this 'Cercle des Patineurs,' I should tell you it is a pigeon-shooting club in the summer and a skating club when it freezes. Everybody who is anybody belongs to it, and the Emperor himself frequently goes down and shoots our substitutes for 'Barber's owls.' You stand under a portico, and the traps are placed on an isthmus running into the lake. When I add that there are ladies and refreshments, I think you will admit that we treat our pigeon-slayers well.

Since the Grand Prix (Ceylon's year, as we call it) we in Paris have been deprived of legitimate horse-racing, but scarcely a week elapses without one or two meetings, some (for instance, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rouen, Nancy, &c.) very good. Close here we had semi-flat semi-cross country meetings, at Vessinet and Porchfontaine, but they were, though amusing, of little note. At one of the last meetings at La Marche, Captain Vansittart's nice little horse Snarleyow came to grief, and was much shaken. Captain William Barron has purchased a string of race-horses, to which we all wish good luck: they will be trained at Chantilly. The Duke of Hamilton with his French string has every sort of luck except that of winning. He has, as I dare say you know, just bought Cortolvin of Earl Poulett for 800*l.*

They are beginning to bet on the Omnium, but I think as yet the points of the pencils are not much worn out. Deauville, the days between Goodwood and Brighton, is to be a meeting quite above French average; and all Goodwood winners are bound to come over and spend their money, and all Goodwood losers to get back their losses. Socially, we are a little dull in

Paris. This war has played the deuce and all with what the papers call 'Fashionable Society.' Nobody knows where to go. Baden?—Too early. Hombourg?—Closed, and filled with Prussians, whose 'nadel-gewehr' is even more fatal than the deadly rake which hooked away life, or, at least, the means of living, from so many victims every year. Wiesbaden?—Can't get there. Wildbad?—Don't want; and 'so weiter und so weiter.' Two of our friends tried Norway, but they not only found no fish, but were, like Beau Brummell with the French language, defeated by the elements: *there was no water!* Now without water you cannot fish. When there has been a run on the banks of the Norwegian rivers they are indeed bankrupt (of species—that is, salmon), and there is a panic among the speculators in that hazardous investment of 'good waters.'

So we stop in Paris, and bore ourselves and the stranger without our gates. The clubs are deserted; those who have not lost all their money are, I presume, punting at the 'establishments' of French watering-places. Dreary spots! But almost every one having lost his little all by the beginning of July, the number of those playing by the 'sad sea waves' is as limited as a new company, and will, I dare say, succeed as well as the average of those deceptive institutions—as well, and no better. Society is rather like a ghost, only that it, especially of female, 'speaks when it is spoken to,' for it goes out chiefly at night. From 9 P.M. till midnight the Bois and the Elysian Fields are filled with four rows of carriages, and very possibly (but I will not say for certain, being inexperienced) the French ladies imitate the Venetian *dama*, as quoted by the divine Williams. As to their pranks, their husbands and the moon——. But we wish not to talk of that. Let us rather draw up the curtain of respectability, and go to hear Thérèse sing one of her great songs. Entrance nothing—lemonade two francs fifty, and a 'good bond' for the waiter. To be sure you will hear a coarse singer sing a song rather common than comic, but then all, even up to duchesses, are there. And shall we keep away? Forbid it, Venus à la mode! As well be out of the world as out of the fashion. Musard's, now the Champs Elysées concerts, cost tenpence; they are worth ten Thérèses, and you are not obliged to consume anything, except, perhaps, dust, which there is 'given in,' like the 'bit of timber' acquired by Mr. Brass when he purchased for Dick Swiveller that stool about which the sagacious Richard at once exclaimed, 'Why, one leg is longer than the others!' Well, barring a trifle of dust, which, after all, concerns your valet more than yourself, and, indeed, even creates a wholesome thirst, which, regard being had to the duke's or the Russian's room at the 'Golden Restaurer,' to which you will naturally come later, is not, perhaps, a bad thing, barring that provocative to noble drinking and a crashing, as of shingle, which prevents your hearing any of the music, you will get a fair franc's worth out of that tenpenny concert. I say, go there. If you cannot hear you can talk, and you may sometimes see something. I saw, for instance, only this very night was a week, the beautiful C—— of B—— going away in the coupé of the M—— of Z——, while the Count, who is nearsighted, thought he was carrying his wife's shawl behind his wife, for whom he had mistaken the fascinating Estrella, who introduces the bolero—'un bolero con fuego'—at the Comédie des Beaux Arts Nationaux. But I say again, perish all scandal, and let reputations live as long as they can—they are but short-lived here at the best of times. Still, they *do* say that the husband did get a wiggling for 'leaving me with no carriage, and 'nobody to take care of me but that horrid Marquis, whom you know I detest.

It is hot for theatricals. High art, you see, will not keep, and is therefore unfitted for this temperature. Dramas are a delusion and operas a snare. Yet I must tell you of the great success of the French translation of 'Arrah-na-Pogue' at the Gaietés. It is a charming performance, admirably put on the stage, and has already gained for Mr. Dion Boucicault a great reputation in those boulevards where critics most do congregate and more do talk.

'OUR VAN.'

INVOICE.—July Jottings.

JULY has been more important in its political, than its sporting results, and the telegrams of Reuter have superseded those of Wright. The knockings out in the foreign markets have been more numerous than in the home ones, and even the Northumberland Plate did not produce more dead 'uns than the operations of Bismarck, who got all he could for his employers in a manner that showed him to be an experienced workman. By his means we learn that the Kings of Saxony, Hanover, and a lot of minor German Platers were 'struck out,' with as little ceremony as Honesty at Newcastle. And, although a great deal of sympathy has been expressed for them, the author is as indifferent to them as Lord Glasgow to the remonstrances of the Press against his not naming his horses. It is lucky, perhaps, for the Sporting world, that they have been kept in some sort of excitement from the wars and rumours of wars, for on the racecourses they have found it very difficult to get up a sensation, as, since Stockbridge, scarce a racehorse has galloped except at Newmarket, where the July and Chesterfield made out Achievement to be superior to Crucifix, and great must be her breeder's estimate of her when he refused eight thousand for her transfer to another stable. It is singular that if she is compared with the pictures of Alice Hawthorne, her resemblance to her is wonderful, and she might be described as a perfect second edition of Heseltine's wonderful mare. Like Alice, she requires very little training, and we understand Col. Pearson is going to run her right through her engagements, which certainly must be admitted to be a bold undertaking; but then we believe 'Fortuna juvat fortes' to be his motto. At least the Sikhs, and they are not bad judges, consider it to be, when they saw him dashing among them with his troop, like a light weight making running in a large handicap across the Flat at Newmarket. During the four days to which The July is now extended, dulness and fair weather predominated, and the Ring were more occupied in discussing the new Ministerial appointments, especially the Sporting ones, than seeking for fresh favourites for forthcoming events. The Duke of Beaufort's nomination for the Mastership of the Horse was voted the best that could be made, as it was felt he would have a place for everything, and everything in its place, and he would be sure to turn his knowledge of horses and taste in equipages to good account. The Lord of Croome was assigned the Buck Hounds, and as he goes well across a country, no one could show cause against it, but subsequent events went to show his Lordship, to use a Turf vulgarism, 'was never in the 'hunt.' When Lord Courtenay's name was read out for the Secretaryship of the Admiralty, the political Members of the Ring cordially endorsed it, as they conceived, and not wrongfully, we think, that his Lordship was just the sort of person to put down pleasantly the troublesome inquiries of a Radical

Member for a Naval Borough, relative to the expenditure of an Iron-clad. But here 'the Prophets were floored to a man,' as his Lordship had to give way to Lord Henry Lennox, likewise known to our readers, as well as to the Sporting World generally, from his connection with the Goodwood Stable; and if he work as laboriously at the Portsmouth, Woolwich, and Chatham establishments as he did at that of John Kent's, we have no fear of Lord Derby regretting having put him into training. Lord Bradford, as successor to Lord Sydney, we opine will demonstrate that a brilliant horseman and fine sportsman can tell what is fitted for the Stage and the Music Hall, as well as one who has been bred up in the musty traditions of the Drama, and who can recollect Hazlitt, and always gave the preference to a five-act tragedy in blank verse, to a three-act comedy of modern life. Of Lord Colville, the new Master of the Buck Hounds, we know nothing but what is favourable, and it is to be hoped he will persevere with the Reform Bill which Lord Cork brought in when he came into office, and which was found to give such perfect satisfaction to those who hunted with the Royal Pack. General Peel, as Secretary at War, will be as much at home in his office as on his hack at Newmarket, and it is gratifying to find, even during the short time he has been in power, he has paid as cordial testimony to the value of the Press in relation to the descriptive letters of Doctor Russell from Austria, as he did to those of 'Argus' in the memorable Tarragona controversy, which it seems has not yet exhausted itself. The accession of Lord Naas to the Secretaryship for Ireland, we are not surprised to learn was joyfully hailed by Irish Sportsmen, as likely to prove beneficial to their Turf, as his Lordship will be enabled to bring his official influence to bear upon the vital question to his countrymen, of how to improve the breed of horses in Ireland, so as to make the rearing of them a profitable speculation to the small farmers and country gentlemen of the Emerald Isle.

And here we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity which presents itself of remarking that our auguries of the success of the Palmerstown Breeding Association have been borne out by the results, as at the last General Meeting a dividend of four per cent. was paid to the shareholders; and when the remaining shares are taken up, and the hands of the Company strengthened, so that they can better develop the resources of their establishment, which is valuable both in a national and private point of view, the present dividend (a very fair one for a young Company) we are satisfied will be much increased. The stock at the present time consists of three stallions, twenty-two mares, and thirteen foals; and we do not consider the Association made a bad bargain when they sold a baker's dozen of yearlings to the Marquis of Conyngham for nine hundred and twenty pounds. In looking over the balance sheet, it is impossible not to be struck with the moderate nature of the expenditure, which shows Lord Naas does not keep more cats than will catch mice, while the condition of the animals on the premises is as faultless as a Blenkiron or a Ransom could desire. Altogether Lord Derby's Ministry, although combining such a sportive element, is made up of such men of business and high character, that we see no reason why it should not win its trial with the people, notwithstanding they set them a great thing to do between this and next Session, with their favourite champion Reform. The proceedings on Friday were commenced by an affair, which, we are happy to state, we did not witness, viz, a match between a Soiled Dove and a Reigning Beauty, in which the former had the best of the encounter. And when we consider the blameless lives of the parties to it, we are rather surprised they should not have studied the *convenances* of the Heath better.

From Newmarket in the south, to Newcastle in the north, is rather a long journey, but we must ask our readers to put on their seven-leagued boots, and accompany us to what we may very fairly term 'The City of the Dead,' for the number of corpses in the Northumberland Plate fairly justifies the appellation. Why Newcastle should be selected for such 'layings out' as annually take place there, we have never been able to understand, except we suppose the operators adopt the Eastern system of 'burning their dead,' and therefore evince a preference for a place where coals are to be had for the asking. The race-course, we are happy to find, is much improved, which it required to be, for all 'Morgues' are neat. It is strange the chief contributor to its contents this year was a Master-man; but even he had his subordinates, who knew their business thoroughly, as the patient public have found to their cost by this time; and prayers have been put up by the victimised backers to the Admiral that he will mete out justice in September to the culprits, who require to have it firmly impressed on their minds that honesty is the best policy. The brothers Dawson are as well known in the North as the Corsican ones at the Princess's, and make the Northumberland Plate one of their *specialities*. Mat first brought Pimate, with a high character, from his see at Russley, and Tom came up with Rococo, with an equally good reputation from Hambleton, from a very stiff examination with Harry Brailsford, which made the partners in the great China House, to whom he belongs, imagine the representative of Hong Kong would take away the Plate; and with this idea, which was uppermost in their minds, they resolved it should not be an empty one. In the end the supplies were voted to him quite as freely as to the ecclesiastical horse, and to this pair the struggle was confined, and as soon as they got half-way up the straight, the good-looking son of Gemma di Vergy came away, and negating the idea that he could not stay two miles, won as cleverly as his owner or breeder could have desired. Red Earl, after all that was said, ran as straight as his master, and Miss Haworth went amiss on the morning, and suffered much from there being such a bad pace from the first. Windham, who seems to be as great an evergreen as the statesman after whom he is named, looked magnificent, and performed equally as well, but the sin he committed at Liverpool being visited on him here, stopped a repetition of his victories.

To see Lord Zetland with a racehorse again was a pleasure, and with El Cid and Podargus we hope the foundation of a new era of Voltigeurs and Videttes has been laid. It is true we have no Robert Hill to train, or John Marson to ride them, but still, while the good Earl has a colour in 'The Calendar,' hundreds of Yorkshiremen and Southrons will be found to back it. Carlisle still holds its own, despite of Dean Close, who wages as pertinacious a war against the Meeting as the Marquis of Townshend against the doorstep beggars of the metropolis. The old border sport of wrestling still divides with the natives their love for the Turf, and although the present Milos have not yet attained the distinction of the Canns and Polkinghornes of former days, the crowds that assemble to witness the contests prove that muscular Christianity has yet its followers and admirers. The Cumberland Plate is the only race which is looked for on a tissue; and Mr. Parr, who was on his way to Scotland to look out for a new moor, the lease of his old one having expired, took a regular Flatcatcher with him to get hold of it, which he did after a sharpish struggle, and the young one so appropriately named served his master quite well enough to keep up the prestige of his name. Hungerford was given up to Treen, gipsies, and small betting men, who quarrelled over the Northumberland

Plate like schoolboys over a twelfth cake ; and the running over the Handicap confirmed in some measure the operations relative to Morris Dancer for the Cæsarewitch last year. Worcester saw Lord Coventry present in spirit, but absent in person, at least so stated the journals which are supposed to represent his opinions, and the short supply of horses testified that the proceedings of the last Meeting had not been rubbed out of the recollection of those who usually support the Pitchcroft of 'The Faithful City.' However, in the autumn, all cause for disunion, it is said, has been removed, and Worcester will be itself again ; therefore we will not stir up muddy water, but express our satisfaction that the contending parties have found a satisfactory basis to treat upon, and all differences have been arranged upon terms becoming to those who took so active a part in the struggle, which at one time assumed very much the character of the Kilkenny cats. Life Guardsman, who could not quite stay the Liverpool Cup course, won the Worcestershire Stakes, which was a quarter of a mile shorter, and a very badly executed commission resulted in a very small profit to the owner of the hero of the Dee Stakes *émeute* at Chester. The Berkshire circuit had no special case tried on it, either at Abingdon or Reading. It was at the latter place the Duke of Newcastle commenced with his new stud, but we regret he could not be congratulated on his Misfortune, who, stumbling on the post, not only upset herself, but the calculations of his Grace and friends. Mr. Brayley, who does a good business in the Plate line in this district, fully kept up the fun of the fair, and his 'samples' were duly appreciated. Nottingham received strong support from the head of the House of Donnington, who seems to have taken the Meeting in hand, and to have weakened the strength of the Barber dynasty, which has been for years omnipotent in the Sherwood territory. Mr. Greville's old mare Bradamante, which was left to Mr. Payne, must have got back to her Stamford form, as she won the big Handicap without much trouble ; and Soapstone, the last of the Touchstones, came out in an entire new line of character, viz., as a Queen's Plater, and the *début* was a successful one.

Stamford was as aristocratic as ever, and more harmoniously conducted than usual, there being no weighing-room disputes, and Mr. Merry would seem to have lived down the opposition which his appointment as *chargé d'affaires* brought down on him. The Lord of the land, we regretted to hear, was an absentee from the state of his health, which still continues very delicate, but his duties were well filled by Lord Burghley, who doubtless will take care the blue and white stripes are perpetuated in the Calendar. For the Burghley they made Pintail the favourite, from being supposed to be many pounds superior to Bradamante, but she could do nothing with the Oaks winner, who was 'a tormentor' to all the lot, from the start to the end. And as she dressed over Elland just as easily the next day, the next yearling out of her dam is pretty near sure to get into the four-figure list at the Hampton Court exposition. The home-bred yearlings went off pretty well, and the Brother to Knight of the Crescent, which went to Mr. Stirling Crawford, would have realised considerably more but for a mistake on the part of Mr. Chaplin, who wanted him very much. In good looks he is quite equal to his illustrious brother, whom John Scott is endeavouring to get round by Doncaster. In the two-year old races Vauban took his own part manfully, and from the style he cut down Friponnier, when Messrs. Pryor and Hawkesley put down their money—as if price was a matter of indifference—it makes the well-named Brother to Todleben as good, if not the very best, outsider we have yet seen

for the Derby. Few provincial meetings have a better future before them than Huntingdon, and as lady manageresses generally succeed at theatres, perhaps the same success may attend them at race meetings, if they show half the energy of the Duchess of Manchester, who by the aid of her friends has made Huntingdon as fashionable as Goodwood. In the minor details some amendments are needed, such as a greater number of exits and entrances, and a refreshment room in the Stand for a hungry and thirsty Ring, as well as for those who have not the privilege of the entrée to the carriage hampers on the course. It is singular the advantages of Huntingdon have only just been appreciated, for it combines every requisite for racing, being within an easy reach of Newmarket and all the southern stables, and the course is quite as good as that of Doncaster. The racing needs no dwelling upon, but old Oberon, who won the Handicap, will soon become as associated with Huntingdon as the veteran I am not Aware of former days; and it is singular the two fairy horses, Oberon and King Charming, were so close together that the Arbiter of their destinies found almost as much difficulty in dividing them as a Board of Guardians' surgeon would experience in separating the Siamese twins. The Two-Year Old race brought out a fine leathering colt in King Victor, but he was too big, and looked more like a mare in foal, so much so that no one would touch him, and Mr. Bevill, without a guinea on him, saw him beat Opoponax by a short head, much to the annoyance of 'the Plungers,' who got 'a real header' thereby. Goodwood looms brilliantly in the future, and the Bognorites are looking forward to an unprecedented harvest. From a very long experience we should have considered it to be impossible for these human locusts to have 'put up their weights;' but where a hundred and fifty guineas was not considered sufficient for a villa for five days, their millennium may be said to have arrived.

Leaving the 'Post for the Paddock,' we must now tread back our steps to Middle Park, where we found another Saturday Review of Mr. Blenkiron's. The day was quite a Cup day, in more senses than one, and several of them were run for with better fields than we sometimes see on the crack courses. The lot, as a whole, must be pronounced a most useful one, although in some instances they lacked the quality of the June series. As was generally anticipated, the Stockwell colt out of Typee got to the head of the poll, Count Batthyany plumping for him most unreservedly. He had a fine frame, but wanted time, and is just the sort of colt for John Dawson to wait with. The Orlando colt out of Gossamer, which William Day bought for Sir Frederick Johnstone, took our fancy as much as anything, as he is bound, as the trainers would say, to race. The Weatherbits were all very useful; and the filly out of Kate, which Mr. George Angell got hold of, was one of the best movers we ever saw. Lord Winchelsea, who is going to try his luck again with William Day, did not make a bad selection when he took the Newminster filly out of Naughty Boy's dam; and the Pastrycook colt went almost with one consent to the Admiral, who looked in the best of spirits, and seemed very pleased with the manner in which the audience endorsed the compliments of Mr. Edmund Tattersall. The Dundee colt out of Exact was the cheapest lot that was put up, and Mr. T. V. Morgan, we fancy, will not regret his venture, although the colt is rather light of limb. The prices on the whole were quite as good as could be expected, when so many of the great guns were absent, for the June sale will always be considered an exceptional one. Mr. Bell's lot next made their appearance, and quite justified the reports that had

been prevalent about them; and M. Cavaliero and the Viennoise sportsmen will read with pleasure of See Saw out of Margery Daw, and a Buccaneer all over, going for 700 guineas; and it is lucky, perhaps, that peace is being proclaimed, or the Prussians might have taken and kept him *en revanche* for the loss of Saunterer, who, we may observe, held an undress reception after the sale, as did likewise King John. It is needless to add that both horses bore looking into well. The Piper, a rare good-looking Trumpeter out of Maggie Lauder, kept up the fame of the Danebury sire, and may be said to have played a good tune to realise in a few minutes 420 guineas, which Mr. Pryor gave for him. Gloire de Dijon, another Trumpeter out of Creeping Rose, was one of the thickest and most racing-like fillies that have been put up this year, and we hope Captain Cooper, who got her for 350 guineas, will have more luck with her than he has had with some of his recent ventures. Altogether Mr. Bell has made a good start, and if he keeps to his present style of yearling, he will be placed amongst the foremost breeders of the age. Mr. Mather's Prime Ministers were disposed of at Knightsbridge on a very good day, and it might have been imagined that the success of Mr. Pitt, who won ten races last year, would have done something for them. But although they were all as handsome as paint, their want of size told against them, except in the case of Mr. Snewing's Prince George, who, from his commanding look and excellent shape, ran up to 400 guineas in no time. Mr. Mather, we believe, is now going to distribute his mares among bigger horses, such as Blair Athol and Thormanby, and we are satisfied he will find the benefit of the step. And now we are on the topic of Yearling Sales, we imagine we cannot do better than call attention to the new scheme propounded by the proprietor of the East Acton Stud Farm to endeavour to neutralise the effect of the climate of the North on yearlings that are bred for sale, and to invite our readers' opinions upon it. We believe it to be a universally-admitted fact that the young stock bred in the North do not come up to the hammer in the same forward condition as the Southern young ones, although they may be equally valuable from their good looks, and breeding. And it is suggested that after a sufficient number of first-class boxes have been erected, that Noblemen and Gentlemen should have their yearlings sent up in the early part of the spring, so as to have the range of the excellent paddocks which are to be found at Acton, and be got ready for sale under the superintendence of the owners' own servants, who would have the same control over them as if they were at home. By this step the yearlings would have the same chance given to them as those of Middle Park or Hampton Court; and as East Acton is not above three-quarters of an hour from Tattersall's, they would be always open to the inspection of those who were interested in them. As a place of sale also, it would be unrivalled, as yearlings always appear to so much more advantage on a green than in a yard; and the same appliances for supplying luncheons and other refreshments exist even in a greater degree than at the establishments we have already mentioned. The proposition has already received the cordial support of the Breeders to whom it has been suggested, and by this time next year we have no doubt the scheme will be in full working order, and the benefit of it duly experienced by both vendor and purchaser.

The Horse and Hound Show is stirring up all the Yorkshire hearts, and like as with the National Hunt Steeple Chases, the Committee have gone into it with an earnestness that has already insured the perfect success of the undertaking. The entries of horses exceed considerably those of any other exhibi-

tion, there being no less than 514 horses put down for competition, which is 179 more than were entered last year. The Hound entry has also progressed wonderfully, there being 79 more than there were shown at Doncaster at the last anniversary. Of Judges they have a strong Bench, and we are glad to record they are a little more active and clear-minded than their Irish brethren, and there can be no doubt of their 'rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.'

In the Hound List the Badminton, Cotswold, Heythrop, Wynnstay, Puckeridge, Grove, Vale of White Horse, Lord Portsmcuth, Lord Poltimore, and the New Forest will be represented, and at the same time the whole strength of the Yorkshire kennels will be brought to bear upon them. Altogether it will be a grand field day for Yorkshiremen, and we only wish Sir Tatton could have been spared to witness it. The Prince and Princess of Wales will have a private stand for their accommodation, and we learn that the fear that the Prince may feel a little out of his element at Bishopthorpe has not abated, and it is considered he would be much more at home with an S. B. at some of those splendid seats within easy reach of York, than at the Palace, where the code of etiquette must naturally be stricter than at the abode of a lay Peer. However, as the Heir to the Throne had nowhere else to lay his head except at Bishopthorpe, and has the kindest and prettiest of hostesses, we hope all will come well of it; and we are satisfied that his Royal Highness will find no more staunch adherents than among the hunting men of Yorkshire.

The Eton and Harrow agitation relative to the umpire's decision seems to be gradually subsiding, but those who once witnessed it are not likely to forget it, and none but a spectator could have believed that party feeling between the old and young hands on both sides could have developed itself to such an extent. As is natural with those who educate public opinion, we lean to the side of authority, when we see no reason to doubt its integrity. The Prince of Wales, it will be seen, has taken to the flannel jacket very kindly, and met with no complaisant bowler, as some people might have fancied. In playing at Sandringham with I Zingari, whom he entertained, he occupied the post in the field called 'short leg,' and the Duke of Cambridge, who has evidently never studied the game, reading this statement in the papers, it is said was very indignant; 'as of course,' he said, 'if the Prince makes himself so common, they are sure to make their vulgar jokes about his short legs!'

Among the fêtes of the month there have been none more agreeable than the Dramatic Show, which would hardly have come under our notice, but for the Fairy Betting Ring and enclosure, in which we found ourselves with no other companion than the Special Commissioner of the Field, who lured us inside on the same principle of the fox without a tail representing to his more fortunate acquaintances that the part of his person of which he had been deprived was neither a useful nor ornamental appendage. Whether the attendants at the Palace that day were all Welshers we cannot say, but their absence from the Ring would leave one to draw that inference, or else the joke was not understood by the millions. The prophecies sold by good-looking female jockeys were not at all bad, and the prediction of Dalby for the Chester Cup next year was received with immense laughter from the reasons that were assigned for it, but these having already appeared in print, there is no reason for giving them again.

Our racing news is not very extensive or very exclusive, but such as we

have is at the service of those for whom we have to purvey. The Dukes of Hamilton and Newcastle have each been supplied with studs by Mr. Padwick, the largest buyer and seller of racehorses in the kingdom. The price he got for the present lots has not yet transpired, but none of his friends are uneasy about his having committed a suicidal act when he parted with them out of his hands. Sensation bets are still the order of the day, or rather night, and the latest one received is that of 40,000*l.* between Hermit and Palmer for the Derby, made by their respective owners, which is a certain proof they both think well of them. And as they are of substantial means, and had previously backed their animals, the wager is not open to the objections which would have attached to it in other hands. The Duke of Hamilton is now the hero of the hour, but has not yet been very successful with his team; however, we suppose his turn will come in good time, and we are assured he is coming out in great force at Baden, where he will have eight horses, and his great ambition is to carry off the Grand Steeple Chase there, which promises to be unusually interesting from the number of German animals that are going to have a cut at Effenberg for it. It is fortunate for the Badenites that they should have escaped all the horrors of the state of siege to which Homburg, its great rival, and Weisbaden, were exposed; and while each of those places has had the military quartered upon them, and their amusements interfered with, Baden has had its balls, concerts, and fêtes, as if Germany was at peace with the whole world. And now there is a prospect of a cessation of hostilities, the Germans will be only too glad to be enabled to witness the running of their horses, which, up to the present time, they have been unable to do.

The entry for the Grand Prix is a good one, and there is every probability, we learn, of the colours of the Squire of Wantage being seen for the first time in the Black Forest with Flatcatcher; and should his old attendant, George Hall, accompany him, we are certain he will be an object of reverence by German and French jockeys. Dalby is another celebrity who is said to be going for it, and the presence of a double Chester Cup winner on the green sward of Iffenheim will be looked upon as one of the marvels of the present age, and a striking sign of the times. The scratching of Gladiateur for the Goodwood Cup has revived the old outcry against Count La Grange, who, although he has become an honorary member of our Jockey Club, is yet refused the privilege of the rest of that body of striking out a horse that cannot be trained without asking the consent of those who had backed him without his knowledge or advice. That he is well we are aware; but one look at his off fore leg, which miraculously did not give way at Ascot, we are convinced would satisfy his bitterest opponent that his chance was utterly gone. The idea that Count La Grange is indifferent about Cups is so erroneous that we feel bound to contradict it, for if there is one prize more than another a French nobleman or gentleman is ambitious of winning it is the Goodwood Cup, and we well recollect how great was the triumph in Paris when Jouvence first took it across the Channel. The pæans were also renewed when Monarque defeated all our cracks, so that how such a surmise as that to which we allude could have got into circulation we are at a loss to imagine. The numerous admirers of the Druid will learn with pleasure that he is sufficiently recovered from his severe illness to be up and stirring again, and will make his first reappearance before a York audience at the Hound Show; and we read with satisfaction that, while he was, as it were, so dead amiss as to cause us to be apprehensive of seeing him again *in propria personâ*, the Royal Agricultural Society awarded him

their Twenty Pound Prize for his treatise on 'Mountain Breeds of Sheep,' a companion paper to the one on Shorthorns, which also gained him a similar distinction; and as he had been on the tramp for the materials from Sutherlandshire to Cornwall, and was salivated with wet on Dartmoor, we cannot help thinking 'the added money' might have reached a larger sum.

Our Mortuary Table happens, fortunately, to contrast very much from that of last month, for it is a perfect blank. Jem Mason, we are sorry to learn, is gradually declining, but retains his spirits remarkably well; and as some misunderstanding prevails as to the nature of the subscription which was got up at Tattersall's a short time since, we will put the matter in its proper light. In the first place we are glad to state this excellent sportsman and most exquisite horseman across country is surrounded by every worldly comfort, and the kindness of his friends is unceasing. But from being unable to attend to business for the last fifteen months, he has been unable to make that provision for those about him which he would liked to have done. And this idea preyed upon him so much, that Mr. Campbell of Monzie, started a subscription with fifty pounds at the head of it, in order that it might form a small fund to effect the object in view. It is due to the famed pilot of Lottery and other steeple-chase cracks to state that he is in perfect ignorance of the project, which has been instituted from the best of motives. A new invention in shooting-jackets has just been submitted to us, which, from its extreme novelty, deserves to be known, particularly at this season of the year. It consists of a Tweed ordinary shooting-jacket without sleeves of any kind or description, those being attached to the accompanying waistcoat. Consequently the freedom given to the arm in shooting is considerably increased, and the ease to the wearer much heightened. The waistcoat when worn by itself, like the chest of drawers, 'contrives a double debt to pay,' and may be worn during cricket, croquet, fishing, or any other outdoor amusements. The inventors are the well-known firm of Smallpage and Co., of Maddox Street, Bond Street, and we have no doubt an inspection of the article will confirm the truth of our remarks.



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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. THOMAS CHAMBERLAYNE.

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1866.

DIARY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	Partridge Shooting commences.
2	S	FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
3	M	Last Day for the sale of Salmon.
4	Tu	Warwick Races.
5	W	Baden Races.
6	Th	Leicester Races.
7	F	Grand Steeple Chase at Baden.
8	S	
9	S	FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
10	M	Comparing Day at Tattersall's for The Leger.
11	Tu	Doncaster Races.
12	W	The St. Leger Day.
13	Th	Doncaster Races.
14	F	The Doncaster Cup.
15	S	Anniversary of the Death of Captain Speke, 1864.
16	S	SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
17	M	Settling Day at Tattersall's for Doncaster.
18	Tu	Richmond and Canterbury Races.
19	W	Richmond and Canterbury Races.
20	Th	Monmouth Races.
21	F	Manchester Races.
22	S	First St. Leger run for in 1788.
23	S	SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
24	M	Settling Day at Tattersall's.
25	Tu	Newmarket First October Meeting.
26	W	Newmarket Races. The Blenkiron Plate Day.
27	Th	Walsall and Edinburgh Races.
28	F	Newmarket First October ends.
29	S	Michaelmas Day.
30	S	EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Chamberlaine

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. THOMAS CHAMBERLAYNE.

IN a Magazine devoted to the record and illustration of our National Sports and Pastimes, it is only befitting that Yachting, from the manliness of its nature, as well as its value to a maritime country like our own, should have its proper representative given to the world. And in selecting for that character Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne, whose name is as familiar to the Salts on the South Coast as that of Admiral Rous at Newmarket, we flatter ourselves we have selected the right man for the right place, and that no opposition will be offered to our candidate.

Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne, of Cranbury Park, near Southampton, was born in 1805, and is descended in a direct line from the Count de Tankerville, whose younger son, John de Tanquerville, was Lord Chamberlayne to King Henry I., and from hence the name was derived. Mr. Chamberlayne graduated at Magdalene College, Oxford, and succeeded to his large estates in Hampshire and Leicestershire in 1834, when he commenced what he still carries on, viz., an active support of all the amusements and sports of his native country; and, as his fame as a yachtsman and a cricketer are pretty equally divided, we will take him in each of his characters, and endeavour to do justice to them.

Residing within a few miles of so celebrated a yachting quarter as Southampton, his taste for that amusement was fostered by the example of his friends; and he soon joined them with a determination, if possible, to surpass them. Where there is a will, there is a way; and Mr. Chamberlayne, who is as great a mechanic as the Duke of Sutherland, resolved to construct a vessel which could contend for the honours of Cowes, Ryde, and Southampton, without disgracing herself. With this view, and to obtain a good foundation for his work, he purchased the old hull of a celebrated cutter, called the 'Arrow,' which had been built many years before by that excel-

lent yachtsman, Mr. Joseph Weld, of Lulworth Castle. This hull had been stripped of everything, and was lying, full of water and mud, on the shore of Itchen Bridge, preparatory to being broken up for firewood; and from her midship section he built a cutter of 84 tons, calling her after the old vessel, the 'Arrow,' which has ever since been the terror of every squadron in which her pennant has flown. Than her *début*, nothing could have been more successful; as, when she came out, she won the Royal Squadron Prize, that was given for vessels sailing round the Isle of Wight, by four hours and a half; Mr. William Delafield's 'Dryad' being second. Such an exhibition would, with most men, have been deemed sufficient proof of her capabilities; but Mr. Chamberlayne was not content, and, by lengthening her and increasing her tonnage, he improved both her speed and comfort; and we need say no more of her qualifications than that she has won cups and prizes to the amount of Two Thousand Pounds; and, to borrow a simile from the Turf, she has been quite a Rataplan and Fisherman among the Queen's Plates, and it has been almost impossible to handicap her. In the construction of the 'Arrow,' and in the sailing of her in her races, the object of Mr. Chamberlayne has ever been to prove to the most sceptical, that a fast vessel is not necessarily the most uncomfortable one, as the noblemen and gentlemen who have cruised with him will testify. As much has been said and written about the 'Arrow's' victory over the 'America,' a concise account of that race may not be uninteresting, or out of place.

The course was round the Isle of Wight, leaving the Nab Lightship on the starboard hand; and the excitement at Ryde, Cowes, Portsmouth, and, indeed, in every yachting port, was very great, and large sums were depending upon it. The 'Arrow,' however, we should state, laboured under a serious drawback, in being disappointed of a new mainsail, and consequently had to be sailed with an old one; and when off St. Katherine's Point, was beaten to windward both by the 'America' and 'Musquito,' which vessels rounded the Needles in advance of her, the 'Musquito' being eleven minutes, and the 'America' about nine before her. Here again we must borrow the language of the Turf, and state that the 'Arrow' then began to draw up, and passed both the 'Musquito' and 'America' between Egypt and Cowes, and beat them easily. Indeed she would have come in a long way ahead of the 'America,' if it had not been for the tactics of that celebrated yacht sailor, Jack Nicholl, who, as the wind was dead off, kept the 'Musquito' close astern of the 'Arrow,' and of course stopped her.

After this victory, many persons, wishing to disparage an English vessel by lauding a foreign one, asserted that if the 'America' had been sailed by a native crew, the result would have been very different. But, unfortunately for such an argument, the 'America' on this occasion sailed a far longer course than when she beat the 'Aurora,' of 42 tons, and did the distance in 2 hours and 10 minutes less time. She also, on this occasion, had the assistance of Mr.

James Lyon, a match in yacht sailing for any Yankee that ever went afloat.

But this was not the only triumph which Mr. Chamberlayne acquired as a yacht-builder; for, wishing to try a new bow before giving it to the 'Arrow,' he constructed a small 12 ton vessel, called the 'Quiver,' and, before she was quite finished, he sailed her in the Thames Yacht Club Regatta, and won the prize, beating eight of the fastest vessels in the squadron; and on his second and third visits to the Thames, he achieved a series of similar triumphs. He then broke her up, as he found her rather wet in a seaway, from the fineness of her bow.

The third vessel which owes its origin to Mr. Chamberlayne's ideas of construction is the 'Rosebud,' the property of his son-in-law, Sir Bruce Chichester, and which was designed to show that a keel is a perfectly useless appendage to the midship of a vessel; and as a cutter so designed is a novelty, we may state, for our sea-going readers, that she is registered 38 tons, her length being 59 feet, while her breadth is 14 feet; the height of head-room in her main cabin is 7 feet; and she carries 33 tons of ballast, and draws only 8 feet of water. After a successful *début* at the Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta, she had to be laid up for an alteration in her rudder, and was, unfortunately, so strained that, from her leakage, she has been unable to sail since; but in the course of the winter the necessary alterations for remedying this defect will be made. It may not be inappropriate to remark that Mr. Chamberlayne has a private building-yard on his property at Northern, near Southampton, and that the whole of the work is done by his ship's carpenter, under his own personal supervision, which is an instance of devotion but very rarely witnessed among gentlemen of his fortune and position. That his mechanical turn of mind is not solely devoted to nautical matters is proved by his having invented and patented two modes of preventing accidents on railroads, which have met with the approval of the chief engineers in the north and south of England; and in all sections of mechanics he may be regarded as one of the leading authorities and experimentalists of the day. But our limits warn us to leave the deck of the 'Arrow' and the workshop of the *Savan* for the cricket-field of Lord's and Southampton, where for years the subject of our sketch held the highest offices.

The fame of Hampshire as a cricket county is too well known to dwell upon, and the Hambledon Club is one of the oldest in England, as the chroniclers assure us. But its renown was gradually expiring when Mr. Chamberlayne came into his estates. His first step to revive the prestige of his favourite game was by making a beautiful ground at Cranbury, and getting together an Eleven second to none in England, containing such well-known names as Bathurst, Lee, Townsend, Payne, Louth, Ridding, and Garnier. With these he very presumptuously, as was thought at the time, challenged the Marylebone Club at Lord's. The result of

the contest, however, was a victory by Hampshire of 47 runs ; and in the Return Match at Cranbury they won by two wickets. This gave new life to the spirit of the noble game, and a call for a new County Club arose, which was established, in 1859, under the title of the South Hants Cricket Club, which is still flourishing, having witnessed in its career the rise and fall of many other clubs in the county. Mr. Chamberlayne shortly after succeeded that stanch and liberal supporter of cricket, Sir John Bayley, as President of the Marylebone Club, and on his retirement he nominated the Earl of Winterton as his successor, a nomination which met with universal concurrence. Among coursers Mr. Chamberlayne was at one time almost as well known as among yachtsmen, as by the aid of his friend the late Duke of Gordon, who obtained for him the valuable services of his celebrated trainer, John Newton, of Burton-on-Trent, who was a pensioner of his Grace, he got together a fair kennel of greyhounds, which at Ashdown Park, Debtford Inn, and Eversley, were very frequent winners. On his retirement from coursing he made his trainer a present of his entire kennel. For a few years he kept and hunted a pack of harriers, and showed fair sport over the country now hunted by that good sportsman Mr. Dear, of Winchester. On giving up he distributed his pack between Mr. King, of the Hambledon, and Mr. Yeatman, of Stockdown, whose reputation with harriers needs no comment from us ; and a third part he sent to India to hunt jackals, of which they gave a good account. Although a very strict game preserver, he is still a stanch preserver of foxes ; and in his covers, where four or five hundred pheasants may be killed in a morning, it is no unusual occurrence to see three or four foxes on foot. This fact certain Yorkshire landowners should ' read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,' for the Masters of Hounds in that country would give their ears for a similar state of things. And as a proof of the correctness of Mr. Chamberlayne's opinions that foxes and pheasants will live together in amity, provided the owner of the coverts is a sportsman and his servants honest, we will give the following instance for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

A short time back in one of the main earths in Cranbury Park there was a litter of cubs, and Mr. Chamberlayne took several friends and showed them the prints of their pads at the mouth of the earth, and the remains of rabbits, rats, and rooks with which the keepers fed them. At the same time, without moving from the spot, he pointed out to them some low brambles, under which a hen pheasant was sitting on nine eggs.

To driving Mr. Chamberlayne has long been devoted, and his handsome team of greys are as well known in Rotten Row as in Hampshire. Contrary to the opinion of the late Sir Henry Peyton, and some other members of the Four-in-Hand Club, that big horses will not stand hard work, Mr. Chamberlayne never will look at an animal for his coach under 16·2, and his wheelers are occasionally over 17·1. Grey is his favourite colour, and that they do not

knock up is tested by his having driven some of them until they were eighteen or nineteen years old. Of the stables at Cranbury, built and designed under his own superintendence, both Hampshire and Mr. Chamberlayne may well be proud. Erected at an expense of 20,000*l.*, they are matchless in style, and their interior economy must be seen to be appreciated; and even Mr. Gamble, the *Écuyer* to the Emperor of the French, might take a hint from them, which is no small thing to say in their favour.

On the Turf Mr. Chamberlayne has not figured so conspicuously as in the other amusements in which he has taken part, but he had a few animals at one time at Danebury; but they are scarcely worthy of being reproduced; and by his running of Rosalie at the Crewkerne and Hambledon Steeple-chases, he would seem to have a growing inclination for that sport.

By this sketch of Mr. Chamberlayne's career, it will be seen he is no ordinary man, and no useless member of society, for he has brought his wealth to bear upon the fruition of his talents with the best results; and instead of hoarding up his money, he has devoted it in promoting the amusements of his friends and fulfilling in every respect the duties of an English country gentleman. In private life he is as much respected as in his public sphere, and Hampshire may well be proud of him.

HEAVY BETTING.

BY THE 'GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

I AM not mistaking the Royal Exchange Buildings for a stone pulpit, nor 'Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes' for a 'New Book of Homilies,' but that need not prevent my offering, and the reader accepting, a seasonable word of advice on the subject of heavy betting. I am sure it is wanted: for if the object of gentlemen and others connected with the Turf be the welfare of that innocent suckling, that rickety babe, who is never supposed to take care of itself, but must be coddled and Daffy's-elixir'd into strong life by the advice of the press or the manipulations of officials, be assured there is nothing in the world so detrimental to its health as heavy betting. The expression 'heavy' betting must be kept in view. This is no *otiose* epithet (an epithet, by-the-way, which old Harrovians will appreciate), after the fashion of our school elegiac manufactory, but as opposed to the ordinary wagers, which appear to be an integral part of the racing system, in whatever soil it may take root. We must take the world as it is, and not as it ought to be: for if there be a 'right and a wrong,' there must be a 'worse and a better;' and they are to be condemned who are unable to see any distinction or degrees of good and bad. Without pretending that gambling is a positive good, we may say that the moderate stimulus of a pony is preferable to the sensational excitement of a

monkey: and that when gentlemen talk of matches for ten thousand guineas, those must be the devil's matches, and too strongly tinged with brimstone.

There can be no doubt that man is a gambling animal—the Englishman in particular; and since the closing of such outlets as Crockford's and the dens in the Quadrant, 'Cui nihil simile aut secundum' (excepting a most respectable hell or two at the principal head-quarters of the Turf, for the benefit, we suppose, of those who cannot win or lose enough on the events of the week), all our energy is expended in horse-racing. This is the first excuse we meet with for a supereminence in betting, which is at present vainly toiled after on the Continent. Frenchmen are nowhere near us, with all their effervescence, and, with the honourable exception of some half-dozen of the *haute noblesse*, look as miserable over the loss of a hundred francs as they well could do over a hundred pounds. We have the Arlington, to be sure, where they say men play 'a little,' and such-and-such houses where an exchange of counters takes place more or less, as it always has been, and probably will be. But the English board of green cloth is Newmarket Heath, or its equivalent.

This 'Auri sacri fames,' this accursed love of money (that is, other persons' money), is dependent upon neither climate, temperature, physical geography, education or the want of it, wealth, poverty, sex, or age. The Russians are as bad as we are: the French, Spanish, Italians, and the phlegmatic Germans, indulge in this weakness more or less—though Bluchers are the exception among the latter rather than the rule. Southerners out-herod Herod, and the colonization of California has been made in a spirit which would have delighted the goddess of chance. The Malay loses his last—whatever he calls it—everything but his scalp-lock; and then 'runs a muck' literally: which metaphorically happens also among civilized nations: but it is not lawful to shoot this latter, excepting under peculiar circumstances connected with what used to be called 'honour.' Talking of shooting, deep gambling is associated with two very ugly reminiscences—suicide and duelling. Heaven forbid that I should frighten the rising and racing generation by such language; but there were some melancholy instances years ago, which I forbear to relate, of this unhallowed association. These antiquated notions will be laughed at—why?—because the latter is out of fashion, and the former—well! we don't hear of it every day among the *better* classes. But we do not know how often it happens.

Undoubtedly a wager adds effect to the pleasure of running for stakes. No man denies it. The question at present is not one of wagers, but wagers in excess. Now we shall have a multiplicity of excuses offered for this excess, none of which are available. Admitted that they add to the excitement. A small additional sum will be sufficient for that purpose. There is scarcely a gentleman connected with the Turf who will admit that money, and money

only, is his object. Men shrink from the avowal. I hardly ever met with any one who played whist for money at small stakes. A few sovereigns give an interest to the game. But when men play for five pounds, and five-and-twenty the rub, with an expectation that a hundred or two will be betted on the game, they have no longer any such reticence. Is this the case with the 'Turf? When a man backs his own horses for ten or twenty-five pounds he has the excuse of the expenses of his stable, which are scarcely covered by the stake he wins. Is that equally so when he stands to win or lose thousands? Surely not. But he is loth to admit that his whole object in racing and in training horses is to make a purse. A certain shame attaches to the assertion. It was undertaken purely with an English love of sport, according to the general view of such matters, and a love of English sport does not sanction so sordid a suggestion.

The expenses of keeping up a racing establishment are undoubtedly very great, far beyond that of any other amusement into which a gentleman can enter. Hunting and shooting on the most liberal scale have no sort of comparison with it. Not only is the material of the most extravagant and costly charge, but every ordinary expense in the case of the owner of race-horses is doubled or trebled. Food and stabling must be of the very best. The attendance, from the trainer to the lowest stable-boy, has a prestige which he is not slow to acquiesce in, but to confirm by the most extravagant demands. A jockey of moderate pretensions is a luxury which few can contemplate without wonder: he drives a fashionable huntsman into the background, and the best whipper-in that ever brought to the fore a skirter bears no more comparison to a successful stable-boy than I to Baron Knebworth. Independently of this the necessary movement of a string of race-horses is a signal for a general foray by lodging-house keepers, hotel masters, clerks of courses, and officials of every description, without whose assistance it seems impossible to travel ten miles in any direction. We admit the truth of all this; but we have one answer to it. Who are the men that Providence intended to keep race-horses? Not the poor or the out-at-elbows broken-down gentleman: not the successful tradesman, who has made a few thousands by unscrupulous charges: not the speculative stock-broker: not the sporting publican, nor the illiterate artisan, who has turned an original fiver into fifty thousand: but the nobleman or gentleman of assured position, who has taken to the national pastime as a recreation befitting himself and his position. I know these are unpopular notions, unpopular with those who have their own interests to serve; but they are not the less correct for all that; and they will find favour with those who love racing for itself, and whose return will be sought in the improvement of the thoroughbred horse for the purposes of his country.

In years gone by this was undoubtedly the golden rule by which most men were actuated. There are a few such still in existence. It is invidious to mention names, perhaps, but none will feel offended

if I say the Marquis of Exeter and Lord Glasgow are of the number. There are others: but criticism is lynx-eyed, and it is needless to give more than a type of the class. But enormous stakes and extravagant betting beget suspicions which ought not to exist. I make no secret of my wish to see the aristocracy of this country what it should be in all matters connected with English sport; but that position is not to be attained by a system of betting which lowers the standard of general respectability, and brings the parties concerned, and their private affairs, too prominently before the public. There are names which have lived, and which still live, as household words in English mouths, and with whom are connected infirmities inseparable from their greatness. But these men are remembered for other qualities; and they who will not imitate them in these should be careful of attaching importance to those which have not yet ceased to appear only as spots upon the sun. When Charles James Fox was taken from Eton at fifteen to visit Paris and Spa, he was allowed to visit scenes which laid the foundation of his future weakness. An honest biographer is compelled to state the fact; but his true admirers would willingly forget the blemishes of a great man.

One incalculable evil which every man sees, and which many deplore, is the inevitable process by which the gentlemen of this country are drained of their resources. An occasional fillip, such as the commencement of the present season is said to have given, will keep them in their position on the Turf; and the happy combination of luck and pluck prevent them from utterly sinking in a majority of cases; but there must be something humiliating in the confidence with which all men talk, and some sporting journals write, of the backers of horses 'wintering upon their creditors of the ring.' These very creditors are willing to allow as much law as possible: for playing a victim is very like playing a fish; and in cases where title-deeds are myths, and where honour and respectability have nothing but high acquaintance and a coat of arms to fall back upon, the only chance of being paid at all is in the virtue of patience and the policy of silence. There are men of education and high birth who are as much in the power of the betting fraternity as the unfortunate debtor was in the power of his aristocratic creditor in Rome; but, as in the former case, they are not able to take the man, body and soul, as their inalienable property, to be kept in bonds or to serve out his time, the only hope of profit is by allowing them still to frequent the course and gamble as best they may. That is their chance of recovery, and they act upon it to an almost unconditional extent. The ring are not losers; but they are patient creditors and good pay when things go wrong: for they know that a day of retribution must come if men will but 'bet high.'

It is this inducement to heavy gambling which is so bad a feature in the system. A heavy bookmaker can afford to lay odds in such round sums as the friends and associates of a young nobleman would be, the one unwilling and the other unable, to do. Nor is

it at all derogatory to the character of the professional bettor to say that he makes this his point. To men making a simple business of the thing, the amount of the stakes is of no great importance, so long as he can lay out what he wants and at his own price. How much money must have been laid to the owner of Lord Lyon (or any good winner on a Derby or Leger horse) to have enabled him to win half of what he was said to have done? Yet the ring was not broken, and never will be. It is impervious to small assaults and only strengthened by heavier ones. In this way it is easy to account for men, who ought to be following some honest but not too lucrative employment, living in the regions of May-fair or Belgravia—enter-taining their *convives*, and a certain class of——well! it would be scarcely fair to give men a bad name because their love of good eating and drinking exceeds their dislike of bad grammar: drinking champagne while their fathers, mothers, and brothers have difficulty to get beer; employing servants who are with difficulty restrained from laughing or crying at the discrepancy between a gentleman and a gentleman's situation. These are very good men, many of them; ready to do a good turn to any one of their own way of dealing, for there's great *esprit de corps* among them, and willing to relieve their relatives by substituting something more generous for the small beer of the family pewter. It does not absolutely follow that because a man lives by gambling he should have no natural sentiments, far from it; but it does make him a very unfit representative of an aristocracy, which, if it does not date from the Conquest, or from Crecy and Poitiers, has at least hereditary talent, wealth, science, or goodness on its side. It will take 'the people,' as exhibited in the cottages of the provincial poor, a long time to regard the newly-made squire as his legitimate lord; and the transplantation of dialect from B—— Square, in more instances than one, would sadly 'puzzle the 'parson of the parish.'

Now without saying much in favour of gambling at all, it is not too much to assert that moderate betting between gentlemen could have no such ill effects as these. Had betting extended no further than between men of like fortune and position, however large and however exalted, this evil would never have existed. There would have been losers, it is true; but their losses would seldom have amounted to a total loss of caste or property; and where such was the case, it could but have gone into another branch of the same class. Fewer gentlemen, once men of property, would have had to eke out a small pittance in some fourth-rate town of the Continent, or to seek a precarious existence at the tables of French or German watering-places.

But beyond this, such excessive gambling produces a bad example on society. It demoralizes generally, not the men only who are personally concerned in it, but others who are affected by a morbid vanity to ape their betters. It encourages a longing for reaching a place in society which nature has denied them. There is no temptation so great to a certain class as the pleasure of associating,

upon familiar terms, with great people : people so far removed from them by birth, education, and manners, as to be scarcely intelligible to them. A very heavy bet constitutes a mutual link, which is unapproachable by others. To be eternally 'my-lording' 'this man and that, to' be apparently hail-fellow-well-met with those 'who never could form one of our family circle, is a very vulgar but 'comprehensible vanity.' It can be acquired by 'heavy betting.' This produces mysterious whisperings, and a fellowship which should be sedulously avoided. These remarks may hit hard, but they whom they hit will be the first to acknowledge their justice. 'A robbery' is a very bad thing when it is designed by one man ; but to find that it may be whispered in the ear of an English gentleman, without repulsion and disgust, not unfrequently with partisanship and co-operation, is much worse. The temptation held out by the acquisition of money is the most dangerous of all temptations. Men regard it as such ; and it is manifest that many would pass through the ordeal of paying what they owed, if their debts could be contained within a moderate sum ; while the alternative of comparative poverty or great wealth would shake to the centre the principles of moderately honest men, and induce a laxity which in all matters connected with the Turf it is so desirable to avoid. Sir Robert Walpole, a tolerable judge of human nature, said that every man had his price. It could scarcely have been spoken of pecuniary estimation, and no doubt in some sense the statesman would have pointed to the characteristics of each. I believe the prospect of an early and rapid fortune can be met by nothing but an universal opposition ; and we can look for it nowhere but among the gentlemen who are too apt to set the worst possible example in this respect. There has been heavy betting before now, but it was the exception, whereas now it is become rather the rule.

I have made use, upon other occasions, of the word 'demoralize' in connection with heavy betting. I mean to say not only that it induces a laxity of principle and hardness of conscience, but it inculcates vulgar habits of extravagance in a class fitted by education and connection for the respectable commerce of middle life. Could betting of this kind be confined, as it once was, before the days of Crockford and Jemmy Bland, to the great, society would be scarcely affected by it. It would soon cure itself. For, as a boy with marbles, who wins from only two or three companions, soon tires of his game unless he has new fields to try his venture, so it gives but small pleasure to the select five hundred to ruin one another. A young man, who comes upon town, desires to be at the top of the tree, to eclipse his equals in some conspicuous manner, and if he have not any readier or more praiseworthy method of doing it, it may be done by ruinous gambling. He will be a nine days' wonder, and the observed of all observers for a time ; but he will become, at the same time, a prey to the sharper, and a sort of paymaster to the forces until his money goes or his eye-teeth come. And the upper classes are like cholera patients, who, though they recover

themselves, are apt to spread the disease among those for whom there is no cure. The present racing system does an infinity of mischief of which we never hear. Officers, civil servants of every grade, university men, and those waifs and strays that hang about the skirts of fashion, are sure to suffer and go out without making a sign. It is the case with some thousands. Their career is soon summed up. They find the society into which betting brings them more agreeable than profitable. An accidental bit of luck at first increases their faith in fortune. They must live as those with whom they consort are accustomed to live. Heavier betting is to be resorted to to pay their debts and to hold their own. Then come heavier losses, a grand coup which does not come off, and some fine morning their place is void and no one knows them more. The colonies are peopled with such persons; the towns of France, Germany, and Italy are full of them, living upon their friends or their families, with the prospect of a dunghill or the workhouse for their old age. It often strikes me with serious reflection to know what is to become of the clever amusing fellows, who owe oceans of gambling debts; who, having borrowed money of all their friends, are tolerated for their services and bonhomie, as 'umbræ,' at great houses, when their generation shall have passed away, and they themselves have become stupid, forgetful, drivelling repeaters of thrice-told witticisms, too ignorant to laugh with and too pitiable to laugh at. I can see plenty of them every time I go to a race-meeting; their name is 'legion.' I presume they are calculating the odds on perpetual youth in their own favour. It makes a vast difference, 'Davusne loquatur an heros,' whether a Lord Grosvenor and a Duke of Bedford back three horses each of their own for 10,000 guineas, as was reported, or whether Colonel Jones and Major Smythe (there are no Smiths now) indulge in a similar vanity, even in any probable proportion.

There was once an author of some repute called Henry Fielding. I think many of the readers of 'Baily' will know him—the great majority by his famous novels of 'Tom Jones' and 'Joseph Andrews,' in which all the indelicacy belongs to the age, and all the talent to himself. He was, at least, a close and severe discriminator of human nature, and has many trite remarks scattered through his works on the inconveniences of gambling. He, like me, would prefer to take the inferior part of mankind under his especial consideration only. He is much too well bred 'to disturb the company at a polite assembly.' Fashion, he tells us, can alone cure the evil. He desires us to wait till 'great men become wiser and better;' till some laudable taste shall teach them a worthier manner of employing their 'time,' &c., &c. If Mr. Fielding had himself waited till such a consummation, he would have been near upon one hundred and sixty years of age, and would have looked forward to a still green old age, if it had to be measured by the standard of modern propensities. The passion has grown since the beginning of the last century with a vigour which is due to the most efficient cultivation, and to the

natural growth of ill weeds. Surely it would be worth while for the Jockey Club to set their faces against it ; and as it is impossible to enact laws which would not be easily enforced, to do by example what they cannot effect by precept. In the days of Fielding there was an outlet for the ruined gamester of every degree, and of which he availed himself to a considerable extent. He might become a highwayman, and terminate a worthless career by the pistol or the cord, without the inconvenience of suicide. Elaborate argument is not required to show that there was some analogy between the career of the licensed pickpocket and the unlicensed ruffian. 'How easy,' says my authority, in the days of George II., 'was the transition ' from fraud to force ! from a gambler to a rogue ! perhaps indeed it ' is civil to suppose it any transition at all.'

This is a great authority, the most competent and acute analyser of character of the last century : and who quotes Herodotus with much satisfaction, and a malicious desire that our own laws could be administered, like those of Amasis the Egyptian king, upon all who could not prove that they had some lawful livelihood, only under a milder penalty than death.

The public papers during the last month have reported two or three very sensational bets on the part of young noblemen and gentlemen, which appear to be (as far as the press is concerned) the result of club gossip and bravado. These things, however, tend to set men of a lower class talking, and encourage a foolish tendency to over-betting, which serves nothing but bad ends. Whether it be a fact or no, matters little to the public ; but whether it become the subject of common tittle-tattle or no, makes all the difference. If young men with enormous revenues are proud of their influence, they should mind to turn it to a good account.

I will conclude this with two sketches which may be of service to those who recognize their truthfulness. At the same time they are only types of a condition that exists throughout society.

The Duke of A—— is a young man, who has had a long minority, and inherits, at one-and-twenty, a very handsome income even for a man in his exalted position of life. He has gone through the ordinary education of an English gentleman, and on his accession to his property, is not long in discovering that he has a taste beyond thin bread and butter and the organ. The inclinations of an Englishman make themselves conspicuous. He longs for the county hounds, and they are not unwillingly surrendered by his predecessor, who has discovered that that bed of roses has its share of thorns. In process of time he feels that good may be done by giving a proper impetus to turf pursuits. He is quite acute enough to know that in doing it he may be done : that he makes his *début* to a crowd which admires his pecuniosity quite as much as himself. Still he has some faith in that common sense and high feeling which has carried through some of his predecessors unscathed. He purchases a stud, not of such overwhelming magnitude that he scarcely knows what half of them are doing, or where half of them are kept. He takes care

that the few he has shall be as good as his own judgment, aided by long experience of others, can procure. In this way he commences a racing stud : a stud, be it remarked, not made up of third or fourth-rate horses, which are only worth keeping with the hope of a favourable handicap, in which twenty losses shall be made up by one great win ; but one in which blood and symmetry unite, and from which his efforts may well be directed to the acquisition of a Derby, a Leger, or an Oaks. Of course, so valuable a prey is not to be allowed to escape without some efforts to land him. Such efforts are vain. Why ? because, rich as he is, he feels no anxiety to risk monkeys, when the nobler animal, a pony, will do. If he really were a needy man, who shall say what he might do ? Being a duke, with a rent roll of some sixty thousand a year, why should he desire to make it more by the loss of a neighbour ? He is above the charge or suspicion of avarice, surely ; and his pony or two suffice to give him what is politely called ‘ an interest in the race.’

This being the case, why should he act any part but that of an openhanded and openhearted English gentleman ? He has no object to gain in immoderate gambling ; he avoids the snares which would be invariably set for himself ; he maintains the dignity of his position, free from damaging associates (for even dukes do not raise blacklegs to their own level) ; he has a sufficient excitement beyond the stakes, in backing his favourite for a pony or two ; he sets a good example to those few persons who are influenced by habits of high birth, and has the satisfaction of knowing that he is joining in the national amusements of his country, and improving the breed of her horses, without detriment to his reputation or his fortune. If he loses his money he can afford to do so without letting his temper follow it ; if he wins, he sets at defiance the insinuation of sordid motives by the moderation of the stake.

The Marquis of B—— is a young man whose education, in like manner, has been attended with those advantages which accompany a well-cultivated taste for Greek iambs, cricket, rat hunting, and the Christopher, and which has been further strengthened by the strong meats of the Universities or the Household Brigade. He starts in life with advantages equal to those of his friend and companion. He is as well-bred and as wealthy, and is not long in discovering that he too will do well to participate in what is commonly known as the national sport. But his mind is of a different caste to his friend. He is susceptible to flattery, which is discreetly administered by a discriminating press ; and to the calls of ambition, whose satisfaction will be attained only by an immediate notoriety. His early plunges are therefore void of the prudence which has marked the career of his neighbour. He instructs his commissioners to spare no expense, to stop at no price, in the purchase of his horses, and to limit themselves neither in the number nor the extravagance of his bets. He becomes the talk of the town. Gentlemen of equal fortune and equal rank wonder how long it will last, and smile at the vulgarity of the ostentation. Those who would imitate

a marquis at any price, end with the fable of the frog and the ox. The harpies rejoice, and silently chuckle over the feast which the fulfilment of their hopes is providing. The stud grows larger and less valuable; and heavy 'coups' come off less frequently: what began by being a pleasure has now become a passion. The lawyer steps in and helps the money-lender. Bit by bit, the noble property is being shorn of its ancient glory. The Irish estates are gone: there is a mortgage on Dunderhead, and Swampstead is in the hands of the Jews. Then comes a certainty at last. The Derby colt has had a surprising trial; he will not be brought out for the Two Thousand. The Marquis of B—— stands to win one hundred and seventy thousand to nothing: so says the 'Penny Gaff,' which knows all about marquises, and must be right. Then commence various manipulations about the horse. Now he is down at 10 to 1, again he is up at 3 to 2; down he goes again, and then the public discover that he is a roarer. He takes his gallop between two known roarsers, and again the 'Gaff' and the public are at a loss. Two days before the Derby the horse is scratched, and the marquis goes abroad. The world and the 'Gaff' abuse him, and believe that he has saved Swampstead by the lost Derby. The fact is, that he knows nothing about the business, but has been swindled by trainer, jockey, tout, and commissioner, and finds that he can only save Dunderhead by four years of continental economy, during which time the tenants who regarded him, the friends and family who loved him, and all who know his good qualities, are left to moralize on the termination of a career which collapsed under the pressure of 'heavy betting.' Of the unfortunate frogs who have endeavoured to imitate the bull, some are living upon their brothers and sisters in a dishonourable dependence; others are unable to show their faces in this country and feel ashamed of them in almost any other; and no inconsiderable portion of them have returned to their natural condition of the gaol or the workhouse.

The Marquis of B—— will begin life again upon a diminished income and popularity in the course of eight or ten years, but with a matured judgment and higher sense of enjoyment.

HIGH LEICESTERSHIRE.

BY M. F. H.

'ON n'a dans la vie qu'un chien, comme on n'a qu'un amour.' What a pity! For the moment let the former portion of the saying by the caustic Frenchman be accepted, and, giving it a large range, it may be construed into, 'There is but one Leicestershire.' The whipper-in of the sentence must be determined in the singular or plural, according to taste and experience. We should be both just and generous, bearing in mind that Lilith No. 1, not being according

to Adam's fancy, Eve No. 2 became the substitute.* High Leicestershire! When was it higher than in the palmy days of George Osbaldeston, 'the best sportsman of this or any other age?' It is gratifying to witness the universal tribute of regret at the departure from amongst us of one held by all to be without a compeer in the various branches of sporting, and more especially in those that require a perfection of muscular and constitutional development. His fame is in the mouth of every one. Rarely has it occurred that the meed of praise has been bestowed with such general and consentaneous accord. There must be something unusual and far above the common average in the character and capability of a man to make himself conspicuous above his fellows in any one pursuit. If, as in this case, the requirements were primarily external, still the calculation of comparative degrees of power, with a minute observation of the economy of nature, and of the wild animal, demand the exercise of an intelligence that the more studious would be unwilling to concede. Nevertheless, the fact remains true. There is a dunce out of doors, as there is a dunce in-doors, with the difference that the chamber dunce is always the biggest of the two, the most useless to himself and others, not redolent of savoury odours, sparing of tub, and abundantly provisioned with a conceit, that, sooner or later, is the cause of sorrow and vexation of spirit. One thing is beyond doubt, that had Osbaldeston, cui Deus sit et propitius et clemens, been Secretary of State for the Home Department during the late Hyde Park riots, Mr. Latitat Beales, to speak in familiar terms, would have come off second best. There would not have been a symptom of puerility—one-two would have set the snivelling on the other side; whilst 'the smooth-tongued chief' would have cheered—given the long odds—and have joyously exclaimed, 'Bravo, 'Sec. mine;' Eton comes out strong in the proper administration of Conservative punishment. The many panegyrics that have been put forth in honour of this pre-eminent Master of Hounds have dwelt on the public attributes of his character: the more private portions of his life may be recounted probably by one having ampler means for the task. There is one particularity, however, ever reflective of credit on him to whom the merit may be attached, for the which we can vouch; that is, the singular attachment evinced by all who were or had been in his employ. It is said that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet, but the reverse of the rule held good with Osbaldeston. His servants and dependents, one and all, were wont to speak of him in terms of unqualified regard and respect. Wingfield, Shirley, Sebright, Burton, Sadler, Stevens—huntsmen of standing and repute, who were in his service for years—were

* FAUST. Who is that yonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well. It is

Lilith.

FAUST. No?

MEPHIS.

Lilith, the first wife of Adam;
Beware of her fair hair; for she excels
All women in the magic of her looks.

Shelley's Translation of Faust.

unanimous in their high estimation of him, in and out of the kennel, as a breeder of hounds, as a proficient in the field, and as a kind and generous master. The attachment of his feeder, Gardiner, amounted to adoration. A lively temper when excited did not detract from his other good qualities : it is a sure sign of a warm heart. Other and worthier pens will be redundant in eulogy of this distinguished sportsman, yet we should not have been content had we not added the tribute of our memorial mite in honour of the famous Squire. He is gone.

‘ When cold in the earth lies the friend we have loved,
Be his frailties and errors forgot by us then :
Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o’er them in silence, and close them again.’

High Leicestershire ! Is it of the past or present that we have to speak ? There is a marked distinction and a palpable difference. Things are not as they were in the days of the giants. The substitution of pace for legitimate sport, and hard riding for a knowledge of hunting, have necessarily effected an entire change in the mode in which this grandest of sports is carried on. Whether it be for the better or for the worse is doubtful of determination. If the question be solved by an appeal to numbers, it is sufficient to say that ten men hunt in the present day where one did in the days of our forefathers, but of sportsmen the provision is scant indeed. Fox-hunting, accompanied by all the panoply of imposing externals, has become generalised. Establishments of irreproachable appointments may be found, with few exceptions, in every county ; and not a country house is advertised without the vicinity of a pack of fox-hounds being mentioned as forming a principal ingredient of attraction. This is as it should be. But let it be observed that the oppidan agents who dress up the excellences of these El Dorado abodes with sporting allures, are fully cognizant that kennel propinquity ascends or descends in the scale of value, according to such kennel belonging to a private or a public establishment. There are sundry drawbacks in the latter. Comparatively, there are few, if any, in the former. It is just possible that an application may be made, deferentially, for support ; and should the wanderer amongst the gorse coverts—not being virtually a foxhunter, or from some other reason—express a disinclination to accede to the proposal, albeit couched in the most courteous terms, he and his belongings, from a proper feeling, may be deterred from participating in some of the pleasant consequences that foxhunting is sure to engender. No such penalty is attached to the neighbourhood of private establishments.

It has been stated in ‘ Fraser’s Magazine ’ that these ‘ Masterships of Despotism,’ as the writer is pleased to term them, are repugnant to the spirit of the age. Why ? We know full well that obedience is at all times distasteful to the riotous and disorderly, accompanied by undeserved abuse of the person exercising the inconvenient privilege of command. To obstruct sport by pressing hounds unfairly at a check, or to maim one by riding a puller into the midst of the *mêlée*, will be certain to beget a severe remonstrance. It is,

or should be, the same with the Master of the many, unless he may fear the withdrawal of a subscription—a not unlikely occurrence—and then the storm of reproach would proceed from the fence funklers—republican subscribers in the far distance—all Masters, and always in a bad place—against him who has committed the sin of being in a good one. Then again, it is stated to be gratifying for a subscriber to know that he has a direct property—positive, monetary, and particular—in the ‘Dogs.’ That is to say, one pound may be supposed, in the plenitude of an abounding hallucination, to have appropriated, fragmentally; the blood-tipped stern of Roderick, from the Belvoir Rallywood; another twenty shillings the head and neck of Caroline, out of the Portsmouth Clemency; one more, the shoulders of a Poltimore Lexicon, or the straight limbs of a son of the Beaufort Trojan; whilst two ‘quids,’ unsweated by Moses and Aaron, may have conveyed ideally a vested right in the pendent appendages of the Landue Stormer. So that Ticklebat, the subscriber, solaces himself with the notion that he has a personal connection, more or less direct, with the best kennels, and fills up a post-prandial bumper of claret in honour of his nine hundred and ninety-ninth part of an M. F. H. It is a dangerous thing to travel out of one’s latitude at all times; never more so than to predicate about foxhunting without competent knowledge. The Master of a subscription pack has often an ungrateful task to perform; and not the least distasteful part is to deal with those puny members who contribute shabbily to the expenses of the establishment. Tony Tenpound is always impertinent, self-sufficient, radically abusive, and a snob. There are many first-rate sportsmen to be found in the list of Masters of subscription hounds, and they will be the first to acknowledge that the ancient kennels, hereditary and time-honoured, comprise all that is most valuable for the preservation of fox-hounds in that high state of efficiency and of pure blood to which they have arrived in the present day.

From the earliest period, Leicestershire has been held supreme in its hunting sovereignty, with Melton for the capital. Shorn somewhat of its olden honours, it remains so still. We do not allude to the time of periwigs, silk vests, and jack boots, when our ancestors left their beds in the middle of the night, sat down to a breakfast that more resembled a dinner, and were received on their issuing forth from the hall door with a fanfare of horns, and a prolonged cry of hounds, perfectly bewildering. Those bygone days are memorially registered amidst family portraits in old mansions, by a full-length portrait, by Kneller, of a sportsman, arrayed in a flaxen wig of the Louis Quatorze fashion, a green hunting-coat, with silver couples hanging at his side, a whip like that of a pig-driver, with a coat-of-arms on the handle, and cocked hat in hand, pointing to hounds running hard in the far distance, where he ought to have been himself, instead of looking on with the bland smile of an incompetent ninny, and courting the approbation of a gazing posterity.

There is a vague mystery as to the exact time from whence the

modern fox-hound may be said to date his existence. Stag-hounds and harriers were the inhabitants of the kennels in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and a fox, accidentally found, was hunted by both the one and the other. That he is the descendant of a cross betwixt the two appears to have been thoroughly established; and it is a matter of speculation whether there was not more than one cross. The celebrated Colonel Thornhill, of Thornville Royal, used a Spanish pointer, and crossed back to pure blood in the second and third generation. This is an undoubted fact, openly avowed, and noticed in the sporting publications of that day. His object appears to have been to augment the power of hunting combined with obedience; for hounds in that dark time were most riotous, in and out of the kennel, and discipline, as at present understood, was unknown. Merkin, Conqueror, Lucifer, Lounger, and Madcap by Lucifer, amongst others, are recorded to have been excellent hounds. Merkin was sold for four hogsheads of claret. Colonel Thornton also introduced the blood of a French stag-hound that he had obtained from the Royal kennels of Fontainebleau. Conqueror was largely used in the North, especially in the kennels of Sir M. Masterman Sykes, and Mr. Humphrey Osbaldeston, of Hunmanby. The hounds of the latter, with Isaac Grainger as huntsman, were known to be amongst the best of their day. The broad nose and large head to which the late Mr. Warde was so partial, might have been derived, possibly, from straining back to the 'Thornville Royal kennel. Mr. Lee Anthony's Clothier, the ancestor of some of Mr. Warde's gigantic favourites—going back to a Northern kennel—had the broad nose and line-hunting property, with a loud tongue, that he deemed indispensable in a fox-hound. Lord Althorp's famous bitch Arrogant, by Mr. Warde's Charon by Clothier, came from the same strain. Colonel Thornton also bred from a harrier, Merryman, a ticked or blue mottled hound of nineteen inches. This cross succeeded admirably; and the 'tick' may have been discovered, faintly, in the majority of the Northern kennels at the beginning of this century. Many of the Monson hounds are known to have been so marked; and to this we can attest from having seen them the year that Osbaldeston purchased the Vernon pack in order to obliterate the mottle and to give them fashion and a lighter neck.

The above is a simple relation of substantiated facts. It is indisputable that not until the end of the last century did the pure fox-hound exist as in his present shape. Before that time he was stained, or, in other words, represented a combination of races until his modern form had become thoroughly perfected. Some of the earliest sires of renown were the Fitzwilliam Ranter of 1770 and Traitor of 1797; Cheshire Bluecap, 1772; Yarborough Dover, 1786, sire of the Grand Ranter of 1790, the ancestor of the Osbaldeston Ranter out of a Vernon bitch of the old Ranter blood by the Monson Wonder. And in a later day appeared, amongst others, the Corbet Trojan, the Belvoir Jasper and Juniper, the Beaufort

Abelard and Nectar, and the Lonsdale Harbinger. This latter hound was the sire of the Beaufort Hazard, sire of the Drake Hector, one of the best stud hounds of his day.

High Leicestershire consists strictly of the Quorn, the Belvoir, and the Cottesmore. At an early and more fortunate time it was truly a grass country, holding great scent, and enabling hounds to carry it on at a pace and with a head that the sportsmen of other less favoured Shires sought in vain to imitate. The glories of the Quorn commenced with Hugo Meynell. He introduced the fast system of chasing instead of hunting a fox, teaching his hounds to fly to the head and to press the pace. All hounds run hard upon a burning scent; but it is the forcing and creating the pace by quick and forward hunting upon a half scent, getting nearer and nearer the game upon improving terms, and finally running into him meritoriously, that marks both the brilliant hound and accomplished huntsman. Meynell knew that a fox 'hot from smart chase' leaves a fuller scent than when going leisurely along with a lot of dribbling hounds after him; and, again, after a blazing run, at that critical and often fatal moment when, from excessive evaporation of sweat, the particles of scent decrease, his close hunters of the Monson blood helped him on to the line, and gallantly won him his fox. There is no greater error in hounds than that their energies in hunting should die with a dying fox. This was a glaring defect of the olden time. It is at that precarious check that the old hounds, with their bristles up, show their determination and value, and held lightly on by a word of encouragement—'Yoi—doit!'—take the lead from the younger lot, have at their fox perseveringly, and work him hard until they turn him over. Meynell changed the tactics of the huntsman as well as of the hound.

But the fast chase brought into vogue, necessarily, a system of hard riding that John Warde predicted would be the evil of the coming generation. The pride of place was linked with the jealousy of maintaining it; the sturdy crop-eared hunter disappeared; a higher-bred animal took his place, and foot became the primary quality of the Leicestershire flyer. The comparative merits of horses were determined by matches, and steeple-chases were introduced. The first we can find recorded at that time was between Mr. Bullivant, of Sproxton, Mr. Day, of Wymondham, and Mr. Frisby, of Waltham, 100 guineas each, to start from Womack's Lodge to Woodwell Head, four miles out, and to return to the winning-post in a field adjoining the lodge. Mr. Bullivant, on Sentinel, a famous horse, had the lead from the first, hard pressed by Mr. Day. The horse of the latter unfortunately hit a gate-post and fell, and Mr. Day, as well as the horse, was much hurt. He remounted, however, and continued the race. This accident allowed Mr. Bullivant to come in an easy winner. The second place was severely contested by Mr. Day and Mr. Frisby: the last half-mile they were locked together, and Mr. Day obtained the place only by half a neck. Time, 25 min. 32 secs.

The more conspicuous—properly speaking, the first flight men of those days, were Colonel Villiers, afterwards Lord Jersey; Mr. Weld Forester; Lords Robert and Charles Manners; Lord George Germaine; Mr. Lumley; Mr. Loraine Smith; Mr. Robert Lowth; Lord Lonsdale; Mr. Vanneck; Sir Gilbert Heathcote; Colonel Mellish; Messrs. Peter Allix, Lindow, and Rawlinson; Lord Spencer, Lord Althorp; Messrs. Felton Hervey, and Nethercot; Sir David Baird; George Payne, father of the present; Frederick Ponsonby; Sir Thomas Salisbury; Sir Andrew Barnard; Sir Rose Price; Lloyd of Aston, Lucas, Bowen, Roberts, and others. Leicestershire stood forward prominent in its superiority, without an approach to rivalry. The Metropolitan Shire, especially in riding, gave the law to the hunting field. The rush for a start—‘Give them room to settle well down to it!’—the dash across the open pastures—the give and take hand with an easy pull that steadies a horse before coming to his fence and collects him together for a drop on the bank with his hind legs for the propulsion of a second jump—required a far different horseman than the one usually met with in the provinces. ‘I only wants my fingers: ‘them’s the things for ketching ‘em up and making ‘em go!’ said Dick Christian. Grass enclosures, with an occasional high post and rail—a splash and bound fence with a ditch to or from you—a lane gate, varied now and then by a park paling and the eighteen feet of Whissendine water—could only be thoroughly mastered by a horse proper to run in any steeple-chase. It was in Leicestershire that was first inaugurated the authoritative dictum, ‘It is the pace ‘that kills.’

Immediately after the era of Hugo Meynell appeared three Masters of Hounds whose reputation will endure so long as fox-hunting is held in honour in the land. These were Musters, Assheton Smith, and Osbaldeston. Mr. Musters has been styled, with less of exaggeration than usually qualifies a fancy nomenclature, ‘the king of gentlemen huntsmen.’ That he was most efficient in the field is a merit that has been unanimously accorded to him by the most competent judges. He drew for his fox with a patience and skill never excelled, and nothing would persuade him to leave a covert if he imagined that his hounds, having a night scent, had gone over their ground too quickly. In this speciality he was very similar to the present Mr. Russell. His discipline was good, and effected without whipcord. He had the happy attribute of making his hounds fond of him by kindness, and they flew to his cheery voice at all times with an instant alacrity. Here, again, was a quality in common with Mr. Russell. His hounds worked well both on the line and in chase, but in a severe run they did not carry a commanding head. This defect arose from a deficiency in feeding, a kennel department in which Musters signally failed, and that was only counterbalanced in the field by his consummate skill. Although a welter weight, with a sinking fox he was invariably in his place, doing that duty well with a few couple that, with a more even and

nutritious mode of feeding, would have allowed the body of the pack to have aided in performing in their proper place, and have resulted in an earlier and brighter finish. This was his single failing, for in all other respects he well deserved his reputation of being the king of gentlemen huntsmen.

Assheton Smith is chronicled as 'the mightiest hunter that ever rode across Belvoir's sweet vale or wore a horn at his saddle-bow.' No one ever would or could disallow the propriety of this assertion in allusion to his riding. Many a hard rider on a first-class horse can get over a big fence, and will not mind to encounter a fall. That is only one part of the performance: the more difficult remains; and in a rush over the Vale of Widmerpool from Six Hills Gorse, with hounds at their best pace up wind, through deep ground with large fences, the brilliancy of this consummate rider became a proverb, and was a marvel. He got away with the rapidity of lightning, and, the scent holding good, maintained the lead against every one to the last. In reference to 'the hunting-horn at his saddle-bow,' that emblem of Mastership has been borne by many a worthier one. Assheton Smith was prone to the thirty minutes' burst. He cared not either for a hunting run or for hounds that could effect it. He only half drew his gorses; on a find he went away with his leading hounds, and coming to more than one check, drew for a fresh fox. Neither were the large hounds he had at Quorn remarkable for any quality beyond pace. After leaving Leicestershire for Hampshire he bought the Grafton establishment, and George Carter became his huntsman. Being quickly satisfied of the superior merit of the Grafton, the large pack was dismissed; and it is to the discrimination of Carter in breeding that Masters of Hounds are indebted for the Saffron, Watchman, Neptune, and Nigel blood. As a rider over the grass grounds of Leicestershire, Assheton Smith was prominent even amongst those of the foremost rank. His excellence remained unrivalled to the last.

We now come to the third Master—Osbaldeston—who combined in his own person the abilities of the two former sportsmen. It is unnecessary to dwell upon his riding powers after the Clinker and Clasher match, and other feats of equestrian hardihood. It is as a Master of Hounds—in every department of that office—that he has acquired his deserved celebrity; and Leicestershire may be said to have been at the zenith of its proud fame when he hunted the country with his Furrier pack. So much has been lately said of his prowess, that it is needless to recapitulate the oft-told tale, and our remarks shall be brief. He was a consummate huntsman, both as a line hunter, and in chase; his kennel discipline was perfect; and he was the best feeder of his day. His hounds therefore were always in the highest state of condition, and swept over the ample pastures of Leicestershire in a compact body, like a flight of blue rocks. And it must be borne in mind that they were the result of his own judgment. He purchased the Monson hounds: afterwards he had the Vernon, and crossing them with the Belvoir and the Broeklesby,

produced a pack that, for goodness, pace, and perfection of symmetry, will not be seen again in this generation. As years pass away his great merit will still live on as a by-word, and his fame will be quoted by those yet unborn as 'the best sportsman of this or any other age.'

Let us enumerate the names of some that, in those days of decided superiority, held a high place in the annals of Melton, and were worthy companions of the renowned triumvirate:—The Duke of Rutland, Lords Elcho, Alvanley, Plymouth, Rancliffe, Gardener, Euston, Chesterfield, Macdonald, Waterford, Scarborough, Suffield, Sir Charles Knightley, Sir Bellingham Graham, Sir James Boswell, Sir Harry Goodricke, Sir James Musgrave, Sir David Baird, Sir Richard Sutton, Sir John Power, Colonel Lowther, Colonel Wyndham, Colonel Anson, Messrs. Coke, Cradock, Gurney, Maher, Moore, Gilmour, Holyoake, George Payne, Charles Forester Coventry, Canning, Edge, Gaskell, Green, Tomlinson, Grant, Burbidge, Captains White, Ross, Little, Peel, Percy Williams, &c. &c. The majority of these have departed to the bourne from whence the traveller returneth not; yet there be two that may still be seen at the covert side and in their accustomed place amongst the foremost. These are Lord Wilton, and Mr. Burbidge, of Thorpe Arnold. It is not only that they go well for men of their age, but they are in the first place, beating the majority of young hands, from sheer nerve and science. In a fast run from Thorpe Tossels, during the last season, Mr. Burbidge, on a grey horse, led the whole way. Lord Wilton was always an accomplished horseman, and, from his proficiency over the flat, is a correct judge of pace—a quality that few possess. His horses are high-bred, and perfect fencers; he has capital hands, a close seat, a quick eye for a country, with a knowledge of hounds, and a determined will to be with them at all cost—and he is always with them. Long may he retain the power!

The classic day of Leicestershire terminated with the Mastership of Sir Harry Goodricke. His immediate successor failed in his mission; and although Mr. Errington and Sir Richard Sutton—Masters deservedly popular—subsequently redeemed a portion of its olden reputation, yet the blow had been struck from which it never recovered. The period of Lord Stamford was one of brilliancy and of large expenditure; and it is imperative that whoever is at the head of the Quorn should be amply provided with the wherewith to supply the exigencies, and to meet the incessant demands that, in such a vast establishment, are of daily occurrence. Melton is peopled, during the hunting season, by men from every part of the kingdom, having large studs, with the means and appliances to boot. Yet, strange to say that a Master of ability—Mr. Clowes—who had formed a pack of hounds, that in a couple of years would have been one of mark, was lost to the country from an absence of proper support. It cannot be expected that a man should damage himself for the amusement of others. The premiership of Leicestershire appertains to the Belvoir kennel. The division of the country, the

incessant change of hounds, and the uncertainty of tenure, are causes why the princely establishment of Belvoir, unencumbered by these disadvantages, should reign paramount. A combination of the properties that characterize and are inherent to hereditary kennels—nicety of appointment, civility of servants, undivided authority, and hounds of notorious excellence—will always make the meet of ‘the Duke’ popular, and the favourite at Melton.

The subject is far from being exhausted, yet ‘Baily,’ like Paradise with its eastern gate, has its limits, and the black letter cherubim longeth after fresh pastures. Of the future of Leicestershire it would be rash to predict. Prophets, in these fast days, go supperless to bed. Even the patriarchs have been plucked for honours by Masters of Rugby and Regius Professors, for being short of pacc, and inclining to stick in the mud. The division of the olden shires, however, has produced two masters and sportsmen—Mr. Tailby and Mr. Anstruther Thompson—competent to take a first class in any examination. No better men, no truer sportsmen ever handled the silver horn. They combine the merits of the old and modern systems of hunting, and account for their fox with a full or with a defective scent. This is the true ‘*pietra di paragone*.’ A new master reigns on the flags, where Musters, Assheton Smith, Bellingham Graham, Osbaldeston, and Goodricke were won’t to scan over their favourites. The galley in which he sails is a fair one, ‘Youth’ on the prow and Pleasure at the helm.’ But it is not always fair weather, for ‘e’en in the tranquildest climes, light breezes will ruffle ‘the blossoms sometimes.’ Yet with the determination to succeed half the battle is won, and if the ear of hot youth turn not away from the counsel of experience, let us hope as we will augur a bright prospect for the future of High Leicestershire.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

THERE are day excursions by dozens, inviting the summer visitor to Paris to give himself and his belongings four or five hours’ fresh air. St. Cloud for instance, with its ‘great waters,’ and Versailles with its greater waters; but as for the watery performance, I am sure you can see a better display any Saturday at the Sydenham Palace. Not long ago I was in the Scala at Milan. ‘This is the ‘finest theatre in Europe,’ said my hospitable entertainer. ‘Was, ‘perhaps, before Covent Garden was built,’ remarked an Italian just arrived from London; and so it is with the ‘grandes eaux’ of Versailles, they were the largest until somebody made bigger. There is good walking at Versailles (don’t go down on a fête day), and the park and the Trianons are worth seeing; for me, I always fancy I am back at that little Trianon, with ‘Tom Burke of Ours’ (oh dear friend of my youth!), and expect to see the Emperor enter and rebuke us for being frivolous. It is not being frivolous, however, to look after creature comforts, and as, if people will go out sight-

seeing, they are sure to be hungry—there is a saying that ‘sorrow is dry,’ but I am sure (look at a pic-nic for instance), that pleasure is dry and hungry too!—it is better to find out where to recruit exhausted nature. There is but one place in Versailles, that is L’Hôtel du Reservoir, and if there are many people in the train you had better telegraph down for your room, or table, else haply you may get the key of the street, and have full permission to go and ‘bed and board’ at one of the other horrid little hôtels of Louis Quatorze’s village, which is now a fine town.

Why, one day we were enticed out of our carriage by a specious restaurant keeper, who assured us that he had a garden and the ‘dinner which the Messieurs would condescend to command:’ other places were full and we ‘alighted’ (as they say when a Royal Highness stops at a station) and found, I assure you, that the garden was composed of four poplar trees and a pump, which masked a stable yard, and that the bill of fare consisted of one rabbit, then playing about in the yard, one eel, *epoque* doubtful, a mutton cutlet of the period, and two onions.

There is nothing to be seen at St. Germain-en-Laye, except rather a pretty view of Paris; but if you like to go there you had better take a ‘cabinet’ at the Pavillon Henri Quatre, and listen to the band as you eat the suburban dinner, so admirably described by one of Mr. Disraeli’s swells as ‘something you can’t eat and bad wine.’

At Sceaux you can literally go up a tree and dine there. It is six miles from Paris, and very pretty. From May to October there are village fêtes and dances every Sunday, and here you can see that scene of which we have so often read, but so rarely seen, the French peasants dancing. You will be horribly *desillusioned*, as they would say. here, still go—see all—go everywhere—do everything—do it young, too, if you can, and very likely if you have luck you will be utterly used up before you are thirty, then your misery is over. Nothing remains to be done, so you sit down quietly and mourn, amidst the ruins of your recollections, over the extinction of excitement. According to the present theory this would be a great event ‘pulled off,’—the end and aim of life gained early. I should tell you that there are in the summer constant Patronal Fêtes, that is, village fêtes, something between a fair, a festival, and a religious ceremony; these are excellent opportunities of seeing the village life of France. Gambling is, I am sorry to say, a prevailing vice; they do not play high truly—six almond cakes, an aged rabbit, a teacup, a glass mug, engraven or rather illuminated with the ‘once loved name,’ those are the stakes of these primitive punters. But then, there is the manly ‘Tirs au pistolet,’ and the soul-subduing dance. Soul-subduing, yes! and body-reducing too! for nobody could dance on long as do these happy peasants, and not get thin. But I say to our visitors, Go and see one fair. I spoke above of ‘Tirs au pistolet.’ In our hot youth, when William the Fourth was king (excuse my altering Byron’s line), we used to hear a great deal of French pistol practice. I find they shoot very well but not so steadily as half a dozen of our

countrymen who reside here. They are too mechanical shots. It is much the same with the gun : I can find you a pigeon shot or two who can shoot the French cracks out of the race, solely because they shoot so calmly, not fearing defeat or caring much for triumph.

There is another sight which I must not pass over in this digressive chapter, which is intended to suggest, at almost any season of the year, that great panacea for a yawning and complaining man, bored to death with his hôtel—‘something to do.’ Chantilly stables must be visited. It is easy to get a note to one trainer, and that will open the doors of all. The Newmarket of France is now ‘well worthy the attention ‘of the curious,’ and will be found, as they say in advertisements, ‘to ‘repay a visit.’ Although the death of the Duc de Morny, the ‘Lord George’ of France, broke up the largest stud in France, yet Chantilly can now show a string worthy of the English metropolis of racing. Besides, the scene is so picturesque that it is quite a good thing to see it, early in the morning. What is wanting, however, at Chantilly is an hôtel. In old days, when there was no Great Northern of France, Sporting Paris used to go for the week, and take a house, so no inns were wanted ; now that men, to save the bore of early rising, and travelling by a crowded train, would go down over-night, there is no place in which to put their heads. There are, in fact, two or three names or signs of hôtels, but they are vastly uncomfortable, and, of course, proportionately dear—dear-ness and discomfort always go together. But if there was a decent habitation as well, one might pleasantly pass a week at Chantilly. The forest would supply rides for twice that time. There is very fair shooting to be had (and sometimes hired) near there, too. Apropos of which, I can tell you a curious detail of the French game laws, which possibly your readers may not know. If you rent a manor, the whole of which is contained in a wall—I am not sure if a simple ring-fence will do—you are independent of laws and seasons ; the ‘chasse n’est jamais close pour vous ;’ and if you like you may shoot partridges in June and pheasants in August. It is, of course, a relic of some old territorial privilege, dating from the days when the Lord of the Manor, having slaughtered all his own game, walked over the boundary and began at that of his weaker neighbour.

There is hunting in the Forest of Chantilly during the season. Trainers turn out, and, recollecting the days of their youth, give themselves ‘several nice gallops’ (I quote the ‘touts’), while light-weight jockeys ‘set to,’ and even finish with the deer. Although stag-hunting, even when the deer is found wild, as here, is but very small beer indeed, yet a gallop up a long grass ride, in a pretty forest, is always pleasant ; so I say to our sporting visitors, do not let Leicestershire prejudices prevent your seeing a deer found and killed in the forest where Condé used to hunt, and sometimes, as we know from history (although he was quite ruined at the time), entertain and even mount his august relative, the Fourteenth Louis. It was at Chantilly that the great culinary catastrophe of the age took place. Louis the Fourteenth was King of France, but Vatel was king of the

kitchen. Dinner was ordered, as we have all heard it ordered by heedless hosts. 'Oh! I don't know exactly. As soon as we get home from hunting. If we are late—you understand.' An order which effectually puzzles a cook. 'Late home from hunting' meant then about one o'clock, and at twelve the fish had not arrived! The *Chêf* asked again at a quarter past: answer, 'No, Sire.' Again at half-past, the same question, and the same reply. The sauce à l'Hollandaise was made: all was ready. Vatel looked at the clock—perhaps the very one which now does *not* tell us what the hour is, at Chantilly—entered his room and shut the door! and the window! Ten minutes later the fish—a turbot, and, as we learn, as fine a fish as ever was seen—arrived, and the *chêf* was summoned to his command. Alas! expectation and disappointment had been too much for him; he had ceased to be a cook, or, indeed, a man; he had 'suicided himself,' as they would say. The king—they had a good run, and he was pleased, having perhaps 'gone well' along a flat grass-ride—was pleased to treat the affair pleasantly, and only said, 'Va-t'-en Vatel!'

One thing which should never be forgotten in the history of social Paris, is the Fête of the 15th August. You may not care for such scenes, but still they are to be seen: indeed it is the popular sight of the year. And then, dear *blasé* reader, it only takes place once in the twelve months, so you may put up with it. It is not recurrent. You may consider it as the Emperor's birthday. It is not, but that is a detail; but at any rate, it is a great fête; and from dewy morn to shadowy eve there is on that day a holy absence of police, and a deep devotion of popular enthusiasm. I advise everybody who comes to Paris to endeavour to be there on 15th August. It is really a great fête! I put aside all the festivities—the theatres opened gratis—the fairs, the dances, the illuminations, the fireworks. Everybody has seen those—seen them, too, much better; but still I advise any traveller near Paris to be there on 15th August, and see what really is a people's fête. They talk enormous nonsense about the tone of these festivities, but the fact is they are truly popular; and I recommend any student of 'Baily' and social history to come here the very next 15th August and study the French *people* when they are 'out for a lark.' I feel sure your readers will forgive me for so slang an expression. They are well to look at; good to see. They are a kindly lot to come against, are these French people. The great Imperial Fête is a curiosity in the history of fêtes. It begins at daybreak, and finishes about the next daybreak. Four-and-twenty hours of people's pleasure, I assure you. It is, however, really worth seeing; and if any reader of 'Baily' likes to visit the fairs of the Place des Invalides, or the Place du Trône, he will be amply repaid. You see French life there; and where else can you see it? Not in society, certainly, for that is utterly false; not in the *demi-monde*, for that is palpably a glittering and a passing delusion; not in respectable circles, for they are worse than anything—dull, imitative—in a word, a 'bore.' I say even to my most ex-

hausted friends—and I confess that Useless, Hard-up, Worthless, and others of the old set are pretty nearly done to a turn,—I say, come over to Paris and see what we can do at certain seasons, before you retire from the world and lead the life of a semi-hermit in the back drawing-room of the 'Army and Navy,' called, I believe, by profane friends, the 'Rag.' Ah! that 'Rag!' has it not for a 'thousand years'—or at least for a good many—braved the 'battle and the breeze?' I don't know much about its battles; but I have certainly seen a 'breeze' or two there in my time. One bit of advice I give to the visitors to this fête—avoid the crowd on the bridges. You can see everything just as well without going into the thick of the throng: and going into it is very dangerous. The Parisians are apt to lose their heads in a crowd, and then comes a panic. The result of this year's panic was that fourteen people were killed and thirty-five wounded on the Pont de la Concorde. Next year being the 'Exhibition,' there will, of course, be fifty or a hundred per cent. more people; and as the vast Champs de Mars, where the fireworks used to draw off all the population of transpontine Paris, will be taken up by the great Palace of Industry, I hardly know where the crowd will be able to find space.

And now, in this discursive chapter, I must just allude to the 'Exhibition' itself. It will be opened the first of next May, and will outshine all 'Exhibitions' and 'Expositions' which have as yet met the public eye. It is a very favourite scheme of the Emperor's, and no pains will be spared to make it a success. I strongly advise those readers of 'Baily' who intend assisting at this vast display, to secure their rooms in good time, for I really do not know where all the promised visitors can be lodged. The building, which is not quite a 'Palace that's made of glass' (to quote Mr. Joseph Muggings on the first English Exhibition)—being, indeed, a mixture of glass, iron, and stone,—is oval in shape, and, as far as we can judge from a mere skeleton, will be very striking. It is situated in the Champs de Mars, just in front of the Ecole Militaire. Among other novelties, an 'Exhibitor's Club' is to be opened. It is to have all the advantages of a modern Club, with the addition of a special telegraph and postal service. Others beside exhibitors will be admitted; and I strongly advise English at all interested in the Exhibition to become members.

But to return to our festive wanderings. Enghien and Montmorenci must be done. You do them in an hour, by the Great Northern Railway. Here are baths and waters (very nasty, and, I dare say, very wholesome), donkeys to ride, and a pretty country (a rare thing in France) to ride through. Here your Parisian delights to take his pleasure, while Madame Parisienne revels in the Sunday balls of Enghien.

Studios readers of 'Baily'—I presume you have some—will, no doubt, be charmed to learn that J. J. Rousseau wrote that highly immoral (not to say dull) work, 'La Nouvelle Heloise,' at his house, the Hermitage, Montmorenci. In spite of this, however, I advise

all your readers to go and see that place, and Enghien, as I do Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and Meudon. If in Paris for any time, I should also suggest visits to Chantilly, Compeigne, and Fontainebleau; and if it is winter, and they can assist at one of the Royal Chasses, I think they will admit that they have not read 'Baily' in vain. Of course it is not like hunting—what out of the Shires really is? I must pause a minute, and go back to that glorious scene, a Meet in High Leicestershire. A warm, damp morning; a small 'stick' covert, not too large a field, your best horse, and a good start! Ah! that is life! It is nothing like that here. Only a grand spectacle, as, to the sound of too many trumpets, the gorgeous cavalcade careers through the green rides of the noble woodlands. A pack of fine hounds, not quite 'fit,' perhaps, but a procession of horses not to be surpassed, and in condition so wonderful that one fancies Mr. Gamble must have a secret way of training. Then you see all that is pretty in Paris—Empresses and Ambassadors; sometimes English beauties (who cut down the whole field); and, in a word, if not hunting, it is very pretty; if not sport, it is very pleasant: so hire a horse of John Howse, and put in an appearance.

Visitors to Paris for a short time have little to do with servants: as a rule, they go into hôtels or furnished apartments, pay for all in the mass, ring their bells, and get more or less attendance, 'selon' the height of their story and the good-nature of the servants; but some of your readers may probably come to stay permanently in Paris—and then I pity them. The question of servants seems to me to be the 'vexed question' of social Paris. The French servants—who, I am told, are charming when living with French people—are simply detestable when taken by foreigners. I assure you that I know a family at this moment leaving Paris solely because it cannot keep any servant a week. They lie, steal, drink, appropriate; they do not bring in your letters or papers; and they do let in exactly the person you wish not to see: they do have many followers. Shall I tell you a story? Well, yes I will. Monsieur W—— P—— was disturbed one night by abnormal noises, and by 'sounds of revelry' in the attic, and so he got up and went to inspect the country. As he got near the door, he was sensible of a ringing, as of the festive tumbler, of the words 'trinquons,' of a consequent clinking of glass, and other Bacchanalian noises; and finally, as he reached the door, a fine manly voice trolled out—

'Tiens, voici ma pipe, voilà mon briquet,
Et quand La Tulipe fait le noir trajet,
Que tu sois la seule dans le régiment
Avec la brûle-gueule de ton cher amant.'

To this was added a pleasing whiff of extremely strong tobacco. The scene is, you will kindly remember, the attic; and the time, 2 A.M. Monsieur W—— P—— burst open the door; and there he found his nurse sitting on the bed, while a very, very large Zouave

was squatted cross-legged on the opposite chair, in an advanced state of bad brandy, smoking fearfully, and singing like what he really was, a Corporal.

Very irate with this body corporate, or corporal, M. W—— P—— proceeded to kick it. Then the soldier attempted to button on his gaiters, which for his greater ease and pleasure he had removed—we all of us know what it is to try to button boots or gaiters without a button-hook—then, I say, intoxicated Zouave said—

‘Nevers mindsh me’ (I put it in English), ‘nobody, I aint. But ‘spare Jeannette. Most friendly and hospitable little girl—always ‘ready kindly to receive anybody.’

This reminds me of what I once heard of an English cook, who had been jilted by a perfidious militia-man:—

‘Very sorry, Anne,’ said her mistress, ‘to hear of your troubles: ‘you must be very unhappy.’

‘Begging your pardons humbly, mum, I’m not at all, for, thank ‘heaven, I can love anybody.’ So she suited herself to circumstances.

Now this is pleasant in a quiet and respectable family, where early hours are kept! But, I regret to say, so you will find it. Only last week, too, a friend of mine found his butler with a private key to that cellar which the master flattered himself was for himself alone. A drunken cook is a bore, especially before dinner; but a butler who is draining your ‘sweet’ and ‘dry’ and ‘chasing’ your own coffee with your own old curious green Curaçoa, becomes too bad for endurance.

I advise any family coming to settle in Paris to try to get an Italian—half cook, half courier, and the other half (a really Italian courier is all halves—dozens of them) domestic servant and lady’s maid,—and make him keep house—find you in everything for so much a head, if he will; so then he will rob you alone, and rob you too *à prix fixe*, which is an enormous advantage.

One other piece of advice I will volunteer to English coming to Paris: they will not take it. Who ever takes advice? I don’t for one. Still, as I have taken on myself—and it is extremely like my impudence, I am aware—the delicate task of catering morally, mentally, socially, and materially, for the disciples of ‘Baily,’ I must have my say. Well, then, pray try to do at Rome as the Romans do. If you will insist on having an English apartment, English servants, muffins, tea, and cream (which you can’t get here, though you can at real Rome) for breakfast, cold beef and hot pickles for lunch, a tea for the ladies (with thin bread and butter) at five, and a good dinner of plain English roast and boiled, with vegetables—especially the insular potato—Harvey’s Sauce, pale ale, port, and sherry (oh, Lord! so nasty!), the whole to be consumed in the company of your compatriots, does it not strike you?—you will excuse the unpleasant question—does it not strike you that you might nearly as well have stayed in Albertopolis?

Truly said dear old Horace, who was always changing the scene,

to Baïæ one day (goodish dinner with Mæcenas), to Pompeii the next (wonderful mullet!), drinking like a fish, too—

‘Nos, nisi damnosè bibimus, moriemur inulti.’

(that looks like going in for the ‘Landlord’s bottle,’ if ever anything did!); truly he said,

‘Coelum non animam mutant qui trans mare current;’

and, in fact, you will never change your ‘animam’—your nature—unless you change your habits (I don’t mean your clothes; that you are sure to do), and your ways of life and living—so it seems to me you miss the great pleasure of travel—novelty, and the great benefit of travel—change. In these days the world is so closely linked together by iron bars and wire chains that it is hard to find a novelty. We are withering under routine; but then it is our duty, and it certainly will be our pleasure, to take advantage of any change we can find.

Now, as I have said before, there really exists the very greatest possible difference in the ways and means of life between London and Paris, and a man leaving his club at 6.30 P.M. may wake up in a totally different world twelve hours later—but then he must not go to Smith’s boarding-house, Jones’s hôtel, or Robinson’s tavern. I often wonder that *blasés*—used-up men—don’t go and stay in the hôtels in the Quai d’Orsay, and live entirely *ultra-Seine*. It is a district purely French—nay, purely Parisian, and as little known to English as Timbuctoo or Arabia Petræa. I am in a moral humour, and so express the most unpleasant of opinions, but for the life of me I cannot imagine what fun Jones can find in coming ‘abroad’—abroad! Heaven save the mark!—and passing the whole of his time with Brown and Robinson.

I do not suppose your readers care very much for seeing French workmen and that class, yet so practical is the age you know—the ‘practical age’ came in with beards and general utility after the Crimean war—that it is just possible that some of them may care to see how French life in a blouse is passed. They are not a bad set the Blouses, taken *en masse*; and I confess I like to see their interior life, or, rather, I should say, exterior life, for theirs is one long existence of cafés. From this class, by-the-way, I except all carriage-drivers: *they* are the biggest ruffians in Paris; and I feel perfectly certain that if there is ever another revolution, the cab-drivers (*fiacre* and *rémissés*) will be in the thick of it. The republican spirit is so strong in them that they can hardly resist running into a private carriage out of very spite and hatred of class.

I think the nastiest sight in the world is a red-nosed driver: his glazed hat hung on his lamp, his legs crossed, and the loose reins dangling about his ankles, while he talks to some friend driving the other way. When he runs over a woman and child—which of course he does daily—he says, ‘Hè la bas!’ and passes on his way. I wonder what M. Pietri would charge for just one good go in at the audacious ruffians!

But the general class of working men are very quiet and respect-

able ; and for any one who goes in for that business I would suggest that he goes up and dines at Bonvollaï's, on the boulevard nearly opposite the Porte St. Martin, where, be it said, he will dine much better than in many grander places, and at a price so moderate that it will cause him to open the eyes of astonishment ; and then, having dined and caffè'd and dry-curaçoed, let him stroll into one or two of the great cafés devoted to the working classes which abound in that district. As for management, the clubs of London might take a lesson from them, and as for company, it is only *too* respectable. Billiards, dominoes, and cards are the amusements, and the wives come with their knitting, or other work, and so spend a peaceful evening in a well-ventilated and well-lighted room, instead of sitting at home, in, perhaps, a poisonous attic. By-the-way, while on this subject, there is another spectacle which I recommend to your practical readers—the 'Bouillons Duval,' or cheap restaurants for the people. M. Duval is the great butcher whose shop, at the corner of the Rue Tronchet and Rue Neuve des Mathurins, is one of the wonders of Paris. It is artistic—floral—florid ! The heads of calves are here decorated and got up till they look quite wise—dead sheep become quite ornamental—kidneys are ranged in groups—hearts are hung with flowers—and whole groves of evergreens make a sort of material portico, in which the 'real' and the 'good' are seen side by side, and may be bought for sous, and taken home and roasted. But beyond this M. Duval has opened eleven cheap restaurants in the city. Now I have dined there, and I declare you get the best soup (twopence-halfpenny—enough for two), and the best *roti* (about sixpence, in Paris. You have marble tables ; and if you are a swell, you pay a halfpenny for a tablecloth. The class of people who dine at these cheap and good establishments are eminently respectable—*employés*, I should say, soldiers *en retraite*, and others of the educated classes to whom a dinner for tenpence is more convenient than a dinner for one-and-eightpence.

But I must not be 'practical' any longer, or I may chance to be dull.

Being up in that neighbourhood of the Porte St. Martin, you had better go there and see Duvergier in one of her thrilling characters, decked with Demidoff diamonds till she glitters like a starry night ; or visit L'Ambigue Comique, where, if you can see, as I did lately, a play representing the 'intimate life' of England, all I can say is that you will have a great treat. Ladies in low dresses went *without* bonnets to Cremorne—they fought a duel in a cellar in the Strand—and the 'Child-stealer' carried on her fearful trade, under the protection of several noblemen, in a large house in Piccadilly. It was an amusing representation in about six acts and—say—sixty *tableaux*, and lasted about six hours. If people who come to Paris are fond of theatres, I advise them to go there ; they are very nice, very hot, and very long. 'That,' said Harry Reckless, when he left the Châtelet, 'is indeed a very fair training for a future state !'

Indeed, they are *too long* and *too loose*. You will forgive the very bad joke (Toulon and Toulouse). When we have to explain our jokes they are indeed past laughing at, and after that nothing remains but to cry over our imbecility.

Positively I cannot stand a great performance—it lasts four hours—it is hot, crowded, dusty, and bedevilled; and, as the Eton French master observed, ‘If it makes no difference elsewhere, I would rather be d——d than go there!’

You should go and see the singing-houses, though, if you are here—‘L’Alcazar,’ the ‘Bat-à-clan,’ and others of that genus. If you wish to see France you must see the French. Depend on it it is the only way, and one of the simple ways which the English neglect.

Nobody esteems my own countrymen—let alone the women and children—more than I do, but I confess that they do cram square people (*en voyage*) into round holes, and altogether see, hear, feel, and do less than any travellers who take tickets. At times I am almost frantic with them!

‘It’s very odd,’ says Paterfamilias, M.P., F.R.S., G.S., ‘that I cannot get the “Daily Telegraph” and my cup of tea exactly at nine o’clock. I have to wait a quarter of an hour, and then am told that “the water does not boil itself.” Mark this!’ says our friend, a staunch Conservative. ‘No country can come to much good which cannot give you your tea at the hour it was ordered, over-night—*over-night*, mark you!’ The rest of the hôtel, having possibly just gone to bed, after an early (or late) supper, with Bordeaux, in magnums, does not perhaps care much for the English gentleman’s lament, and so sleeps on.

But I seem to be wandering about vaguely, and to be touching on subjects that a saint would not pick up with a pair of tongs. Alas! I am not a saint. I only go about the world seeing what happens, and then sometimes popping it down on paper for the benefit—if it is a benefit—of ‘Baily’s Magazine.’ I have a deal more to say about Paris—I have much more to write as to what to ‘eat, drink, and avoid’ (literally, *i. e.*, *apropos* of literature), at this and other seasons; but I must close my letter, else I shall become so long that I shall be ‘Baily,’ instead of a mere contributor—the whole, instead of a part—not an article, but a perverse and persevering magazine, boring people about what perhaps they knew before; in a few words, in fact (changing the text), ‘A thing of nuisance, and a bore for ever.’

THE SQUIRE.

THE Second of August will for the future be a noteworthy day among the compilers of Sporting Almanacs, as witnessing the transition of the Squire to his ‘Happy hunting-grounds,’ after a career of uneclipsed brilliancy in this or any other country, in which the chase is reckoned as a national pastime. The event had long

been anticipated, for few frames of seventy-nine could withstand the repeated attacks of rheumatism to which his own had been subjected, especially when it is considered how it had been shattered by his 'moving accidents by flood and field,' the chief of which have been duly chronicled in our pages, and from them circulated in every quarter of the globe. Without exaggeration Mr. Osbaldeston might be termed 'The Last of the Mohicans,' and represented an era in English sporting which must now be admitted to have come to an end, for all the characters which flourished in it have passed away. That the new school will equal their predecessors we have grave doubts, although Melton furnishes a good contingent force of hard-riding men, and the Shires are redolent of Sportsmen for whom no fence is too high or day too long, and to whom the charge of effeminacy can never be applied. But the manners of the age have changed since the Squire was in power, and hard drinking is no longer considered a qualification for a Sportsman, but is regarded as a vice to be shunned; and a man may now ride with the coolness of a Mason, a Becher, or a Dick Christian, and yet combine with it the attributes of a drawing-room hero in the evening. Not that Mr. Osbaldeston was destitute of polite accomplishments, for whenever he was present at a ball he would dance as long as he could play cricket or ride; but then in his zenith Terpsichore generally played second fiddle to Bacchus, and the grosser pleasures of the table were preferred to the lighter ones of the ball-room. So we will not yet despair of Young England, for we believe under the cloak of dandyism there is an under-current of chivalric courage which will carry the professors of its doctrines through all emergencies. In reflecting on the whole course of Mr. Osbaldeston's wonderful life in the saddle, and at the billiard-table, and in the turnip-field, or the pheasant covert, it is impossible not to express a regret that he had not a Boswell at his elbow to record his opinions on critical cases in sporting matters at the time they occurred, as they would furnish a book of precedents of the most valuable description for those who came after him. Of anecdotes also of choice departed spirits he could have furnished enough for a 'Sporting Raikes' like the 'Druid' to have compiled a volume that would have been read with equal avidity both by old and young. Of all the heroes of 'The Turf, the Chase, and the Road,' none excited so much curiosity among the general public as Mr. Osbaldeston; and when a little, short, square, dumpy man, with a shrunk-up figure, round shoulders, and limping gait, with battered features and teeth all set wrong, was pointed out to them, they were incredulous as to his being the idol of their adoration. The dress of the Squire also was little calculated to add to the general effect of his character, for it was anything but sporting, and must have often given Mr. Poole a pang, for it latterly consisted of an olive-brown surtout with a velvet collar, a black cloth waistcoat, grey loose trousers, and large button cloth boots; and, when thus attired, on a Newmarket pony his appearance was most grotesque, and none would have taken him for 'the best Sportsman of this or

any other age,' as was happily said of him in the inscription on the snuff-box presented to him on leaving Northamptonshire. The copious account of his exploits which appeared in the Memoir which accompanied his Portrait in one of the early numbers of our Magazine renders it unnecessary we should add to it many new anecdotes of him. Still, as every fresh illustration of his skill in manly exercises, as well as of his courage, will be perused with avidity, we append those which, in our opinion, are most worthy of being preserved, guaranteeing their authenticity from the high source from which we derived them. But at first let us remark that too little attention has been paid to his cricket career; and as we have the honour of numbering among our readers so many disciples of the willow and flannel jacket, we will endeavour to supply the deficiency. As a cricketer we have no hesitation in saying the Squire was only inferior to Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Budd, among the gentlemen cricketers of his day; and being a slashing hitter and a fast bowler he was almost invincible at single wicket. He certainly thought himself so, as he played a match at Lord's, in 1813, single-handed, against three celebrated players of Mitcham; but the odds were too great, and Bowyer and the brothers Sherman beat him by 31 runs. In the following year, at Lord's, in conjunction with Lord Frederick Beauclerk and Messrs. Bligh and Budd, he met four Players of Hampshire: the Gentlemen of the Marylebone Club winning in one innings and 26 runs. The same year, with Lord Frederick and Mr. Budd, he beat the best three players that England could produce, viz., Lambert, Sherman, and Howard. In this match Mr. Osbaldeston bowled every wicket. His next performance was for 50*l.* a side, against the two best players of Nottingham. Harry Bentley went down from Lord's to stand umpire, and on the evening before the match, went to see the Nottingham men practise in the King's Meadow; but Tommy Brewster would not allow him, saying, 'What we know in Nottingham we keep to ourselves.' When the match came off, the Nottingham players were unable to get the Squire out, and, after scoring 84 runs, he gave up his bat. He then bowled them out, they only scoring 17 runs in their four innings. After the match was over, Bentley said to Brewster, 'Well, Tommy, what you know at Nottingham you certainly do keep to yourselves, for I am sure we have seen nothing of it.'

At length Mr. Osbaldeston gave a challenge that he and the player Lambert, with two to field, would play any four in England. Of course such a challenge was not passed over; and Brown, the fast bowler from Sussex, was brought up to take part in the match, which ended in the defeat of the Squire. So vexed was he at the result that he immediately scratched his name out of the Marylebone Club; and so ended his cricket career.

In addition to our account of his steeple-chases, we must state that when Moonraker had beaten Grimaldi at St. Albans, so convinced was the Squire that it was owing to the rider of the latter having waited too long, and that he ought to have won, that he gave

500*l.* to Captain Evans for Grimaldi, and matched the grey against Moonraker, at the odds of 600*l.* to 400*l.*, four miles over the Harrow country. The course was from a field where the Sudbury station of the London and North Western Railway now stands, to Drummond's Hill. The Squire rode Grimaldi, and Dan Seffert Moonraker. All London was there, and the Squire was full of his chaff. 'It will be strange,' said he, 'if the best man and the best horse in England together should be beaten.' His confidence, however, was justified, for he took Grimaldi along at such a pace, that Moonraker was dead-beat a mile from home, and could scarcely keep on his legs, and Grimaldi won easily.

As a game shot the Squire was first-rate; and it is recorded that he ended a great day's sport by killing 16 snipe in 16 successive shots.

In this match at partridge-shooting with Mr. Crauford, it was an old man against a young one, and he was beaten (the second day) more by walking than in shooting. However, it was observed that, although he was as good as ever with his first barrel, he was slower with the second barrel than younger men.

Like all true fox-hunters, he was not insensible to the charms of females, when beautiful, as is pleasantly illustrated in the following anecdote:—

When Osbaldeston was on a visit at Lincoln, he met at a dinner-party, previous to a county ball, the beautiful Miss Burton, afterwards Lady Sutton. It happened that Miss Cracroft, a rival beauty, had a nosegay in which was a hothouse flower of exceeding rarity. It attracted general admiration, and Miss Burton especially admired it, whereupon her rival, for some private reason or another, twitted her after the manner of dear friends. This was not lost upon Osbaldeston. Pleading an excuse after dinner for leaving the wine party, he got upon one of his horses, and rode to the house of the person from whose conservatory the flower had been obtained, twenty-five miles distant, and brought back another and more brilliant specimen, which Miss Burton displayed in triumph at the ball supper. The distance was accomplished, at night, in about four hours.

Of his careless regard for his own life, when that of another human being was in danger, we have ample proof in his behaviour under the accompanying circumstances:—

When Osbaldeston hunted Lincolnshire, the hounds, in a fast run, had crossed the Witham above Bracebridge. A boy, in one of the river barges of the country, 'big with tumultuous joy,' lost his footing and fell from the barge into the river. It was deep and sluggish. The boy rose once to the surface, sunk again, and was drowning without any available assistance being near. Osbaldeston saw the accident, turned away from the bridge, rode over the fence into the marshy field, jumped off his horse, went in, dived after the boy and brought him safely to land.

His knowledge of kennel management we cannot better illustrate than by the subjoined remarks:—

In a conversation on the merits of feeding, held with many sportsmen of repute in the Rickmansworth kennel, such as Messrs. Harvey Combe, Gaskell, Drake, and others, he turned to Gardiner, his old feeder from Lincoln, who had accompanied the hounds into Hertfordshire, and patting him on the shoulder, said, 'This was always my trusty friend and adviser in all my kennel difficulties. I'll back him against any feeder or kennel-man in England.' He once told Jack Musters that he was a 'Prince in the field and a cobbler in the kennel.' Musters often fed on barley-meal, and occasionally on carrion. His hounds, excellent in themselves, as he was himself, never had clean coats, and failed in the evening from unevenness of condition—so said Osbaldeston.

In the great Waterloo Run of Mr. Anstruther Thompson, he took the liveliest interest; and, as it was the last one upon which he probably ever wrote an opinion, we subjoin it in the accompanying letter, feeling assured it will be perused with pleasure, and estimated at its worth:—

'No. 2, Grove Road, St. John's Wood,
March the 5th, 1866.

'MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for "Baily's Magazine" containing the great run in Northamptonshire, which is the longest I ever remember covering so large a tract of country. As two foxes were viewed by your whipper-in, and a third by some other person, I think the hounds must have changed foxes; but taking every incident into consideration, it does Mr. Thompson and his men great credit. If the last fox was the hunted fox, they must have killed him shortly, being only two fields before them.—Believe me, yours most truly,

'GEORGE OSBALDESTON.

'A. H. Baily, Esq., Cornhill.'

Our task is over. We have endeavoured—most imperfectly, we fear—to do justice to the greatest sportsman the world ever knew since the days of the Assyrian Nimrod. He is gone; but the time we imagine will never come—not even on the arrival of the long-expected New Zealander at London Bridge—when the name of GEORGE OSBALDESTON is forgotten by English sportsmen.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

YACHTSMEN have during the present season had but little cause to complain of a lack of excitement, for since the commencement of the year there has been a constant succession of matches, many of which have been remarkably interesting. During what may be called the Thames season the London, Thames, and other clubs have provided excellent sport, the London being the last in the field with a second-class match, won by Mr. Cuthbert's Vampire, and finally the Amateur race, which is sure to attract great attention, as it affords those owners who know how to handle their craft an opportunity of proving their superiority over feather-bed yachtsmen, who leave everything to their captain and crew. As this was rather a 'little go,' no steamer accompanied the race, which was from Erith to the Nore and back. Mr. Arcedeckne, the popular commodore, accommodated a large party on board his schooner,

the Violet, which had a capital view of the race. The Vampire, Satanella, Dione, Mabel, and Clytie were entered, but the latter fell astern very soon, the Dione struck her jib just at the turn, and Lord de Ros's boat lost ground in the beat up, so the first two won easily.

Numerous regattas on all parts of the coast have taken place, but the space available in 'Baily' being circumscribed, it is necessary to skim very lightly over our note books. The St. George's Yacht Club (Dublin) had excellent entries for their cutter race over 40 tons, the Fiona, Lulworth, Mosquito, Vindex, Banshee, Niobe, and some others being entered. The weather at the start was promising, with a good S.S.E. breeze, but soon after mid-day it fell very light, and in spite of balloon jibs and topsails which caught nothing, for there was nought to catch, the match was not finished in time, and was started again the next day, when Notus being propitious, the match was concluded, the Vindex winning easily. The schooner race, which had also been resailed, lay between the Egeria (J. Mulholland), Pantomime (Lieut.-Col. Markham), and the Leah (J. W. Cannon), all the others declining to start again. The two first broke from their moorings before the start, and had to return, so that the Leah had a good lead, and made the first turn five minutes before the others; but when they got to work she was soon overhauled, and Mr. Mulholland's vessel came in first with a few minutes to spare in addition to the time she had to give away. Col. Markham, however, entered a protest that the Egeria had crossed his bows, and this being entertained by the Committee, the Pantomime took the first prize and Leah the second. The Flag Officers' Challenge Cup brought out the Marquis of Drogheda's Cecile, Witch, T. G. Sandford, and the Egeria. Mr. Mulholland had the best of the race as long as the wind held, but had to drift in at the finish in a dead calm. A race for 40l., yachts under 40 tons, gave rise to some dispute, and Mr. Doherty, the owner of the Echo, declined to start again, as ordered by the Committee; but with this exception, which is the common lot of most managing bodies, the St. George's was a most agreeable meeting. The Cork Harbour Regatta also witnessed some good sailing between the Mosquito, Fiona, Banshee, Dione, Lulworth, Niobe, and Vindex; and after a variety of changes, Mr. Duncan took the prize. On the following day a good entry was wasted by the want of wind, and the day was chiefly remarkable as an exhibition of the Fiona's powers of sailing apparently without wind. On the following day, however, there was a steady breeze, and the Fiona and Lulworth had, it seemed, the victory in hand; but when near home the wind dropped, and Dione and Vindex drifting up won the first and second prizes by time. Oddly enough, the winner was entered for a minor race, the Carroll Challenge Cup, but was better employed as the result proved.

The Royal Yorkshire Club had a couple of good days at Hull, and the Humber was crowded with sailing and rowing boats. The entries for the chief race included the Astarte and Vampire, but neither arrived in time, and the Surf and Ellida had the race to themselves, though Satanella was well up during the early part of the journey. Mr. Cuthbert's Vampire won easily at Yarmouth, the Satanella obtaining the barren honour of a good second. At Grimsby the Surf, J. Tempest, all but won the chief race of the day, passing the flag first, but the Ellida close up took the prize by time, though there were only twelve seconds to spare. The Prince Alfred Yacht Club had deservedly a good entry for the match for a claret jug presented by the Duke of Edinburgh. The Secret, T. D. Keogh; Torch, G. B. Thompson; Echo, W. J. Doherty; Aquiline, H. Dudgeon; Wild Flower, H. Little; North Star, H. Jameson; Wave Crest, H. Crawford; Luna, C. Putland; Æneid, F. Scovell; and Siren, D. Corbett, were entered, but the Wild Flower and North

Star did not show, and Siren was behind time. The first day was a mere drifting match, and the Luna and Wave Crest had the best of it, and when the match was resailed on the 10th of August, only the Secret, Torch, and Echo came to stations, the other vessels being otherwise engaged, or their owners having given up yachting for the season. It was a poor affair, as the Secret and Torch being well astern, gave up, and Mr. Doherty took his Royal Highness's prize without an effort. The club have had several good matches during the season, but one deserves special notice for the victory of a fifteen ton boat over several big-uns, ranging from 25 to 56 tons. The Torch, G. P. Thompson, 15 tons, won without the time allowed, beating the Æneid, 56 tons, F. Scovell; Echo, 38 tons, W. H. Doherty, besides the Luna, Wave Crest, and Secret, vessels of some little note. *Apropos* of little wonders, a veritable clipper has arrived in the Thames, and is now being exhibited at the Crystal Palace. It is a yacht(?) of two tons and a half, in which a couple of Yankees and a dog have made the voyage from New York to England in thirty-eight days: wonderful time under the circumstances. The Red, White, and Blue, it is stated, experienced some rough weather, and was thrown on her beam ends three times, but righted again, and managed to reach Margate in safety. They spoke several vessels *en route*, and appear to have lain each one under contribution for a bottle or two of cognac. Such, at least, is a permanent item in the log, and one which many a seafarer would willingly attempt to imitate. After a few days' rest in Margate they started for the river and cast anchor off Greenhithe, but the dog died on the voyage round. Many of the old salts at Margate felt much disposed to doubt their having come across the Atlantic, but this, if true, will be confirmed in course of time by the vessels hailed on their voyage, though whether it be after all a case of wooden nutmegs or no, the public have no opportunity of settling for some little time.

The Sailing Barge Match is always an interesting event of the season, and was this year quite equal to former occasions; indeed, the excitement among the riverside population was something intense, far greater than that caused by a race among the veritable dandy clippers of the great clubs. The course was to have been from Erith to the Nore and back; but, as is too often the case, it had to be shortened, so the craft rounded off Southend, and the race finished off Rosherville. Topsails and stumps were, of course, in separate classes; but all started together, the stumps lying some 200 yards lower down. As there were altogether forty entries, the vicissitudes of the day were innumerable. Suffice it to say that the wind was most uncommonly light, and that the Betsy Hart, belonging to Mr. Wood, of Milton, was the first winner among topsail barges. The Defiance (Lee and Co.) won the chief stump prize, the Maria (last year's winner) being third. Mr. Cecil Long, Commodore of the P. W. Y. C., presented the prizes, and a handsome testimonial was handed to Mr. Dodd, the originator of the Sailing-barge Match. With the exception of a decided want of wind, the day was a great success, though fourteen hours is rather a long spell for a river excursion, and the party on board the Princess Alice steamer had fully that time for their money's worth. Considering what a character the bargee community has for knowledge of tide, it was curious that they did not choose a more suitable day, as the ebb did not commence until past midday, and the match should have been started at least an hour earlier. However, next year this will doubtless be remedied, and matters be even better arranged.

Our Transatlantic cousins must, I think, admit that the old country is still pre-eminent in water sports. Although the America did, a few years ago, make our British yacht-builders sing small, we have since convinced Uncle Sam that our clippers take a deal of beating; and coming to the more popular

sport of rowing, Henry Kelley has shown Hamill the way over the Newcastle course in a manner which, if not surprising to us, at any rate appeared something little short of a miracle to the confident Yankees. I take no great credit to myself for anticipating Kelley's victory in the July 'Baily;' but as 6 to 4 was taken before the start, it was not buying money so dearly as was expected. Indeed, that price has been constantly paid for gold in New York. I am, however, getting out of my depth as to gold and greenbacks, and return to Kelley and Hamill, whose green backers piled on the coin to some tune; but the London division were so consistent in their support of the Englishman, that had the American party been prepared to lay out any more specie on their man, they could have been accommodated with a shade over the price. As it was, however, but little betting, considering the importance of the event, took place on the result; and in private circles extravagant odds were laid on Kelley, though professionals took 6 to 4 a day before the race. The scene at Newcastle was most striking, the entire population apparently turning out to catch a glimpse of the men, and the sporting proclivities of the canny Tynesiders were displayed to the utmost. South, east, and west had also furnished their contingent of spectators, and upwards of a dozen steamers carried would-be witnesses of the match, so it is unnecessary to say the river was in an uproar. Of the actual races there is little to tell, Kelley winning the first with the utmost ease. The second, out and home, was supposed to be Hamill's especial forte; but in this he was even more signally defeated, and, indeed, on the second day he did not complete the distance. Kelley's merits are too well known to need detail. He is undoubtedly the most elegant sculler of the day, and it will be some time before a worthy successor is found among the present candidates for fame. Hamill, the American Champion, is a remarkable man; his naturally powerful frame and extraordinary muscular development combining to render him the *beau-idéal* of an athlete for heavy work. As a sculler he has everything to learn. He rows with a very quick action, which must be exhausting even to the most enduring constitution, and his strokes, though rapid, are so short as to do but little execution. It was, perhaps, only reasonable that he should have selected the Tyne for his races, the Thames being so familiar to his opponent; but it is a great pity that the plucky American could not make time to pay his Southron admirers a visit, as he would have received in London every attention, as well as substantial proofs of the high regard which English sportsmen of every class entertain for his plucky conduct in undertaking so long a journey to contend against the *crème de la crème* of the rowing world.

The Barnes Regatta, which is usually one of the most attractive supplements to Henley, this year was quite up to the mark, and the weather being unwontedly fine, visitors had no cause to complain of a lack of either sport or comfort. The excessive heat, however, made 'the mixture as before' an agreeable necessity; but, as the Maria Wood was well provided with all varieties of liquids, the supply proved equal to the demand. The Senior Fours fell to the Londoners, who beat their old rival, Kingston, with ease; the latter crew were much below par, and, though individually good men, not at all together. The Juniors were spoiled by a foul, and the rowing was scarcely up to the usual standard in any of the crews. The Senior Sculls created some interest, Ryan, Chambers, and Wells being each strongly fancied, but the former did not come to time, and Chambers, who seems to like this course, won after a hard tussle with Wells. The first time of asking they fouled, after going nearly the whole distance, and were started again, when Chambers outrowed his man, who had been pretty well done in the fours. The Junior Sculls brought out a clinker in Slater, who boiled over a great pot in Mon-

teuuu, a good and powerful sculler. The winner showed immense strength, and with improved form will be a teaser to some of the cracks, as his 'last' is undeniable. Woodgate and Corrie won the pairs after a long stern chase with Willis and Graham, who, owing partly to Woodgate's fouling the third pair, had gained a good lead but were gradually rowed down. The gigs were an easy journey for O'Leary and Paul, who, instead of 'paddling their own 'canoe,' borrowed the boat of a well-known 'penciller' and lover of aquatics, and, having thus secured the best boat on the river, got the best coxswain, and won easily. I must not overlook, however, the trifling fact that they were certainly the strongest couple entered. Kingston Regatta was an unexpected treat, as it was believed that it would follow the example of Walton and be suspended until further notice. Last year's gathering, it may be remembered, was a great failure, as, owing to a misunderstanding with the Londoners, the chief races were either walked over or very unworthily contested, and this it was feared had damped the ardour of the subscribers and promoters. Thanks, however, to the energy of the committee all difficulties were surmounted and a very fair programme was published. The prizes were perhaps not equal to some we have seen on former occasions on Messenger's Island; but winners are not disposed to be too critical or revive the Gladiateur controversy about their gift-horses. London was opposed in the Senior Fours by a crew entered as 'Voltigeurs,' consisting principally of Kingston men, and stroked by Woodgate. The team was a powerful one, but they had practised very little, and the London men, who were beautifully together, won easily, though they did not get away at the start in the old L.R.C. style; indeed Woodgate held his own at the go-off, but when well at work the 'Voltigeurs' had no chance with their more practised rivals. The pairs were a repetition of the Barnes performance, though this time Woodgate had no foul to spoil his starting. Willis and Graham, however, took a strong lead, and had a clear length at the Island, but afterwards 'came back' as the pedestrians call it, to Woodgate and Corrie, who passed them and won easily, the actual finish being spoiled by a stupid gig which ran into the Londoners. This, however, did not affect the result, as they were collared already. The Sculls produced a magnificent race between Wells and Ryan, and the latter had ample revenge for his disappointment at being behind time at Barnes. The pair went down the course as nearly level as possible, Wells looking all over a winner; but as neither got clear it was anybody's race, and Ryan, who seems to have an affection for close shaves, outlasted his man and won on the post. The Junior Fours fell to Kingston, who having beaten London in their trial, had an easy journey against a Moulsey crew for the final. The Junior Gigs fell to the Shoolbred *frères*, who won easily, and afterwards made a good fight with Wells and Middleton for Seniors; but the latter's coxswain being better acquainted with the peculiarities of the course, got a lead towards the finish and won after a good race all the way. The Junior Sculls went to Fuller, who was far the best of a very moderate lot. The usual scrambles concluded the Regatta, which, though got up under unfavourable circumstances, was so much a success as to augur well for the prospects of next season. A pleasant little regatta was announced at Thames Ditton, but owing to a protracted squabble about local fours, the afternoon was to a great extent devoted to noisy disputes on the merits of the case. The crew which came in first did not get the prizes, but the affair is not of sufficient interest to justify its intrusion here. The only open race of the day was won by the 'Oscillators,' the cognomen under which Messrs. Shoolbred (2), Coleman, and Fuller elected to appear. The secretary and treasurer did everything to insure the success of the day's proceedings, which, *malgré* the dispute aforesaid, were

excellent. Lord St. Leonards granted the use of his island to the visitors, and the venerable peer presented the prizes on his lawn, waxing laudably eloquent on the merits of rowing and athletics generally, and welcoming each fortunate recipient in a right genial manner.

The Metropolitan Amateur Regatta took place on the 14th ult.; and certainly if an energetic and well-qualified Committee, and excellent arrangements could not insure a satisfactory result, they at any rate deserved it. We are told, however, that

' 'Tis not in mortals to command success ;'

and this fact was painfully apparent, as, in spite of magnificent prizes, the chief races were but poorly contested. Senior Eights were a walk over for the London Rowing Club; Senior Fours ditto; though, in the latter case, an Ariel crew had entered but were withdrawn, owing to one of their men being unwell. The pairs obtained but two entries, both of the L.R.C., and, on paper, it looked a good thing for May and Fenner, who, though they have not rowed together this season, were invincible last year. Willis and Graham were their only opponents, and rowed a good stern wager to near the finish, when they drew up fast, and in going by a foul occurred, which was given against May. The Senior Sculls had capital entries, including the champion Michell; but he very liberally declined to start, and others retiring, without the same reason for their absence, Ryan and Wells had each a walk over for their heat. In the final, Ryan won after a good race at the start, until Wells missed his stroke, lost a couple of lengths, and was never afterwards dangerous. The best race of the day was for Junior Eights, which brought out four boats, the London, West London, Thames, and Twickenham. The latter led at the start and got away a length, but, being untrained, gave way to Thames and West London, who stuck to each other throughout, Thames finally winning after a splendid race. London were astern all the way up, but beating Twickenham a few feet on the post took third place. The Thames were a strong lot; the best form was, however, in the West London boat, who pulled very well together, but could not quite last the severe course, Putney to Chiswick. Junior Fours fell to the London Rowing Club, beating North London, who had won their heat, against a much-fancied second L.R.C. crew. The Metropolitan Pairs, a junior and senior together, were won by Catty and Radmall, two light weights who have practised together for a year or two, and in form at least are equal to any, though they lack strength enough for a severe race. Junior Sculls went to Monteuis, who rowed a game stern wager in his trial, but had almost from the first the best of the race, with Fisher for the grand heat. The course from Putney to Chiswick or *vice versa* was certainly unduly long for pairs and sculls, as, with one exception, all these races were decided under two miles, and, owing to the time occupied by the winners in getting back for the finals, there was little or no interval for rest betweenwhiles. This was especially noticeable in the Metropolitan Pairs, and gave some reasonable dissatisfaction to those interested. As a whole, however, the arrangements were admirable. For the principal races Challenge and Presentation prizes were given, and their value was greatly in excess of that usually offered for rowing. There was a lack of entries for the big races, as the committee were obliged to fix a late date in order to give time to collect subscriptions; but this evil will be remedied next year, when the regatta is to take place soon after Henley, and the *prestige* of the affair, coupled with the prospect of tangible trophies, will no doubt induce University crews and the other Henley competitors to remain in training for the event.

Excepting the international affair there has been little doing amongst professional oarsmen. Caffin beat Edwardes, and Doggett's coat went to Kew for the first time since its foundation, one lles being the fortunate winner. Amateurs, however, have been very industrious. The Wingfield Sculls were decided in one heat, last year's holder declining the honour. Woodgate and Michell rowed a splendid race all the way, but, contrary to expectation, the latter stayed the longest and proved his decisive superiority. Chambers also started, but was out of all form and fell astern at once. Provincial regatta committees have in several cases issued most tempting programmes. The Scottish National at Glasgow had three days' sport, which attracted Mr. Michell, the amateur champion, and a London crew. The Clydesdales won the Champion Cup for fours, the London crew being quite a scratch lot. Michell took the chief sculler's prize, though Lindsay, the Glasgow crack, rowed him a good race for some time. Michell with Hopkins also won the pairs. Of the watermen's races, Cooper of Redheugh won the sculls, and his crew also gained the four-oared prize. Altogether the affair was most successful, the officials and natives generally doing everything in their power for the comfort of visitors. Bedford was, as usual, visited by the London Rowing Club, who, of course, won the fours, and must have had the pairs but that Willis and Graham, who had the best of the race, fouled their opponents and were disqualified. Strange to say, the sculls, too, did not go to London. The Tewkesbury programme promised better than ever; but, owing to several withdrawals, it was scarcely up to last year's performance. Woodgate and Michell had both entered for the sculls, but the latter would not, being, it was said, dissatisfied with his boat, and Woodgate would not row without him, so spectators had to be content with the lesser luminaries; and Bickerton beat Willan after a good race. The Challenge Fours produced a close thing between Woodgate's crew and Michell's, the former winning eventually; and with Finch he was also successful in pairs, beating Michell and Swinny. Instead of the Ladies' Prize, which has hitherto been, as it were, a consolation prize for crews beaten in the Challenge race, there were local juniors, interesting chiefly to the individuals concerned. This change is to be regretted; but with this exception the arrangements were admirable. Stourport followed Tewkesbury, and Michell's crew won the fours after what was supposed to be a hard race. Willan reversed the running with Bickerton for the sculls, and with Swinny beat Michell and Fannin for the pairs. The rowing was on the whole a great improvement on last year, and will doubtless show a further advance in 1867.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

Do you remember the often-quoted chapter 'Concerning Snakes,' in the 'History of Ireland'? 'Snakes there are none.' Well, this same month of August—not very lively either in London, if I remember rightly—is very nearly, as far as concerns 'sport' or 'life' in Paris in that category of snakes,—there are none. We have had a detestable month, as to weather—one day hot, one day cold—cholera, utter dullness in the town and utter apathy in the country. Truly we have raced and raced a good deal, too; and the Deauville Meeting vindicated its claim to the title of the Goodwood of France. Unfortunately, it comes at a season when the Sporting World is over-raced. After ten days' incessant laying and taking of five to four, human nature gets a little weary, and would like to go into the country and 'babble of green fields,' or talk other nonsense, but not hear the incessant cry, 'I'll lay agin anything!' I fear racing in France will be overdone, and dwindle down into

a series of small Meetings. Not that this applies to the French Goodwood, which is an eminent success, but it does apply to the swarm of small races. As for the society, the revelry, the delight of Deauville, it is impossible to say too much. All the finest costumes, all the finest 'birds,' made of course finer by the finest of feathers—all the reckless life of Paris, all the jovial *esprit* of the capital taken down to the 'sad sea waves' (which were not sad at all)—these elements must make up a pleasant week. To the Duchess de Morny and to Sir Joseph Olliffe the thanks of all Sporting France are due; and if England did not quite back up the Meeting as it ought to have done—why really France must set it down to the fact that even betting men are mortal, and cannot continue to calculate from one moon to another. There is a story about a betting man too good to lose. He had wagered from early Northampton to late Leamington. 'How are you?' asked an acquaintance. 'Five to four,' said he, 'and I'll take your six.'

So, after all his chances and changes, M. Vaillant's *Africain*, who made nearly as much noise as M. Meyerbeer's female of that race, has not only, as they would say here, 'tumbled down-broken,' but has even tumbled leg-broken, and so his wretched career is over. Circumstances made him. I believe he was a respectable horse in himself, but circumstances, I say, made him a very Jack Sheppard among race-horses. They pulled him, watered him when he was not thirsty, tempted him with beans when he was not hungry, pulled at him, and raced him at wrong places. Then captains controlled him, and touts tormented him. *Requiescat in pace*, once again, and this time for good and all—for ever: he is what he was often during his steeple-chase life, a 'dead one.' He may have had a later career, but about that I am in ignorance. His last owner was a sausage-maker. Poor *Africain*, therefore, may have finished as a 'good thing' as he began. 'Chi lo sa?' as they say in Bologna, the metropolis of sausages. I have avoided sausages, as indeed I always do during the steeple-chase season. There is a Scotch proverb about 'eating a horse behind the saddle,' but I prefer beef and mutton, and neither before nor behind the saddle—neither at the breast-plate nor the crupper will I eat a horse if I can avoid it. I prefer putting myself outside them, and if any bolting is then done it must be done by the horse. Of the little races which have occurred here during August I need say nothing—they are not of any consequence out of their immediate neighbourhood. Did you hear how the Duke of Hamilton and Major Wombwell were taken for fugitive welshers? It seems—at least so runs the story here—that they missed the train after Deauville, as young men will miss trains, and consequently ran a risk of being late for Brighton. They tried to hire a fishing-smack, and offered so much for it, that the 'officers of public security' thought they had got hold of a real good thing. A very brief explanation by the Duke cleared up this '*avant dernière inconvenance*' (you have not heard *that* story), and they went on their way rejoicing. I regret to say that, in spite of laws and edicts, we have been eating partridges and quails during the last six weeks, just as, I dare say, some of your readers, '*diavolo suadente*,' have been consuming 'black pigeons' in July at Greenwich. It is too bad! and I own that I always have a conscientious indigestion after this unseasonable repast. Yet, as they would say here, 'What do you wish? we are made so!' and we always incline to what is wrong. Conscience, I expect, is rather like one of Mr. Smallpage's very convenient coats, you can use it as a coat or a waistcoat, with or without sleeves. If you don't like a thing, conscience puts on its sleeves and says, 'No! never!' But if, on the other hand, you like it, conscience gets a deuced bad start—in fact, is never in the race at all! The shooting season for the district of the Seine—that is, round Paris—opens on 1st September, but I

do not hear a good account of the game. Like the harvest and the vintage, it seems to have suffered from our winter-summer, which has been—not to put too fine a point on it—damnable!

Returning for a moment to the Racing World, I will just tell you that all the 'Major Fridolin' stable is dead amiss, and that the high-priced Czar has come to utter grief. Jennings has entered into possession of his new premises, and is ready to train for any gentleman who suits him.

Paris is as empty as Bath in July—not a soul to be seen I assure you. Even Thérèse sings to empty gardens. There are, of course, a few remaining, chiefly ambassadors, newspaper *réclacteurs*, soldiers on duty, and civilians who can't get leave; but we are all dead and buried, I assure you—only, as the great Chesterfield used to say, 'We don't wish it known!' Theatres! well, there are dozens of them—but who will go to a theatre in August? Gardens! scores of them—but you cannot go to a garden in a great coat: that's no pleasure, or with an umbrella. It is, in fact, a dull month; but I hope that, *via* Baden-Baden and Spa, we shall be more interesting in the month of pheasants.

'OUR VAN.'

INVOICE.—August Annotations.

AUGUST is the month of all others in the Almanac that is looked forward to with the most pleasure, and parted with with the most regret by all classes and conditions of beings; for to the racing man it brings visions of the Parades of Brighton, and the Cliffs of Scarborough, and to the yachtsman cruises in the Solent and peeps of the Channel Islands. The sportsman associates with it the wild enjoyment of the pursuit of 'the Monarch of the Glen' (not the second for the Two Thousand), and the killing of grouse and blackcock; and the angler has full scope for the use of his rod. During its continuance the barrister exchanges the Strand for the Glacier, and in the vast solitude of the Alps addresses the imaginary juries of Westminster Hall. To trace the progress of each of the sports we have enumerated during the now expiring month is no easy task, but as it is a labour of love, we must undertake it, and, like the prisoner at the bar, pray for a happy deliverance from a merciful and impartial jury.

With 'the Sport of Kings' we must first deal, and in doing so we are fortunately enabled to associate it with a meeting worthy of a King, and patronised as became it. Year by year Goodwood increases in its attractions to the general public, and slowly, but surely, innovations are making in its hitherto almost unexceptionable character. The lists were the first step in this line, but as long as the classic soil is protected from clogs, umbrellas, and hard-featured, fur-capped, and high-cheeked fellows, so long will the gathering be worthy of the brave men and fair women who patronise it. But when once the manners and customs of Nottingham and Oldham are introduced into the magic circle, then the glory of Ichabod will have departed. Although the list was weak, Royalty was a powerful loadstone, and we believe no weather we have ever been favoured with would prevent the Prince and Princess of Wales from drawing a full house; and it is a pleasing assurance for the future that daily their popularity appears to be on the increase, while in the language of the Tattersall reporters, we may state the Duke of Edinburgh has a coming appearance, and bids fair to be a rattling favourite. Before such a company we could have wished a better fare to be placed, but it was hopeless; and as when cooks cannot get materials for dishes, they are unable to concoct them, so if trainers

could not supply horses, Messrs. Weatherby were of course prevented filling up the cards. That Chichester is a dull city we have no doubt in our mind, seeing how the very children seek to give vent to their feelings by vociferously cheering every carriage on its return through the streets, whether the occupiers have been winners or losers. This proceeding is a harmless one, and not altogether to be deprecated, seeing that it causes those who have won their money to think more of themselves, while those who are on the wrong side of the hedge are consoled by being objects of interest to a strange crowd. That the meeting should have been opened by Lord Westmorland with a Brahma key was strange but true, and he let us in to the state of affairs, which disclosed the nakedness of the land, and the necessity for the House of Assembly voting increased supplies to maintain the honour and dignity of Goodwood; and we have reason for believing the subject will receive due consideration during the recess. When business did commence in earnest we saw Mr. Hodgman's Confederate get rid, with a great deal of difficulty, of an attack of Indigestion, which caused some anxiety in the Ring; and then the hoisting of the Lavant label on the telegraph told us that Achievement was going to put another thousand to Col. Pearson's credit at Weatherby's, and although Lady Hester had an eye to it, and tried hard to get at it, she failed in the attempt. But she certainly did as well as D'Estournel in the Spring, which is saying a great deal for her ladyship. The betting on the race was almost confined to placing first and second, as the 'underwriters' refused to issue policies on Col. Pearson's mares except at trebly hazardous rates. However, as Ischia shortly afterwards paid in The Gratwicke to Burlington Street, the Daneburyites ceased to think of The Lavant, and were up in their stirrups. The French, if they missed the Goodwood Cup, upon which they had set their heart, determined not to go away without one of the three in the list, and they almost divided 'The Stewards,' for if Plutus had been persevered with he would have been second to Sultan, who won as he pleased; and if ever a Cup deserved to be filled with Lafitte it was this one, Gardevisure proving, as we have always seen, to be unable to carry high weights, although she was tried very high before she had left home. The Mayonaise filly ran as soft as her dam and name, and Xi negatived the idea of distance being his forte, which it was once supposed to be. After this excitement produced by the Cup was over, we were treated with the revival of Klarinska, on which the Whitewall manager had been so long engaged; and certainly she justified the rumours about her from those who had been behind the scenes, and she galloped away with the Annesley Stakes in a manner that must have convinced even Lord Glasgow that the 'Brougham trainer' knows as well as ever when to begin and when to leave off with a horse. Archimedes, on whom Lord Stamford laid out a thousand, seemed to be as untameable as a hyæna, the Eastern operation which he had undergone having had a decided contrary effect to that which was desired. And after Lord Durham had got an excellent slice of Woodyeates' Ham cut off from Newminster's quarters, and the Chaplin, Mazurka, with a Monk and a Merry Hart, a curious combination, we were dismissed parade, and consigned to the mercies of extortionate flymen and lodging-house keepers, who knew so well how to improve the occasion. Wednesday saw Ostregor in the pride of his strength give a fabulous weight to Icicle, who made Lord Westmorland feel a cold shudder when the Judge declared his colt to be beaten by a neck. In the Drawing-room Lord Glasgow received another lesson, by which we hope he will profit, that change of trainers does not change animals, for his Toxophilite was almost backed against the field, but shot so wide of the mark, that it was soon rumoured that Johnny Osborne would share the fate of Blue Beard's suspected wife. He, however, cleverly evaded it by resigning the

seals of office, which were accepted, but whether 'graciously,' or not, we are unable to state. But we may remark, that Johnny received the cordial congratulations of his friends on the wisdom of the policy he pursued. Still we think his lordship's colt would have run better, according to his trial, if he had not coughed after his arrival at Waterbeach. For the improvement in Auguste we were not prepared, for it was so great, and liking the course, and being fresh and well, he won all the way, and over a certain length will always be a dangerous horse. The Findon will long live in story for being one of the most disastrous races of Sixty-six, and Bismarck was as fatal to those who dwell in high places, as his namesake to Austria, and the ultimate consequences it is impossible to foresee. In fact, it reminded one of the 'Comedy of Errors, or, 'All in the Wrong,' as everybody almost backed the wrong horse, and Marksman being hurried and hustled, instead of being nicely waited with, and coaxed all the way, shut up like a trap, into which he had got his friends, and Friponnier, by a most determined finish on the part of Custance, just spoiled the Prussian by a head, and had Francis Joseph been present, with the rest of the royal party, we are satisfied he would never have rested content until he had decorated the hero of Peterborough with the order of the Black Eagle from his own breast. And as we have some interest at the present moment at the court of Vienna, we consider we shall be only doing an act of justice in recommending Custance for the distinction, which he could wear, like the knights on Collar Days, when he was riding for a Cup, a Derby, an Oaks, or a St. Leger, while the investiture would be worthy of the easel of a Royal Academician. The Goodwood Stakes was but a second edition of the Findon, as regards its destructive effects upon backers, and strengthened the foundation of the report of the following Monday at Tattersall's being a regular Black Monday. As might be imagined, those who took tickets for The Special were first-class passengers, who rather complained of the highness of the fare for the journey. But those who want to indulge in luxuries must pay for them. And when they were informed by 'Argus' that The Special would go through without 'the engineer' having any orders to stop, either at a Cæsarewitch or Cambridgeshire station, they professed themselves satisfied. William Day was in strong force, and was button-held by peer and commoners, like a Secretary of the Treasury on a great division night, and the 'Fortune-hunters' were as active in the ring as if they had been at Cheltenham or Leamington. The Black Prince was at one time supposed likely to wear a species of visor, which would prevent him showing his face, and there were ominous rumours of the Midia colt, which greatly disturbed the serenity of his owner and backers, and when he came out he certainly justified them, for his heels were open, and he had a dull and late-up-at-night sort of look about him that told its own tale. But Rama was a horse of another complexion altogether, for he was as hard as a tombstone, and came down on the lot like a wolf on the fold, scattering them in all directions, flooring the prophets to a man, and winning a fair stake for his owner and immediate friends. William Day, when the numbers went up, appealed to his friends if The Special had not performed the journey satisfactorily, and having received an affirmative reply, retired to tea and communion with himself, with the consciousness of having fulfilled his duty to society and Woodyates. Then Lord Glasgow won a race, which is a fact to be recorded in future almanacks, and after Mr. Mackenzie's Indigestion had come and gone, and which he bore very well, cards were torn up, and return lists substituted for them. The Goodwood Cup day is perhaps the fête day of England, and requires more word painting than we can devote to it. In truth, we believe there is only one pen which could do justice to it; but as the wielder of it is at this moment, we believe, engaged in considering 'a well-devised measure of

'reform for the more extended representation of the people,' he is hardly to be expected to confer on our world the benefit of his ideas. The fame of the Goodwood bank is not only European but Asiatic, for the deposit and circulation of its beauties. But never on a previous year—to use a Threadneedle Street expression—was 'the rest so large,' or the receipts so great. And were Books of Beauty to be revived again, a second Lady Blessington would have had materials for several series in every small space of ground. As we are adverse to the practice of putting ladies' names in print, we will say no more than that the first favourites changed their colours each day with the cards, and such was the curiosity with which they were regarded, we feel satisfied if they had issued an authorized descriptive catalogue of themselves, and sold it for sixpence for the Bentinck Fund, it would have gone off like a new poem by Alfred Tennyson. That they were greater objects of interest than the race-horses it was impossible to deny, and a milliner in disguise would have been amused at the comments and estimates of the dresses that were worn, and which exceeded anything of the kind we have witnessed either at Fontainebleau or Baden. The racing, however, had not the Goodwood Hall mark upon it, and again the Molecombe poured a deadly fire into the ranks of the gentlemen, who abandoned Marksman, and supported Bismarck as strongly as the Berliners would have done. But still the fortune of war here was very different to what it was at Königgratz, for Fordham's Marksman did more execution than the needle gun, and using him tenderly, he turned the tables upon 'The Prussian,' who soon beat a retreat to his bureau at Findon, with, as may be fully imagined, no great amount of blessings on his head. The Cup field was unworthy of it, and we sighed for some of its old heroes, such as Priam, Hornsea, Beggarman, Charles the Twelfth, Van Tromp, Canezou, Kingston, and Virago; and when we thought those who were most associated with them had been taken from among us, the rapid progress of Anno Domini was forcibly impressed upon our minds. Than the preparation of Tourmelin, we have seen nothing finer this year, but The Duke had a hurried look about him that did not please, and John himself admitted he was only half prepared, and he knew nothing himself about him over two miles. As we do not blindly worship Fordham, although having the highest possible estimate of his character, we must observe that he never, to our recollection, rode better in his life than on this occasion, and that by pure jockeyship on his part, he snatched the cup from the Mentmore side-board, and placed it on that of Donnington. For had anything but a hunter made running, Tourmalin must have beaten The Duke, and revenged the cutting down of Hyppolita by Ackworth at Doncaster last year.

The Goodwood Friday is generally supposed to be made up of the *débris* of the Meeting; but this year we had the best bill of fare of the week. Lord Exeter, we were sorry, could not see his Hebe bring him the Nassau, which she did very cleverly, and 'the great sensationists,' Broomielaw and Ostragor, told us of what a shocking bad lot of animals the field for the Chesterfield Cup was composed. Cannon Balls are dangerous to have about in any Nursery, and so every owner found this afternoon with the exception of Lord St. Vincent and Mr. Bevill, who would like a constant supply of them on similar occasions, and after we had seen Soapstone employed in polishing off a Queen's Plate, we took leave of Goodwood and 'its good things,' its glorious scenery, and its new Stand, which, however creditable to a primeval settlement in the backwoods of America, was not within stones of the Goodwood form. Brighton, as usual, was the supplement to the Meeting we have just described, and was as uncomfortable as ever. And so it will be always; for although the authorities work with the most cordial spirit and display the greatest liberality in money matters, they cannot enter into a contract for fine weather. Therefore when

the storm drum is up, the task of getting to the course is as difficult as weathering Cape Horn; and when we have a cloudless sky and a brilliant sun, the heat attracted by the chalk soil is so intense that it is almost worse than being becalmed in the tropics, so the visitor has literally the choice of two evils. The racing was again disastrous to the gentlemen, and what with the horrible state of impecuniosity revealed at Tattersall's on the previous day, there was an accumulation of bile in the Ring, and a thinness of backers such as we have rarely witnessed at Brighton, and by all accounts the money market has not yet recovered its tone. The race for the Brighton Stakes between Ninco Nanco and Slender was as fine a one as we have seen this year, for the pair ran locked together almost as if they were in harness, and the 'star and stripes' were only lowered with the greatest difficulty. Both the mares being amiss in the Cup, The Duke had an easy gallop for it, and with a severe attack of cholera of John Day, produced by neglect in the early stages of diarrhoea, the Meeting terminated. Happily, however, by good medical aid, the Head of Danebury was spared giving the biographers the task of recording his many triumphs, and by a course of banyan days, he was enabled to put in an appearance at York, where he was congratulated by his friends on his recovery, as well as his lightness. Seldom has the illness of any trainer excited more interest, and from North to South the telegraphic wires flashed the bulletins of his health. Never since the days of Hock and Elis were so many good horses seen at Lewes, where Mr. Verrall seems to have established a strong dynasty. The public form of Rama was verified in the Handicap, and again Danebury went down before Findon. The defeat of The Duke by D'Estournel makes the latter out to be second only to Achievement, and therefore the legitimacy of his position in the Derby betting cannot be gainsayed. Driving 'Our Van' along with only one stoppage at York we reached Stockton, a quaint, old-fashioned town, where hospitality reigns supreme, Quakers flourish, and Sunday-school children treated to picnics on the Race Day, lest they should imbibe a desire to give more attention to Wright's Book of Handicaps, and Baily's 'Guide to the Turf,' than to their own manuals and primers. The rise of Stockton has been as rapid as that of a young republic, and it is fortunate in having for one of its administrators a man of such versatile abilities as Mr. Craggs, who, as a collector of nominations, is within a very few pounds of our especial favourite Mr. Frail; and we verily believe that if the Commissioners of Inland Revenue were to appoint him to collect the Income Tax, the returns would be larger than they had ever been before, so well would he appeal to the patriotism of the taxpayers. In the weighing-room he is always in immense force, and those who have privilege of the entrée to his sanctum sanctorum have no cause for regret, as the licking of lips as they come out would indicate. Owing to Mr. Dodds's liberal entertainments, which cause him to be regarded as the Tod Heatley of the North, many influential patrons of the Meeting have been secured, and this year the presence of the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Bateman, Canterbury, and a party from Lord Vane's at Wynnyard, with Mr. Sutton and Mr. Chaplin, gave a great impetus to the proceedings. Owing to the clashing of Wolverhampton, Judge Johnson was obliged to name a substitute for the first day; but by travelling all night he managed to arrive in ample time to fulfil his judicial duties. The arrival of the Judge at Stockton invariably produces a sensation, and leads to a crowd of idlers posting themselves round the Vane Arms to await his coming. As the train by which he will travel is pretty well known, the assemblage have not long to wait, and the drawing up of the Stockton Omnibus, the first constructed after the Ark, reveals the presence of the great functionary. A procession is then quickly formed, which is headed by the Boots, next to whom

comes the worthy Judge with his small black bag in hand, and followed by the conductor, which is better perhaps than by the officers of the sheriff. Placing in the hands of the servant of the vehicle the strictly legal fare, he is then conducted to the office, where, after receiving the congratulations of the C. C. starter and weigher with his usual urbanity, he proceeds to open the Commission.

Often as we have witnessed good sport at Stockton, we were never better pleased with it than now, although the weather was disagreeable enough to take away half the zest of the running. Two-year Old Stakes are the *specialties* of Mr. Craggs and Stockton ; and with regard to the outcry for a good weight for age cup, we are given to understand that every disposition exists to bring out one, but the fear of its not filling is the reason of its not being given. The feature of most interest on the first day was the *début* of Plaudit for the Cleveland, and who, after a very short preparation, had given Watson, who was in as great force all the week as he was at York afterwards, such a good idea of his powers as to make him fancy he had a racehorse, a very expressive term, when applied in its proper sense. Nor when he came out did he disappoint expectation, for there stood a slashing fine Thormanby before us, as unfit to run as ourselves to succeed Doctor Cumming, and with a free dashing action which spoke well for him. From start to finish he had the race all his own way, and was then sent home to be got ready for the Blenkiron Plate, in which, if we mistake not, he will make Achievement put her best foot forward : and as Watson is stated to be wonderfully partial to him, there is no fear of his preparation being neglected, and fortunately there is a fine frame to work upon here, and we shall err greatly if Major Elwin's colt does not meet with many more 'plaudits' when next he comes out.

August 10th, 1866, was a most interesting day for those who imagine that it is necessary to have foxhounds for the purpose of hunting foxes, and the Grand Foxhound Show at York will ever be remembered by those who had the luck to see it. The Hound Show-yard was inside the Yorkshire Agricultural Show-yard, and the arrangements made by the secretary, Tom Barrington, were very good. The hounds occupied cages with wire fronts and backs, which formed one side of the yard, opposite the Pavilion and reserved seats ; and the amount of chaff carried on by these happy and healthy hunting men occupying the reserved seats was most amusing. There you saw the well-known Judge, Percy Williams, anxiously watching the proceedings of those in office, and declaring that no correct decision could be given without 'tape.' There was that evergreen, Billy Williamson, making George Foljambe split his sides with laughing by telling a story that Capt. Starkie had brought from Lancashire, of how 'Auld Nugger' behaved when the hare was 'i' view.' There was that energetic and hardy man, James Hall, unwilling to admit that any south country pack could beat the Holderness, but feeling no certainty of holding his own against the Brocklesby. There was Lane Fox, of Bramham, and Sir Charles Slingsby, nearly as anxious as on a hunting morning. The place was crowded with people. The judges, who knew how a fox should be killed, boldly undertook to award the prizes to the best of their ability, did so conscientiously, and not much fault is to be found with their decisions. In Class 1, for the best two couples of entered hounds, dogs, Lord Yarborough won with a very level lot—Fencer, Vaulter, Grecian, Random : Lord Poltimore's Archer, Bertram, Lucifer, Lexicon, 2nd. These two lots were decidedly very clever foxhounds, and it was a good race between north and south, the Judges, after serious consideration, giving the precedence to quality. This was a proud moment for those two kennels, with such samples as the Duke

of Beaufort's, Mr. Parry's, Lord Middleton's, Mr. Lane Fox's, &c., against them.

Class 2 : For the best two couples of entered hounds—bitches.

First Prize : Mr. Lane Fox's Charnier, Gaylass, Speedwell, Streamlet.
Second Prize : The Duke of Beaufort's Varnish, Fervent, Winnifred, Sorrowful.

Here was again a most difficult task for the Judges. Some men thought that Lord Middleton's Olive, Legacy, Lenity, Rosamond, ought to have been placed first. But 'Baily' is a just and impartial Judge, and though he would have been happy to put Olive into his 'Van' and give her to a friend, he will not find fault with the decision of the Judges. Mr. Lane Fox's lot had more length, more power, better necks and shoulders, and as much beauty as anything in the yard. The Heythrop, we must admit, had one or two racing-looking animals that caught the eye, but a lemon and white pointer spoilt the lot.

Class 3 : For the best unentered hound—dog.

Sir John Trollope's Potentate, first ; Mr. Colemore's Gambler, second.

This was not a good class. But Potentate was a very useful dog, with very great power in the way of ribs and back. His shoulders, however, were not quite good, nor his knees well formed ; still he was the best dog in the class. Gambler was too high on his legs to be considered a clever foxhound, and it would be unfair to deny that Lord Poltimore and Mr. Parry showed useful dogs.

Class 4 : For the best unentered hound—bitch.

First Prize : Lord Yarborough's Gaiety : **Second Prize :** Sir Charles Slingsby's Dahlia.

Was there ever a huntsman or Master of Foxhounds, we appeal to our readers, that did not think he could pull out a good young bitch ? There were plenty of 'nice' animals, but no striking beauty, throwing all other darlings into the shade. **Class 5 :** For the best stallion hound. Lord Poltimore again was to the front, and 'Archer' is pronounced the winner. Lord Yarborough's Vaulter second. Archer is a foxhound standing twenty-three and a half inches high, but might be improved at the back of his shoulders and have more bone down to his foot, but on the whole, he is a good sample. Vaulter is a very clever dog in shape, but there was not quite enough of him to please the Court. **Class 6** was won by Lord Middleton's Bauble, a glorious creature. The Prince and Princess of Wales, &c., made their appearance on the balcony of the pavilion looking into the enclosure, to the intense delight of the huntsmen and whips, who having heard of their Royal Highnesses' fondness for a gallop with hounds, were very much gratified at having the pleasure of seeing them interested in the Foxhound Show. Twenty-three kennels brought samples to show for the different prizes. A good dinner was provided for the huntsmen and whips, many old friends met, and a pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by winners and losers. And those noblemen and gentlemen who took the trouble to travel from all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales, to attend this great North Country Show, and particularly those who undertook the troublesome office of judging, are the right sort, and we hope will be induced to repeat their visit. And we trust their influence will check the miserable modern system of rearing so much game to be destroyed by a few guns in one day to the detriment of the noble, free, liberal sport of fox-hunting. Can anything be so disgusting to the larger portion of the community as the wretched fox that is kicked out of the swell gamekeeper's hat-box when the hounds draw the degenerate game-preserving coverts ?

Owing to the Continental 'difficulties,' it was predicted that the Isle of

Wight would be disagreeably full and lodgings at war prices; but, like a great many other predictions, it has not turned out to be the case. The island has had its fair share of 'messieurs les voyageurs,' but not more than last year, and a very unsettled summer has improved neither our tempers nor the bonnets of the ladies. The shocking death of Sir Gilbert East has invested Ryde Pier with melancholy interest, and conveys two warnings—the first to every one, and the second to the Ryde Pier Company, who ought to put proper gates and rails on all the steps down to the sea. We fear the proposal to light up the Pier will hardly be as favourably received as that for lighting up Hyde Park, the footpad or garotter being unknown, and a harvest moon affording all the light that is necessary. As at Wimbledon, Scotland has ably held her own, and the two splendid yachts, the Selene and Fiona, amply testify to it, the three ocean matches being carried off by them. The Plymouth race (a regular beacon course), has just proved a hollow victory for the Selene, who was one of the last yachts outside 'The Needles,' the Masina, Fiona, and Lulworth being then greatly ahead. We hope when next season arrives, a judicious alteration in the position of her spars may cause that popular yachtsman, Mr. Broadwood, to rejoice in his Witchcraft, and sweep the seas, as she was designed to do. The Cherbourg match was a very near thing between the Fiona and Pantomime, and had not a difference of opinion as to the breakwater light having occurred, it is not unlikely the Pantomime would have snatched the Fiona's laurels. The French seem to take small interest in yachting, and beyond showing encouragement to our matches, trouble themselves very little about them. The flagship of the American (European) squadron, the Colorado, was lying in the harbour, commanded by Admiral Goldsborough, who traces his descent from an ancient Yorkshire family, and is as proud of it as Yorkshire would be of him were he an English subject. If American feelings are to be estimated by the cordiality of the officers of the Colorado, there is very little danger of a quarrel between 'the mother and son.' The last-mentioned being now much too strong a boy to be put in the corner, and every day, like an infant Hercules, growing in strength, his 'plaything' at present being a gun (on the Dahlgren principle) which carries a ball weighing a thousand and eighty pounds, and taking a barrel of gunpowder to let it off. In the return from Cherbourg the Blue Bell was very nearly beating the Selene, but stood too much in shore, and lost ground. Anyhow, she must be considered as a triumph of yacht-building, as in the match round the island, with a tremendous gale blowing, she performed the distance in five hours and a half, and it could hardly have been less than eighty miles, thus equalling steam power. It is not wonderful sailors believe that ships have a certain 'life,' for build as you may, with every care and talent, the spark of genius, *i.e.*, speed, will not always bless your efforts. Witness the Evadne, who was built expressly to beat the Aline; she proves a very moderate vessel, while the Blue Bell, by the same builder, turns out a clipper in every way. The unfortunate dispute which has deprived the public from seeing the old Arrow to contend with the new vessels, is a very unfortunate one. It is not the part of 'Baily' to give any opinion on it, and we can only regret both the dispute and its consequences; but the well-merited popularity of the Vice-Commodore Lord Eburghley can never suffer. Both the Cowes and Ryde balls went off with their usual *éclat*; and Prince Alfred at the former rendered many a fair lady's heart a wee bit jealous when he whirled by in the waltz with a lucky partner. While we are writing finer weather seems to have set in; and if the fashionables from Cowes will have departed to the Moors, and the Ryde visitors thinned next week for partridge shooting, many a smile will be brighter and many an excursionist's heart lighter

when he finds his holiday gladdened by autumn as 'an old friend who loves us all he can.'

The coming of Harry Brailsford had long been heralded in the North like that of the appearance of a new conjuror, or a Christmas serial, and it was understood he would win when he was asked. Accordingly, when the question was put to him in the Stockton Handicap, he answered it most satisfactorily; but although he was put out of court for The Ebor by it, Mr. Jackson's manner did not betray any symptom of regret at it. Honesty did a good thing in the Harry Fowler Stakes; but then Johnny Osborne was up, which will account for the union being so successful. Lord Zetland generally wins a race here, and now his Quick March was played by Snowdon a little too fast for the winner of the Liverpool Cup to keep time with it. The closing races went to Mr. William Nicholls's pair, greatly to the delight of the Ring, with whom he seems to be a great favourite; and immediately after Jarrow had beaten El Cid, and a lot of others for the Town Plate, Mr. Greaves, or, as the French style him, 'Le Grande Homme,' proclaimed himself a member of 'The Skinners' Company,' and expressed his delight at his election. On the second day, Westwick beat Strathconan in a canter for the Leger, and as Honesty was behind him, the Ebor was declared over, and Westwick voted the legitimate successor to the honour of Grand Inquisitor and Pax. For the Hardwicke, another stake of the same class as the Cleveland, Gipsy King, 'a Middle Parker,' made a good beginning, for The General, who was certain to have beaten him, could not act in the deep ground, greatly to his owner's annoyance, because he had over a monkey on him. The Lambton Plate gave in 'first time here,' as the playbills would say, the 'Beaufort stripes' on Vauban, who, greatly to the relief of those who, for want of some excitement, laid 100 to 15 on him only thirteen times, and would have gone on doing it, now won by nothing more than a neck, Mandrake being a more disagreeable customer than was anticipated. On the third day Elland and Broomielaw met for The Claret, and there was plenty of betting between them. Staying, as is always the case, like virtue, had its own reward, as Elland won all the way, and with it Mr. Sutton declared the St. Leger also. Nothing then remained but for Skylark to fly away with the Cup, which he did triumphantly, and Stockton was over. Before we quite take leave of the Meeting, we must speak of the pleasure we derived from the sight of Lord Vane's original picture of his ancestor's horse, Hambletonian, who is taken being rubbed down by his groom, and who hardly gives one the idea of being the clipper he proved himself to be. For if put up at the present time, it would take all the Middle Park champagne to get more than fifty pounds, and that sum, perhaps, only such an adventurous spirit as Mr. Edward Brayley might be induced to give. Still there are two useful axioms which should never be forgotten, viz., that a good horse cannot be a bad colour, and that racehorses go in all shapes. We were also gratified by the sight of the old Cups which were in the family, and which had been won by Cockfighter, Dainty Davy, and horses of that period. Ranged in two divisions on a table, they presented a very fine sight, and from their massive simplicity and utility contrasted very favourably with the prizes which are now given. Our ancestors, it would seem—and with good judgment, it strikes us—did not care about having on their table 'a mounted Arab under a Palm Tree,' or a couple of knights in armour battleaxing each other, or 'a Lady very *décolleté* driving a Chariot;' but preferred a Cup which they could use in their hospitable manner, when they entertained their friends and retainers in their halls and banqueting-rooms. Hitherto Lord Vane's devotion has been exclusively given to yachting; but so delighted was he with the

pleasure afforded to the thousands at Stockton, that he purposes, we hear, to make renewed exertions to render Stockton as fashionable a Meeting as York. And of the success of the experiment we have no doubt in our own minds. Oxford we could not assist at, because we were on the Northern Circuit; but we missed nothing, as the cards were full of handicaps that interested nobody but those who betted upon them. But we are given to understand that a new hotel, called The Clarendon, was discovered, with a tariff of charges that enabled a man to leave it without giving vent to unparliamentary language, and where they did not charge one half-a-crown for speaking to a waiter and five shillings for listening to his reply. Wolverhampton was marred by its accident, which, it is to be hoped, will lead to better regulations under a Local Act next year. In the racing there was no particular feature except that Cliffe's stable was in good force. York is always good, and invariably leaves something to be talked about. John Scott always makes it his chief battle-ground; and War and Westwick, we think, must have proved to Mr. Bowes that his confidence in him has not been abused, and that John is not the old apple-woman he was said to be last year. Danebury could not hold its own against its Great Northern Rival, and many and disastrous were the defeats it sustained; but as they were borne with equanimity, we will not irritate the soreness they created. The Great Yorkshire converted Strathconan, as it did Miner, into a temporary hero, and it was pleasant to see a race so named, won by such 'A Great Yorkshire' name as Watt. And the hearty manner in which that gentleman was cheered as his horse was led back, must have been most grateful to him, and proves—if he is not appreciated in the South—the North are ready to recognise his honourable character. As far as the St. Leger is concerned, the Great Yorkshire, in our opinion, goes for nothing, as we have seen Hansoms with Army and Navy fares gallop faster to a railway, and therefore we shall adhere to Lord Lyon and Custance, believing Savernake and Knight of the Crescent will be attached to his suite, like officers in waiting. Whether we are filled with the divine *afflatus* at the time of our writing we cannot say, but we are certain we are not very far out in our calculations of the race.

The yearling sales, we are glad to learn, are going to be improved upon at Doncaster, so that our agitation has not been a fruitless one. Messrs. Tattersall will occupy exclusively the paddock adjoining the horse fair, and connected with the one recently purchased by Mr. Jackson for the Fairfield yearlings; and as both barrels will be going at the same time, it will be curious to see whether 'Richard' or Edmund will make the best bag. Of course all breeders are anxious about their young things at this period, and we have great accounts of various high-bred colts and fillies. No young mother was ever fonder of her firstborn than John Scott of his Marquis colt, which he vows to be a rattler, and is shown like a Derby winner, and as far as make and shape goes, he looks already a racehorse, and moves like one. Then Mr. Jackson steps forward, and vows that England (it is a large country) has never produced such a grand yearling as his colt by Stockwell out of Tunstal Maid, and he ought really to fetch four figures, if only to pay for the 'cham,' sherry, and whiskey that has been already drunk over him, and we hear, joking apart, he has every probability of a good sale. Mr. Cookson, we are told, relies upon Captain Kidd, Plunder, and the other Buccaneers that have been running, to keep up his score to its usual form; and Mr. Wright, of Richmond, will not appeal in vain to his audience with his Brother to Paris, and a small but select lot. The Middleton One Row Division we cast our eye over on our return from Stockton, and we think their owners may well be proud of them, as well as of their condition. There are fourteen of them in all, and are divided

between Cavendish, Buccaneer, Oxford, Ivan, Van Galen, Cure, Donateur, and Weatherbit, a miscellaneous collection of sires it must be admitted, but their representatives all speak well for them. Of the Cavendishes, the one we liked best was the filly out of All's Well, the dam of Honesty, which is low and long, with a grand back and shoulders, good arms and legs, and, in short, quite a repetition of that mare's stock, and after what Honesty has done this year, there will be plenty want her. We were also much taken with the colt out of Diphthong, the dam of Persuasion, who could not be improved upon anywhere. The Ranee colt is a useful stamp of animal, but the one out of Scarlet Runner, and brother to Paxton, will, we have an idea, be better liked, as he is a remarkably strong short-legged colt, made in once, as they say, and without a single bad point about him. The Buccaneer fillies are but moderate, the best, perhaps, being the one out of Bohemia. The colt by Oxford out of Plausible, the dam of Plaudit, we imagine will be the Company's 'great gun,' for he is a fine strapping colt, of the fashionable size, and we should think Watson would be sure to get him for one of his employers, on account of his fondness for Plaudit. The Ivan colt is long and spiny, and puts one a little in mind of Selim, his half brother. The Van Galen filly was something like Tim Whiffler when a yearling. A Cure colt out of Annie de Clare we liked very much, as he had fine limbs, with plenty of size and liberty. A filly by Donateur out of Miss Armstrong was pretty enough, but very small, being her first foal. But the dam is grown into a grand mare, and has a splendid Blair Athol colt at her side in the paddock. We must also say a good word for the Weatherbit filly out of Mrs. Dodds (Joey Jones's dam), which was one of the handsomest yearlings we have seen this season. All the mares looked well; and Cavendish and Joey Jones seemed none the worse for their hard season. At Moorlands, Mr. Henry Thompson and his 'parvus Iulus' are progressing most satisfactorily, having made extensive improvements and additions to their establishments; while Lord Clifden is growing down into a superb horse, ready and willing to succeed to the vacant throne of Newminster, whenever it should occur. Ben Webster also has got some very useful stock.

The Prince of Wales has had some excellent grouse shooting on Mr. Bowes's moors; and as the return of killed and wounded, and the names of the party who assisted at the battue may be interesting, we append it:—

Prince of Wales.	Colonel De Grey.
Duke of Cambridge.	Major Teesdale.
Lord Colville.	Colonel Macdonald.
Lord Huntingfield.	General Hall.
Monday	1,183
Tuesday	933
Wednesday—Duke of Cleveland's moors (afternoon)	646
Thursday (afternoon only)	557
Friday	877
	<hr/>
	4,248

After this return list we have no fear about the Prince's not repeating his visit next year.

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and Turf Guide.

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OCTOBER, 1866.

VOL. XII.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF DURHAM.

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1866.

DIARY FOR OCTOBER, 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	M	Pheasant Shooting commences.
2	Tu	Northampton Meeting.
3	W	Caledonian Hunt Meeting at Kelso.
4	Th	Bedford Races.
5	F	Bedford Races.
6	S	Comparing Day for Cesarewitch.
7	S	NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
8	M	Newmarket Second October Meeting.
9	Tu	The Cesarewitch Day.
10	W	The Middle Park Day.
11	Th	Perth Races.
12	F	The Prendergast Day at Newmarket.
13	S	
14	S	TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
15	M	Settling Day at Tattersall's for Cesarewitch.
16	Tu	Harrow and Cheltenham Races.
17	W	North Berwick Coursing Meeting.
18	Th	Hereford Races.
19	F	Uxbridge Steeple Chases.
20	S	Comparing Day for the Cambridgeshire.
21	S	TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
22	M	Newmarket Houghton Meeting.
23	Tu	The Cambridgeshire Day.
24	W	The Glasgow Day.
25	Th	The Free Handicap Day.
26	F	The Nursery Day.
27	S	The Houghton Handicap Day.
28	S	TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
29	M	Settling Day for the Cambridgeshire.
30	Tu	Worcester Autumn Races.
31	W	Worcester Autumn Races.

Durham.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF DURHAM.

THE name of Lambton is one which a quarter of a century back was held in high respect on the Northern Turf, and although its possessor was subsequently elevated to the Peerage as the Earl of Durham, there was no falling off in the estimation of his colours by the Northumbrians, Durhamites, and Yorkshiremen, all of whom were strongly attached to his person, though, perchance, they might have differed from his political sentiments, which he was not wont to conceal. Like his friend the late Lord Palmerston, the first Lord Durham sought relief from the anxieties of a Parliamentary life in the amusement which his racehorses afforded him; and, as was the case with the late Premier, he was a first-rate judge of a yearling, or any description of horse. When first his Lordship came out his stud was trained by the well-known Tommy Pierce, of Belleisle, near Richmond, and afterwards by Joseph Dixon. His best horses, when he was Mr. Lambton, were Dunsinane, Leopold, Cavalier, and Waverley, and the recollection of their performances are still fresh in the memories of old Yorkshire trainers and jockeys. When he was Lord Durham, the pick of his stud were Silenus, Borodino, and Buzzard by Bentley. He had also an interest in the celebrated Felt by Langar. At Newmarket he now and then had two or three animals with Edwards, merely for his amusement when he was able to get there, but otherwise his practice was entirely confined to the Northern Circuit. With such antecedents, that his son, the subject of our sketch, should have evinced an early taste for racing, and continued to gratify it, is not unnatural; and although he does not keep so large a stud as his father, he evinces not less interest in it.

George Frederick D'Arcy Drummond, second Earl of Durham, and son of the first Earl, by his second wife, eldest daughter of the second Earl Grey, was born at Copse Hill, Surrey, in 1828, and married, in 1854, Lady Beatrice Hamilton, the second daughter of

the Marquis of Abercorn. He succeeded his father in 1840, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Durham in 1854. Lord Durham's education was commenced at home, and, beyond passing two years at Cambridge, he has been associated with none of our public seminaries. At the termination of his studies he embarked on a tour through the United States of America and the West Indies, and on his return settled down on his ancestral estates, which were of sufficient extent to occupy his time in their management. In his career on the Turf, Lord Durham has been more distinguished as a breeder than in any other capacity; and he may be said to have commenced well when he purchased Elphine and Equation from Mr. Robertson, of Ladykirk, who has always been conspicuous for the purity of his blood in his breeding stud. That his Lordship, even at so early an age proved himself well up in 'Weatherby,' and a judge of make and shape, is proved by a Cure mare which he had out of Elphine, that bred him Rickledon, Harraton, The Wizard, The Nymph, Hecate—own sister to the winner of the Two Thousand—Michael Scott, Ariel, Giralda, and Alcuna—the last named the winner of the Ham Stakes at Goodwood. All these could run a little, but the best was decidedly The Wizard, whom his Lordship sold to Mr. Nicholl as a foal for 200 guineas; and as he afterwards won the Two Thousand, and was placed both for the Derby and the St. Leger, and was afterwards sold to the Prussians for 4000*l.*, he must be said to have been a lucky purchase for Mr. Nicholl. Of his speed John Scott always entertained the very highest opinion, and was very much disappointed at his not following up the Two Thousand with the Derby and the St. Leger; but in our estimate of him, we always considered that, although he could stay any distance, as was shown at Stockbridge, where he was magnificently ridden by Sam Rogers, and at Goodwood, where he was only beaten a head for the Cup, with Johnny Osborne, after a terrific struggle with Starke, he always had a bit of a white feather about him, which prevented him keeping an advantage in a race when he had obtained it.

But to return to his Lordship's brood mares, from which, perhaps, we have strayed too long. Elphine herself bred him Warlock, the winner of the St. Leger in 1856, and of the Ebor Handicap in the following year, and who is now at Sheffield Lane paddocks, competing for stud honours with Adventurer. Lambton, another popular sire, and a Champagne winner, was also out of her. Equation, his other purchase at the same time, and which he subsequently disposed of to her Majesty, was the dam of Exact; and after she went to Hampton Court paddocks she took a first-class certificate from throwing, among others, Diophantus and Archimedes, who are too well known to need description. Having been so fortunate in his breeding experiments, Lord Durham gave up selling his young stock, and went into partnership with Mr. Nicholl in Hecate, and with that gentleman he had Michael Scott and Ariel, with which however he has done no good. But Giralda and Abruna, both by Newminster out of The Wizard's dam, and which were with

William Day at Woodyeates, were exclusively his own property. The former was less fortunate than the latter, as she was sold, notwithstanding her high pedigree, for thirty pounds; while the latter, as we have said before, won the Ham, and the victory we hope was only the forerunner of many others. By the foregoing sketch it will be seen Lord Durham has played his part as a breeder of racehorses with more than the usual success attending young beginners, and has sustained the repute of the house of Lambton in his patronage of one particular branch of the Turf. Somewhat retired in his habits, and only a trifling bettor, the Earl of Durham runs his racehorses as befits his position, and as Englishmen like to see. In politics he has taken little part; and residing on his estates, on which his ancestors have lived without intermission since the time of the Conquest, he discharges the duties of a landlord in a manner that will readily account for the wide influence he has over his tenantry, who are as happy and contented as any in the north of England.

EXCITED YORKSHIRE.

AND if it had rained more fiercely than in Otterington's year, if the thunder and lightning of the 1830 Leger-day, and the storm that raged when Blair Athol was victorious, could have been reproduced with 'new and extraordinary effects,' those Yorkshire folks would, as usual, have hied them Doncasterwards. From Sheffield and Barnsley they come pouring; Bradford sends its dirt-begrimed artisans; the Wolds furnish farmers and their hinds; and out of all the valleys of the pleasant North Riding, from its hills and dales, a great stream of humanity flows to the banks of the Don. From early morning until long past noon the streets swarm with fresh arrivals, whose talk is of the great race and nothing but the great race. The road from the railway station to the course is in itself a spectacle perfectly unique, affording rare food for moralizing if any one had time for such frivolity on an occasion of the kind. Trusting our precious persons to the mercy of a Doncaster cab-driver—certainly the most reckless and impudent of the whole reckless and impudent tribe of charioteers—let us hurry as best we may through the ever-increasing mass of race-goers, growing thicker and thicker as we reach the vicinity of the Horse Fair, whence arrive a throng of mankind fresh from the yearling sales, but eager to inspect more horseflesh.

Once again we stand on the old Town Moor, and, see! Jupiter Pluvius has heard our prayer, a ray of sunshine steals across the classic plain, and the weatherwise prophesy that it will 'hold up.' There is a murky, dim, unwholesome appearance in the air down to the Red House, which argues badly, nevertheless, for any very critical view of a most interesting part of the great encounter. Folks tell us that the attendance is smaller than usual; but what a sea of

heads stretches from the stand to far beyond the bend, and as the never-ceasing murmur of the sea is the roar of many voices. Mark the difference betwixt the bold Yorkshiremen and the cockney masses which blacken the Surrey hills in May ! The wretched plate or plates which precede the grand dish of the Epsom banquet pass unheeded by all, save the untiring knights of the pencil ; but few and far between are the men of the North who do not struggle for a glimpse of Mandrake and Lord Glasgow's colt, as they canter down to the Municipal starting-post ; and a rare percentage of the whole assemblage look upon and cheer the hardly-earned victory of the Scottish earl. The greatest race run for in the south would scarcely rouse men to give vent to such an excited shout as rings around when Liddington dies away in a chicken handicap. And yet the St. Leger stands next on the card ; and folks might well be excused if for the great event alone they had eye and ears.

Surely there is not one amongst the many dear old northern race-courses so pregnant with pleasant recollections, so suggestive of the grand historic Turf tussles, as the Town Moor. A man need be no great enthusiast to lose himself in daydreams of the past as he gazes on the white rails, the flat round course, the scattered trees, and the various objects inseparably connected with every old legend and lay of Doncaster. Dear reader, you, perhaps, care little for the tales and traditions of the racecourse, and listen unmoved to stirring stories of the cracks of old. In such case, pardon the maunderings of one who, on his word, forgot a fortnight since that he stood crowded and uncomfortable on the grand stand, and was for a while deaf to the tumult around, as he filled the sward in front with men and horses long since gone to rest. Was it a coincidence, a happy omen for those who pinned their faith on Strathconan, that the first legitimate St. Leger was won by the grey Hollandaise ? thought he. Then there was a dreamy, hazy vision of the illustrious children of Highflyer and King Fergus—of old, quaintly-dressed jockeys, owners uncouthly attired, lumbering equipages, forgotten ceremonies, and all the thousand and one particulars handed down as characterizing Doncaster races in days of yore. Then passed along the black jacket of Lord Hamilton, the Wilson blue and black, the Gascoigne white with sable sleeves, and the straw colour and blue of Sir Harry Vane. A shadowy Beningbrough and ghost-like Hambletonian ; Sancho, with Buckle in the saddle ; and the Hornby Octavian steered by Clift—all these lived again in our fancy, and it needed the irritating perseverance of a matter-of-fact friend to recal us to the unromantic consciousness of notes to be taken and duties to be fulfilled.

No chance of revelry at Richmond, for Podargus belies his classic nomenclature, and the swift-footed one goes unmistakeably short. No chance of feasting and exultation at Bishop Burton or Belleisle ; for sure as fate the bonny grey will stick in the mud on the far side. Nay, John ! even a wizard's skill cannot work impossibilities, and to-night Malton bells will hang silent and unused. At a mile,

Mr. Graham, your Caithness might have rivalled the fair gem of last year's Leger, and 'tis hoping against hope to look for Victory and the crimson sleeves of Hawkhead on friendly terms. Off, yes! and one beaten in the first fifteen yards, and three more never in it, and two others already at their wits' end! Off! and thousands of race-glasses, and tens of thousands of keen north-country eyes are fixed on the fast receding steeds. Off! and the race for the ninety-first Leger has commenced, with all Britain and half the world beside waiting breathless the result. Don't talk of the Derby! it is nothing to such a sight as this, when the heart and soul of every man are in the struggle. Can't you see it in the cloud of white faces, all turned towards those hurrying specks in the distance? Can't you hear it in that hoarse, hollow, unceasing growl, which will wax louder and louder till you are well-nigh deafened by the thundering din? They're passing the Red House, and the favourites are close together. Beaten are all outsiders; but the Malton Knight struggles on, and Strathconan is stealing forward through the mist like a grey ghost. It's a match again, and by my faith! such an one as would be worth a barefooted pilgrimage to catch a glimpse of. Hark to that famous Yorkshire roar as The Two dash past the stand; wilder, and more unearthly it grows, and culminates with the finish of the fiercest contest that Doncaster has known since Russborough and Voltigeur rushed by the judge with equal stride.

And so all is over! Nothing left for us but to descend to the regions of refreshment. With a whirling brain, a sinking in the stomach, and a breast heaving and panting with excitement, we will fight our way through clamorous hosts to the counter, and then take such a pull at a champagne cup as shall lay bare the bottom of the bowl.

No, thank you! no riding back for us; the morning taught a lesson which will not readily be forgotten. The walk is pleasant enough, if we take a short cut under these trees, scale that wall, and trudge quietly along under the old hedgerow. By the time we reach the high street again the dangers from intoxicated drivers and erratic vehicles will have been surmounted, and not unpleasantly, on our ears at least, fall the remarks of the returning race-goers, still brimful of the event of the day. So we will e'en fall in with the crowd, and walk contentedly homewards, passing the 'Salutation,' where so many famous animals have at times been located, and past the old 'Rockingham,' where the sight of the harlequin jacket, and the name written underneath, moves our companion to lift up his voice, and lament his own hard fortune in the case of the said celebrated Leger winner. It appears that the companion of our walk, once well known on the northern circuit, had, in one of his few fortunate moments, drawn Rockingham in a lottery held at a much frequented York hotel. The prize for the holder of the first horse was really of considerable amount, and the interest taken in the drawing proportionately great. Now, at the time the casting took place, the

Beverley stable tactics were not entirely developed, and our friend, believing that Belshazzar was the Simon Pure of the motley vest, and being, besides, well on Muley Moloch, was not a little disgusted at having assigned to him a horse which he not unreasonably believed to be out of the fray. 'John,' said he to the popular old waiter in the hotel coffee-room, 'I don't like my chance; you may have 'Rockingham for a couple of cigars!' John, either very rash or very shrewd, agreed, and the transfer was made. Our poor friend's state of mind may be imagined when he saw Belshazzar and Muley dying away to nothing in the race, and the despised Rockingham winning in a common canter!

Somehow, dinner never goes down so smoothly, or digests so well, after an Epsom or Ascot or Doncaster day. So our meal is got through in a very scrambling and unsatisfactory way, and it pleases us all to draw the table close to the open window, and slowly consume there a couple of bottles of Lafitte; and still, as we sit and listen to the chatter of the mob collected outside, the talk is of horses, horses, and naught beside; and those who this morning spoke of the St. Leger solely, are now hard at work on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. To hear Yorkshire horse-talk in perfection, however, entails a visit to one of those queer old-fashioned Doncaster inns, always, to our mind, suggestive of farmers' ordinaries, ringing bells, hot roast beef, goes of gin, and churchwarden pipes. The walls of the low-roofed parlour are decorated, perhaps, with portraits of Skirmisher and Weathergaze. George Abdale, cleverest of trainers, and one who well understood the peculiarities and delicacy of the young Voltigeurs, stands by the head of the former celebrity, and Mr. T. Parr gazes, with a knowing cock of the head, at his stout Goodwood Stakes and Cesarewitch winner, on whose back is perched the no longer 'tiny' Wells. There is a cumbrous side-board, covered with decanters and glasses of fearful and wonderful make. There is a sofa, fashioned after the manner of the great bed of Ware, warranted not to bend or crack under the weight of many stalwart yeomen from the Wolds. There are bell-pulls, more or less dilapidated, artfully concealed in out-of-the-way corners; and guests who 'use 'the house' forbear to rely on their services, summoning the harried 'kellner' by word of mouth, so that the old halls and passages re-echo with their lusty calls. There, in the evening, when shops are closed, and the market is over, assemble the *habitués* of the 'Staghound' or 'Woolsack.' The sturdy farmer from down Malton way gossips with another who hails from Cold Kirby; the saddler has much to tell the veterinary surgeon; and the chemist introduces his friend freshly arrived from the far North Riding primed with the *on dits* of Richmond and the rumours and reports of Middleham. A good-humoured, heavily-bearded individual, puffing a big cigar, and sipping at a huge goblet of seltzer and sherry, commands the attention of the room. He is the *bonâ-fide* owner of a famous three-year old, and tells, with infinite *bonhomie* and gusto, how the colt was tried in the early spring, and found to be a 'nailer;'

how the money had to be invested, and the touts to be baffled, and a light-weight jockey to be procured. As the narrative proceeds, tumblers are set down unemptied, and pipes are suffered to die out. The audience are good men and true, either with the fragrant birds-eye, or the mellow, unsweetened Nicholson; but they love horse-talk more than either. All eyes are fixed upon the speaker; with breathless interest is followed the narrative. Should the story-teller pause for a moment to recollect the name of man or horse, the *hiatus* is instantly supplied by one or other of the hearers, all well versed in racing lore. Beyond this the interesting discourse meets with no interruption, and its conclusion is saluted with a low murmur of satisfaction at the triumphant result of the Great Fenshire Handicap, and the sore discouragement thereby inflicted on the Southrons, who had counted the race their own. Then the waiter is summoned, and glasses are emptied and replenished, and there is a general call for more screws of tobacco, and the exciseman demands the old wooden snuff-box (years ago presented to some former landlord), all pungent with rappee and best Scotch. More general becomes the conversation, and broader grows the *patois* under the influence of excitement. The farmer from Cold Kirby is eloquent on the subject of the Cesarewitch, and tells how, but for his accident, the Gemma di Vergy colt must have won 'wi' Cameron oop.' The North Riding man drops mysterious hints of Zenobia and Hawkswell, but is too knowing to tell all he has heard, albeit he speaks fluently of El Hakim and The Tartar, leaving his hearers to augur what they will from the hint implied. The man of leather freely retails the bits of turf talk sent him by his cousin at Newmarket, and all agree that if Jollity really is doing such good work, and can live the course (mark the caution of men who understand the mysteries of breeding), she will make the winner gallop. Then the talk is of brood mares and sires. Sagely it is opined that Thormanby—always a great northern favourite—is working his way to the top of the tree. 'Leuk at 'Plaudit an' Rose, mun, them's t'sort to win Durbies and Legurs; 'and mebbe Squire Watt 'ull du as mich as ivver his father did wi' 'awd Dick Sheppard.'

Complacently the company recal the doings of Cotherstone and Attila, of Daniel and 'the West,' with more than one allusion to the surprises effected by Imperieuse and Warlock. Some sceptic may have the audacity to hint that 'old John' has lost his ancient luck, or that his right hand has forgotten its cunning; but be sure that the voice of the majority is against him, and that a torrent of impatient 'Pshaws' and 'Pishes' will speedily interrupt the flow of his traitorous talk. Let one of the number introduce the subject of yearlings, all are equally at home, equally ready with ideas and convictions. Mr. Newton's youngster was 'a grand 'un, but too 'handsom like,' and the parson's young Skirmisher was 'a gurt 'fine cowlt.' Each and every one is well posted as to prices realized at Hampton Court or Middle Park, and, whether the sucking heroes and heroines have come under his notice or not, will give a glance

at the list of their pedigrees, and make a shrewd guess as to the best or worst bred one of the lot.

One turf writer has offended the Yorkshire folks bitterly, less by his strictures on Blacklock than by the insults offered to his descendant, Voltigeur, whose Derby, Leger, and Doncaster Cup victories made him the most popular horse that ever ran in the north of England, not even excepting his great rival, the champion of the Eglinton tartan and yellow. Nevertheless, there are few of the Tykes who will not admit that there is much method in the madness of their pet's assailant, and that it is, in a great measure, due to his example that attention has of late been directed to the scientific principles of breeding, little understood though they still continue to be. Horse-breeding ever was, and ever will be, a favourite topic of conversation in the North of England; and, despite not unnatural prejudices in favour of local celebrities or sires, who, during their turf career, have upheld the honour of the county, the 'natives' are too close observers, and too shrewd judges, not to understand the all-important advantage of judicious crossing, even if the needful strain of blood has to be sought for amongst the champions of Berkshire, Cambridge, or Sussex.

After all, it is a pleasant county, and the Yorkshire folk are good at heart as any in the world. Let us forgive them if occasionally they ride their great hobby rather hard. Each and all of us are strong on certain points, or believe ourselves to be so, and are in proportion tiresome to those whom our fancies fail to interest. You, Dick, are as wearisome, with your law jargon, as is Tom when he prates of rare hits on the Stock Exchange, or Harry, who prosed about electro-biology, or the polarization of light, or something equally scientific and slow. Let us forgive the Tykes, and look forward with pleasure to the next occasion when our eyes shall see that marvellous sight on Doncaster Town Moor—the struggle for the St. Leger, and the strange doings of excited Yorkshire.

S.

THE BELLE OF THE HUNT.

ALTHOUGH many years have elapsed since the incidents recorded in the following brief sketch took place, and threads of silver are somewhat thickly intermixed with the raven locks, of which in those days I was not a little vain, the circumstances are still as fresh in my memory, and hang as drearily upon my heart, and will continue to do so until the inexorable scythe-bearer, with the final 'Who-whoop!' calls me to be first in at my own death.

Sport and sportsmen have much changed since those days of 'auld lang syne,' and, in my opinion, not for the better. Racing, as it has directed attention to, and also improved the breed of horses, may be an exception; but there is such a vast amount of speculation and hypothesis even in that, as to render any degree of reliance perfectly

futile; and although the great 'Doctor' propounds his theories and enunciates his doctrines with a vigour and grandiloquence which would have added lustre to his illustrious and defunct relative, the immortal lexicographer, we are compelled to admit that they frequently fall through, and view horses, which from their blood have been stigmatised as wretches, winning races in good company at all distances. A motto with us was, that a good horse was never of a bad colour; and if a man kept his place at the tail of the hounds, and never shirked his fences, he was considered a fair and straight rider; and most certain it is that those would-be fox-hunters, who, attired in pink and life-guardsman's boots, follow the lanes, and pay yokels to open the gates for them, are not fit to be mentioned in the same century with him. How in the name of all that is vulpine can a man be expected to ride in boots that come half-way up his thigh? Where, then, is the flexibility of the knee, so necessary to the firmness of your seat and the government of your animal? Depend upon it that brown tops, green coat, and buckskins, are all that a sportsman requires; and if a man sported scarlet in the old-fashioned days of which I am writing, he was considered a leader in the field, and generally expected to show the way.

The advent of railways caused me the most profound grief, and well-nigh drove me to despair. What can be more disgusting and distasteful than a shrieking, snorting train hustling through our fairest counties, cutting up our surest coverts, and trailing, like some long-tailed demon of the nether world, across our very lawns? How a man who has had his cheek fanned by the sweet breeze of heaven can permit himself to be cooped up, like one of the bovine genus, in those infernal compartments, exceeds belief. There may be an excuse for a merchant, who never heard the melody of a pack, thus immolating himself upon the altar of commerce; or a detective, when pursuing a 'foul murderer,' may deem it necessary to sacrifice himself at the shrine of justice by partially suffocating himself for a time in the same nauseating boxes; but there is no excuse for a sportsman who has heard hill and valley ring with the music of the huntsman's horn, and seen the face of nature teem with every variety of loveliness, immuring himself in the living sarcophagus. Verily the Grand Emperor was not far short of the mark when he characterized us as a nation of shopkeepers. Dear and lamented delights of stage-coach travelling, how sad it is that ye are things of the past! What can surpass, or even equal a well-appointed team of four blood horses, and twelve miles an hour, including stoppages? How have we finessed and fought for the coveted box-seat, with an ardour and enthusiasm which, in a different cause, would have conferred upon us, at least, the title and distinction of General of Discussion. What crowns and weeds have not dropped into the palm of the guard, and how often have we bribed everyone connected with the management, from the surly book-keeper in his sentry-box, to the knock-kneed ostler who threw the 'ribands' to the Jehu, to attain that elevated position by the side of the driver. And when, after the last nod to

our friend, and wink to the pretty barmaid, who has come to the door 'to see the coach off,' we are fairly under weigh, how pleasant and delightful the gossip and garrulity of our companion, who points out every seat and mansion upon the road, and is as clearly acquainted with their affairs, internal and external, as the proprietors themselves. 'You see that white house with the rookery on the 'off' side, sir? The gentleman wot lived there was the largest breeder of game cocks in all the county, and would back them, too, for all sorts of money. Howsumever, it brought him to grief at last. He had met with an accident when out with the hounds, and broke his leg just after he had made a match to fight a main for a thousand pounds; but, being an obstinate, passionate man, he insisted upon having it off in his bedroom, and swore awful as, propped up with pillows, he saw his bird getting the worst of it. Well, as the battle went on he grew more excited, and turned nearly black in the face; and just as the steel spur went through the head of the cock he had backed so heavily, they heard a rattle in his throat, and the doctor, who was present, took out his fleam and stuck him in the neck; but no blood came, and he was quite dead, caused, as I heerd arterwards, by appleplexy.' A yarn or two thus spun, and we had arrived at our first 'change,' where the red gleam of the roaring fire through the diamond-shaped panes invited the limbs, somewhat chilled by a keen and biting wind; but a tankard of nut-brown October soon sends the blood leaping through our veins, and with the well-known 'All right!' we are again upon the road; and getting gradually clear from 'towns and cities and the abodes of men,' we receive the reins from Coachee, and as he complacently smokes the cigars selected from our case, he gives us, with the greatest good-nature, but in almost unintelligible idioms, our first lesson in tooling a four-in-hand. Through a long vista of chequered years, I can still remember each incident which marked those days of enjoyment, whilst in my dreams, both waking and sleeping, will appear visions of the 'Tally-ho' and 'Wonder,' the fastest and best-appointed coaches upon the road ere my detestation and abhorrence, the railway, spread its manifold and iron arms throughout the land.

Nestling in a fertile and picturesque valley, which ran through a portion of the beautiful county of Warwickshire, was Highfield Hall, the seat of Edmund Lacey, Esq., or, as he was generally designated, Squire Lacey. A vast and irregular pile, it had once formed a stronghold in the feudal ages, and still retained massive and gloomy towers, that imparted to the building a stern look of barbaric grandeur; albeit, modern improvements, in the shape of a wing added here, and a block appended there, gave it an appearance at once quaint and heterogeneous. The moat, half dried up, still surrounded the hybrid structure, and the solid oaken gate, studded with iron bolts, groaned uneasily upon its rusty hinges, and seemed to defy the all-conquering hand of Time, when so many generations of the brave and fair who had issued from its portal had succumbed to the destroyer. The ivy of centuries clung to and concealed the crumbling walls and ruined

buttresses, and altogether the edifice led the thoughts back to the days of chivalry ; and a little stretch of imagination could still picture the sentinel pacing the watch-tower, and the knight carousing in the hall. The Squire was a thorough sportsman of the old school, who broke his own dogs and horses, and was well versed in every species of woodcraft ; could manufacture his particular fly when bent upon whipping a stream ; and knew to a certainty where to pitch upon a fox, and to an inch every earth in the neighbourhood where the varmint could run to ground. Open house was kept at the hall, and refugees from all parts of the country therein found a temporary home, and, with a largess from the open-handed gentleman, went on their way rejoicing. One motherless daughter was his only care, thought, and solace. In her was centered every hope and wish of a generous heart ; and as Ellen Lacey is the unfortunate heroine of my narrative, it is time that a little was said of the Belle of the Hunt. To describe a beautiful woman, and a perfect horse, is perhaps the most difficult matter that falls to the lot of a writer, from the simple fact that both the one and the other have been so frequently delineated, that words are wanting to complete the portrait ; and it would require the pen of a Bulwer or Scott to do anything like justice to the glorious beauty of the Squire's only child. Tall, lithe and graceful as the mountain ash ; the contour of her figure was rounded and perfect ; and to the face of Minerva was added the majestic presence of a Juno. The red lips, when parted, disclosed teeth of snowy whiteness, whilst the black hair, which wore the bloom of the sloe or damson, formed a marked contrast to the eyes of dark blue, which gleamed and glittered like stars when their owner was excited by the dangers of the chase. She was a perfect horsewoman, and heaven knows that my blood has danced like lava in my veins when my hand has received her dainty foot to assist her on her thoroughbred mare, who, seemingly conscious of its lovely burden, would arch its graceful neck and neigh with grateful pleasure as the tiny hand of its mistress caressed the glossy crest ; and when in the field, and elated with the music of the pack, full of fire and ardour, no fence dismayed her, but she rode as straight and gallantly as the staunchest veteran among them. It is no wonder, then, that she was a favourite with all, from the wrinkle-faced huntsman and the bandy-legged earthstopper to every bold and fiery youth who would risk life and limb to be first up, and so achieve the coveted honour of presenting the brush to beauteous Ellen ; whilst her father's eyes would gleam with joy as he gazed fondly upon the radiant face of his girl, rendered doubly beautiful by the excitement of the run. There was one, with dark, flashing eyes, and vigorous form, who was never far from her side in field or bower, and, to judge from appearances, he was by no means an unacceptable attendant ; and whilst many an irate and envious glance has been turned upon him by Nimrods less favoured, they were merely met with a knowing and quiet smile, as though he thought himself the possessor of that love which so many craved. And so, in truth, he was ; and never was a brave and fear-

less youth more worthy the affection of a young and lovely maiden ; for he had borne himself like a hero upon the battle-field in defence of his country, and excelled all his compeers in the noble sports and pastimes of a country gentleman ; and when, upon succeeding to his estate, he asked the happy girl to become his wife, the downcast eye and flushing cheek proclaimed that his prayer was granted, whilst the hearty grasp of the hand bestowed upon him by the Squire ratified the auspicious contract. The lawyers having duly prepared the documents usual upon such occasions, a period was fixed for the event to take place ; and to commemorate it, and also to enable them to take leave of old and dear friends, a meet was appointed at the hall for the day previous ; and at the sumptuous breakfast-table goblets were quaffed of generous wine to the happiness of the joyous pair, and a gayer or more gallant cavalcade never issued through that antique portal, and, with hearts glowing with delight, took their way to the covert's side. Reynard is found, and the pack are away, and, as usual, the Belle of the Hunt and her lover are with the leaders ; but presently the Squire's horse falls, and although not much shaken, he expresses his determination to take no further share in the fun, but will just drop in at the parson's, and tell him to be punctual the following day ; so, with a wave of the hand, and many a loving word, the old gentleman crosses the stile and makes his way to the vicarage, whilst his daughter and her affianced prepare to make up lost ground and rejoin the field, now some distance ahead. The fox is a stout one, and has bothered them on one or two previous occasions, and keeps up his reputation to-day by leading them a bursting run of some twenty-five miles, running, however, almost a ring, and finally heading for the covert from whence he broke first : but the country was heavy, and fences stiff, and but few of the ' goodly companie ' have lived the pace ; consequently, when the dogs are running into him in a patch of gorse about two miles from the hall, few, save our hero and heroine, are in the hunt. A lane, bounded by stiff posts and rails, is the last impediment ; and quite sufficient too, for the cattle have had enough of it ; so, steadying them, they take the fence side by side. Alas ! one only lands in safety ; for the mare ridden by Ellen, catching the top bar, goes over a purler, with the Squire's daughter completely beneath her. The horrorstruck lover, throwing himself from his horse, rushes to extricate his beloved from the perilous position ; but as he raises her in his arms a red stream flows from her lips—her eyes, e'en now, lack fire and lustre—her arms fall listless to her side—for she is dead ! Her neck has been dislocated by the fall, and in one brief moment all that remained of that good and glorious being was an inanimate yet still lovely mass. Not one word did her lover utter, but with fixed and stony eyes, and supporting her still in his arms, he strides away to the hall, and, although the distance is somewhat long, he rests not nor relinquishes his adored burden until he has laid her in her own sacred chamber, when, with one cold hand clasped in his, he kneels by her side, and a groan of agony, no longer to be

borne, bursts from his white and trembling lips. No pen of mine can describe a scene so fraught with horror; for the cheery voice of the Squire is heard in the courtyard, and none of the horrorstricken domestics have had the nerve to break the appalling intelligence; and even now his foot is on the stairs, as he calls in tones of love his daughter's name; but at the last moment a grey-haired and favourite servant rushes forward, and, dragging his master aside, beseeches him, as he bathes his hand with tears, to prepare to hear news of fearful sorrow. In a moment the old man seemed to comprehend that some harm had befallen his daughter; so with a powerful arm he sweeps the servitor aside, and in an instant is gazing upon that scene so sad. Yet heaven is merciful; and as he looked upon her who alone had been his hope, now stark and lifeless, reason fled from her throne, and the hale, strong-minded man became a hopeless imbecile.

Little now remains to be told. In a few days the rustic church, which was to have received her a happy and beauteous bride, became the receptacle of her motionless form; and the poor old father peered at the ceremony, totally unconscious of its dreary import, whilst a youth with clammy brow and folded arms looked on as though he too could not perfectly understand why the mournful group had assembled; and although patrician and peasant crowded round the grave, there was not one lip but quivered, nor an eye but paid a tribute to the hapless fate of the Belle of the Hunt.

LOST AND FOUND: A BUSH ADVENTURE.

‘O thievish night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?’

MILTON'S *Comus*.

AMONG the vicissitudes that chequer the sportman's life in those distant hunting-grounds to which he is led, either by the force of circumstances, a roving disposition, or that inveterate craving for sport so generally inherent in the English character, there are probably few that, by the positive wretchedness they temporarily entail, are more thoroughly depressing to a man than, at the close of a hard day's work, to find he has ‘lost the way’—hopelessly lost it. Alone—absolutely alone! without even the mute companionship of horse or dog, and the night becoming darker and darker every moment. Cold, weary, hungry, and thirsty—lacking the means of alleviating any of these wants, each of which claims of the victim immediate satisfaction with an importunity and persistence of appeal

not to be equalled by the most clamorous and truculent of duns—he feels indeed that

‘ This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude.’

After having whistled and shouted himself hoarse, and fired signals of distress in blank charges—all without succeeding to elicit any response but that of the aggravating and to him detestable echo, he finds himself unable and utterly at a loss to solve the problem that has been proposed with such marvellous diversity of manner by each ‘ poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage ’—

‘ Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?’

And he doubts whether to curl himself up like an out-fagged, famished hound, under the first bush or rock that offers shelter, or to trudge on, right or wrong as to direction, until good luck may bring success, or sheer exhaustion compel a halt ? He will probably resolve to struggle on, but, whichever course he finally adopted, all will allow the situation to be the reverse of exhilarating.

Such a mishap having overtaken one of my companions during a shooting trip in South Africa, the reader will, perhaps, not begrudge a few moments, whilst I lay before him a rough sketch of the occurrences of that day. W. and I, attended by my Totty after-rider, had started early in the morning to have a good ‘ go in ’ at the springbôks. The day was one of those ‘ scorchers ’ frequently experienced there during the summer months, when every pore in one’s skin seems to gasp for moisture, and when, without a speck of cloud in the sky, the sun has it all to himself, and makes the utmost use of his opportunity, heating the ground so thoroughly that the radiation from the sand is plainly perceptible by the wavy, tremulous movement of the air for a distance of several feet from the surface of the soil.

W. being mounted on a tough, speedy gray, with a good drop of blood in him, was very keen for riding ; but before commencing regular operations, he deemed it advisable to test his weapon by a steady kneeling shot at a standing buck, and dismounted for that purpose. A slight contretemps attended this experiment—just one of those unexpected occurrences that so frequently happen to surprise and confound the sanguine on the first adoption of some very ingenious contrivance. He was armed with an excellent rifle, and to make assurance doubly sure, a small telescope, sighted on its field-glass to the most ambitious distances, had been adjusted thereto. The simplicity and efficiency of the invention were clearly beyond doubt : seen through it, the buck grazing at three hundred yards’ distance appeared to be almost nibbling at the muzzle. He could, therefore, plant his conical bullet into him at any point he pleased—in fact, the only apparent drawback was, that what should have been sport was thereby reduced to mere murder. Having taken a fault-

less aim, he confidently pressed the fatal trigger—Bang! The result was perfectly astonishing, not so much to the buck, which bounded away unharmed, as to the owner of the telescope, who sprang to his feet, with his right eye as neatly blacked as if poor Tom Sayers' arm had sped the blow. The recoil had not been sufficiently calculated, and ecchymosis of the dexter optic, or rather of its surroundings, was the penalty for the neglect. But W., taking for his example Horatio—'A man that fortune's buffets and rewards received with 'equal thanks,' accepted the matter as though it were but an unlooked-for turn in a scientific experiment; and having quietly removed and put into his pocket the offending specimen of his gun-maker's ingenuity, was promptly in the saddle again. In the presence of such philosophical stoicism any attempt on my part at a joke would have been heartless, if not brutal, and an expression of pity or condolence simply an insult. So, with the merely passing remark that perhaps the simpler sights were generally preferable, we proceeded. Nevertheless throughout the entire day, whenever I chanced to catch a glimpse of him, the impatient switching of the gray's tail, and the streak of dust invariably flying in his track, succeeded by the distant bang bang of the rifle, told with what unflinching energy he was endeavouring to efface from his mind the misadventure of the trial shot.

At about 6 o'clock P.M. we met and turned homewards; and having strapped the skins and heads of the bucks we had killed securely to the after-rider's saddle, we sent him off at once, ourselves following leisurely for some distance, when, unfortunately, a herd of hartebeests cantered temptingly past us out of range. My horse having had a fair allowance of work that day, I took no notice of them; but W., keen as when he first started, crammed his leather cap tight on to his head, rammed in the spurs, and away he rattled after them, and when last seen by me he was going straight away from home at top speed—the old gray's tail vigorously telegraphing each dig of the 'pursuaders.' In the meanwhile a treacherous-looking bank of cloud, slowly stealing towards me from the distant hills, gave a sufficient warning that, in an hour or so, the whole of the country over which we had to pass would be enveloped in one of those dense, bewildering fogs through which it is almost an impossibility to hold your course aright. And as I wished to make sure of bed and board before the approaching mist and darkness should interpose any serious obstacles, I put my horse to a sharp canter, and reached our camp in about an hour.

There I found that two other friends had joined us, and were anxiously awaiting the moment for the assault on the *batterie-de-cuisine* that simmered gently by the fire, with that chirping, bubbling sound, so suggestive of the enticing tenderness of the stew.

The lid of each of the vessels was frequently and significantly raised, and the contents thoughtfully scrutinized by both; and latterly the intervals that elapsed between these inspections decreased considerably, in proportion as the steam wafted towards

them became more and more richly laden with fragrant odours from the savoury morsels within. We have all remarked, at one time or another, the quick, restless look of sympathy, perhaps a mere twitching of the eyebrows, by which the sense of impatience is conveyed from one to another of the guests assembled for a dinner party, when all wait for one. That unmistakable glance had been exchanged several times between our friends; nevertheless our invariable custom of giving half an hour's law to a belated comrade was duly respected, and during that period it was not uninteresting to compare the behaviour of the bipeds and quadrupeds undergoing the same ordeal. To observe, for instance, the demeanour of 'Don' and 'Juno'—their meal is cooling before them, and there they wait, complacently seated; their fine, tapering tails gently swaying from side to side, sweep the ground behind them in a semicircle; their noses turned to catch the full stream of the appetizing vapour; their eager eyes intently fixed on the pot that contains all their hopes; and their sleek, earnest faces, unused to dissimulate, beaming with brisk confidence and good humour. Not a trace of fretfulness or petulance is to be detected there, unless such be inferred from the occasional shifting of one or the other of their fore paws. Possibly, when they do get their chance of falling to, there may be some impetuosity, or even a slight breach of decorum, exhibited in their movements; but have we never seen anything at all resembling it in 'man's imperial race'? Rumour asserts that even the stately dignity of a civic banquet is liable to be disturbed by unpunctuality, and that on such an occasion delay will give birth to surliness. If, then, the mere smell of turtle suffices to raise the bristles of the godlike alderman, may not some excuse be made under far stronger temptation for the dog—man's stanchest friend?—

'The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own—
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.'

But, *revenons à nos moutons*, there being yet no signs of our absentee, and the prescribed term of grace having expired, dinner was duly despatched, followed by the indispensable pipes and toddy until about 11 o'clock P.M., by which time we had become somewhat uneasy about W.'s prolonged absence. Shot after shot had been fired as signals to him, and no reply received. So we all sallied forth with a lantern fastened to a pole, which we stuck up on a high rock about half a mile in front of our position. There we remained for upwards of half an hour, 'making night hideous' with our yells—in solos, duets, and chorus—all to no purpose. At length, despairing of being able to attract his notice, and being thoroughly clammy, and chilled by the drizzling fog, we returned to the fire, at which, having toasted ourselves dry, and piled on plenty of wood to make a good blaze, we turned into our blankets for the night. But sleep, however accessible to the 'ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' scrupulously avoided us; and from hour to hour we remained as turbulently awake as the calm Dudu after her unaccountable dream, each of us

at times fancying that he detected the distant footfall of a horse, until about two hours after midnight, when that welcome sound was unmistakably heard by all, and challenged by the baying of the dogs, whose sagacity was not likely to be at fault. Off went our blankets, and away we hurried in the direction of the noise. There, sure enough, was the gray horse, who had found his way back, soaked, soiled, and riderless; the reins were dangling about his feet, and one stirrup-leather and iron ominously swung over the saddle. From the latter fact we concluded that W. must have had a fall, and been unable to prevent his horse from running away; or perhaps, even worse, that he might have sustained an injury, and was lying at that moment helpless on the Veldt. The direction from which the horse had approached us was totally different, viz. at right angles to that by which I had come; it was therefore hopeless, in our ignorance of his position, to attempt any search for him until daylight should come. Accordingly we returned again to the fire, where we sat framing all sorts of conjectures and plans, until one by one all dropped off to sleep.

At the first appearance of dawn we roused up the Totty, and starting him off with a led horse and a flask of brandy, bid him scour all the country round in the direction by which the horse had returned, and thence to proceed to the spot where we had parted on the previous day, and, if he were unsuccessful, to return to us by 9 o'clock A.M. At the hour named the boy did return, without having found any traces of him. The aspect of the case was now really alarming, for the night had been intensely wet and cold, and W., we knew, was only lightly clad in linen clothes; besides, unless seriously injured, he would, we thought, surely have found his way back between dawn and breakfast time, as his utmost probable distance could not have been more than twelve miles from our camp.

The only course now open to us was to saddle up horses for the whole party, servants included, and proceed at once to make a careful search, and if possible hit off and trace his spoor. This accordingly we hastened to do, and were just starting off when the lynx-eyed Totty happening to look back over his shoulder, observed a figure, singularly resembling that of our missing chum, slowly descending the brow of a hill behind us. Now, the direction from which this comer was approaching being exactly the opposite of that by which the horse came back at night, and by which W. ought to have arrived, rendered it almost impossible that it could be he, unless indeed, and which was almost as improbable, he had in his rambling track during the night moved in a curve right round to the back of our camp.

The boy, however, whose powers of sight compared with ours were actually telescopic, was very positive as to the stranger's identity, and galloped off gaily towards him. Very few minutes sufficed to remove all doubts. The brat was right enough; and, thanks to his eyes alone, the wanderer did not find that cheerless reception he must otherwise have met with on reaching our deserted bivouac.

A thimbleful of brandy to restore tone to the stomach, a souse in cold water to brace up the muscles, and a good hot breakfast, were all he required to unloose his tongue: he then rendered the following account of himself.

He had followed up and fired into the herd before mentioned, when, seeing his horse move off, he at once endeavoured to secure him. The brute, however, proved to be indifferent alike to coaxing or rebuke, and, exulting in his freedom, seemed determined to tantalize his baffled owner by forcing on him, at that inconvenient time, an opportunity of admiring his points and paces, whilst with head and tail carried high in air he trotted grandly around him.

To remain thus, a passive spectator of such a performance, while the fog was steadily wrapping in its misty shroud the various important landmarks by which alone he could hope to shape his course, was simply intolerable; so leaving the gray to his own devices, W. started to walk home, guessing at his bearings from mile to mile until the increasing darkness at length became quite bewildering.

Still, pondering on

‘ ——— the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,’

but especially on the deep and broad river that lay between him and us, and hoping to hit off the drift or ford, if he could only manage to keep true to his line, he proceeded steadily on his route.

In about two hours he succeeded in reaching the stream, but alas! at a place bearing no resemblance to that at which he had proposed to wade across.

Here he was fairly bothered, as the total absence of light prevented his being able to decide whether he should go to the right hand or to the left. The drift was actually, as we subsequently ascertained, just about two hundred yards to his right, and had he crossed it, half an hour's walking would have brought him to his dinner. Unfortunately he turned to the left, and scrambled along the bank, among rocks, tangled scrub-bush, thorns, &c., for about half a mile, when he was brought up sharp by hearing, not far ahead of him, the barking of several dogs, whose deep rough tones bespoke the huge half-mastiff breed kept by the Boors for the protection of their cattle-kraals from the raids of Kaffir thieves. His first impulse was to fire a signal shot, or to shout; but fearing that in the event of their owner being absent, which was possible, or of his being ‘drunk and incapable,’ which was probable, the savage brutes might charge and worry him with as much gusto as they would turn up and rend a porcupine, he turned about, and adopting the tread of Agag, went ‘delicately,’ taking care, however, to cover as much ground in his stride as the uncertainty of his footing would permit.

He described his sensations at this interesting moment to have been probably identical with those of a fox stealing from a covert, and momentarily expecting to hear the inexorable ‘gone away’ yelled after him—his own intimate experience of hunting naturally suggesting

a brilliant little burst, to be followed by a satisfactory 'kill' and 'break up' in the open.

The barking, however, ceased; and he then made a cut for the river, which in his retreat he had avoided, for fear of rushing head-long into it, encumbered with his rifle and ammunition. The curve thus made must have carried him beyond the drift, for from that moment, and through many a weary hour of the night, he toiled along the waterside, walking, stumbling, falling, blundering, creeping, and crawling—in fact, adopting every known method of locomotion of which the human body is capable, according to the nature of the ground over which he travelled, viz. sand, stones, swamp, boulders, and large rifted rocks, until at length he found himself to be under a krantz, or precipitous cliff, the base of which was washed by the stream, and impassable.

Here, dead beat with fatigue, bruised and battered by the variety of acrobatic postures he had assumed during his progress, quite sad with hunger, and sodden to the skin by the drenching fog, he was reduced to the conviction that he could do no more. Hunger, being unavoidable, must be borne; cold, being inevitable, had to be endured; but thirst! yes, thank Heaven, he thought, a prompt remedy for one craving, at all events, was at hand. So down on hands and knees he crawled to the brink, and of that hitherto unfamiliar beverage, water, laid in a supply that might have sufficed to last a camel across the desert. Then, selecting as his lair a cleft in the rock, where a small heap of dry reeds, sedge, &c., the débris deposited there by some flood of the river afforded a prospect of rest, he lighted his last pipeful of tobacco, and ascertained by the blazing match that the hour indicated by his watch was 2 o'clock A.M. Here he curled himself up tight as a hedgehog, and dozed away intermittently, his slumbers being lullabied by the plaintive voices of the native denizens of the place, a colony of cursed owls, whose incessant protests against the unwarrantable intrusion of their sanctuary haunted his dreams with a thousand fantasies 'of calling 'shapes and beckoning shadows dire, and airy tongues that syllable 'men's names,' until the rising sun relieved him from their persecution, and enabled him to accomplish a morning walk of nine miles, and to join us as before stated.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

REGARD being had to the present tastes of France—tastes to which the rising generation are 'entered' very young—it would be simply absurd to publish any book or series of papers about France as it is, without devoting a chapter of the one or a letter of the latter to things sporting. So if this month I am of the horse, horsy, your readers will perhaps kindly excuse me.

'Who is your friend?' said Jack C—— to me the other day in the Bois; 'he is not only horsy but doggy!' I will endeavour not

to deserve the latter epithet, and will confine myself chiefly to that horse which the spelling-book tells us is 'a noble animal.'

Of the present Frenchman we may truly say—

'Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprico in gramine campi;'

i. e., he has taken moderately to hunting—what he calls hunting—twenty minutes up a grass ride to the sound of horns and a 'take' in a reservoir of old carp of the era of the 14th Louis—a good deal to shooting (that is, the '*canibusque*' division), and immoderately to the 'sunny grass of the flat meadow,' which is, in fact, the course of Longchamps. To say that the French are fond of racing—*quà* racing—would be a mistake: the generality of the swells who appear in the costume of an 'English sportsman—' *i. e.*, tight trousers, stable jacket, ash-stick, and low-crowned hat—care about as much for the races as they do for the Atlantic cable, and know about as much of one subject as the other; but it is the thing to do; so off they go Sunday after Sunday, and rejoice when M. Grandhomme has exhausted his card and they can go back home. If they have hired a postboy and two clubbed-tailed mares they drive up and down the Champs Elysées till it is so dark that the coccottes cannot see them—that is their racing.

But there is a class of French gentlemen who are not only devoted to sport, but who understand it, and they will always keep alive the wonderful spirit which has been generated here since a good and true Sportsman sat on the Imperial throne of France.

As a believer in the faith of Sporting Christianity (which must be a refinement on that muscular religion which was thrust on us, *nolens volens*, so strongly some time ago by over-active curates and young rectors with a deal of energy on hand), I delight in seeing that the good seed scattered by the Imperial hand has not fallen in barren places.

I am sure even a bad day's shooting is better than a bad night at baccarat. A very poor run at Compiègne must better bear the morning's reflection than a 'run against us' over night at lansquenet. At racing even an industrious 'plunger' can lose a good deal of money if he has luck—by which I mean bad luck, a luxury which Fortune often leaves in our way; but still I think the green sward of Chantilly is a deal less dangerous than that smoother green level on which the 'Golden Youth' of Paris stake their fortunes at the 'Infantile Association.' When I see a blear-eyed youth arrive at Chantilly at 2 p. m., and he tells me he has come direct from the club, where they played till 11 a. m., I think that he has certainly had a practical, if not a financial 'bad night;' but that is no business of mine. I will just say, however, before leaving the subject, that sums have been lost this last season (1866) at the club to which I have playfully alluded above under a cunning name of my own creation, so nobody can possibly know to what club I allude, which remind me of the old days of 'The Saint,' and Crocky. Nine thousand louis is a good deal to lose in a night,

and I fear that Paris next season will not know several of the golden youth who this year were the great supporters of the institution. I should just tell you that there is more or less play in every club in Paris—whist at the ‘Union’—whist and imperiale all day and night at the ‘Chemin de Fer,’ but neither very high. The high play is at the ‘Little Club’ in the Rue Royale, at the ‘Jockey,’ the ‘Sporting Club,’ and the ‘Américains,’ at the corner of the Rue de Grammont, where there is a ‘bank’ every night during the season. N.B. The Paris season lasts from nine to ten months out of the year. It must be remembered that there is actually no public play in Paris. I give you my word that, like the gentleman mentioned by Thackeray, ‘If I wished to throw away a ‘fifty pound note I should not’ (out of a club) ‘know where to ‘go!’

Betting has, of course, set in with racing, but excepting in a few stables where international racing may be said to be a profession, I do not think any Frenchman as yet ‘plunges’ to an extent likely to produce drowning. It is odd how even now the French and English misunderstand one another; and I have no doubt that there exist still, say in Essex, Herts, Beds, &c. &c., many a sturdy British sportsman who will pooh pooh when I say that, in some respects—nay many—the French ‘already beat us in racing. It is especially in the management that they excel us; but then, to be sure, we live under an Imperial Government. The course is better kept, and the meeting is generally less crowded and noisy. Even pedestrians must pay a franc before they can enter the outer circle of the race-ground. Of course I do not expect my friends in Essex, Herts, &c., to believe this statement. Why should they? Do not a few counties yet ‘drink port wine and hate the French?’ The only wonder is that our prejudices are so worn away! Only in the middle of the last century the ‘Sage,’ who really did know several things, favoured England with his opinion of our lively neighbour the Gaul in these quietly impertinent lines, which I suppose were the echo of English opinion—

‘All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hissed from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import.
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain’s fond credulity they prey;
No gainful trade their industry can ‘scape;
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or catgut scrape.
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.’

Neat lines in pretty language, are they not? Still they expressed the opinions of our grandfathers, and I dare say of many of our fathers.

But to return to my subject. Racing has made rapid strides here since the days of the Duc d’Orleans—he who lent money to our Regent—who used to ride his own short-tailed horses, dressed himself—to use the words of the sporting and talented author of ‘The

'Interpreter' (one of the best novels that exists in the English language), 'like a highwayman in huge jack-boots and flowing periwig.' In spite of his strange get-up (by-the-by, I think it was a scratch-wig and pigtail) he set the 'ball a rolling,' and it has never 'stopped since. Perhaps Lord Henry Seymour was the real father of the French Turf. He first introduced the British element into the French Turf—he ran horses, made rules, gave plates, and otherwise served the good cause; but it was not until the days of De Morny and De Lagrange that racing became truly popular in France. Finally, the institution of the Grand Prix by the Emperor, and the wonderful Gladiateur year, set the seal of fashion and even general popularity on that pastime which now occupies half the Sundays of a French sportsman's life. As it is in England so I fear it may become in France—we shall have too many minor Meetings. I wish they would reserve all their best stakes for the Bois de Boulogne and Chantilly, at both of which there are the best possible courses and the very best conceivable stands. But I need not bother you with the theory of French racing; what your readers will want to know is the practice—how to get there, what to pay, and where best to see what is to be seen. Well, then, there are races every Sunday during the summer and autumn, the latter beginning the week after Baden races (which are now, I need not tell you, an established Meeting—Baden, indeed, being the continental Doncaster), either at Longchamps, *i.e.*, the end of the Bois de Boulogne, and an hour at most, even in a hired vehicle, from the Grand Hôtel, or at Chantilly, which is more serious, as it entails getting to the station of the Great Northern of France, which is uphill—then a scrimmage for a carriage—then, if you get a seat, an hour to an hour and a half's 'rail,' and finally a twenty minutes' walk to the course. My love of truth compels me to state that the last half-hour of the railway journey is beautiful. You skirt that splendid forest which belongs to one of whom I could say much; but—

'Oh! no we never mention him, *his* name is never heard;'

which is managed by an English colonel, and part of which used to afford excellent shooting to an ambassador, who chanced also to be a good sportsman; as for the twenty minutes' walk from the station to the course, if it is a fine day and you do not enjoy it, then I say stop at home, eschew 'Baily,' and read ascetic books or the 'Saturday Reviler,' and the 'Piccadilly Inspector,' but 'never more be 'officer of mine!' In the spring, as we go to the early meetings, we walk on a carpet of lilies of the valley and violets; in the autumn, the tints of the forest are more gaudy even than the toilettes which the Rue de Breda sends down to people its own quarter of the Grand Stand, which we more classically call a 'Tribune.' The *mise en scène* of Chantilly is delightful—a sort of rustic Grand Stand, placed in a garden overshadowed with really fine trees, a saddling; paddock behind where all can see and not fear being kicked by one of those quiet yet resolute 'lets-out' so peculiar to 'thoroughbred ones.'

The prettiest course in Europe, every inch of which you can see if you like to walk up twenty stairs, and for company the best and worst or worst and best in Paris, in costumes fitted for a ball-room. Now about getting there. You must go by the train, and from eleven to one they run nearly as fast as they fill, but it is a fearful scrimmage. The nice thing to do would be to go down to Chantilly over night; but, strange to say, there is not a decent hôtel in the place. The Cerf, in the town, is the best—there you can sleep and get ‘food.’ I use the term purposely, for it is only food; but then sleeping one night out of your own house, and passing that one night in a ‘sorry hostel,’ as old writers would say, is really labour and sorrow. On the whole—especially if you have no ladies with you—you will do well to go down by the train—fare there and back seven francs fifty centimes.

And now I should tell you that a racing season ticket, which you can get from M. Grandhomme (the James Weatherby of France) at the bureau of the Jockey Club (enter the courtyard, turn to the right, go through a little door, turn again to the right and mount an *escalier de service*, and, *proh pudor!* you will find the offices of the great racing establishment of France. We manage these things better in Burlington Street!)—for the very moderate sum of four pounds (one hundred francs) entitles you to all the benefits to be derived from Grand Stands at all the Spring and Summer Meetings at Chantilly and Longchamps, including the Derby and Oaks at Chantilly and the Grand Prix at Longchamps—about ten Meetings. As for the races in the Bois de Boulogne, they are simply charming—they are not to be compared with any races in England, because you have no races, if I may so term it, ‘just outside your door.’ We can breakfast on the Boulevard, take our coffee (on race days I always advise a very little dry curaçoa, to be inserted in the *café noir* as a preparation against the shock you will feel at the very short odds which Messrs. Morris and Gideon, those intrepid international speculators, will offer you against your ‘good thing,’ which will probably be a ‘bad last’), smoke that very long cigar, and then drive calmly down, without dust, or crowd, or noise, and, as it were, get into the very heart of the excitement without turning a hair. There is also another very nice way of going to the Bois de Boulogne Meetings (by-the-by, we ‘go to meeting’ a good deal on Sundays in France). Get up an hour before your usual time, take that inevitable cup of coffee—which, if a wise man, you will keep till after breakfast, when it becomes the greatest luxury of the twenty-four hours—smoke that cigar, and drive calmly down to the Restaurant de la Cascade, close to the course. There is not a prettier refreshment-room in France than that little chalet, where, as weather suggests, you can dine in a ‘salon,’ in a ‘cabinet,’ under a ‘portico,’ or under a tree. You get decent food, wine you can drink, and—by dint of strong language and francs—a tolerable attendance even on a Grand Prix day. As you eat, drink, and smoke, the tide of Sporting Paris flows before you. You wonder at the fortune which brings Prince A—— and his

drag safe down that sharp little descent. You admire Count Z—— and his pluck, as, with a loose rein, he lets his two chesnut leaders trot, and his two bay wheelers canter. The man who tempts Providence in a dog-cart is a mild excitement to you, and Young France in open carriages a warning—so you sip in wisdom with your coffee, and inhale experience with your smoke; and when you have quite done and paid your bill, you have only to walk across the road and you are on the course.—(*Nota Bene.* A very elaborate racing-card in Paris costs a penny; they give them to you, however, gratis if you are a season ticket-holder.) You can also go to these races by a steamboat from the Quai d'Orsay, which (after a time) will land you, high and dry, just at the back of the Grand Stand—moyennant deux francs; and during the 'voyage' I will undertake to say that you will see suburban beauties of Paris of which you have no idea: or you can go by rail from St. Lazare, the end of the street at the back of the Madeleine (ten minutes' walk from the Grand Hôtel) to the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and stroll down through the wood; or, if more lazy and less loving of sylvan scenery, you can go to Suresne by train from the same station (trains every quarter of an hour), and just walk over the pretty bridge down the picturesque hill, and so to the soldier-kept race-course, where you have your choice of places and prices from the 'open,' at tenpence, to the 'enclosure,' at twenty francs. The first thing that will strike you on arriving at the course is the perfect calmness—except a few men in the middle of the course who are clustered together and talking *not loudly* for Frenchmen, and who are, in fact, only speculating in lotteries, there is not a sound—no drawing-room could be more elegantly apathetic than the 'tribune;' and as one after another the best-dressed women in Paris drop in and take their seats, they make little bows to their friends, and glide to their seats as if they were going to a morning concert—that *ne plus ultra* of polite inanity! I promise you, however, that after a race or two are over, their tongues are loosened, and then the workmen at Babel, taking their twelve o'clock beer, could not have surpassed these fair dames in clamour, and I might add confusion, of tongues; for Paris *fast* society—I call that fast which for ever peoples the tribune of Longchamps—is composed of persons taken from every nation under heaven. I have heard English, Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, Yankee, the rich brogue of Ireland, and the native French all at work at once, discussing the result of a race in which Count de Lagrange and Grimshaw, with five to one against them (outside odds here) had bowled over, not the least to their own surprise, a great favourite about whom the Public—poor confident, composite body!—had greedily swallowed the tempting bait of five to four, amiably offered by the International layer of odds, who, braving sea-sickness and danger, comes here as regularly on a Sunday morning as the bell-ringer of Notre Dame goes to his clattering tower. Presently a very neat man, dressed rather in a style which brings back the days of D'Orsay, Chesterfield, and that 'lot,' canters quietly down the course on a very neat chesnut hack, the rider's

hand and body swaying to and fro in unison with the action of the animal. To use the words of 'Digby Grand,' it is a case of 'How well I ride you! How well you carry me!' That joint-stock partnership which if it exists between horse and rider causes them to glide so easily over the wide-spreading pastures of the Shires, rendering ordinary fences a mere joke, gates a pleasant diversion, and even 'Oxers' easy of negotiation. This neat gentleman in the brown coat is one to whom you are not only indebted for the state of the course to-day, but for the best rules and regulations existing on the French Turf. He is going to 'start' them to-day, too; and so you will have a taste of his quality in that line. I seldom mention names, but I will take that liberty with one who is a French racing public character. But for Mr. Mackenzie Greaves French racing would never have arrived at the pitch of perfection to which it has now attained. Two races are over, and you have lost your two bets, wondering the while how it can be only six to four against anything in a field of ten starters, and are beginning to think that laying must be at least as profitable as backing, when—hush!—hark! A shout arises at the corner of the course and runs like file-firing up to the stand. Two outriders on bay horses, in that condition only known to Mr. Gamble, advance, the heralds of the Imperial *cortège*—six carriages each with four horses worthy the good word of Mr. Sago of Piccadilly—'Airy 'steppers, sir, nice divine goers'—bring up the Imperial party—Emperor, Empress, Child of France, and there are usually a stray Royalty or two. They take their seats in the centre pavilion, decorated like a hothouse, and it is evident to the least inquiring eye that the old days of Ascot and Goodwood have not passed away from the memory of Napoleon, third of that name. With keen interest he watches the race, and when Grimshaw, having waited to the last on the Eclipse of France, comes away from his horses and wins as he likes, it is evident that the First Person in France is charmed with the triumph of his country. Then he and the Prince descend into the paddock, look at the horses, speak to the leading men in arms, art, sport, politics, and so having

'Won golden opinions from all sorts of men,'

returns to the Tuileries, and, while his merry subjects are revelling after their races, sits burning the midnight oil—toiling for fame and the welfare of his kingdom. Truly it is hard work!

'Uneasy sleeps the head that wears a crown.'

One of the most curious sights I know is the return from the races in the Bois. In five minutes after the last race the course is a desert; the very lottery offices have rolled off, and the bugle of the chasseurs who keep the ground sounds 'Fall in;' and they are all 'retreated' and marched off before a moderate pedestrian can get to the distance.

'Depend upon it,' said Frank de Vere, one day last autumn,

‘they’ve all got wild ducks for dinner, and fear they’ll be over-done.’

‘Wild ducks be devilled’ (only he used even a more peppery phrase), said Growler, R.A.; ‘they’ve got baked mutton and ‘tatoes, and think it will be cold.’

‘Hope it will; serves them right for being in a hurry, and kicking up a dust.’

The return through the Bois is a spectacle. Two rows of chairs reach from the Place de la Concorde to the Course. Here sits the *bourgeoisie* of Paris. They go racing for a penny, and sit on wires (literally) from dewy morn to shadowy eve. Then there are six rows (at least) of carriages, each getting in the other’s way, the drivers swearing like troopers. Here a new brougham is polled by a break, on which it is driven by a jibbing and recalcitrant cab-horse in front. There M. de B——’s phaeton is in awful grief, ‘having locked itself’ (so says the driver) in the wheels of Mdlle. Aspasia’s brougham, which is coming the other way; and this accident is the more serious as it brings about a moral as well as a material collision. On looking into it you will perceive at once that the carriages thus locked together are painted exactly alike, and bear the same monogram; and then Madame de B——, by an unlucky accident, chances to be with her husband, having had words on the course with Count de C——. Alas! *Amantium iræ* are sometimes anything but a renewal of love. From this accident your attention is soon distracted by the sight of Prince Z——, who will drive a drag. ‘What the Prince wants,’ said Whipper, who lives here now, ‘is another hand for his whip: he must have more hands or less horses, or to grief he must come.’ It has come to-day, you see. The leaders are looking him in the face, and he has caught his whip in the hind wheel; his reins are in a knot, and his servants’ breeches so tight that it takes them several minutes to descend from their ‘perilous eminence.’ Crack—bang—smack—any other hideous noise you can suggest—cries, too, of ‘Eh là bas!’ ‘Ay! a—y!’—and behold two ladies of the semi-world, with bright golden tresses and *chignons* of much hair, the property of several ladies who I suppose, to use the words of Mr. Tattersall, ‘have no further use for them, and they are to be sold,’ dressed in every colour of the rainbow, and some others, such as mauve and magenta, which have been invented since rainbows, having first made their postboy so drunk that his very tail quivers, and his boots and spurs keep up a running accompaniment to the mad gallop of the Percheron mares, are running a muck through the dense crowd, laughing, as if killing a man or two in the Champs Elysées was as good fun as ruining them in the Rue de Breda.

At last you reach the Rue Royale, and the mad revel is over. It is dangerous, truly, but you will also, when you have seen it, admit that it is original and amusing, and thank me for having, *via* ‘Baily’s Magazine,’ sent you to the Campus Martius of Paris. As for danger, hire an open carriage, with a good stolid coachman,

in a glazed hat and a red waistcoat, and I dare say nobody will run into you ; and if they do, you can calmly reply, like the man who was awakened, and told that the house was on fire, ' I don't care ; ' I'm only a weekly lodger !'

Having got back safe, go and dine at the Maison Dorée ; you will find it less crowded on racing nights than any other house.

The French have also, ' *regis ad exemplar*, ' after the fashion of the Emperor—who used (to quote Mr. Kinglake's most biassed and most entertaining work) ' to ride fairly to hounds '—taken to hunting, such as it is. But here I must pause and say that in this, as in all else, serious or trivial, which the talented author of ' *Eothen* ' writes about the third Napoleon, he is utterly unfair and prejudiced. Was there a ' *teterrima causa belli* ? ' They say so here : but I believe nothing I hear—little I see. In the days when Mr. Hubert de Burgh and the ' King's ' hunted the Harrow country, and when a ' drag ' used to convey the ' Count,' Lord Pembroke, the Twins, &c., &c., to the meet (usually an hour behind time, but Davis used to wait, and it was worth it), Prince Louis used to cut out the work, and if on a good horse took a deal of beating.

Hunting, however, can never take deep root in France. What is hunting without fences ? Ultra-Nimrods may say that watching the hounds is the great delight, the point of the epigram ; but if we watch them hunting a cold scent over a common, we are apt to get as cold as the scent, and so go home. Nobody likes seeing hounds work better than the humble individual who now takes the liberty of writing to ' Baily,' but I firmly believe that it is those things which the French call ' obstacles,' and we ' loudish places,' which make it so difficult to see the hounds do that work which is the chief charm of hunting. They cannot have that, though, in France. You cannot have fences in a champaign country, any more than you can make a silk port-monnaie out of the ear of that unhappy animal which is now suffering from *pig-a-nosis*, as the disease was graphically described by a gentleman at the Grand Hôtel yesterday. Hunting in France is a spectacle—glorious woodlands at Compeigne, Chantilly, and Meudon, reminding the midland county man of the ' Dukeries ' and that still wild tract of forest which extends across the grand country which is hunted by the ' Duke,' the Quorn, the Fitzwilliam, and the Pytchley. In these picturesque woodlands there is still a ' chasse,' which in grandeur equals, and in sport exceeds those ' grandes chasses,' which the ' Grand Louis ' used to hold in honour of our departed James II. A good run—*i. e.*, what they considered a good run—was then thought to be almost a consolation for a lost kingdom. If you will take the train to Chantilly on certain days—the meets are easily found out—I will mention the ' Byron Tavern,' in the Rue Favard, which is in constant communication with Chantilly and Compeigne, and the hospitable host of which ' hostel ' (*Angleterre en France*) will telegraph for you, and get the ' latest sporting intelligence : ' taking a horse from John Howse, in Paris, for it is difficult to get one either at Compeigne or

Chantilly, you will see a 'chasse,' not, of course, according to the views of the stern sporting readers of 'Baily,' but a great sylvan spectacle. As the cavalcade gallops down those great rides, the deep-mouthed hounds baying, the horns (God forgive us!) twanging, and the 'fine gentlemen' in costume galloping, you may 'd—— the 'hunting' as Sir Barnet Skettles, in 'Dombey and Son' did the 'dancing-master,' who engaged him in a political discussion at that ball given by Doctor Blimber of Brighton, but you must confess that it is a grand spectacle. It is worth going there, if only to see the condition to which it is possible to get a great stud of valuable, or rather invaluable, hunters; but we must bear in mind that they do not know what it is to have a really hard day, and 'kill the other 'side of the next county' (as George Beers used to say when he was eloquent over the 'Oakley'). Then the Percheron mares, which 'go through a run' in a 'char-a-banc,' with twenty people, and gallop all day. Go and see, I say—again I say, 'Go and see!'

So much for hunting near Paris. You may get wilder and more SPORTING sport in the distant forests; but when you have been there, when you have 'gone, and seen, and conquered,' I fear you will come to the conclusion that there is but 'one Allah, and Mahomed 'is his prophet;' that is to say, there is only one Diana in the world, and her shrine is consecrated in the 'SHIRES.' Yet France is right to try. They will not succeed. We English, by right of our Scandinavian descent, succeed to the fee simple of sport—'Fox-hunting.'

There is very fair shooting in France, not now the least cheap. There are preserves where you can kill thousands; but of course that, in France as in England—at Compeigne as at Enville—is a mere matter of money, hampers, and a quick train. But there are good shootings to be had within an hour or two of Paris. Round Chantilly they are excellent; but bad to get, and worse to pay for. An ambassador, who happens also to be a great and good sportsman, had one of these; he PAID for it, I believe, though I do not know how much; I should say, however, about the revenue of a Saxc-Something duke; but on that shooting, an hour and a half from Paris, day after day, he could kill from twenty to thirty head of game all through the season. Genteel readers will remember, however, that this gentleman was a sportsman, not a poulterer, and killed his birds for pleasure, not profit, else he would have had 'great days,' 'warm corners' (from which bad shots and younger sons were equally excluded), a carrier's cart, and an account with the poulterer at the little town of Château-la-Chasse. I have little more to say of the shooting of France. There is capital wild-fowl, and, above all, snipe-shooting, in certain districts; but few English would go off on such a wild expedition.

By the way, why do not some sporting English go off to the Black Forest? I have just come from there. There you have shooting, tame and wild; fishing, very good in May and June; 'grandes 'chasses.' If you go to Baden, and apply to Monsieur Weh, the admirable secretary, whose whole life seems to me to be passed in

doing civil acts—‘M. Weh,’ says one, ‘I want to fish, and catch a ‘great many fish.’ ‘Good,’ says M. Weh, and sends a ‘ticket,’ and you do catch a good deal. ‘Monsieur Weh,’ cries No. 2, ‘I ‘must go out shooting. I ONLY want a permission, a gun, a dog, a ‘keeper, some ammunition, and a carriage.’ ‘Good,’ again says M. Weh, and off goes No. 2, and kills or misses according to his wont or his bent. Naturally, if he has a bent he does not shoot straight, and so misses, and the bag of that man is emptier at night than in the morning. Seriously, this Black Forest shooting is grand. It is better than potting Compeigne pheasants; it is better than killing quails on the south coast—in a word, it is sport; and you can get there from London in forty-eight hours. If you like catching trout, that you may do out of your bedroom casement, ‘au clair de ‘la lune.’

I have finished the more serious items of my ‘Chapter on Sport,’ which, as we are all more or less descended from Nimrod, that mighty hunter, must be of general interest; and now I must conclude a long chapter with some minor details of those ‘petty pleasures,’ as the over-righteous call them, which, after all, are the oases in the desert of hard-working life. For, mark me, since the ‘practical era,’ which set in with the Crimean war, we all work as if our daily bread depended on it.

There is very good fishing to be had in certain preserves in France. Certain old moats abound in great carp and tench, and certain old reservoirs in pike and perch. It is not very easy, however, to get leave. There is fishing at Chantilly, which would have caused Isaak Walton’s mouth to have watered. If you can get leave, and a certain colonel who resides at Chantilly can give it if he pleases—he don’t please very often—you may catch such pike and perch as will rather astonish your weak mind, and bend your very stiffest top-joint; and there also are carp of an age so venerable, and of a size so monstrous, that they might swallow a little Jonah. They have also lived through several revolutions, and witnessed the advent and exodus of several dynasties; but, by the way, I do not know if that is any great disadvantage in a fresh-water fish. Like good servants, these carp answer the bell. To them it is a dinner-bell, and we all answer that. After fishing, in the category of sport comes coursing. I know I shall be d—— d—— by the brothers of the leash for saying it, but I must speak out. France has not taken to coursing, and I do not think it is any great loss. ‘Melancholy mad for an hour—‘raving mad for a minute;’ such is, to my perverted mind, coursing.

Hawking—that fine old classical and historical sport, the amusement of dames, and the recreation of knights, statesmen, and kings—has been tried in France with considerable success; and indeed no country is better suited for the sport. Fancy, for instance, a gallop over the champaign country of Normandy, or between Bordeaux and Bayonne! It is a grand sport, too, and admits of a deal of that theatrical ‘get-up’ and ‘decoration’ which just suits the taste and the talent of ‘our lively neighbour the Gaul.’ Green velvet and plumed

hats, gauntlets, Hungarian boots, lures, hoods, hawks—why it is a picture of itself, and the Parisian would dress the character to perfection, and ‘the Lord be gude to us’ (as they say in Glasgow), how the demi-monde would go in for it! What a chance for a ‘ravishing costume!’ What an opportunity for our natural enemies to take undue advantage of us.

Cricket alone remains to be recorded. Thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Sparkes, a ‘P. C. C.’ has been formed, and they play certain matches against certain other English, who come over here, and astonish the ‘Grand Hôtel’ by their wonderful gets-up, their brown faces, and look of genial freshness—such a contrast to the seedy, used-up look of the denizens of cafés, whose exercise is a walk to the Bourse, and whose amusement is a game of ‘dominoes’ for a glass of sugar and water.

But cricket does not flourish on this soil. ‘Tiens! Charles,’ said, at the last match, a young Frenchman to his friend, ‘I would ‘as soon stand before Jules, at twelve paces, in the Bois, as be ‘pelted by that strong islander who is now throwing that cannon-ball at the other islander who holds the wooden thing.’

No; cricket is too dangerous and too violent exercise for Jules, Charles, and Alphonse.

They have tried rowing a good deal of late, and an Englishman, Mr. Geisling, wins every match, and has as many medals as a Crimean colonel. There are regattas, too, and Mr. John Arthur wins his share of those.

And now I have exhausted (‘deuced good thing too,’ say crusty and cantankerous readers) all my ‘Chapter on Sport.’ It was necessary if not amusing—let us hope it will be instructive.

I will conclude by saying that the whole of France is stimulated to sport by the example of the Emperor, who hunts, shoots (and very well too), fishes, and finally shoots pigeons in the season. Asked lately to give a prize for an international pigeon handicap, to be shot for during the Exhibition of 1867, he said, ‘Of course. Go to ‘M. Pietri, and he will give all you want.’

A WEEK AT BALLINA IN JULY.

It was the height of the season on the Moy. Paris overflows with gaiety in December; London revels in June; why, therefore, should not Ballina, ‘the capital of the West,’ hold her carnival in July?

At the age of eleven I was a zealous angler. Whilst receiving my first lessons in love and geography at a girls’ school in the pleasant village of Ballyhowness, I studied ‘the gentle craft’ with great success, morning and evening, on the stream which skirts the road between ‘our house’ and that well-known seminary.

On cloudy days, when sport was good, the Lady Superior, with a barbarity worthy of the dark ages, not unfrequently crowned me with

a peculiar species of paper diadem, as a warning to all loitering day-boarders. At sixteen I could kill a salmon as well as the priest, but latterly circumstances had run dead against the practice of my art. My father had little to give me beyond a slender stock of knowledge ; I was to win fortune for myself : and the first step on that hard metallic road was taken, when, five weary years ago, I bade my earliest friend good-bye, mounted a stool in Somerset House, and became one of the clerks to the Admiralty.

I cannot say I liked it : the change was too sudden ; and for a time the longing after one dear old face amounted to pain. But we have all been home-sick at some period of our lives, and now I only recall the pang of parting to heighten the joy of meeting ; for the excursion ticket is in my pocket, and to-night I start for 'the Lodge,' *viâ* Kingstown and Castlebar, and, holy Peter ! won't I take Ballina by the way, and spend a joyous week on the Moy.

None but a lover of the country, long imprisoned in bricks and mortar, can understand the extasy with which I hailed a hansom, deposited therein my person and effects, and, with an ill-concealed air of triumph, gave the pass-word, 'Paddington.' We were not above an hour too soon, yet I was tortured by an abiding fear that the miserable animal that drew us could not possibly reach the station in time. The dread, however, proved groundless. I submitted to cabby's extortion without a murmur ; saw the luggage duly labelled ; entered an empty carriage ; and when, at length, the whistle sounded, and the swift train bore us away into the fresh country, I sank back into a corner, and gave myself up to delicious meditation.

Many of my readers probably know Ballina as well as I do. To these the following pages may afford pleasure, by recalling old scenes and happy days. To those, however, who have as yet no personal acquaintance with the Moy, a little sober detail may be useful.

Everybody knows that we started from Paddington. Lower and lower sunk the sun, as our train flew down the line ; slowly the mist rose out of pond, and river, and meadow ; till it spread like a deluge over the land ; and still the broad gauge bore us swiftly on towards Gloucester. From thence to Holyhead the road, viewed through the medium of 'Bradshaw,' seemed a railway puzzle. The Cretan Labyrinth must have been a joke to it, but, somehow or other, our guard found his way ; rushed down to the port of Anglesea, in time to catch 'the Munster' (a noble steamer of two thousand tons), ready to start ; and so it came to pass, that in a little over eleven hours we were eating a broiled Lough Neagh trout for breakfast at the hotel at Kingstown.

As we must kill our first salmon to-morrow we have little time to spare. We were able to see St. George's Channel, sparkling in the sunshine ; the noble harbour, which cost the Government I know not how many millions of pounds ; and the glorious Bay of Dublin ; then—we were once more speeding towards the capital, by the best paying line in the kingdom. How fresh and new both the driver and vehicle seemed which bore us to the station of the 'Great

‘Southern and Western.’ There was the College, famous for the wits, poets, and wise men it has produced ; famous, too, for the mad jokes it witnessed in the old wild days ; there was the Bank, once the House of Session, when Dublin held a Parliament of its own ; there the Custom House, Sackville Street, and Nelson’s Pillar. Soon we were off again, through Mullingar, illustrious for its lakes ; through Athlone ; past the broad Shannon ; over bogs, purple with blossoming heather ; under blue mountains ; till we reach Castlebar, immortalized by Maxwell in his ‘Wild Sports of the West.’ Here the rail ended. ‘Kar, your honour ; kar to Ballina ? Barney and I’ll take ye there ‘in a jiffy,’ bawled a curious-looking animal, in loose breeches and long grey coat. ‘Sure, a gintleman like your honour won’t go in ‘that baste of a coach, wid thim spalpeens of tailors.’ Poor Pat must have seen something remarkably green about me, when he ventured thus to describe my fellow-travellers. I am sure he did when having captured portmanteau, rod-case, and owner, he carried them off in triumph, past the gaol, and through a long lane of cabins, into the wilderness beyond.

It was late when we drove over the bridge and entered the town. A few hucksters’ shops were still open ; in fact, having no shutters they could not be closed. The hotel was all alive, and in the coffee-room were lights, laughter, and song. Eight or nine men—some of whom I had seen not a week before in Regent Street—notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, were laudably industrious, inspecting casting-lines, which had that day done good service ; placing new flies in their books ; or smoothing, mending, or discarding insects, whose ‘case’ was either desperate, or likely to yield to treatment. A few minutes sufficed to show me the morning’s sport had been excellent ; nine grilse had fallen to one rod ; six to another ; seven to a third, and so on. ‘First-rate angling !’ some reader may murmur ; ‘everything has its price ; I wonder what *this* cost !’ Now, to such a question very unsatisfactory answers are usually returned : ours shall be as satisfactory as brief ; Nil. Yes, it is quite true ; and not only is no charge made, but one salmon per day is actually presented gratis to the captor. Oh, Mr. Little, Mr. Little, prince of all managers, lessees, and owners ! some day—may it, however, be far distant—I trust a grateful public will erect ‘a statue of gold on a ‘pillar of porphyry’ to your honour, on the west quay, between the bridges. As a sporting quarter, this is, to my mind, incomparably the best in the kingdom, whether the stock of fish, the extent of water, or the variety of sport be considered. The angler who is too lazy ‘to cast,’ may troll. If his spirit does not soar to the altitude of salmon, he may kill trout, perch, or pike, the finest of their kind. Should the river prove too small for his taste, he can betake himself to Lough Conn, or Lough Mask, and revel on these inland seas. Of course he will require a boat for the lakes, and ought to have one on the river ; but, in the Moy, fish *can* be killed from the bank. One word more, and we will lay aside the ‘utile’ to take up the ‘dulce.’ The tide flows to the weirs, and for about an hour and

a half before and after high water there is nothing to be done on the 'lower ground.'

A few days previous to my departure from town, I instructed my quondam professional man, Terry, to look out for me, and, on my arrival, I found him sitting on the steps, smoking a pipe, in calm expectation. The poor fellow was an old friend, and we had much to talk about. At length, however, our plans were settled; my health had been duly drunk, and there was no excuse for further delay. His last words were emphatic: 'I'll be wid ye, Misther Hector, at peep o' day.'

'Remember, Terry, for five years I have lived in a part of the 'world where men are more in the habit of going to bed than coming 'out of it at three o'clock in the morning.' The obdurate party looked at me with an expression compounded of pity and contempt. 'Well, will *four* suit ye, then? The tide won't spile us till eight. 'But, oh, Misther Hector; bad cess to the place you've been in; for 'it's ruin'd ye are intirely.'

The world in general was fast asleep when Terry and I stood on the quay; but, early as it was, my comrades of last night were wide awake. Two or three were standing impatiently on the river steps, waiting for their boats; one loiterer was hurrying down to the water, whilst another was not only already moored in the stream, but was actually playing the first fish of the day.

'I tould ye so, Misther Hector!' growled Terry, looking black as thunder at the successful party. 'This comes of laying a-bed' (the unconscionable villain had knocked me up at half-past three). 'Sorra 'a taste of luck shall we get the day, any way.'

If a man be unhappy, employment is the best medicine. Now, my professional man was remarkably disquieted; so, getting into our boat, I peremptorily ordered him to shove off, and take up a position about midway between the upper and lower bridges.

Some heavy rain had fallen in the last week of June, which, without producing a flood, had given us a nice little fresh; and, as former experience had taught me that, under such circumstances, nothing better could be done than to fish this stream, up and down, till the tide drove us home, we resolved to try it thoroughly before proceeding elsewhere. Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour—but not a rise; flies had been changed over and over again in vain, though, as my companion remarked, 'the place was paved wid 'um.' One by one, boats which had shared our ill-luck dropped down the stream towards 'the tan yard.' Should we, too, move off? 'If you are 'over fish, stick to them, and they'll be sure to come,' is a golden rule, which, in the present case, we determined to follow, notwithstanding the best of the Moy patterns had been tried, and found wanting. The inimitable 'Parson,' though usually so eloquent, preached to an inattentive congregation. Creatures of more sober hue did not help us. 'The grey' of the south, and 'the butcher' of the north, brought no grist to our mill. Terry scraped his head with an energy that must subsequently have necessitated the appli-

cation of bear's grease, or Macassar, had not his hair been of a quality extra strong. Without going to such dangerous lengths, I felt depressed and disheartened. Presently light shone out of the darkness. By a bright inspiration, time long passed, surged up before me; and I recalled happy, careless hours, before the realities of the world had settled on me. Rapidly I remembered that, when fishing one autumn on a beautiful mountain river not a hundred miles N.W. of Donegal, the proprietor, with his usual kindness, said, 'Look, my lad; here are the ordinary flies, and nine times out of ten they are to be relied on: sometimes they fail. When they do, try this.' Suiting the action to the word, he placed in my hand a long, hairy, wingless monstrosity, something between a gigantic red palmer, thinly hackled, and a 'gold spinner;' and didn't it do the work that day, on a stream which shall be nameless!

Handing the rod to my partner—who, rearranging the casting-line, promised to improve the occasion—a hook of the right size and shape was soon found; the loop spliced on; tag, tail, body, and hackel quickly run up; and lo! the new creation was finished. In a couple of minutes more it was flying through the air, at 'the point.'

Wind and sea, sand and 'the sex,' are types of constancy, when compared with Miss Grilse. What charm was there in this ugly grub? What could those bright eyes see to admire in the stranger, 'bearded like a pard?' Well, I suppose it must have been the beard that captivated. At any rate, no sooner had it touched the water than a stout fish came at it gallantly; in a second after the wheel was discoursing most excellent music. Man is a wonderful animal: a quarter of an hour before, I looked at 'all creation' from a gloomy point of view; regarded Terry as the immediate cause of my misery, and voted myself a despicable fool for being seduced out of bed at such a heathenish hour, instead of remaining therein, like a reasonable being. Now, nothing could be more delightful, nothing more rational; and as for Mr. T., he was the best of men: and all this preposterous change of opinion occurred because a poor animal, with half an inch or so of wire in his nose, and a few fathoms of line at his heels, was running for dear life. Moralize as we will, there is no possibility of denying the pleasure. It may be absurd, but still it is delightful.

Salmon fight sportingly in proportion to the shallowness of the stream; and between the two bridges there is no very deep water. That gallant race has brought our friend under the arch, and Terry hauls manfully at the mooring-rope, in order to follow; but there is no need, for the brave fish once more heads towards us, making the slack line cut the water like a score of knives. So closely were we connected, that it might not be incorrect to say my relation had hitherto kept to his own element; now rushing down the stream, now flying against it; then rolling madly over the surface, and then vainly seeking refuge at the bottom. Swiftly the line rose parallel to the surface; what acrobat on earth could have executed so neat a

summersault? I felt really proud of 'my relative,' as he sprang lightly into the air, every spangle on his silver dress sparkling in the early sunshine. But neither did this avail. Muscular fibre can only sustain violent exertion for a limited period. Poor Mr. S. had been severely tried, and was evidently failing; the runs became shorter and less swift, and the leaps were exchanged for laborious plunges. His race was run; his last hour was near, and in another moment Terry slipped the gaff under him, and all was over. 'He an't a bad 'one, as times go,' that gentleman remarked, whilst, holding his prize firmly by the tail, he administered a light but sufficient tap behind the occiput; 'I reckon he's better nor eleven pound. There; all's 'clear; work away, Misther Hector; you've an hour and a half 'afore the tide comes.'

We had waited long for customers; our goods had been slighted, our efforts unsuccessful; but now business flowed in rapidly. Hardly had we given Mr. S. a receipt in full before we were again actively occupied; then came another, and another. This was something like work. Four nice fish within the hour. 'Go it, yer honour; 'go it like blazes!' Terry was now too much excited to attend to niceties of speech. 'Och, murther; the boats is coming!' and, without consulting me on the subject, he hauled in the mooring-rope, punted off like mad towards the upper bridge, dashed under the centre arch, and once more came to an anchor about twenty yards above its southern face. 'There, now,'—polishing his reeking forehead with a handkerchief—'we've got to the highest p'int, and shall 'save tin minutes, at least. More power to your elbow: work 'away, for time's precious!' Manfully we did work; one by one the boats reached the landing-place; the tide was within a few yards, yet we had done nothing, and expectation was at full stretch. Swift flew the line: soon it would be too late. Lightly it fell, below, close to the arches; to the right; to the left. The flood had reached us, yet I could not, for the life of me, refrain from making another cast. 'He's stuck in him!' chorussed a crowd of small boys lolling over the parapet. And so he was; but, in the extremity of his excitement, piscator lost his head, and broke the top joint short off; alas, alas! it ran down, *down* the line. More than once this accident had befallen me, and invariably ended badly, the descending joint doing duty as a clearing ring. Now, however, with two flies on, the top might not reach the hook which held our last chance. Everything we knew was put in practice. No new-born babe could have been handled more tenderly; and at length, with a sigh of unspeakable relief, after twenty minutes' torture, I saw our fifth fish lifted into the boat. It was a brand plucked from the burning; it was a crowning triumph; and that morning I marched home to breakfast in such a state of insane delight that, had a message by the wires reached me, announcing that, in consideration of my merits, a paternal Government had generously added two hundred pounds per annum to my salary, I doubt whether the news would have added one grain to my happiness. For the next three or four hours nothing more could be

done on the lower water, so we ate, smoked, laughed, chatted, read, and wrote, till again summoned to our pleasant toil by the ebb.

A twice-told tale must be well told indeed to please. I dare not venture on so bold an experiment. Suffice it, then, to say that, when we reached the steps in the evening, we were happy in the possession of five more grilse, which brought our total to ten fish.

Thus ended my first and best day. The remainder of the week will long be a dream of delight; and when, on the morning of my departure, Terry tucked me up on the car, even his last words seemed to carry little consolation with them. 'Mind, Misther Hector, 'we're to have a day on the lakes, whin ye come back.'

UP, IN THE HEATHER.

'Oh, what are worth
The raptures felt convention's crowds among,
To his who walks in clouds above the earth,
Pure as its fountain-streams in their sky-nurtured birth?'

Up, in the heather! Reader, if it has never been thy happy lot to realize the import of those few words, and to visit that flowery region, in which the honey-bee finds its sweetest food, and man his most glorious repast of health, sport, and happiness, at least, thy imagination has often soared so high, and thou hast seen, with fancy's eye, the red-deer drinking at the burn; the salmon surmounting the obstacle of a roaring cascade; and mayhap thou hast even heard the watchful cock-grouse doing duty for his cousin, old Chanticleer, and proclaiming to his feathered pack 'the coming of the morn.'

If not; if thou hast neither known nor longed to know such scenes,—oh, lay this page aside, for thou hast neither lot nor part in the matter of which 'Baily' speaks; nor seek, from this fount, to taste that Pierian stream, the joys of which thy soul can neither appreciate nor thy nature comprehend.

Up, in the heather! up, in the pure, invigorating, life-giving air of the old granite world! No cloth of gold ever equalled the carpet spread on that mountain-side, so charming to the eyes, with its purple tint and varied hues. Then the scenery around!—does any country in the world surpass it in wild beauty and savage grandeur?

No wonder the home of the deer and the black-cock is the birthplace of poetry and song! No wonder that Burns was inspired, and that his verses flow fresh and sparkling as a mountain stream; nor that Landseer should seek the land of heather for his loveliest pictures—

'Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.'

A hunter might almost be excused for sharing the poor Indian's feelings, if he could only hope to find a land like this 'beyond the sky.'

But, as a picture must have its shadows, and every rose its thorn, so my Brittany friend, the Baron Keryfan, discovered to his cost, that some of the spirits frequenting these Elysian fields had brought a large stock of their gross nature with them; that, in fact, the company was objectionable, and that the quarters he occupied were not altogether the marble halls he expected to find them.

In an evil hour, and without exercising that shrewdness of judgment for which Keryfan is remarkable, he wrote, in general terms, to a London agent to procure for him the right of shooting over some good grouse-moor in the Highlands of Scotland, leaving the particular arrangements to the fancy of that official. Accordingly, by the help of a considerable sum of money, and no little diplomacy, the 'Rory-Beg shootings' were at length secured for him: but not for himself alone; five others had purchased an equal right to kill game over that well-stocked ground—'Gentlemen of great wealth,' as the agent described them, and 'first-class sportsmen,' into the bargain.

Now, there is not a more thorough Legitimist, nor a truer scion of the *ancien régime* in all Brittany than Keryfan; yet, having seen a great deal of the world, he is sufficiently cosmopolitan to value a good fellow—especially if he be a sportsman—in whatever rank of life he finds him; but he shrinks from a vulgar dog as he would from a leper, and, I verily believe, would rather live in a hollow tree for the rest of his life, than consort with such company.

Relying, then, implicitly on the representations of his agent, not less with respect to the gentlemen he was about to meet, than the swarms of game with which the moor was said to abound, he arrived at Rory-Beg House on the 10th of August, 1866, in hopeful mood, and brimming over with high spirits, in anticipation of the coming day.

'Oh, my prophetic soul!' I hear the experienced reader say, who probably, in his younger days, has himself been the victim of a similar delusion. But let Keryfan tell his own plain story, and the reader will then understand the ins and the outs of the 'Rory-Beg Shootings.'

'I happened, Frank,' said he, 'to be standing within a few yards of the house, when the carriage containing my five destined companions drove to the door, and as they fixed their eyes on me, you can imagine my surprise on hearing one say to another, "I'll lay "you a crown, Jenkins, that's number six." Now, that being a numerical mode of designation quite new to me, I did not at first catch its meaning; but, on doing so, a kind of cold shudder crept over me, and a most decided opinion of the whole party at once took possession of my soul.'

'At all events,' said I, 'they did not take you for a cipher, Keryfan, and so far they were right in their reckoning, that's certain. It was simply a commercial figure of speech, and really meant no harm.'

'Perhaps not,' said he; 'but it was only the prelude to further eccentricities.

'It was arranged we should shoot the ground in pairs; and it so happened—I will not say to my very great chagrin—that on the morning of the 12th, Mr. Larkins, who was to have been my partner in the chase, made his appearance at the breakfast-table with his arm in a sling and his foot in a list shoe; the twinges, too, from which he had suffered in the night, had left their impress on his face, and he looked vicious as a wounded wasp. I am not very straightlaced, as you know, Frank; but it really horrified me to hear the profanity with which he denounced the whole creation, and especially the star under which he had the ill-luck to be born. I thought of the Arab proverb, that "Curses are like chickens, they always come home to roost," and congratulated myself on being relieved, at least in the field, of a companionship for which I felt so little inclined.

'So I sallied forth alone: my Brittany setters did their work admirably, taking kindly to the new scent, and coming to their points as boldly as if they had red-legs to deal with, and not grouse. The game was abundant, and I had a capital day's sport; the bag amounting to forty-five brace, one snipe, and a hare.

'On assembling at dinner, it was ascertained that Jenkins and his friend had killed fifteen brace, and Messrs. Nixon, Brothers, eight brace—the latter declaring the grouse were wild as eagles, and required a needle-gun to bring them to bag. During the whole of the week the same proportion was maintained between us; and I must have been a gourmand indeed, not to have been satisfied with the sport I found on the "Rory-Beg shootings."

'But, my dear Frank, no sport out of doors could compensate for the penalty I paid within. The sole conversation of my companions turned upon the rise or fall of the foreign markets, with especial reference to those of India, China, and America. They rung the changes on the present and probable prices of endless and, to me, unknown articles of commerce produced by those countries, using, the whole while, a set of strange technical terms such as I never met with in an English vocabulary. Anxiously and eagerly, too, they spoke of the clipper-ships, expected with new teas from Foo Chow; three of which, namely, the Taeping, the Ariel, and the Fiery Cross appeared to be their especial favourites.'

'Well, Keryfan,' I interposed, 'that subject—the great ocean race of the world—would have interested me deeply;—the Leger of our merchant princes, on which more money depends than would purchase a German sovereignty. Fancy the grand course, so many thousand miles long! the duration of the run, at least three months! and those birds of the sea flying homewards on the wings of the wind! Then, what *éclat* for the winner, and what a prize for her fortunate backers!'

'Ay, that was the sole point of view from which my companions regarded the race; it was to them simply an *£. s. d.* affair; a com-

‘mercian venture worthy of all note. And, for my part, I can see no great difference between the rouge-et-noir gambler and such speculators: both share a similar excitement, although perhaps the latter may pride themselves in the belief that they are undefiled by the moral turpitude that degrades the other.’

‘At dinner, too, I cannot describe the horror I felt at seeing them enact certain jugglery feats with knives, which they appeared to pass with wonderful rapidity into the innermost recesses of their throats, and then to withdraw them again without cutting off their tongues.’

‘You should have served one of them,’ said I, ‘as poor Lord Waterford’s friend served his German neighbour at a *table d’hôte*; he gave his elbow a nudge, and sent the knife out through his cheek.’

‘Well, Frank, I would have suffered it all patiently if I had heard one word about those grand moors, or one about the sport, for which we had all travelled so far; it would have been at least one subject in common between us; but it was nothing but shop, shop, from the hour of dinner to that of rest: and Pluto would have pitied me could he have heard my sighs as night after night I wearily lighted my candle and escaped to my chamber.

‘Another week at Rory Beg House would have killed me; so, hearing our friend Penrose was in Rosshire, I started at a moment’s notice, and soon found myself in the company of one who, as a horseman, a sportsman, and a gentleman, is inferior to none in Great Britain.

‘The Rory Beg shootings were unquestionably good, but as for my companions, I devoutly trust I never may meet a man of them again.’

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting season is now fairly drawing to its close, and, though the lists of arrival and departure from the Isle of Wight still contain many famous and popular names, it is daily growing less, and in a few weeks most owners will have given orders for laying up, save the few enthusiasts who employ the off season in exploring foreign waters. The season has been in many respects a most successful one, though the weather was perhaps less favourable than in 1865. The powers that be in the Isle of Wight may be congratulated upon the curtailment of their programmes, as last year’s proceedings were too protracted to be generally appreciated, and the change has been universally approved.

The sudden death of Sir Gilbert East threw a damp over the yachting world, as the deceased baronet was a popular member of several great clubs, and well known as an indefatigable yachtsman, and one really conversant with his pet sport, a qualification which many can scarce aspire to claim. Sir Gilbert added to yachting skill a marked proficiency in many manly sports and was popular among his associates for his social qualities.

Southampton, as usual, commenced the southern yachting season, and though rather uninteresting in itself, was noticeable as the prelude to the coming glories of Ryde and Cowes. The little Quiver won easily. In these days, when so many new clubs and regattas are announced, it is satisfactory

to chronicle the revival of an old meeting which has been discontinued for several years. The Southern Regatta took place in Southampton Water. Fortune apparently did not favour the revival, and the Venti family declined to put in an appearance on the first day, so the chief events had to be sailed again. The principal prize was open to any rig under 40 tons, and the entries were, Vanguard, Captain Hughes; Sphinx, H. C. Maudslay; and Niobe, W. Gordon. Captain Hughes took the prize, the Niobe, with time allowance, losing by a couple of minutes. Mr. Maudslay did not start the second day. The race for yachts under 60 tons comprised the Avoca, J. Walker; Virago, W. Jessop; Flying Fish, G. Jessop; and Sir B. Chichester's Rosebud. Sir B. Chichester's boat had all the best of the race the first day, and won by nearly a quarter of an hour. The Virago did not start a second time. Captain Chamberlayne took another prize, for boats under 15 tons, with his clipper, The Quiver, though Captain Whitbread, in the Queen, had a good chance, and was close up for some distance, until he suddenly hauled the foresheet to windward, and gave up the contest without any apparent reason. The Royal Albert Yacht Club, at Southsea, had three pleasant days which were very successful, but would have been more so had the fixture not clashed with the Squadron Meeting at Cowes. The Schooner Race was contested by the Blue Bell, F. Edwards; Gloriana, A. O. Wilkinson; Madcap, D. Dunbar; and Witchcraft, J. Broadwood; but Mr. Dunbar's vessel fell astern early in the race, and bore up for Spithead. Blue Bell evidently enjoyed the wind, which was strong W.S.W., and, though she did not get well away, walked along merrily in the breeze, and took the prize with nearly five minutes to spare. This was the fastest time on record, and as the Gloriana and Witchcraft (second to the Arrow last season) were astern, Mr. Edwards may well congratulate himself upon the performance. The Albert Cup, for cutters under 80 tons, had several well-known clippers entered; amongst others the Fiona, Christabel, Sphinx, and Admiral French's Dione. There was a strong S.W. wind, and reefs were the order of the day. The Sphinx led from the first, though she was closely pressed by the Fiona, which came up very near towards the finish, but being out-weathered by the Sphinx, retired, leaving Mr. Maudslay's clipper a leisurely journey home. The Royal Victoria Yacht Club's week at Ryde commenced with a schooner race, for which the Aline, C. Thellusson; Witchcraft, T. Broadwood; Evadne, J. Richardson; Madcap, J. S. A. Dunbar; Blue Bell, F. Edwards; and the Gloriana, A. O. Wilkinson, were entered, and a fair N.W. breeze gave promise of fair sport. The race lay between the Aline, Blue Bell, and Gloriana, and Mr. Edwards had a great chance of taking the first prize by time, until close home, when the wind veering to W., Blue Bell had to make another tack, and only gained the second. The Cutter Race, also over the Victoria course, fell to the Fiona, Lord Lennox's Hironnelle coming in next, but the Sphinx took the prize by time allowance. The Town Cup, open to yachts of any rig, had a grand entry, most of those entered for the previous races going for this, as well as the Hyacinth, Lord Burghley; Caprice, Captain Anderson, and several others. The Aline won the Cup, which has thus fallen to the popular Commodore for three successive seasons. On the following day the race was a handicap, and was won by the Hyacinth, which received fifteen minutes from all the vessels except the Caprice. The match from Ryde to Cherbourg for Mr. Thellusson's prize, a Silver Etruscan Vase, took place on the 18th ult. The entries were numerous, and included the Witchcraft, Fiona, Sphinx, Anemone (A. H. Baxendale), Rattlesnake, Marina, Julia, Captain Goad's Mariquita, and several others. Mr. Morice's clipper had the

best of the start; but after an infinity of changes, the *Fiona* was the first to pass Cherbourg Breakwater at a quarter to one A.M., having left Ryde at nine the previous evening. It was so dark on arriving, that the *Fiona's* crew could not tell whether they were the first in, so sent up some rockets, and not being answered, took 'No' for satisfactory answer. The return match for Mr. Broadwood's Cup started on the 21st, and several which had sailed on the outward journey determined to take it more leisurely on the way back, and gave up their chance of the prize. The *Fiona*, *Anemone*, *Marina*, *Julia*, *Pantomime*, *Selene*, and *Blue Bell*, however, started under convoy of a large accompanying fleet. There was a nice N.W. breeze; the *Pantomime* was first off, the *Selene*, which eventually won, lying astern. As they neared the English coast the issue lay apparently between the *Selene* and *Blue Bell*; but the *Fiona* overhauled the latter, and at one time looked like winning the double event, out and home. Mr. Richardson's vessel, however, got a smart puff just in the nick of time, and the *Selene* won by over ten minutes. Northerners had fair grounds to congratulate themselves upon the result, as both the *Selene* and *Fiona* were turned out by Clyde builders. The final Ocean Match from Ryde to Plymouth concluded the Royal Victoria's programme, and brought the chief portion of a very successful season to a close. At the various coast regattas there has been some good sailing, but little worthy of especial notice. Ramsgate was remarkable for a violent discussion, in which the harbour-master played an unbecomingly prominent part.

The recent dearth of professional races among oarsmen has been increased by the falling through of Wise and W. Sadler's match, which promised to be a close thing. Wise had to forfeit owing to temporary illness, and Sadler being in want of a job, as the 'pugs' say, has challenged young Clasper or Percy, both or either, but at present no result is announced. The Putney lad is a most promising sculler, but I fancy Clasper too much for him just at present, as young Jack has greatly thickened during his rest of the last two years, and his recent form at regattas proves him to be hard to beat. Among the cracks a galvanic excitement was caused by the report that Kelley, *malgré* his retirement, was to row Cooper for a 'monkey' a-side; but, as might be expected, nothing has come of it. The northern division are not often guilty of squandering their money, and the last two big events, in which they took much interest—Kelley and Chambers, and Kelley and Hamill—have taught them that Thames men are not all duffers, as was pretty much their opinion in the reign of Chambers the Great. Cooper can scarcely hope to find backers against Kelley; but he need not stand idle, as Joe Sadler offers him a match for the Championship of the Thames, and the usual amount. This, I expect, will take place next spring.

A curious four-oared race has taken place at Whitby between Whitby fishermen and Blyth miners, in cobbles, a kind of heavy beach-boat. The affair was a strange contrast to the usual style of races, as the course was ten miles, and no coxswains were allowed. The fishermen won easily; and a quaint feature in the race was, that the miners being astern, shifted No. 2 to the bow side, so that the trio were pulling against the stroke. Such a performance during a race appears incredible. Several county regattas have produced good sport, and one at York was very well meant, the locals doing all they knew to accommodate visitors. The absence of management, however, spoilt some good sport; and in the amateur scullers' race a claim of foul brought to light the curious fact that there was no umpire! As the foul did not occur either at the beginning or the end, where starter and judge were respectively stationed, these well-intentioned gentlemen were scarcely in a

position to decide upon the case, and great injustice was unwittingly done to one of the competitors, who will probably hesitate ere he repeats the journey from London. On the London river, boathouses closed and Jacks idle, tell of the finish of rowing work, and the very mention of October suggests guns and gaiters rather than anything to be done on the water. During the winter enthusiasts will doubtless stick to practice, to bear due fruits next summer, when 'Baily' again hopes to chronicle their victories.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

Just as you were setting up 'the Baily' for this month, all Paris Sport, and, I might almost add, all Paris Life migrated for the races to Baden-Baden, that healthy residence, that pleasant oasis in the desert of racing—that spot where men grow boys once more, and where you may break the bank and win 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* I say you may; mind, I do not say you will.

As, however, among the galaxy of talent which went to Baden to describe the meeting in every detail and from every point of view—I believe even the 'Tablet' had a 'special commissioner' there, who prophesied (though I hope it won't come off) that we shall all go to a nasty hot place, and sit in that particularly 'warm corner,' which Dante, or somebody else, tells us is heated by 'Kilkenny coals, which are half sulphur and the other three parts brimstone,'—as, I say, among that galaxy of talent I think I perceived that 'bright particular star' who guides the course of the 'Van,' I shall leave Baden races in his able hands:

'Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine.'

But I must just pay a passing tribute to the goodness of all the arrangements, and to the energy, politeness, nay, kindness of the Secretary of State, M. Weh, who is the right-hand man of M. Benazet, the mainstay of Baden, and the right man in the right place, if ever that often-quoted individual did exist. Let the 'Van,' then, tell of our sport and our wrangles—our Etoile Filante successes—of our 'Willis' row, and the consequent published declarations—of how his grace of Hamilton (he is 'Herzog' in Baden) won his maiden race and a monkey, and how Grimshaw's riding caused him to lose it all back the next day, when the great English jockey fairly outrode the Duke's boy. *Apropos* of the 'Willis,' and 'Verité' race: it was the old lady of Threadneedle Street to the Insolvent Debtors' Court on Willis (a fairy name probably given out of compliment to the proprietors of Almack's); and when she had to be pulled to make room for her stable-companion, it was all the jockey (which his name I think it were Armstrong) could do to stop her winning. Two English stable-boys were leaning over the rails. 'He'll never be able to stop her, Bill,' said Urchin No. 1. 'You go to 'blazes,' replied Urchin No. 2; 'he must stop her, ain't he had his orders?' These orders gave great dissatisfaction, and if you had only seen Jennings' face when he saw Willis, on whom he had wagered 5 to 4 to about sixty pounds, stopped, you would not have forgotten it for a considerable period of time. It was the expression of one who felt a firm conviction that he had been 'had.'

London sent us a fair share of swellmobsmen and a few racing men. We could do at Baden nicely without the former, and with as many as you like of the latter.

Game is very plentiful this year round Baden, and the travelling sportsman, when weary of roulette, and perhaps over-done with his winnings at the game which I heard a bagman—sure he was a bagman—describe to his wife as ‘that thirty and forty game as beats me,’ may find a pleasant change from the green table to the open plains of Iffezheim; and when tired of shooting he can fish from the valley of the Oös to the extreme of the Mürgthal, where there are heaps of fish, if he can only persuade them to come and be killed.

From Baden England rushed back to Doncaster, and indeed Lord Lyon was on every lip during the whole week, which reminds me, however, that although there were several sportsmen staying at Benazetville, no one got a telegram, and the winner of the Leger was not known there till Saturday morning! Here is fatal ignorance, and they call this the electric age! All Paris Sport and Paris Life then packed up its traps and got back to Paris—so happy, too, the Parisians!

‘As pants the hart for cooling streams,’

so thirsteth the man of Paris for his Boulevard. The love of the Athenian for his ‘Polis’ was nothing to it; and then you see in October the Paris season begins again, and M. Bagier, with *la divina Patti* engaged for the whole season, re-embarks on his perilous career. The Sunday following saw the first autumn meeting at Chantilly and the two Omniums, for colts and for fillies, the result of which is now history—the De Lagrange stable revenged itself by a ‘filly’ for its defeat by a ‘colt.’ The weather was so terrible, even for this season, that before the last race the course was a desert. Next month we shall have racing in the Bois, and I hear that Gladiateur will appear for the last time in his original character, ‘The Winner,’ and then retire from his native land and the turf of both nations for ever, and become a ‘Père noble.’ Of course all Paris plunged on Etoile Filante for her Newmarket engagement as soon as she had won her three Baden races—but you see the De Lagrange stable have beaten here at Chantilly and upset that little pot.

There were steeple-chases at Porchefontaine, too; all I know about them is, that the Duke of Hamilton travelled straight from Baden to them, and had the mortification of seeing his horse—Mr. Thomas up too—beaten a short head for a very large stake. I hope he had better luck at Spa, where he travelled (*viâ* Baden-Baden!) next day. Next to being a ‘Queen’s messenger,’ it seems to me that the hardest work is ‘racing,’ if you follow it out as you ought to do.

So now we are all getting back again to our beloved capital, and in a few weeks we shall be once again in the full swim of dissipation, and I trust that then there will be both ‘Sport’ and ‘Life’ for the gentle and genteel reader of ‘Baily,’ his Magazine. It seems but a few hours since I was recording the death of one season, and now I am talking of the birth of another.

‘Dies truditur die,’

one day pushes past its fellow, and we are again back in the wicked world, doing that which we should not do and leaving undone that which we should do; and, in a word, to use a French expression, ‘Leaving in all things much ‘to be desired.’ I fear last season was fatal to several of our swells; they are gone, I fancy, and their clubs know them no more. It is all gambling—private play, too, which is the deuce and all! We can imagine the pleasure of breaking the bank of our hospitable friend, Herr Benazet—Gros Herzog of

Gaming-town and Archduke of Après—we can see the fun of breaking a public bank, but winning the ‘little all’ of the man with whom you constantly associate, and meeting him and his melancholy face next day and next day and next at the club—you ashamed of seeing him, he hating the sight of you—does, I confess, seriously damage the pleasure of life. However, so it ever was, so it ever will be, and the result will be, a vacancy in the ranks of society when that composite body is paraded for inspection before the opening of the campaign of dissipation of 1867; and we shall all have to mourn the loss of several cheery companions who smoothed the march of life, and who had no other fault save that they played not wisely nor too well. The Court will be at Compiègne shortly, and the ‘chasses’ will begin. As I happen to be promised several superior, nay, I may almost say, imperial mounts, I hope to be able to give you an account of a ‘Day in the Forests of France,’ sincerely trusting that I may not write such ‘bosh’ (to use a word, I believe, of Eastern origin) as that which is written in a ‘Month in the Forests of France,’ a work which the talented author must have caused to be printed as a penance and published as a great humiliation and a record of his series of foreign failures. I shall, too, perhaps have a word or two next month to say about the fishing and shooting in these parts; but in the mean time let us go back to Paris.

Never have I known the ‘lively capital’ (as our newspaper writers delight to call it) so deprived of English as this year. This is usually a great time. Returning politicians with (as they would say in Germany) ‘Hombourg or Weisbaden-liver-repaired constitutions,’ hastening home for their pheasants, perhaps, more than their constituents; lawyers of all grades, now fierce in moustache and beard, soon to be shaved as clean as the palm of your hand, finishing their vacation; racing men getting back for Newmarket; ladies repaired as to their faces by art and as to their constitution by waters; members of the ‘Excelsior Club,’ with alpenstocks marked on the stock, so many nicks, so many ascents—just as Martin of Connemara used to score his saw-handled pistols as records of the many times that martyr to humanity (as regarded the beast creation) had been ‘out:’ he was a merciful man though—seldom killed his adversary—only shot him in the knee! But this year we ask, ‘These amusing travellers, where are they?’ and M. Hoffman, of the Grand Hôtel, like another ‘Echo,’ answers ‘Where?’ There is grief at the ‘Golden Mansion,’ and ‘garnishing of teeth,’ (as it was once described by a youthful country curate) at Vachettes and the Café Anglais. What they like is a party of English who enter the restaurant and order pale ale, as an inspiration for the coming ordeal, and then you see, ‘Com-mandez a dinner, très bon dinner, you know, pour eight persons—wee persons, vous souvez. Le very best que vous avez.’ Well, this year we must do without our facetious friends. War, if it has done nothing else, has avenged long-outraged society on the hôtels and restaurants of Europe. I confess that, like the demon (who really is not so black as he is painted) in a melodrama, I laugh, ha! ha! at the discomfiture of the whole race of hôtel keepers; and when the landlord at ‘Wash-und-drink-it-off’ told me that he had been forced to reduce his prices, I should have laughed in my sleeve, only having on one of Mr. Smallpage’s patent coats, I could not get at those vehicles for satirical cachinnation.

As a dweller in Paris, I am not at all sorry not to see a great many English—one’s own friends it is a delight to see, and, thank goodness, they come often and stop long; but I confess that Brown, Jones, and Robinson may go to Hong-Kong for me, and I hope they will like it, puppies and rats

included. I should like to tell you an anecdote or two, but we have been so dull! Still I think the idea of the waiter who, asked by two men who were disputing as to the fact, and who were dining at a 'fixed price,' whether a melon was a fruit or a vegetable, replied, 'Neither, Messieurs; it is a *hors d'œuvre*, and pays a supplement of tenpence,' deserves to be recorded; as also does the other waiter who replied to a request for a toothpick, 'We have no more, sir. The inconsiderate consumers not only used them, but omitted to return them to the glass. Monsieur le Patron says he will buy no more!' *Apropos* of restaurants, from whence does Paris get all its venison? You have it every day ('mariné,' that is, dipped in vinegar, which spoils it) if you dine out, and the markets are as full of deer as a well-preserved Highland dell. They must kill them like hares, somewhere or other, these bright-eyed 'gazelles' (please do not print 'Gazettes,' as was done once before) and you can buy them as cheap as 'moutons.' Now Chevreuil, not 'mariné,' and grilled ('Mais bien grillé!') *au naturel*, is a breakfast for the gods—at least I do not know that I am justified in saying what the gods like for breakfast, but it is good enough for me.

Hoping to be a deal more lively and much better company next month, I wipe my pen, drink the health and prosperity of the readers of 'Baily' (especially of my articles), and then go to bed!

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—September Scrapings and Doncaster Dottings.

SEPTEMBER, the month devoted to the St. Leger and the Partridge, has passed away so quietly, that but for the Doncaster *dénouements* and the patronage of the Water God, we should have been sorely put to it to furnish a sufficient load for our little vehicle, which in its monthly round through the country receives an amount of custom for which we cannot feel too grateful. In truth, the racing between York and Doncaster is not of a character to lure any but purely professional gentlemen to it, who, for the most part, have to live upon each other. For the majority of good and true backers prefer the whirr of the grouse and the leap of the salmon to the offer of the bookmaker; and on the moors of Scotland they discover more congenial fields to lay upon than those they have been sporting with since the commencement of the season. As one provincial Meeting resembles another, as much as one Session of the Central Criminal Court is but a second edition of the preceding one, we abandoned the whole series, and resolved to exchange the air of 'six to four' for that of the Black Forest, and see if we could discover in the long string of French horses on the Iffenzheim race-course the Gladiateur of which Tom Jennings spoke so mysteriously at the Admiral's testimonial dinner. Armed with nothing but a couple of pistols charged with 'Owen's brandy,' which we take to be the very finest specific against cholera, whether it be British or Asiatic, we boldly made our way through the infected port of Boulogne, so well described by poor Albert Smith, as

'The home of the stranger
Who has done something wrong,'

and sought the sheets of the Grand Hotel for the prescribed forty winks which are allowed to journalists; and which having enjoyed, we strolled into the Courtyard, where we found the Duke of Hamilton, surrounded by his staff, discussing the plan of the week's campaign with the English Commissioner, Mr. Morris,

who, with a select few, represented the interests of Tattersall's, and who were enjoined in the strongest terms to keep up the prices. This portion of their mission, it is needless to add, was carried out to the very letter of the law, and into more able hands the task could not have been confided. The English contingent was not so strong as usual, but 'quality' atoned for want of numbers. Our *compagnons de voyage* were two well-known Special Commissioners, who were perfectly competent to discharge their duties, and who, whether as linguists, antiquarians, historians, or financiers, were far above plating form, as their pleasant narratives in 'The Field' and 'Sporting Gazette' have shown. In such company it is needless to state that a fourteen hours' journey was reduced to ten, as we did not pass a castle or an abbey that did not bring forth a legend connected with it worthy of the pen of the late G. P. R. James. Consequently, by the time we arrived at Strasbourg, we felt ourselves almost qualified to edit a new Continental Bradshaw, but on second thoughts we abandoned the idea, from an impression that a work of such a nature from a Sporting Writer would so abound with errors, particularly if he brought it out in a Cesarewitch week, that the whole traffic of the Continent would be disturbed, and the unhappy author fall a victim to popular indignation. As the ordinary train which goes on from Strasbourg to Baden had been taken off since the war, we had the choice of two evils presented to us; one to spend the evening at Strasbourg, and see the famous cock come out and clap his wings, or else to charter a special for Baden. A division was taken on the question, and Count La Grange, who we were sorry to see looking so ill, moved an address to the station-master for a train on which 'Our Van' could be placed, as well as the English forces, who wished to be ready for action on the following morning. Now, getting a special in the Fatherland is not like pulling up a Hansom in the Strand, but nevertheless our start was quicker effected than that for many Stewards' Cups we have witnessed. At Kiel our appearance created as much sensation as a midnight ascent by John Scott in a balloon would occasion at York; for except on one occasion, when the King of Prussia was sent for suddenly to Baden, no instance of a 'special' had ever been known on the line; and as engines were frequently being 'tried' when, to use a Newmarket phrase, the ground was open, fears were entertained for the safety of our journey. However, the 'Life and Times' of our party having been duly communicated to the engine-driver, and he being informed of the awful responsibility that devolved upon him, and how Tattersall's and Newmarket would go into mourning for us should anything occur, he agreed to use the eyes of 'Argus' to escape a collision, and by the aid of an immensity of screeching and whistling we were landed and weighed out. Even in the drive to our quarters, which is through the gayest part of the town, it was not difficult to discover the effects of the war had not been got over, for the Promenade was only dotted with strangers and pedestrians, instead of being crammed; and there were none of those groups of foreign noblemen assembled at the corners of the alleys to welcome the English division, as hitherto has been the case. A stroll through the Kursaal confirmed our impression, and beyond the division termed The Duke of Hamilton's Own, there were very few who knew the difference between Lord Lyon and Savernake, or would give a florin to be told the best of John Scott's for the St. Leger. Of the war we should say they were as ignorant as the natives of Baden, who, not being blessed with a 'Glowworm' with its fiftieth edition of a night, and which would have let them know the march of every regiment, and the tactics of each general in command, they could only glean such bare scraps as found their way into the German papers, some of which are not quite as large as a Haymarket playbill.

Baden has been so fully described by us in previous years, that we are satisfied the majority of our readers are as familiar with it as with Kensington Gardens. From the quantity of rain, however, that fell during our stay, the place looked as pretty as a bride in tears, and, at the same time, she may be said to have as quickly dried them. The road to the course presented the same diversified appearance as that for the Derby; and the corners of the great thoroughfares resembled the Oxford and Regent Circuses of our own metropolis. There were arm-chairs in hurdles for the working classes, and phaetons and other waggonettes for the haut noblesse and the demi-monde, but we missed the light-blue Austrian cavalry drawn up on the hill, between the windmill and the course. The Paris Ring sent forth its best representative in Mr. Jones, who is 'the Davis' of the Empire; and, as we have said before, Mr. J. B. Morris stood for England, and the way in which he set the market justified the position which was unanimously accorded to him. Great regret was experienced at the absence of Mr. George Angell, for whom spacious apartments had been engaged at the Hotel de Russe; but the excuse that was offered for his not meeting his engagements, that the laundresses could not get up his white waistcoats as they ought to be, was accepted as a valid reason for his staying away. However, next year, we are happy to state that arrangements have been made to obviate all difficulties on the score to which we have alluded, and the Manager of Mr. Graham's stud will, we understand, be added to the list of those speculators who seek fresh fields and pastures new for the use of their pencil, and the improvement of their knowledge of society. But popular as racing is with the upper and middle class of Germans, it has not yet taken root in the hearts of the peasantry, for they exhibit none of that hilarity which we witness in Ireland or this country at a winner going back to scale, and they care no more for following him or cheering him than they would do a sheep-dog, or a pointer.

The scene in the enclosure was as pretty to the eye as ever, but Royalty was absent, for which there was good and sufficient cause, inasmuch as the affairs of state kept away the King of Prussia, and his excellent Consort, the Queen, asserted that the recollection of the blood spilt in the war prevented her entering into any gaieties or pleasures. Princes, however, were as plentiful as pheasants at Enville, and a Turkish one seemed to take the greatest interest in the result, and to be the heaviest bettor among them. And it was curious to hear him remark in his own tongue, when he tried to get four hundred to one of Mr. Morris about Germanique, and that gentleman, from a sense of duty, could only lay him three hundred and fifty to a hundred, 'By the beard of the Prophet, it is a very short price.' In quoting this observation, we do not wish to infer that we are acquainted with the Turkish language, but it was translated to us by a dragoman, who vouched for its correctness. Like as at Ascot, Warwick, and other places in England, the Stewards and their friends have a stand to themselves, and to these the Ring more especially addressed themselves, vociferating their offers on the field, and against various animals, with a strength of lung that proved how insurable were their lives. It is not necessary for our purpose to notice any race in succession, for the interest in them has died out by this time; but we were glad to see the Duke of Hamilton win his maiden race with Apsley, a godson of our own; and the reception he received from 'the Staff,' who were easily recognised by their uniform, which they wore as strictly as Austrian officers, proved that his success was as welcome as the early violet in April. And probably his sire, Arthur Wellesley, although accustomed all his life to being cheered and saluted wherever he went, never had

more costly pocket-handkerchiefs waved in his honour, although the wearers were, perhaps, of a different stamp. The great Continental St. Leger was the first round decided in favour of the Ring, who battled fiercely with the Gentlemen over Auguste, and who, for the last time we should imagine, had odds laid on him, because the Goodwood form, with Langham, was thought good enough to stand upon. But this was a mistake, and no mistake, for like the defaulter he never came nigh, and all Grimshaw's calls upon him were unavailing and as useless as if made upon a winding-up company. The winner is a very useful mare, and comes of a rare staying family, but she was only backed by her owner when running, as he saw she liked the dirt, and was going within herself the first time round.

The Gentlemen Riders' Race is always a feature of importance in a Baden Card, as the weights and conditions are studied by the fairer portion of the company with greater eagerness than any other item in the list. It is a strange social custom among foreign Gentlemen Riders that they should be so anxious to have the benefit of the criticism of those ladies whose liberal views of society enable them to travel alone, that they should send them down to the scene of their operations like hacks from London to Newmarket. The expense of such a step is somewhat great, but then an extra hundred on a winner will cover it all, and leave something in hand to go on with. We all know pretty well the clothing requisite for a 'Heather;' but the outfit of a lady, before she can soothe the anxieties of a French Gentleman Rider at Baden, is a very different matter; for, according to the very best authority, it cannot contain less than half a dozen dresses at an average of sixty guineas each, to which hats to correspond, at a pony a piece, must be added. Then diamond butterflies in the hair to match with the earrings is *de rigueur*, so that a hole is made in a thousand-pound note without much difficulty. When Paris, Brussels, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, and our own metropolis contended for the apples of beauty and extravagance, it is gratifying to us to be enabled to record that South Belgravia won the purse for the former, quite as easily as Paris carried off the latter, for the white dress embroidered with red coral, like the flowers on muslin, was pronounced such 'an achievement'—we use the word in a double sense—that the bettors would take no odds, and the wearer almost walked over. But while it is raining marling-spikes, we are keeping the Gentlemen Jockeys at the post, which we are far from desirous of doing. Of late years the improvement in the toilettes of Gentlemen Riders has been very great, and ill-fitting jackets and boots belong to a past age, when mirrors, towels, pincushions, and glove-racks were not thought a requisite addition to the portmanteau of a flat race or steeple-chase performer. Mr. Rowland, whose getting up here a few years back for Medora, and which we have already handed down to posterity, was the first to institute the new order of things, and from being quickly followed by the late Duc de Carderousse-Grammont, dressing for a race has now become as important a duty as for a levee or a drawing-room. The neatest style, however, that we saw was that of an officer in the Blues, and who bred as far as size for a jockey as well as George Thompson himself, turned out in breeches and boots that would have made many professionals jealous. In short, every article had the Hall mark upon it, and there was not a particle of 'electrotype' to be seen, and we regretted it was not to be seen to better advantage, but dirt evidently was not the Nailor's *forte*, as he could not move in it. However, our country's reputation was well sustained by Mr. De Burgh, who, on La Germaine, quickly slipped his company, and as the Judge declared, and we confirm, won 'facilement;' but

both he and his colleagues were so drenched when they came back to scale, that they impressed one with the idea of having passed the afternoon in a water-butt.

The return home was marked by less enthusiasm and military parade than we have ever before witnessed; but then the thought of how many families had contributed a victim to the Bismarck policy easily accounted for the faint cheering of the *gamins*, who had scarcely spirit enough left in them to scramble for the largesse which our colleagues, as Special Commissioners, thought incumbent to lavish on them, in order to diminish the distress in the place. In the evening we wandered through the marble halls of the Salle de Conversation, and as we surveyed the gay groups that were chatting sociably together, and then strolled into the room where thousands were depending on the turning up of a card, we confess to stating that all at once poor old John Osborne appeared before us in his chocolate-coloured surtout and white shawl neckcloth, with his hand giving his trousers a hitch; for within a few yards of us, between an Austrian Archduchess and a Turkish Prince, and cheek by jowl with a Parisian actress, famed for her talents but not for her virtues, and with diamonds on her fit for a Drawing Room at St. James's, stood a lad from Middleham, with a handful of Naps, which he tossed down with the coolness of a Guardsman, and not seeming to care whether they fructified, or were in his own phraseology 'blued.' That lad had looked after no end of Cures, Agneses, and nameless Nursery winners which were wont to occupy the Ashgill stables. He had ridden over every racecourse in the North, and been petted by clerks of courses and trainers, and here he was mixing with the *élite* of European society, and following its foibles; and we are quite certain if his old master could have seen him, he would have come to the conclusion that the end of the world was at hand, and that he had better make arrangements accordingly. A greater transition from Middleham to Baden cannot be imagined; in fact, the removal of a Bethnal Green weaver from his fifth floor back, hung with nothing but the cages of canary birds and linnets, to Stafford House, St. James's, would be nothing to it, and therefore the scene was more vividly impressed on our memory. The second day's sport would have been exciting and agreeable enough but for the rain, which made strong running for a long time, but as although it benefited the crops, it deteriorated the toilettes, and therefore was unanimously voted a nuisance, and warned off. Our second race, however, led to a scene, the like of which we have never witnessed abroad, and very rarely in our own country—that of an animal being pulled up in front of the Stand, in order to let another, the property of the same owner, win in his stead, no declaration having been made at the weighing stand, or posted on the notice-board, as is customary with ourselves. Unfortunately for M. Delamarre, Verité, for whom Willis was sacrificed, was at the longest odds, so that both the backers of the one and the layers against the other were equally savage; and it was well it had not occurred at Newmarket, for owner and trainer and jockey must have suffered the extreme penalty of the law, which would have been carried into effect without the least delay, and with no hope of mitigation. It seems, however, by the French laws, it is not absolutely necessary for an owner to make any declaration as to the horse he will win with, although the English supposed that one had been made when the jockey weighed. Such, however, on inquiry, turned out not to be the case; although we must confess to having heard from the gentleman who represents 'Bell's Life' so ably on the Continent, that M. Delamarre really meant to go for Verité. Still, although we may have the eyes of Argus, we do not speak with many tongues; and

certainly if the intention was to win with one, nobody would have backed the other. Then arose a very angry discussion, and loud above the voices of the rest might be heard the melodious tones of Mr. Fothergill Rowland, denouncing, in well-rounded periods and felicitous language, the practice which, while it only mulcted himself in a tenner, had a much more serious effect on others of his countrymen, who, in Ring phraseology, 'knapped it.' At last, at the suggestion of that gentleman, Mr. Morris and his colleagues, we ventured to represent the state of things to M. Weh and the Stewards; and, instead of having our nose bitten off, and being treated as if our head with the accompaniment of a bunch of greens would be dear in a plate at a shilling, the reasonable nature of our request was at once seen, and 'the standing orders' being suspended, as in the case of the Irish Habeas Corpus Act, a bill was then and there brought in, passed, and received the assent of the Royal Commissioners, that henceforth 'a declaration would be required as to winning with any particular horse, when two or more belonging to an individual started in a race.' In an instant oil was thrown on the troubled waters; and when it was seen in the following race, by the announcement by Major Fridolin and Count Lagrange that the Act had already come into effect, the satisfaction was unbounded. How long in our own country it would have taken to have carried such a measure we need not calculate, for what with notices of motions, debates, adjournments, and correspondence in the newspapers, the best part of a season would be lost; while here the promptness with which the order was made was worthy of a great commander, and we quite endorse the remarks of the Commissioner of the 'Sporting Gazette' on the subject. The Continental Two Year Old Stakes brought a very decent field of youngsters around Mr. Mackenzie Greaves, who has not looked an hour older for the last quarter of a century, during which we have been acquainted with his form, his features, and his seat on horseback. From what Montgolbert had done the last time he had been out, they betted odds on him without compunction, which he landed cleverly, as the ground suited him exactly, for he was a thorough Ellington, and had the same coarse head and large splash feet, as well as the same colour of his sire, who, it will be recollected, went better in dirt than on hard ground, and perhaps it was to this that he won in such style. We may add he is in the French, but not the English, Derby, and it was currently said the Count had several better in his stable. A German called Highlander, and the property of Count Henkel, one of the very best Continental sportsmen we have, was the only other that pleased us. He was a true-made colt, with the best of action, but was little short of time, which caused him to run at a disadvantage with Montgolbert. Whether he has a temper of his own or not we cannot say, but his jockey flogged him as if he had been a Manchester garotter, and he bore his punishment in a much gamer manner, if we are to believe all we read in the papers of the day. The Prix de la Ville, the Cesarewitch of the Black Forest, and what our own reporters would most infallibly style the *pièce de résistance* of the bill of fare (we wish they would change the phrase for 'the roast beef' by way of variety) was next put up, and a small, but very select field, was ticked off for it. The betting upon it was not particularly heavy, and as Etoile Filante had showed she could stay so well in the St. Leger, the followers of public running made her the favourite, and having nothing particular to beat but Bayonette, a rank jade, she won as cleverly as we like to see an animal do, and a better stayer we have not met with for some little time. In the evening, the afternoon's doings were canvassed, and 'Glowworms,' 'Sporting Lives,' and 'Sportsmen' canvassed, for with avidity, and devoured

with the appetite of an Oliver Twist. One of the peculiar phases of Baden life, is the desire among our own, or rather the English, contingent to get a sight of an English Sporting paper ; and the holder of one leads an awful life. First, a 'Glowworm' appears on the scene, and goes from hand to hand like the box at a hazard-table, and when once it is passed, it is a long time before it gets back to its original hand. Then there is a rumour, but only a rumour that a 'Sporting Life' only three days' old, has been seen on the Promenade ; and instantly that charming walk is beaten for it, like a well-known gorse in Leicestershire. At length there is a finale, and it is run into. But while it is being discussed, a stranger, or rather a new arrival, drops on the scene, and 'a second fox,' in the shape of a 'Sportsman,' is viewed, and affords a similar chase. Then the results are read over, and if the favourites in the Black Forest have won, and those at Leamington have been beaten in succession, and Lord Hastings has lost several times when backing his horse against the Field, —then Baden is at a discount, and Sam Merry's Meeting at a premium, and *vice versa*, as may be readily imagined. Thus it will be seen the old Latin proverb, 'Calum non animum mutat,' was strictly exemplified. Wednesday was a regular English Cup Day, and Cup coats were donned for the occasion, such as we see only at Goodwood and Ascot ; and Poole, Davis, Smallpage, and Barrett were strongly represented. The Grand Prix was in every one's mouth before going to the course, and brought before every one's eyes when they got there, as it was handed round and shown by royal footmen, before it was placed on the Royal Stand. We fancy we see the same sort of thing in Berkshire, and the worthy Charles Davis whipping into the Windsor flunkies. Of the elegance of the prize we will say not a word, except that it was more likely to be praised in Mayfair than in Lambourne, and that it was scarcely worthy of a place on Mr. George Angell's sideboard in Brompton Crescent, beside those matchless productions of the silversmith's art which Attaché and others of his stud have placed upon it. Vertugadin was all the rage for it, and as little as 2 to 1 was taken about him, notwithstanding he was not brought out as either John of Whitewall, John of Danebury, or Mat of Newmarket would have sent him, and, moreover, when he went up, we saw he did not like the dirt. That they thought a good deal of him was proved by his being made so much use of, that when the everlasting Etoile Filante, a species of mare, which, for gameness, put us in mind of Torment, got through her horses and joined him, he could not hold his own, and was fairly cut down by four lengths, which showed how valuable is staying blood ; and as the stake was worth a clear thousand sovereigns, and there was no waiting until the forfeits were collected, but would have been paid as the jockey got out of the scale, it is surely more worthy of the attention of English owners than it has yet been deemed. The Grand Steeplechase was the only other event in which the English were interested, as the Duke of Hamilton had the favourite in Cortolvin, which he bought of Lord Poulett on purpose to win it, and Mr. F. Wombwell came over with the express intention of riding him in that character. We have often heard in the course of our experience of a horse's indisposition affecting him in the market, but we never, until now, came across an instance of an illness of a jockey telling on it. Nevertheless it was the case now ; for Mr. Wombwell being afflicted with the prevailing epidemic, and it being well known there was no other Gentleman Jockey on the spot to ride him, the odds either increased or decreased according to the bulletins of his state. One bookmaker must have got a tout in the Duke of Hamilton's château,—for in the morning he laid 8 to 1 against Cortolvin, and in the evening he was glad to take 4 to 1

back. But, although Mr. Wombwell recovered sufficiently to ride him, he was rendered too weak to do him justice, and the cowardly animal—for we have always considered him to have no heart—came to grief at the brook facing the Stand—memorable, in future years, for the discomfiture of Mr. Rowland and the victory of Mr. Hepburne, who jumped it on foot on the previous day. The winner turned up in Regalia, who was ridden up and down the railway bank which bounds the side of the course, with an amount of skill and courage, by Viscount Talon, which 'The Shires' would have appreciated as it deserved to be. We then took leave of the Continental Doncaster, as it has been happily termed, for the English one, with the pleasantest recollections of the management of M. Weh, who, like the keeper of the Tower of Babel, had to satisfy the representatives of many nations, which he succeeded in doing; and with the hope that on the next anniversary, the Water God would be squared to postpone his visitations until the Baden Races had ended, and the fashionable company which assisted at them had dispersed over Europe. And such, we are certain, is the prayer of the other Commissioners of the Sporting Press, who, instead of devouring each other like the Kilkenny cats, lived together on terms of the closest amity; and we have yet to learn that the interests of their respective journals suffered in any manner.

A run before the wind, as it were, brought us to Doncaster, a narrative of the sayings and doings of which we are saved the trouble of giving our readers, for in another paper, under the heading of 'Excited Yorkshire,' they will find them reproduced in a more dramatic style than our own. Therefore, all we will say is, that the town was as clean and hungry as ever, some lodging-house keepers trying to make a charge for taking in the letters of their tenants; that the Mayor and Corporation, under the active instigation of Mr. Moore, were unwearied in their endeavours to remedy any complaints of existing evils, and the change in the *venue* of selling the yearlings gave unqualified satisfaction, except to those who were stupidly prejudiced in favour of 'The Dustbin' and the ancient order of things, and were indifferent to their customers risking their bones and their lives, while 'the young things' let out either in playfulness or malice. The circumstance of both the Tattersalls blazing away at the same moment we have heard has created some dissatisfaction among the old established breeders. But this is hardly right, because they should recollect the high prices they have realised of late years have been the very means of inducing others to venture into the same sea of speculation, and it is only natural they should like to avail themselves of the same facilities for the disposal of their stock. As far as regards the young things this year, they were neither better nor worse than those of preceding ones. To our notions, and they were shared by many of the best judges, Sheffield Lane took the first prize with Harvester, who it is to be hoped will 'Stockwell' at some future time the Clumber paddocks. The St. Albans colt out of Allegra by Touchstone was remarkably racing like, although perhaps a trifle too long in his pasterns; still he had a strong body of supporters. In Mr. King's colt by Skirmisher out of Manganese, there was a great, strapping, rough-looking colt, perhaps with more strength than quality, and with the best of limbs and feet, who had every appearance of making a racehorse, and Dover we have no doubt will make the touts very anxious about him. For a Skirmisher to get into the four-figure list so early, speaks well for him; and certainly his 'things' have taken very well, but we have an idea that Manganese had a great deal to do with his promotion from the ranks. That our especial little favourite Adamas, should have not only a couple of colts, and have got such prices for them, was especially grati-

fyng to us, as we have always contended her fine blood has not been sufficiently appreciated. Mr. Jackson's crack, The Tunstall Maid colt, for some reason or another, did not take so much as was anticipated, and he was rather disappointed at the result. But although he had plenty of bone, he was voted coarse. However, Mr. Padwick would have him for 820 guineas, and he was forthwith consigned to Alfred Day, who is fast filling up his stalls again. Mr. Cookson was not in his usual form, for although he had an excellent average, the Buccaneer would not go down as much as his Sweetmeats and Dundees have done. The prices attached to the Middleton One Row lot will show that we made no mistake in our estimate of them last month, and had the Cavendishes been but a trifle bigger, to suit the present taste, they would have made more money. However, for so young an establishment the balance-sheet was encouraging, and it will not be for want of attention if Mr. Pennington does not improve it.

Sheffield Lane never was in greater force, and Harvester will do more for them, we imagine, than any colt they have yet sent to the hammer. Lord Derby, as usual, sent a very fine lot into the paddock. We were not prepossessed in favour of the King of Trumps colt out of Sortie, as he was over big; but we considered the filly by Newminster out of Canezou to be the most perfect animal ever foaled; and when Mr. Chaplin brings her out, she is sure to be a rattling favourite, even if she does not turn out as good as she looks. But a look at our watch tells us we must hurry on to the course, which we find crowded, but not crammed, and the voices of the Ring roaring like those of the waves. The Lyon did not please in his morning gallop, which was of so severe a character as to be a St. Leger in itself, and there was in reality no fancy for anything. Rustic was not liked; and there was a sort of sneaking affection for Westwick, who was a great pet of Fordham's. How Grand Cross made the Friponniers very 'cross' in the The Glasgow it boots not to say, neither to relate how the Earl of that name forcibly reminded Godding that his complexion was not so pale as that of Monte Christo after his lengthened imprisonment. That Achievement should have put more Champagne on Col. Pearson's table surprised no one, and the Great Yorkshire Handicap was such a farce for Caithness that he was received with shouts of laughter. The St. Leger having been so fully described in another place, we need now only remark that it was fought out as desperately as a St. Leger ought to be, and the contest was worthy of the name of the race, as well as of Doncaster. It was impossible for two horses to run truer; still, but for the Tuesday's gallop, which was as near proving as fatal to the Lyon as it was destructive to The Flying Dutchman in his race for the Cup with Voltigeur, we verily believe that the Derby winner would have beaten Savernake much easier. That the prophets were floored to a man could not be said on this occasion. But in justice to the 'Van' we must say we were in the van of them all, for on the 30th of August we thus wrote, and in justice to our reputation for seeing into the future we reproduce our prediction:—

'As far as the St. Leger is concerned, the Great Yorkshire, in our opinion, goes for nothing, as we have seen hansoms with army and navy fares gallop faster to a railway, and therefore we shall adhere to Lord Lyon and Custance, believing that Savernake and Knight of the Crescent will be attached to his suite, like officers in waiting. Whether we are filled with the divine afflatus at the time of our writing we cannot say, but we are certain we are not very far out in our calculations of the race.'

Over the defeat of Lord Lyon in the Cup we will draw a veil, for the recol-

lection of it is disheartening to our mind, and we do not like to record a defeat which Nature herself could not have warded : and as his star has shone brighter than ever since, there is no occasion for us to further allude to it, and so we take leave of Doncaster until March. To the lovers of blood stock in the midland counties a stroll through the Clumber paddocks will be a treat of no ordinary kind, particularly if the weather be fine, for we enjoyed it when the rain was coming down like on Blair Athol's Leger day. The paddocks which Scott has constructed for the Duke of Newcastle are on the same, or perhaps larger, scale than those he put up for the late Lord Londesborough ; and in the boxes attached to them, which are as clean and well fitted as the dairies in Windsor Park, may be seen some extraordinary fine yearlings. Our pets were the Trumpeter fillies, Discord out of Schism, and Capa Tête out of Constance, and which for size and quality are scarcely to be matched, and when they come out we shall be a bad prophet if they do not do more for Trumpeter than any of his stock have yet accomplished, and cause his owner to give over advertising him. Chanson, a St. Albans out of Twitter, was a Royal filly in the truest sense of the word, quality and quantity being judiciously blended in her ; and if there is not a great future before her, then we will acknowledge our error, but we do not anticipate being called upon to do so, and fortunately she is in hands which will make the most of her.

Our obituary, we are glad to state, is not a heavy one ; the only name of note which appears in it being that of Mr. Sherman, of the Bull and Mouth, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and who died in his 90th year. He was, perhaps, the largest coach proprietor in the world, employing no less than 1,200 horses, in addition to cart horses for his waggons, as he was likewise a carrier, and he perhaps managed more of the traffic of the country than any man alive. Enterprising in his spirit, and kind and honourable in his disposition, he has left behind him an enormous fortune, the fruit of his straightforward mode of business. In the hunting world busy preparations are making to open the campaign ; and so far from the Quorn not being able to come to Kirby Gate for want of horses, there is not a word of truth in the rumour ; for if we are correctly informed, the noble Marquis purchased last week no less than twenty-one first-class hunters of Mr. Denby, of Rugby, a fact which needs no commenting upon. In the angling world, we see by a country paper that Mr. W. Davis, of Waterloo Place, has created some sensation by capturing, with two other gentlemen, no less than four hundredweight of jack in the waters of Hooton Loo, and accordingly he is first favourite for the Piscatorial Gold Cup, which will be contended for in Pall Mall in the course of the month.

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1866.

DIARY FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	Th	Lincoln Races.
2	F	Lincoln Races.
3	S	Cardington Coursing Meeting.
4	S	TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
5	M	Anniversary of Mr. Osbaldeston's Great Match.
6	Tu	Liverpool Autumn Meeting.
7	W	Liverpool Autumn Meeting.
8	Th	Liverpool Autumn Meeting.
9	F	Liverpool Autumn Meeting.
10	S	Anniversary of Captain Barclay's Walking Match.
11	S	TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
12	M	Shrewsbury Races.
13	Tu	Shrewsbury Races.
14	W	Shrewsbury Races.
15	Th	Shrewsbury Races.
16	F	West Hereford and Baldock Coursing Meetings.
17	S	Hendon Steeple Chases.
18	S	TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
19	M	Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.
20	Tu	Warwick Autumn Meeting.
21	W	Warwick Autumn Meeting.
22	Th	Warwick Autumn Meeting.
23	F	Warwick Autumn Meeting. Chartres Steeple Chases.
24	S	Chertsey Steeple Chases.
25	S	TWENTY-SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
26	M	Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.
27	Tu	Croydon Steeple Chases. Newmarket Coursing Meeting.
28	W	Newmarket Coursing Meeting.
29	Th	Stockport Coursing Meeting.
30	F	Apley Park Coursing Meeting.

Tracy

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD NAAS.

THE cordial welcome which has been extended to the Irish Sportsmen we have introduced into our Gallery, has induced us to add to the series the above Nobleman, who may be said to inherit that passion for hunting, and sport of every description, which has descended to him from the House of Clanricarde, from whence he springs.

Lord Naas is the eldest son and heir apparent of the Earl of Mayo, and was born on the 21st February, 1822. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree. In 1847 he entered Parliament as the representative for Kildare, and sat for that county until 1852, when he vacated his seat, and was shortly after returned for Cockermouth, a borough in the patronage of Lord Leconfield, whose daughter he married in 1848. From his extreme aptitude for business and conciliatory manners, which are so much required of a Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Derby appointed him to fill that office during his Administrations of 1852 and 1858, and on his recent accession to power he returned to it.

But it is as a Sportsman that Lord Naas claims most attention from us ; and although he is only known in the Shires, in England, as the hardest welter-weight rider that ever crossed St. George's Channel, on the other side he has long taken up a conspicuous position as a Master of Hounds, and the founder of the Palmerstown Breeding Association for Improving the Breed of Horses in Ireland. Lord Naas first became an M.F.H. in the year 1857, when he took the Kildare Hounds, which he hunted with Stephen Goodall. The country, which was an entirely artificial one, was in bad odour ; but his Lordship, setting to work with his wonted determination, got up thirty-three new gorse covers. Foxes, therefore, soon became plentiful ; and the seasons of 1859 and 1860 were as good as ever were seen in the country. The fields were large, and composed of the hardest-riding set of men in the world, such as Curragh Jocks, Steeplechase Riders, desperate Cornets and Ensigns, fresh from the garrisons of Dublin, Newbridge, and the Curragh. The hounds, therefore, got very little chance ; but still, so good is the scent on the splendid grass land, and so stiff is the country, that very frequently they went clear away from all of them. It was with these hounds Lord Naas had that

memorable run called the Great Lara Run, in November, 1859, when a fox was found at Lara, near Maynooth, at 12 o'clock, and killed at 2, at Swainstown, in the County of Meath, a distance of nineteen miles by the Ordnance Map. And the nature of the country may be guessed when we state that Goodall, for the last hour, never crossed a single ploughed field. Lord Naas bred generally from the Belvoir, Foljambe, and Brocklesly blood; and, with 47 couple, hunted the country from three to four days a week; and, as it was forty miles long and twenty wide, and extends from the grass lands of Meath to the wild furze hills at the base of the Wicklow Mountains, for a man over seventeen stone to be constantly at the tail of them, must indicate the possession of good nerve, good knowledge of the sport, and the best of cattle. But Lord Naas' interest was not solely confined to hunting; for, as we have said before, he is the founder of the Association for improving the breed of thoroughbred horses in Ireland; and, being associated with some of the head Irish nobility, he has started an establishment which needs but to be seen to dispel the existing prejudice in many Englishmen's minds, that they do things anyhow in Ireland. Rapid Rhone, kindly lent by the Earl of Glasgow, was one of their first sires; and Plum Pudding is also stationed there. And the first sale of the Palmerstown yearlings was so far successful, that the undertaking promises to be as profitable to its promoters as beneficial to Ireland.

In private life, Lord Naas exhibits all the best qualities of an Irish nobleman, which is a passport to popularity in all civilized countries.

KIRBY GATE.

BY M.F.H.

KIRBY GATE. On the first Monday in November, at a small turnpike gate in a narrow part of the road leading from Melton Mowbray to Leicester, the first meet of the season with the Quorn takes place. We should not be far from the real fact if it were said that thousands, instead of hundreds, will attend the fixture in the ensuing week, the fame of which locality has long gone forth into all lands, and been established *de jure et de facto* as the primary gathering-place for the season of the *élite* of Leicestershire sportsmen. There is a fashion in all things—not as a rule the result of merit, but where custom, from generation to generation has conceded the palm in a particular case, and experience vouches for the justice of the concession, the stamp of authority is affixed without further demur or inquiry—Melton reigns, has reigned, and will reign.—*Esto perpetua fama.*

In an enclosure with dilapidated walls, formerly an ancient park, and adjacent to the turnpike gate will be paraded, D.V., the Quorn hounds with the huntsman and the attendant whips. Everything appertaining to the establishment will have the appearance of novelty, and nothing bear testimony to the past season, save those of the hounds that belonged to the late Master, Mr. Clowes, and were

purchased at the Quorn sale. A new Master wears the silver hunting-horn at his saddle. We could not wish him a happier fate than an inheritance of the deserved popularity of his predecessor in office. Having the wherewithal, it is always within compass to collect together a pack of foxhounds. That may be held to be the goose-step in fox-hunting. Having mastered the preliminary, the next requisite is to fashion and to form them, in order that they shall accomplish the desired end of showing sport and killing foxes. We cannot designate the dispersion of the late establishment of Mr. Clowes otherwise than as the destruction of a splendid pack of foxhounds. The best in the kennel, and those that did the true work, were the two and one-year old hounds; and to state the fact simply is the greatest as it is the most just compliment that can be paid to the person whose sagacity effected that particular result. The four and five-year olds are in general, and should be, the killing hounds. When the younger lot, however, usurp their place, and keep it both in hunting and in chase, no more convincing proof can be given that the pack is ascending in the scale of merit. We went through the Quorn last season narrowly, hound by hound,—our opinion thereon was given in 'The Field' under the signature of 'The Devonian of '1828;' and it is indeed a subject of regret that the Master who had displayed such excellence of judgment should not have had the satisfaction of witnessing the successful achievement that was his certain meed in the future. The consolation, however, remains to Mr. Clowes, after his secession from the Mastership of the Quorn, of being estimated at his true and just value, and of his absence from the place of mark and honour being regretted by all.

The hound proper for Leicestershire ought to combine every good quality that it is in his nature to possess. He should have size to enable him to clear the fences, without creeping or 'meusing,' as it is commonly called,—foot or pace to get out of the way of horses or of those who would hunt the fox instead of the hounds. Without nose he can neither chase true nor hold on the line, and his staying qualities should be beyond suspicion. This latter quality is the test of constitution, and depends also, in great measure, upon judicious feeding. To give hounds, on returning from a long chase, when heated and necessarily fevered, their mixed pudding, stone cold, and lightened by cold water is a cruelty as well as an absurdity. The tender feeders, compelled by sheer hunger, eat reluctantly and without relish—it makes the bitches also tardy, and to come late in the season for stud purposes. Again,—wash them with warm water and soft soap after hunting, and you have kennel lameness. These things have been done once upon a time in Leicestershire kennels. Let us hope that we may speak in the past tense. And the shrieks that re-echoed through the yards,—'shrieks of an agonizing hound' under 'the unrelenting lash' of whipcord—in violation of the more merciful and civilized canons of kennel discipline—affrighting the ghosts of Meynell's and Osbaldeston's favourites,—may they never more be heard!

The Quorn kennel, from its repeated change of Masters, has not had a perfect or first-rate pack since the days of Osbaldeston. After that the great Squire had left the country, his only successor of repute, as a Master and breeder of hounds, was the late Sir Richard Sutton. Sir Harry Goodricke—our old Eton ally—brave sportsman as he was, had fanciful ideas about hounds. He got rid of those he had from Lord Southampton, and purchased others of Mr. Newman, with Badminton drafts. Mumford, who came with the old Oakley to Quorn, was better in the kennel than in the field; he had neither nerve as a rider, nor quickness and determination as a huntsman. Mr. Errington was a popular Master; yet it was not until the advent of Sir Richard Sutton that the Quorn occupied their olden place of renown. Instead of relying on other kennels, the Quorn, in that time, had stud hounds of repute carefully bred, and with a character for worth that has made their blood prized in the present day. Trueman by the Belvoir Trueman, out of the Yarborough Pastime, was the hound that Sir Richard held in the highest estimation. He bred largely from him. His son Potentate, out of Parasol, was noted for his good qualities. Dexter, by Lord Henry Bentinck's Contest out of Daphne, by Belvoir Dryden out of Tuneful, by Belvoir, Trimmer by Yarborough Trimmer, was much used, as also Glider by Lumley Pontiff out of the Sutton Gadfly, going back to the Vine Grampian. Basilisk, by Ringwood out of Brajela by Chaser, has been rendered famous for having been the sire of the Yarborough Rallywood, sire of the Belvoir Rallywood, of world-wide notoriety, out of Rosebud by Yarborough Ranter. The Morrell Hercules, also by Albion out of the Yarborough Harriet, passed through this kennel. Lord Stamford purchased largely at Sir Richard Sutton's sale, and again at that of Mr. Richard Sutton; and Mr. Clowes took the hounds of Lord Stamford at the price of two thousand guineas. At Mr. Clowes' sale an ample portion of the establishment went to Lord Hastings, who has possessed himself of a sufficiency of good blood to form an effective pack. The Marmions and Cromwells were worthy of all praise, and in another year the hounds would have taken a first-class position. If good wishes from all parts and from every one be the sure harbingers of success, the present Master might safely rely on attaining it. With so fair a field before him, the race, we sincerely trust, will be a winning one with all the odds in his favour.

Kirby Gate. Having dwelt on the matter of hounds, let us now turn for a moment to the horses. With the appurtenances of hacks, second horses, *et hoc genus omne*, there may be a full thousand in muster to hail the new administration. The value of the hunters alone would exceed the revenue of any of those scoundrel princes of the northern sour-kroust land. It is a sight well worth coming any distance to behold. Even the great Emperor who rode a Melton steed on the day of Magenta, was lost in admiration when he was once present at the November meet of the celebrated Gate. If Leicestershire requires a speciality in the hound, equally stringent is the neces-

sity for *the* particular horse. A timber and water jumper is a *sine quâ non*. Clinker, with Dick Christian on his back, lost the race against Osbaldeston on Clasher from a fall at a post and rail, when dead beaten; and King of the Valley failed at a brook with the same rider on his back in the great Leicestershire Steeplechase of that day. At any time in a run one or the other of these *barrières*, as our neighbours have it, may have to be encountered, and unless properly disposed of the game is up, and your place in this Leicestershire world is lost. There is one kind of fence very particularly obnoxious. In an impenetrable bullfinch with a solitary gap in it, a strong larch pole is often dovetailed into the hedge at that gap firmly and without other stay. Unless it be jumped cleanly, or if the horse catch it with his hind legs, the larch pole yields, gives with him, and a most detrimental header for horse and rider is the consequence. No horse can recover himself. Clever little provincials, good in their way, may enable a man to see a pretty scurry, and yet not be over-marked; when the real thing comes, however, of an hour or an hour and a quarter with a full scent over 'Belvoir's sweet vale'—look out for squalls, O ye little of faith in pure blood and large horses. The smart provincial is then full of misery; he fleeth as it were a shadow; he is cut down as a flower, and the fast run knoweth him no more.

Pure blood is the grand desideratum, acknowledged as a catholic truism in the hunting-field; yet it must not be supposed that a Leicestershire field is altogether composed of such desirable material. Not one in fifty of the hunters in the shire are thoroughbred; and not one in a hundred of those reputed to be so have a real and warranted claim to the designation. Ireland exhibits a profusion of long pedigrees—superior horses, for the most part, and rare fencers; nevertheless, the warranted pedigree of thorough blood must be received with a certain amount of urbane caution from without, amounting to a positive discredit from within. The assurance that the be-praised animal might start for the Gold Cup at Ascot, is unquestionably true; that interesting fact being only a sample of the 'absolute' of Hibernian grandiloquence. Self-confidence carries one through many a difficulty, and is rarely more fully developed than in the parole warranty of the foal of a hundred sires from the sister kingdom.

The going to hounds in Leicestershire, and the riders of these steeds, have been amply and to the very letter described by Nimrod, in his inimitable article of Ashby Pasture. Upon hounds he was not quite so well empowered to dilate. Amongst horses, and everything belonging to them, he was thoroughly at home. It is the start and the crowd that embarrass the novitiate. In days long gone by, it was a pleasure to see Lord Cardigan, then Lord Brudenell, with Sir David Baird, Captain White, Lord Wilton, Sir Harry Goodricke, Val. Maher, Osbaldeston, Sir James Musgrave, Messrs. Holyoake and Coke, emerge from the crowd, and stream over the great grass grounds with resistless pace. That species of burst and fine riding can only be seen to perfection in High Leicestershire.

The Pytchley, at Misterton, excepted, the Cottesmore, Atherstone, and adjacent hunts fail to rival Melton in this particular. It stands alone, like 'Adam's recollection of his fall.' When once the crowd and the necessity of a quick start has become a matter of custom, and mastered, a true sportsman, with a knowledge of hounds and hunting, has every advantage. With the multitude it is chiefly a question of following a leader; but, the many having been shaken off, which, with a fox turning suddenly from the straight line to make his point, is sure to be the case, nothing can be more delicious than having a place among the chosen few. Keep your eye on the hounds. A quick start and away will procure that privilege; but few ever look, or have a chance to look, at anything save the men before and about them. Harsh and unwarrantable observations have been frequently made at the want of proper sympathy in Leicestershire fields, in not stopping when a person is down, and perhaps hurt. With hounds running at the top of the pace, one hardly sees what happens, and several unfortunates are often down at once at a difficult place. In a severe run once from Shearsby, over the vale towards Gunsley, after a frost, with the horses full of flesh and the ground unusually deep, it was calculated that, out of the large field, ten men were down at each fence. What should have been done? There was nothing beyond ordinary mishaps; but staying to inquire would have lost the run. In a case of casual injury, comparatively trifling, there is never any want of sympathy or attention; and on a particular occasion the hounds were sent home when a serious accident had occurred, fortunately not fatal. But, above all, the open hospitality, attention, and kind-heartedness of the yeomanry and farmers, under occasional disaster, deserve both eulogy and gratitude. They are, indeed, a country's pride; and long may it be before their influence, which is great, be lessened by the injurious encroachments of an oppidan supremacy, detrimental to the best interests of the country. We were never in Leicestershire, except as a holiday-hunter; that is to say, for a month at a time, according to the pressure of circumstances. Providence, however, in the shape of a dear old maiden-aunt, already mentioned in these papers, often gave our holiday a pleasing elongation; and we are bound to say that a stranger—especially one fond of hunting and hounds *quâ* hunting—will meet with kindnesses and acts of good fellowship that will long be treasured in his memory, after the halcyon day has faded away, and the remembrance of it alone remains.

Whilst speaking of riding to hounds, a circumstance is said to have happened many years ago that affords a lesson upon the one point of never deviating from an onward line, however wide, that may result from a bad start. If the turn on a wide line be in your favour, good; if against you, wait for a second fox, if there be the chance, or go home, for there can be no pleasure in tailing after hounds running a mile a-head. A fox had been found near Somerby, and one of the field, coming up late, saw hounds, to his great disgust, go away to his right from the gorse with a burning scent. The wind was in his favour, and he took a line parallel to them, chancing

the turn towards him. Hounds ran a pace to Pickwell, leaving Ranksborough to the right, and coming to the road from Oakham to Melton. Here he lost them. Still he persevered, and, near Rocart, he fancied that he heard hounds—for they were not mute at that time. On he went; and he was fortunate in finding the hounds running hard and bearing towards him. All right: he was with them again, and had gained his place. After a sharp burst they killed near Langham Lodge. Some one asked the time, and the Meltonian, taking out his watch, replied, ‘An hour and a quarter.’ ‘Impossible; we only found half an hour ago, at Ashwell.’ This seemed a puzzler; and, on looking round, the Melton man perceived that he was with the Cottesmore. The Quorn had turned and killed at Leesthorpe, and he had been fortunate to nick in with the other pack and join in a smart finish. It is not always that riding a parallel line with a bad start is so well rewarded.

Among the studs now gathering together at Melton are those of the Earl of Wilton, Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Frederic Johnstone, Mr. Gilmour, Mr. Gaskell, Hon. Mr. Coventry, Captain Brabazon, Mr. Richards, Major Paynton, Sir George Wombwell, Hon. F. Calthorpe, Mr. Craufurd, Mr. Chaplin, of Brooksby Hall, and Lord Royston. Scent promises well after the moist autumn, that has been most favourable for cub-hunting. In the locale for that essential preliminary the Quorn country is notably deficient: with the exception of Charnwood Forest, there is no woodland wherein the young hounds may be properly schooled and made handy: even the ‘*Divi majores*’ of Homer could not have it all their own way.

Monday, Nov. 5th, the Quorn at Kirby Gate. Glad hearts and merry countenances will there be, of a certainty, ripe and ready for the fray. Listen not to the old crone who whispers in doggrel—

‘That a lover forsaken
A new one may get;
But a neck if once broken
Can never be set.’

But, *en avant*, and may dame Fortune be propitious to the new Master of the Quorn, and to his friends and followers at Melton!

THE OLD OAK TABLE.

CHAPTER III.

‘’Tis good to be merry and wise;
’Tis good to be honest and true;
’Tis good to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new.’

A WEEK at least had elapsed after the run with Ball’s hounds ere the party broke up at Strawleigh. Treborough and Reynell left together for the north of Devon, being invited to stay for a fortnight with Mr. Chumleigh, the far-famed Squire of Henford, then the best

four-in-hand whip, the best judge of a foxhound, and the most extensive breeder of horses in the west of England. Looking forward with more than schoolboy-glee to the charms in store for them, they bid a short but hearty adieu to Crocker and the ladies, sprang into a light curricule as it drove to the door, and, with their heads pointing north, went carolling on their way.

Not so Harry Stoford: loth enough was he to depart from such pleasant quarters; and, by the dull, vacant expression of his eye, as he lingered on Crocker's hospitable threshold, it required no study of Lavater to perceive that his strong nature was undergoing a wrench which he was utterly unable to control. But, before I relate the strange adventure that befel him on his return to Hawkwell, the cunabula of his race, I will hazard a further attempt to describe Blanche Crocker; and, if I only succeed in doing her bare justice, it will not be difficult to account for Stoford's looks as he quitted the gates of Strawleigh.

In the first place, her complexion was fair and exquisitely transparent; she was a trifle above the middle height—two inches, perhaps, above that of the Medicean Venus; but whether it was the graceful turn of her head, or the mass of fair golden hair in which it was encircled, or the unrivalled sweetness of her mouth that constituted her chief charm, I will not pretend to say. Then, her figure was matchless; the lithe and willowy form, though scarcely developed, giving promise, like a beautiful rose-bud, of more sweets and more graces yet to come. Nor had she claimed descent from that Gitanesque race, whose flexibility and symmetry of limb is the pride of Andalusia, could her foot and ankle have been more perfect. But, far above all statuette beauty, Nature had given her a rare intellectual expression—the finishing touch of the Great Artist; the heavenly spark, with which the loveliest can ill dispense, and which, by a charm of its own, illumines and refines even the most ordinary features.

At the Easter Assize ball, Sir John Blatchford had called her 'the Rose of Devon;' and, in a county second to none in England for the beauty of its maidens, the judgment of that fastidious Paris would have been questioned by a thousand tongues if her title to it had not been indisputable. The claim of all pretenders, however, was silenced when they saw her. But around me on every side were unmistakable proofs that Blanche was not the first rose in the Crocker family; two lovely portraits by Kneller and Sir Peter Lely, and a more recent one by Copley decorated the dining-rooms at Strawleigh; the last, with its light goldy locks and soft azure eyes, bearing a striking resemblance to the fair Blanche.

'When you have settled this matter satisfactorily,' said Crocker, as he grasped Stoford by the hand, 'I hope you'll return to Strawleigh, and stay your double week as usual.'

In a moment Stoford's eye kindled at the prospect; but a phantom in the vista seemed suddenly to rise and choke his utterance. At length he said, 'God bless you, Crocker! I'll come if I can;' and he galloped from the door.

But the business on which he left was a mere bagatelle. He had

been summoned to Hawkwell by a special messenger from John Cock, the gamekeeper. That official, under the impression that his ancient solitary reign was likely to be seriously disturbed by a foreign invader, had despatched a note to his master, giving him notice of the danger that menaced his preserves. From his account—probably not an unprejudiced one—it appeared that a Captain Handley, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, but now a kind of roving game-buccaneer, had arrived at Duckyford, a village in the neighbourhood, with the avowed intention of shooting in the Hawkwell covers so long as a head of game could be found there.

‘That’s he, your honour,’ said John Cock, ‘as well-nigh druv’d Lord Bicton into a mad-house last season. Night and day they was a-watching him with a company of kippers and parish constables; but they might so well have watched for the devil himself. He bulleted every heath-poult on Blacky-moor Hill; cleared the whole fabric of pheasants in Raleigh Wood; and hammered young Josslyn and Pile, the two kippers, into a mass of jelly. That’s he as is come to Duckyford; and I want your honour to say how I be to stop him?’

‘Shoot him on the spot, John, if he shows fight; he’s no better than an outlaw, and therefore does not come within the pale of the law’s protection; shoot him, John, like a carrion-crow!’

‘Yes; but, your honour, there’s no catching him within range,’ said John Cock, whose eyes, at hearing his master’s orders, were assuming a very troubled expression. ‘Josslyn says you may so well try to stalk an old curlew on the open moor as get within gunshot of the Captain when he’s out on his roving commission.’

‘Then ram down a bullet or two on the shot, John; you may wing him in the distance by that means, and, perhaps, bring him to bag.’

John Cock had been accustomed to regard his master’s command as his law; but hitherto he had certainly never been called upon to shoot a fellow-creature because he thought fit to amuse himself by shooting pheasants not his own; and, feeling intensely alarmed, he looked up anxiously at Stoford to ascertain if he really were in earnest in giving such an order. But Lambro’s face was not more inscrutable than Stoford’s: not a gleam of mercy escaped from it to dispel John Cock’s alarm; and at length, with an irrepressible groan, he exclaimed, ‘Then your honour wishes me to commit murder?’

‘Certainly, if you choose to call it by that ugly name. This Captain Handley robs me of my property, and you shoot him in defence of it; but there is not a jury in this county or the next that would find you guilty of murder for such an act.’

The old keeper shuddered down to his kiddiebats; he would have tailed an otter in three feet of water, or taken a badger at earth by his very beard, without a moment’s hesitation; but to take a man’s life, on such grounds, was an atrocity to which he dared not set his hand. The extent of his demonstrations against poachers had, hitherto, been of a very mild nature: he had occasionally brought home in triumph the rabbit-nets of some idle villager, and even

secured his dog—when he had fully ascertained beforehand that the animal would be a valuable addition to the Hawkwell kennels ; and once or twice a year, perhaps, he had appeared before the magistrates at Mistor, to prefer a charge against the Stanley gipsies, who, not satisfied with the hedgehog for their legitimate food, and lusting for a change of diet, had been discovered taking a hare out of a wire-noose on the Squire's manor ; but, as the marauders had strong objections to a court of justice, and soon wandered beyond the parish-constable's jurisdiction, these charges were allowed to drop without further proceedings.

John Cock touched his hat mechanically, in answer to the peremptory order he had just received ; but, before he could find words, either to dissuade his master from insisting on such a course, or flatly to remonstrate against it, Stoford became aware that he had gone a little too far in thus testing the obedience of his old and valued servant ; so, turning to him again, he added, ' Well, John, as you seem to have so decided an objection to human blood, suppose we set about catching this Captain Handley in some other way ? '

' With all my heart, your honour,' said he, as if a mill-stone had been unslung from his neck ; ' only give me Tom Arnold, Willy Head, and the two grooms, and, in spite of what Josslyn says, the Captain must have the legs of a red-deer if we don't run into him the very first day he comes in upon Hawkwell.'

' Very well,' said Stoford ; ' you can have the men ; but mind they don't get cidery again, as they did when Sam Heath carried off that sack of game last October.'

In those days, if not at present, a kind of truck system, with respect to cider, prevailed universally in the county of Devon ; every labourer carried to his work a keg containing three pints of cider, the value of which was deducted from his daily wages ; and, ye gods ! what cider it frequently was ! hard, acrid, and maggoty ! Had Horace taken one draught of it he would have consigned Pomona to the care of Pluto, and exclaimed again, with his teeth on edge—

' O dura messorum ilia.'

They, indeed, who consume it in vast quantities—such as three or four gallons a day to each man throughout the harvest—must have been fitted with cast-iron boilers within ; for natural stomachs could never have sustained the inundation of such fluids, acrid as the blood of Nessus itself.

But Stoford's warning was in vain. The next morning, at break of day, John Cock and his watchers were all posted at convenient points on the Duckyford side of the manor ; and long before twelve o'clock—the hour at which Captain Handley entered the Hawkwell covers—not only had they finished their allowance of cider, but their kegs had been twice replenished by the tenants of the neighbouring farm-houses. Handley, had they discovered him, would have been more than a match for a dozen such fellows ; but, as he was down wind, and they were paralyzed by cider, he enjoyed a capital day's sport, without let or hindrance ; the only drawback

being that it was unseasoned by any hair-breadth escape or stirring adventure.

The circumstance, however, soon reached Stoford's ears ; but, from a bitter experience of the habits of John Cock and his allies, he certainly was not surprised at the unsuccessful result of the ambuscade. That night he sat down and wrote the following note to Captain Handley :—

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ I have only just heard of your day's diversion in my covers at Hawkwell, and regret much you did not inform me of your intention to visit them. As, I fear, your sport must have been indifferent, pray let me know when you next purpose shooting on this manor, and I will take care to send a keeper to conduct you to the best covers I possess.

‘ Your obedient Servant,

‘ HENRY STOFORD.’

Handley's sensibilities were not of the finest order, nor were his nerves easily affected ; but when he had read that courteous letter he laid it down quietly on the table, as if his spirit were prostrated by its contents. The influence of that still, small voice had at length touched him, when the strong wind, the earthquake, and the fire had ever failed to do so ; and Handley absolutely writhed with shame as he became more and more conscious of the false position in which he had placed himself by forgetting that he was a gentleman.

When a small craft attempts to pass under the lee of a larger one, the wind on which she depends is suddenly intercepted, her sails collapse, and her way on the waters is instantly checked ; and thus it was with Handley. Stoford's generosity so completely took the wind out of his sails that he felt himself powerless to proceed further in his old course, and at once resolved to change it for a better.

‘ D—— this fellow !’ said he ; for he was given to expletives of a strong character ; ‘ he has spoiled my sport for ever. I have found stolen waters very sweet in more ways than one ; but to continue this indulgence, when I am so kindly invited to partake of it fairly and legitimately, would be a breach of hospitality of which I should be thoroughly ashamed. No ; I'll ride over, and call on him at once, and beg his pardon humbly.’

So he did, and the result was a friendship that ceased only with life.

Stoford, after this affair, would have gladly returned to Strawleigh, to have another week's hunting with Crocker's hounds, and enjoy the society of the fair Blanche. But—there is always a ‘ but ’ to mar our perfect happiness—there was a reason, a very cogent one, too, that forced him to forego such an arrangement, and demanded his attendance elsewhere, at least for the present.

To many of his country friends, especially to Crocker, it was a matter of surprise that Stoford, having put on his Bachelor's gown, should still continue periodically to visit Oxford. On the present

occasion he had again returned thither, on the plea that, as he wished to proceed to the degree of Master of Arts, the statutes required him to reside for one clear term at the University, as a qualification for that honour. It is a kind of preliminary canter which they who start for that nominal distinction are expected to perform.

At such a time, a man's independence is as complete as it well can be. He attends no lectures, ignores morning chapel, and knocks in at any hour before twelve o'clock, P.M., without being summoned by the Dean for a breach of gate observances. His sole business is to live a life of jollity and ease, which, if he have not early duns at his door, he is pretty sure to do, under the ægis of his B.A. gown.

So favoured an individual, unfettered by restraint, and probably a man of fortune, has usually a large circle of friends; and too often upon them falls an undue share of the penalties which should properly lie at his door. If he gives bills he must expect to meet them; and if he sows the wind, *serius ocius*, he must expect to reap the whirlwind. But the evil ends not with him; the prospects of his friends are not unfrequently blighted for life by his company. They are yet undergraduates, and probably dependent on the degree which they are hoping to attain for their future promotion in life.

Alas! vain is their effort to read: the jolly B.A. breaks in upon their studies at all hours. He proposes a day with Mostyn in the Bicester Vale, a tandem to Henley, or a lark at Woodstock—irresistible allurements, before which the ethics of Aristotle are scattered, like a mist before the morning sun. Down go the books incontinently; top-boots are pulled on, and wiry thoroughbred hacks convey them in one hour to Stratton Audley, or even Fringford Gate. A find in Hethe Spinney, and a finish at Brill. Ten miles as the crow would fly sends them home in ecstasy; they dine together at the 'Roebuck,' and, of course, wind up the day with the wassail bowl. For forty-eight hours afterwards the students would prefer swallowing a black draught to reading a page of Tacitus, or a chorus in the Medea of Euripides, so repugnant is the effort of thought to them after such an outing.

Stoford was a great favourite in his college; and for that reason his influence in inducing men to deviate from the hard and wearisome road of study, and to wander with him into the flowery paths of pleasure, was all the more dangerous.

One morning, soon after his return to Oxford, he entered the rooms of an old chum, who was getting up his 'Whately' at the last moment—for the schools were imminent, and he was going up for high honours. 'Come along, Collins,' said he; 'we're off to Nuneham, and only want you to make up the eight. You can take the bow oar, if you like it; and at Sandford, Fanny Burgess shall reward you with one of her bright smiles and a beaker of sherry-flip into the bargain.'

'Impossible, Stoford! Walker is the examiner; and I shall be floored to a certainty in my logic if I put it off to another day. Besides, I have not pulled an oar since last term; so get some one else, do.'

‘No, we must have you, old fellow; but you shall steer us down, if you prefer that; and to-night you can easily sit up an hour or two later, and make up for lost time. So come along; it does not do to keep the bow always bent.’

Collins, knowing full well that every man of the eight would follow suit, and knock at his oak every five minutes from that time to the moment of departure, gave way reluctantly. ‘Well, Stoford,’ said he, as he saw his resolution to read swept away like a cobweb, ‘if I lose my class I shall lay the blame at your door.’

‘No fear of that, my boy; you are as sure to get your First as I am to get my Master’s.’

‘Nothing is sure in this world, save death and taxes, Stoford; however, I will not “forecast the form of care;” so *hodiè vivamus*.’

It was a bright, beautiful day, as the eight-oar, impelled by its lusty crew, glided swiftly and gaily o’er the classic Isis, cleaving its waves like a thing of life. The Willows, Iffley, and the island are soon passed; but the deep lock at Sandford detains the boat, abandoned by all but her bow-oar for ten minutes, while sundry tankards of ale, almost as sparkling as the eyes of Fanny Burgess herself, are hastily disposed of by the thirsty crew. Then, as giants refreshed, they bend to the welcome task; the rowlocks ring together with one accord, like the click of a castanet in the hands of an Andalusian—a very pleasant music to the ears of the coxswain as he notes its perfect time.

At Nuneham the day is devoted either to a few sharp spurts over the Abingdon reach, for the benefit of those of the crew who have been selected to maintain the honour of their college in the forthcoming races, or to a ramble in the stately wood that overhangs the stream, in which, if Naiads be a reality, one might expect to meet them at every turn; or jack is trolled for—and many a jack caught in very questionable condition.

Then, as a wind-up, comes the repast, on which Saddler, of the High Street, has bestowed his most artistic touch; and to which Peake, of the ‘Mitre,’ has added a hamper of Burgundy, binned while George the Third was king, and such as the Vice-Chancellor himself has never tasted since he became a Don—a beverage little suited to thirsters after knowledge, and of which they would do well to drink sparingly.

Collins is chief among the bacchanals, and sacrifices a copious and grateful offering to the jolly god, released at length from his vitreous prison. To hear him, as, brimful of heartiness and boon companionship, he gets upon his legs and quotes Horace and Anacreon, as if they alone were inspired authors and he a fellow-worshipper with them of the same deity, no one would suppose, from his utter *abandon*, that, in a few days from that date he meant to enter the school-list as a candidate for the highest honours the University could bestow; and that the destiny of his life depended on the heavy stake for which he was about to play.

Still, it was so; but, although, during the short interval that remained to him, he toiled the livelong day and consumed to its last

drop the midnight oil—and although he pored over his Aristotle and Whately till, were it not for the cold wet towel in which his brow was swathed, he must have dropped a hundred times from his seat, overcome by sleep and mental fatigue, yet he gained not the goal.

As he had anticipated, he failed in his logic: he had ‘crammed’ it at the last moment, and no time had been given for its digestion. The question was put to him to distinguish between the Enthymeme of Aristotle and that of Cicero, and to explain the difference between the old Enthymeme and the modern one of Boethius. This he was unable to do: the examiner, as he said, floored him like a nine-pin; and he dropped into a shady Third—a distinction fatal alike to an expected fellowship and to further University favours.

Years afterwards, when poor Collins, who had settled in a country curacy somewhere in the fens of Lincolnshire, and had married ‘a penniless lass, wi’ a lang pedigree,’ of whose prolific nature he had taken as little forethought as he had of his logic in other days, Stoford, as he told the story seated at my side, was wont to reflect bitterly on the consequences of that Nuneham day, and to take to himself a full share of the blame that Collins predicted would lie at his door if he failed to gain the great prize.

‘Collins,’ he would say, ‘was one of Rugby’s best scholars, a man of rare intellect and superior attainments; and yet, by missing the bull’s-eye, how has he fallen?—he, who as “Select Preacher,” might have electrified the University and charmed the most discriminating congregation;—there he is at Marshpool, vegetating like a water-lily among tadpoles and wild ducks, and surrounded by human clods, whom no amenities can soften and no cultivation improve. St. Paul was in his element when he preached to the Gnostics from the crown of the Areopagus; but what affinity can there be, in mind or manner, between this pupil of Gamaliel and his Boeotian flock?’

To which the elder daughter, Miss Crocker, who was a dear little saint in her way, would reply: ‘But, surely, Mr. Stoford, if his flock are not gifted with like endowments, each one has a soul of his own at least equally precious with that of your friend; and its future state, its weal or woe for ever, can never be matter of indifference to a minister appointed to watch over it, and who, to a certain extent, is responsible for its safety.’

‘Never, I should hope; nor do I say that Collins neglects a single duty that a clergyman might be expected to perform; on the contrary, he is a pattern parish priest, and all that appertains to his office is scrupulously and faithfully performed. But, when that is done, without being “monarch of all he surveys,” he is almost as isolated, in point of society, as Alexander Selkirk himself might have been. His Squire, who lives about three miles across the marshes, foul as those of Minturnæ, knows not a dactyl from a spondre; and on Sundays, when they occasionally meet, not the eloquence of Mercury could keep him awake beyond the first ten minutes of the sermon. The last time I heard from Collins the tone of his letter

‘ was full of hope ; and he wound it up by quoting from his favourite,
 ‘ Horace,

“ Durum ! sed levius fit patientiâ,
 Quidquid corrigere est nefas ”—

‘ which means, that resignation to our lot, hard though it be, lightens
 ‘ the burdens of life.’

But to return to Stoford at Oxford. The ostensible object of his keeping term was to obtain his M.A. degree ; although, for the University and political privileges which this honour might confer on him he really cared not a feather : what the true object was may be explained at once—it was a woman.

Now, as it pleased Providence to give him a loving heart and a warm temperament, it was next to an impossibility for a man of so impressionable a nature to keep sixteen terms at Oxford without falling into a love entanglement, in some form or other. That he did so before he had been in residence three terms, was a fact that, by means of his scout, a sworn spy, very soon became known to his tutor, who, to his credit be it said, spared no pains in advising and lecturing him very seriously on the subject. But, as well might he have preached to the Dons a Latin sermon, from St. Mary’s pulpit, on the impropriety of drinking port wine. They would have lent him their ears, perhaps, as Stoford did, but his doctrine would never have touched their palates so long as a bottle of Comet wine could be found in their cellars.

But, before the history of this affair is further related, the few of Stoford’s old friends who happily may still be found on this side the Styx will be interested to hear, if they were not Oxford men at the time, that a scene in which he was chief performer created so great a sensation among the authorities that Convocation was especially summoned to expunge the clause on which he had acted from the sacred book of University statutes.

He had been dining with his friend Watkin Williams, a fellow-commoner of Christ Church, and over their wine in Watkin’s rooms, where a large party had assembled, Stoford remarked that for want of better employment he had lately been reading the University statutes. ‘ I little thought,’ said he, ‘ I should find them so
 ‘ amusing : why, there are passages in them worthy of George
 ‘ Colman’s “ Broad Grins.” And if any man wishes to improve his
 ‘ dog-Latin, let him search the statutes.’

‘ I’d rather wait till I have passed the schools,’ said Ralph Ormsby, ‘ as you have done ; such barbarous Latin may affect one’s
 ‘ style detrimentally.’

Not a member present except Stoford had ever opened the book from the first day of his matriculation—the day on which he had sworn solemnly to observe the statutes it contained.* Consequently, they

* The words of the oath ran thus :—

‘ Tu fidem dabis ad observandum omnia Statuta, Privilegia, et Consuetudines
 ‘ hujus Universitatis Oxon. Ita Deus te adjuvet, tactis Sacro-Sanctis Christi
 ‘ Evangeliiis.’

That is, ‘ You shall swear to observe all statutes, privileges, and customs of this
 ‘ University. So help you God.’

knew no more about its contents, except from oral tradition, than they did about those of the Khoran.

‘Many of the statutes, *de moribus conformandis*,’ continued Stoford, ‘were evidently intended for the small boys that entered the University in former days: for instance, a whipping is promised to such as play at marbles or witness the feats of jugglers and rope-dancers; and a still more brutal penalty—a public castigation—awaits the youth who is rash enough to enter a house in which wine and tobacco are sold. By-the-by, Watkin, those Havannahs that Bryant got for you have a choice flavour; hand me the box and a light, and then perhaps I shall be able to finish my lecture on the statutes.’

‘They are prime weeds, old fellow; but fill up your glass, and hang the statutes. Let’s hear something more about the hounds you hunted with last season.’

Stoford, however, having lighted a cigar, went on with his comments. ‘Here’s a statute,’ said he, ‘that every man of you has violated over and over again: it directs us to abstain from hunting and shooting, under the penalty also of corporal punishment; our dogs are to be hanged and our guns forfeited and sold for the use of the University.’

‘For my part,’ interposed Gregory, soon afterwards M.P. for no mean city, ‘instead of Alma Mater, I think the University should be called *injusta Noverca*. Some black-hearted inquisitor must have framed that law; but I’ll have it repealed, boys, if I live.’

A cheer, that made the rafters ring, shook the distant gates of Canterbury Quad, and made the learned Dean start in his slumbers, burst simultaneously from Watkin, Ormsby, Kenyon, and others, all worshippers of Diana and true lovers of the chase.

‘Go on, Stoford; ‘anything more about hunting?’ shouted a dozen voices.

‘Yes; here’s a clause worthy of Draco against racing, cock-fighting, and the keeping of hounds: banishment being the penalty.’

At that very time two packs of hounds were kept by Christ Church men—one of beagles and another of draught fox-hounds; the latter were trained to run a drag, and in no country could be seen harder or more determined riding than at the tail of those hounds. The system had one recommendation—it made the aspirants accomplished horsemen.

‘It is somewhat remarkable,’ continued Stoford, ‘that in all their fulminations against the noble science, wherein the pursuit of the deer, the hare, and the rabbit is prohibited, not one word is said about the fox; so that’s a pull on our side; and we may drive a coach and four through that clause, at all events.’

‘Bravo, Stoford!’ said Corbet, he of the Trojan blood; ‘but you may take your oath it was from no respect for the wily animal that the omission has occurred.’

‘Of course not; when these statutes were enacted he was held
‘in vile estimation; for—

“Who ever reck’d, where, how, or when,
The wily fox was trapp’d or slain.”

‘But now-a-days what beast of the field is thought equal to him for
‘showing sport across country, and testing the power of hounds,
‘horses, and men? But hark back to the statutes. Here is one
‘that authorizes a Bachelor of Arts to wear his cap in the presence
‘of the examiners: it is doubtless obsolete, but I should like
‘amazingly to prove the privilege.’

‘Short and Walker are in the schools, and you would not dare do
‘it,’ shouted the whole party.

‘Well, just do me the favour to bet me a sovereign apiece,’ said
Stoford, ‘and I’ll undertake to establish my claim to-morrow.’

‘Done!—I’ll have a sovereign or ten on it!—and I—and I!’
sounded on all sides; and Kenyon, who was the only non-bettor
of the party, at once consented to be umpire in the matter.

The terms of the bet were that at three o’clock on the following
day Stoford should enter the schools, and wear his academical cap for
one half-hour in the presence of the examining masters.

The clause,* on which he relied, specified that Bachelors of Arts,
if clad in the full dress of their degree, should be allowed to wear
their caps in the presence of masters and others in the School of Arts
and Philosophy.

A great luncheon was given next day at Christ Church in Ormsby’s
rooms: lamb-cutlets, sweetbreads, lobster-salad, and pigeon-pies
(Does any one know where all the pigeons come from that Oxford
alone consumes?), were disposed of with wondrous zest; and, as
some one has said, ‘Good eating requires good drinking,’ champagne
at a fabulous price, and cider-cup, cunningly mingled in massive
silver tankards, the gifts of sympathetic benefactors of a former age,
frisk and sparkle in copious streams, grateful as the nectar of the
immortals.

But it is ten minutes to three o’clock, and a rush is made for caps
and gowns. The whole party sally forth into Oriel Lane, cross the
High Street, pass Brazenose, and reach the schools, situated in
that grand Bodleyan Quadrangle; a dread region to many an am-
bitious student, and terrible as the Halls of Eblis to him who is
unprepared.

The convivial lot now entering the schools have, however, no
qualms on the subject. Stoford, like Archibald Bell-the-cat, heads
the van, and, opening the noiseless green-baize door, takes his seat
on a conspicuous bench, directly in front of the examiners. At that
moment there was a student under torture; Short was grinding him
in the *Phædo* of Plato, *vivâ voce*; so neither he nor his fellow

* ‘Proviso tamen, quod licebit Facultatis Artium Baccalaureis, habitu Gradui
‘competente indutis, in Scholis Artum vel Philosophiæ, pileos etiam in præsentia
‘Magistrorum et aliorum induere.’—*Univ. Stat. Oxon.*

inquisitor looked up, notwithstanding the rather uproarious entrance of so many men at the same time.

‘Be good enough,’ said the examiner, ‘to state what the philosopher’s theory is with respect to knowledge.’

The student dropped his head for a moment, as a good hound will do when forced over the scent by a thrusting crowd; but, soon recovering his train of thought, so cruelly diverted by the clatter of benches and Wellington boots, he said, ‘Plato maintains that all our knowledge is acquired by the reminiscence of ideas contemplated in a prior state. As the soul, therefore, must have existed before this life, it is probable that it will continue to exist after it.’

At that instant Ormsby kicked over a bench purposely, and a check to the examination was the immediate result. Short looked up, and catching a view of Stoford with his cap on, he pointed directly at him, and said in an angry tone, ‘Take off your cap, sir.’

But Stoford never moved a muscle. In another half-minute Short again raised his voice, and this time with still more emphasis: ‘Take off your cap, sir!’

‘I beg your pardon,’ said Stoford, ‘but I respectfully decline doing so. The University Statutes give me, as a Bachelor, the privilege to wear my cap in your presence.’

Stoford handed him the statute book with the leaf turned down to the clause in question, and in a moment the examiner’s eye caught the words, ‘Clad in the full dress of their degree.’ ‘Yes, sir; but where are your banns?’

‘Here,’ said Stoford, pulling out a long pair, held in reserve under the folds of his waistcoat, at which there was a low titter among the benches.

But Short went on, ‘Your hood, too, sir, where’s that?’

‘On my back, sir,’ said Stoford, turning round and exhibiting the required vestment.

Short’s chagrin was intense; and, as he was unpopular in his college, and stern as Rhadamanthus in the schools, the idea of his being bullied on his own dunghill was so refreshing to the undergraduates that, were it not for the awe in which they held him, a burst of applause would have certainly followed this last response. As it was, a very unmistakable murmur of satisfaction could not be suppressed.

‘Very well, sir,’ said he; ‘you shall hear further touching this matter.’ And, after conferring with his colleague, the examination of the student was again proceeded with.

After some time, Kenyon, who was timekeeper and stakeholder, whispered to Stoford that he had won his bet, and the party retired from the schools.

But the hubbub created in the University by that audacious act cannot be described. Suffice it to say that the head of his college, a most kind, benevolent, and venerable man, sent for Stoford, and, after hearing from him an explanation of the whole affair, begged him to call on Short and assure him that no personal affront was

intended towards him ; that his sole object was to prove the privilege accorded by the statutes, and to win his wager.

Stoford did so, and Short was satisfied. But the matter did not end there. At the next meeting of Convocation—summoned, as the undergraduates believed, on that especial account—the objectionable clause was banished for ever from the statutes of the University.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

It is I suppose quite time that I gave my opinion. ‘Who is he?’ will no doubt be asked by what Sir Fretful Plagiarism calls ‘some damned goodnatured friend.’ ‘Who is he? Who is going to give us his opinion?’ I answer I am the French tutor of ‘Baily,’ and if I know nothing, that is no reason why I should not profess to teach everything. What do other tutors do? Therefore, I repeat, that the time has now come, my dear young friend, when I must tell you when I think you should come and see *Lutetia Parisiorum*. ‘The origin of Paris, and of its founders, is involved in great obscurity. A wandering tribe obtained permission of the *Senones*, at a remote period, to settle upon the banks of the Seine. They built huts upon the island now called the *Cité*.’

But I find I am carrying my duties as tutor to the extreme, and am getting to be instructive, which is usually a very different thing from being amusing: besides, if I was telling you when you ought to have come to Paris to see those ‘huts in the island called a *Cité*,’ I should have had to put back your visit to that impossible date ‘a remote period!’

If you visited *la Cité* now you would only see the new Morgue, which, by the way, looks like a Mechanics’ Institute; the Hôtel Lambert, where the dear old Princess Czartoriska used to receive on Tuesday evenings; and, at certain seasons, the bathing-houses which now line those banks of the Seine, the building leases of which were once in the hands of the *Senones*.

The great thing to know is what you are coming to see, to do, to bear, or to suffer. If you want society, of course my dear Mrs. Jones, you must be here in time for the *jour de l’an*, and squander Jones’s (respectable Jones!) money on New Year’s gifts of bonbons, &c. &c., for hundreds of people whom you barely know by sight, and who do not know you by sight. With patience, introductions, and an unscrupulous use of *etrennes*, you will get into a certain society, and may dance till Lent is rung in by the bells of the churches to the running accompaniment (with jumping, screaming, and swearing) of the returning revellers—good Catholics, who having husbanded their pleasure, are then leaving the final *bal masqué*. Then comes a very pleasant season for the initiated, but rather a dull one for English and American visitors—it is the season of small receptions and private pleasant parties. At Easter there is a fresh outbreak. There are a ‘German Ball,’ and an ‘English Ball’ for charity, which is not puffed up or out, and does not fear a crowd,

and a series of private balls and dances, which go on till the Grand Prix is disputed on the plains of Longchamp, and then all is over. You can get home nicely to Albertopolis, and having danced from Christmas to Easter here, may dance from Easter to Goodwood there. Even the most devoted worshipper who ever bent the knee before the shrine of the 'Muse of the many twinkling feet,' may be satisfied then, I think!

But if you care for Paris pretty and natural, instead of Paris shaky, up-all-night, dissipated, and picking itself up by frequent 'exhibitions' (excuse the learned medical term) of absinthe, then I say, wait till dancing is over, and come to a more quiet and homely Paris. You see the friends you know, and avoid the acquaintances whom 'you meet everywhere every night'—charming people who do not care two straws for you, and whom you properly esteem at a like herbal value. If you want to go to a dance go to 'Mabille,' taking Mrs. Grundy (with a decent veil) with you if you like, or she will not stop, as she should do, quietly at the hotel. If you prefer fresh air, and a less exhibition of ankles and even legs, go to the cafés chantants and hear the people's Patti—as it is the fashion to call Theresa—who, truth to tell, squalls like a Wapping sailor, and is as vulgar as Lady ——. Then the afternoons are so jolly in Paris in those 'dull' months which succeed the 'charming' season. You are not bound to take the dust for two hours in the 'Bois,' and see the same Daughters of Delight dressed in the same caricature of fashion, to be again imitated in their turn by *their* imitators, whom birth and position have made so respectable that, afraid of being thought vapid, they have recourse to Rachelesque measures, and become disciples of a school celebrated for the highness of its colouring, the lowness of its garments, and the breadth and width of its morality. No! instead of parading by the shores of that lake, between two other rows of carriages, you can then drive about the quiet parts of the Bois, and admire the real beauties of the scene. The unfrequented drives of the Forest of Boulogne are indeed lovely, and the escape from the 'fumum opes strepitus que' of Paris into those cool glades is a great treat. Hospitable restaurants open their portals, and you can dine in the open air, listening to the song of the nightingale, instead of in the gas-heated atmosphere of a Boulevard café, to the constant 'refrain' of—'Julienne, Tapioca, Purée de Pois.'

When autumn comes, Nature calls in her Madame Rachel and assumes bright red tints—very becoming, but which fall off at Christmas, just as I expect other red-gold coloured decorations will do. Spring, however, comes to the aid of the former—

'The genial call dead Nature hears,
And all her glory reappears;'

but I question if any

'Second Spring will renovate'

those false fleeting tresses of the latter. In a word, the Bois de Boulogne, St. Cloud, or Chantilly, seen in early autumn, are simply

glorious, and a lover of woodland scenery, or an artist, should try Paris in September or October.

I do not like the winter anywhere in the north of Europe. I am not particular, but I do like sunshine, blue sky, vegetation, vegetables, green-peas, pineapples, and peaches on Christmas Day; so you may imagine, oh, my genteel reader, that I do not like Paris from December to February. Neuralgia haunts you like a remorse; cold winds follow you about like poor relations, and rheumatism 'sits on the whirlwind and directs the storm.' The climate varies every ten minutes. If you go into a house you are asphyxiated with charcoal-stoves; if you go out in the street, you are crimped with cold, peppered with dust, and served out generally. The early Spring is sometimes very nice; and, perhaps, breakfasting at a Hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and looking out of your window at the horse-chesnuts of the Tuileries, in the pride of their blossom, is one of the pleasantest 'quarters of an hour' of tourist life; and to get these it is not necessary to shiver through the winter in Paris. An Irish gentleman, who was recently asked what were the best French winter-quarters, replied, with a truly national blunder, 'Algeria!' Nor, after all, was he very wrong; for Algeria is France over the water, and the climate is so beautiful that mere existence is a pleasure. Nice is very pleasant before the spring winds begin to blow, bringing with them a dust so terrible that it requires bottle after bottle of Bordeaux to take the taste out of your month after a walk. Pau is a great place now, and, I hear, very pleasant during the dead months. You have 'Society'—I don't think much of provincial society, whether 'neat as imported' from England, for the education of children, or native, as represented by the Prefect, the Maire, and the Postmaster; but other people do, or think they do like it;—and there it is at Pau. Then there are a reading-room, a club, and, last but not least, a pack of foxhounds.

People potter on at Pau, and then, like giants refreshed, come back to Paris, and 'hedge' their acquired health by big dinners, late hours, and hot salons. I believe people, usually considered sane, have attempted to Paris the winter months in Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, and even Calais; but we will not talk of them.

I say, then, in conclusion, let dissipation come to Paris from Christmas to Easter; enjoyment from Easter to July; artists in the autumn, and invalids in the early spring.

Easter is a great week always here. The Grand Hôtel looks like the House of Commons when the 'Whip' has been at work. Peers people the 'Bristol' and the 'Mirabeau;' hunting men tell of that best thing of the season, which nobody saw but themselves. Racing men 'babble of fields;' and the general lounging public comes over because Good Friday is an extra Sunday without a 'Bell's Life,' and makes the week in London decidedly slow. He who can only come to Paris for one week in the year should certainly come at Easter.

Of course, the next year in Paris will be an exceptional one. All the world, accompanied by Madame his wife, are due in the

Champ de Mars during the summer of 1867 ! Still, after all, 'Exhibitioners' do not, as a rule, get much in the way of first-class tourists. They frequent second-rate hôtels, affect 'tables-d'hôte' and minor theatres, and make the fortunes of the cheap (and good at the price) dining-houses of the Palais Royal. The 'European,' 'Richefeu,' and 'Tissot's' will not be able to serve their guests quick enough. But nothing of that need annoy the readers of 'Baily.' Tourist Paris is not *their* Paris. Besides, excursionists are autumn birds, and never take flight till August ; so, as the Exhibition opens in April, they—our genteel readers—will have four months to stare at the wonders of art and science gathered together in the Palace of New Industry on the Field of Mars, and yet be back shooting blackcock and grouse, and killing, or perhaps tailoring deer, on their moor or in their forest, before the advanced guard of Cook's Tourists crosses the frontier.

And now I will say a good word for Cook. We, by some error of an unkind Nature, have *not* all been born lords or heirs to ten thousand a year. (I do not speak with any personal feeling, having eleven thousand five hundred a year, inherited from the cousin of an aunt of my grandmother, who had naturally never seen me—hence, indeed, the legacy.) It is a mistake, evidently, but one hard to remedy ; yet (Will you believe it ?) I am liberal enough to say that all classes excluded from that category are not bound to stay at home. Ten thousand a year, paid quarterly, no doubt vivifies the intellect, and makes the appreciation of art, beauty, scenery, and life much more acute than twenty shillings paid on a Saturday night ; yet I really think that the labouring classes may go, without great harm, and see the wonders of the world, if any one can and will take them at a price they can afford to pay. So I say in 'Baily,' and, if you please, in large type, 'Perish our agitators, and let our Cooks live !' I must tell you one story of Cook and his enterprising voyagers. Once, in Italy, they were taking, as usual, the names of all the evening arrivals. Mrs. Marsh, of Manchester, described herself as a 'rentiere' coming from England, and travelling 'partoot.' 'Madame means par Cook !' suggested intelligent waiter. 'Cook !' 'What do I want with a cook in lodgings ?' asked Mrs. Marsh, of Manchester. 'Madam,' says the waiter (who speaks perfect English), 'misremembers what I told her. Madame travels with 'the circle of Monsieur Cook' (this with a grin). 'The Lord be 'good to us !' says Mrs. Marsh, of Manchester ; 'I believe the 'fellow thinks I am a rider at Cook's circus !'

This reminds me of another Italian story. A young lady, who had been taught Italian at Clapham, was detected by a friend of mine airing her knowledge at Florence—in that fair city, where, if they do nothing else—and upon my word they do not do much else—they can speak pure Italian, and which is truly 'Il bel paese là 'dove il "si" suona,' and the capital of fair Italian speech. Now, Miss Adeline and her father wanted a lodging, and wanted it cheap. She, like a dutiful daughter, interpreted literally, but as she always commenced her sentences with these words, 'Dish papa !' (this in the

lingua Toscana, and coming from a *bocca Romana*, would have been ‘Dice il mio padre!’ (‘my father says’), the landlord was utterly defeated. ‘Ma quel piano vuol’ il signore?’ asked puzzled publican, at last (What story would you wish to live on). ‘Confound them all, for a lot of fiddlers,’ says papa. ‘Tell him we are only here for a week, and no more want a piano than we do a hurdy-gurdy!’

But, harking back to Paris. A few lines past I told you when to come to Paris. I wonder if I may again repeat my advice as to what to do when you arrive there? I will try, however, and risk it. My advice is—amalgamate, amalgamate! amalgamate! Just as in the days of Sir Robert Peel they cried, ‘Register!—register!—register!’ I cry now, register that you are a gentleman, and so not prejudiced. Of course we do not advise you of Sèvres manufacture to float down the stream of life with the brazen pots. For my part I believe in the floating capacity of the lighter vessel; but it might be brought into a nasty collision—‘tried too high,’ as we say at the metropolis of the Turf, which will be disfranchised if it does not learn wisdom with old age—anything, too, but a green old age. But we do say glide down the stream together, each in your own current, and you will arrive at the final pool without a crash. Nobody is so bad a traveller, for instance, as the ‘Brummagem’ swell. He, like the imitation silver, costs a deal of money, is no good after all, and you cannot put him anywhere near the real article without his being detected. It is the imitation makes the nasty unpleasant noise; the true metal rings as purely and merrily as a marriage bell.

I cannot help sending you a quotation from a book written years ago, but recently published, which well illustrates my views on travelling—not travelled—English. Days evidently pass and resemble one another; and men are just like those days. A very keen observer of character wrote of us all, some twenty years ago, in these terms—when I say of all of us, I mean of that, even then, large section of society which, rightly or wrongly, would go abroad. I think that England is meant for some English, as the continent is intended for some others; but you know the desire of travel comes with money and education. Even Mrs. Gill would go abroad—

‘Mrs. Gill is very ill, and nothing will improve her,
But to see the “Tooleree,” and waddle through the Louvre.’

And now for my clever man’s illustration:

‘An attempt to explain the web of prejudices tangled round the English character would be as fruitless as an effort to unravel the fibrous roots of the oak, its noble and appropriate emblem.

‘Like them, they form part of its very existence; are fed by the same sap; and are, perhaps, as necessary to the growth and greatness of the branching structure above them.

‘The main strength of a nation often consists in its prejudices; but that which gives strength does not always produce happiness. The wholesome training for muscular exertion is far from agree-

‘able. So, the culture of a disdainful pride, though giving to Britons
 ‘power in a contest with her foes, greatly militates against the com-
 ‘fort of their intercourse with each other. Were this national pride
 ‘confined to the aristocratical orders, its ill effect would be less fla-
 ‘grant. The high-pressure engine of refinement is always furnished
 ‘with a safety-valve against the danger of explosion. Good manners
 ‘modify the mischief of corruption.

‘But when the errors of the great are adopted by the vulgar,
 ‘every part of the body politic feels it more or less; and as
 ‘retail-dealers adulterate wine, until what was at first only flavoured
 ‘becomes at last deleterious, so do the hucksters of gentility degrade
 ‘the lofty bearing of high life. Reversing the process of defecation,
 ‘the more it is filtered the more impure it becomes. What was
 ‘dignity at court is arrogance in the City. The Lafitte which was
 ‘dashed with Hermitage at Bordeaux is poisoned with brandy at the
 ‘London Docks. The puissant woof of oligarchical hauteur is un-
 ‘ravelled into a coarse thread; and the grand class which formerly
 ‘gave its tone to the national mind, now sees itself confounded in
 ‘the general dislike provoked by each vulgar gradation.’

Don't you think that we have found a quotation of 1836 which is not so unseasonable as we could wish in 1866?

But I fear that I am getting dictatorial, and giving advice where your readers would like—whatever they may require—‘It is all for your own good,’ we say, you know, when we punish children—amusement. Do you love, my gentle friend and subscriber, an amusement combined with instruction? If so, then I can take you to the Manufacture des Gobelins, and show you tapestry, very beautiful, but the producing of which always, I confess, makes me think of painting gone mad and produced by a lunatic artist. Did you ever see it? No; then go. I will give you an outline of what you must be prepared to witness in ‘L’Ancienne Rue Mouffetard.’ Our lunatic sits gazing at a sheet of canvas, on the reverse of which he produces the same effects of colour and combination which you may see in that pattern which, for equally lunatic reasons, he places *behind* him! I will describe no more, or you will not believe me less lunatic than that artist who does not stand to his proper front, and yet is a very Landseer (in wool). When, like the bad Samaritan, you pass to the other side, what colour! what freshness! what beauty! and yet it is all colour, the work of men's hands, and worsted—which, I am credibly informed, is derived from the backs of sheep, originally, I mean, of course. All we get off the back of a sheep usually, is the ‘brown bit’ off a loin of mutton, illustrated with (hot) plates. Then, again, there is instruction—amusement—well, perhaps. Certainly then, instruction, and other effects which strike the nervous system, and therefore excite you. You can go to a market and see beasts killed ‘à l’Empereur;’—I will say that they go down under a single blow, like Front de Bœuf before the Sluggard, or ‘Loggard’ knight at Ashby-de-la-Zouche (where the Quorn usually meet on Wednesdays), and die, literally, easier than many a hare which you and I my friend, have maimed and

then claimed as our own. You, my revered reader, might have all *those* animals, had I the happiness of shooting with you; for really, though not sentimental, 'bringing down brown hares with sorrow to 'their graves' was never much fun: you could not miss them, but you might not kill them.

Then the 'drains' are—I am told, for I have never gone in *to* or *for* them; and, mark you once for all, I am not a man to be led by my nose that way,—things to see—and possibly smell. Paris, looked at from a sanitary view, is Venice reversed. We have drains below to prevent, and she—the Queen of the Adriatic—lagunes above to propagate, the nastiest smells in Europe. In the Silent City by the Sea—I wonder what Rogers, the silent poet of Park Place, would have thought of his now noisy City by an excited Sea!—In that silent—no longer silent—city, you hire a gondola—

' Didst ever see a Gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly.
'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly and compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called "Gondolier."
It glides along the water, looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.'

Happy condition!—(this by the Editor) and you glide at certain seasons over the nastiest stagnant water that ever exhaled cholera. Here, in Paris at least, precautions are taken. You must get permission from a Minister—he of Public Works—and, if he is M. Behie, you will find an official politeness (I could mention many other bureaux here of which I could say the same) which must rather agreeably startle any Englishman who has been condemned to a 'ten to four' application at any of your English government bear-gardens. Having got the permission, you are let down a trap-door by the Madeleine, and sent on a voyage of discovery which is no doubt interesting, and which is certainly highly disagreeable. All Royal Princes descend the drains—just as they go to the Mint, the Morgue, and the Royal Stables. You see they have a lurking idea that they are reading the *next* volume of the history of the world. In fact they are looking at editions out of print. It is what is making, not what is made, that is, like the corn-cutter's advertisement, 'Worthy the attention of Crowned Heads.'

Well, prince or private individual, once down the drain you are on a level—and I hope you will like it. *Go there*, however, I say, in italics—for did we only go to see what we liked, what awful duffers we should be! I always go down the main drain of Paris, by the kind permission of the police, whenever I have a cold—friends with a cold at a distance will please accept this notice. Less nasty, and highly instructive, is a descent to the kitchens and cellars of certain great hôtels and restaurants. But for this diplomacy is really required. Any fellow knows an ambassador—his own, for instance—on whom many persons think they are entitled to drop in, and take pot-luck any day or every day. But this requires a diplomacy such as

Montraud, if in a good temper (*his* asparagus having been cooked with *butter*), could have found Talleyrand in another good temper (*his* asparagus having been successfully served with *oil*), and got from him the concession of the right of entering some shrine or other holy place, let us say in the See of Autun. Secrets of sauces, mysteries of mayonnaise, the arcana of artichokes, the peculiarities of peas, beans and their proper being, truth about turnips, aspirations of asparagus, thoughts of a levelling sauce for society, which will do away with season, and reduce the upstart Spring 'prémice' to the more wholesome level of the mature vegetable—these are the secrets which we the initiated learn when we pass the kitchen door. The watcher on the threshold watches a good long time; does not see the fun, but orders the dinner—'Non cuivis contingit adire!' No! we many of us must stop out of the inner temple of dinner, and be excluded from the double-locked shrine of Bacchus—yet I say, to those who can enter—go in and see. Some day I shall write a paper on waiters! Those long-suffering, soup-suggesting, 'Lords-of-the-bread' (to borrow a Saxon term), who wait on the world for ten sous, and are contented. We hear of waiters on Providence—I sincerely trust that they are in the end better paid for their time than are usually those waiters on mere provident people. These waiters are the high-priests or rather the A.-D.-C.'s of the high-priests of these mysteries of the 'spit' and the 'kettle'; and I say to you, my lord, as I do to you, Jenkins, go and see how much can be done in a small kitchen in which you, Jenkins, would decline to roast your loin of mutton, putting potatoes aside; and in which you, my 'good lord,' would decline to order the boiling of the 'soup' for 'Pointer' and 'Disappointer,' your favourite 'dogs of arrest,' as they say in Paris. This sight you can see by application to the proprietor and by five francs to a waiter—the latter for choice.

Other odd sights? you ask.

Upon my honour there is no satisfying the readers of 'Baily.'

Well! Yes; they can go to the new horse market, and see the horses killed which are to be eaten in Paris. I will not go with them, for one.

Once, shooting in a distant land, a hateful native killed a fox. I thought of 'Stanwick Pastures,' and the 'Cottage by the Brook,' and sat down and wept. I should weep and wail again if I saw the horse—which our earliest primer tells us is a noble animal—knocked down by anything except Mr. Tattersall's hammer.

Yet I persevere and say, go and see it: go and see everything in Paris.

'Going to see your uncle guillotined?' exclaimed, only last year, a woman to a small boy. 'Oui, madame, sans faute! I must go, for I have not got another uncle.'

Horrible! is it not? And yet, from a practical point of view, the boy was, of course, right.

Are not people executed for the sake of the example—not to encourage the others? And would not the guillotine lose its moral if it performed to an empty house?

Bah ! We are horrid. Let us change the scene, and go off and wander in the markets. There, at least, we are haunted by nothing more dreadful than the ghosts of house-lamb ; and even the memory of that prematurely-departed little animal is softened down by pans of spinach and ' oiselle,' which bring back the memory of his brief but happy career, when, unsuspectful of mint sauce or early salad, he, with

' other young lambs
Were sporting about by the side of their dams '

(which your printer will kindly print plain. One printer, not long ago, in a letter which I wrote to the ' Tablet,' spelt these mothers of cold lamb with a ' n '—' *damns* !' forsooth ! and made a terrible scandal).

But the fruit and vegetables in the markets of Paris are worthy of visit upon visit. I have before spoken of the flowers, and I declare, that next to the flowers in the Tuesdays' and Fridays' markets of the Madeleine, I know nothing so pretty as the fruit and vegetables of the other markets.

If tired of the markets, go and wander in the ' Passages,' where they sell everything, from a stone to a toothpick, from a doll to a double bedstead (not easy to find in France, you know, where the ' separate system' obtains). These passages, if not pretty, are pleasant ; if not amusing, instructive. They cut open a new chapter in the life of Paris. Here we find concierges and their wives and daughters out for a rare holiday. The ' gaudin ' of commerce—*i.e.*, the ' fast ' shopboy—lounges about smoking a cigar, which suggests the convenience of a self-smoke-consuming Act. These arcades—I cannot make a classical joke about ' Arcades Ambo,' because there are not two, but two dozen of them—are one of the sights of the city, and one of the chapters of the history of Paris life which a student must read.

And now I must wind up this lengthened yarn. But before I quite conclude, I must address a few words to the ' rapid ' readers of ' Baily.' I do not mean those who read fast, but those who *live* fast. For I dare to swear that many of that class do expect to see the familiar ' green-back,' with its faithful delineation of the face of some brother of silk, or scarlet, or some co-votary of dissipation, on their breakfast-tables on the 1st of every month. To these rapid readers, then, I talk as to confidential friends, knowing that they will not repeat that which I tell them in confidence to the general public.

Come over between Christmas and Easter. Come when the rather gate-post look of the fore legs of Highflyer, Tophorn, and Ajax, make you quite welcome that frost which keeps you from John O'Gaunt, and sends you up to the family hair-cutter.

There are eleven balls in Paris—on the ten last Saturdays and the one last Tuesday before Ash Wednesday—which are famous in the very history of Europe : these are the *bals masqués* of the Grand Opera. They are, I think—but then I have seen scores of them—as dull as coursing, or a Sunday afternoon in a country house. Moreover, they want the beauty of costume and the glory of flowers

which distinguish the *bals masqués* of Florence and (formerly) Rome—not to speak of the ‘intrigue!’ There it is the *monde*; here it is not even the *demi-monde*. Yet the spectacle of the Grand Opera is magnificent; and the scene when the final ‘Galop d’Enfer’ is danced, and the last hour in the *foyer* (saloon) are certainly sights to see. The dancers are chiefly shop-boys and girls, barbers, clerks, &c.: they get a franc and their supper, and are compelled to dance every dance from midnight till 4 A.M. The dancing is much in that style which Mr. Watts Phillips has so well introduced into that charming and admirable piece the ‘Huguenot Captain.’

The ‘system’ to follow, if you wish to have a ‘good night’ (visitors to Hombourg will understand the metaphor), is to dine at the Maison Dorée—go to the Italian Opera—then go back to supper, taking care to take your champagne freely—be hydrophobic about seltzer-water—and so drop into the theatre at the smallest hour. There you will see what you will see! Last year, for instance, I saw a young lady in a pink satin shirt and blue satin trousers, and, as they say in your sister island, ‘devil a rag more,’ with another lady dressed like her, but who, in the hurry of dressing, had forgotten the pink satin shirt—not that there is anything improper. Are there not scores of police? Well, then, take a box, ‘square’ the *ouvreuse*, and you shall see. Having seen enough, go away, and breakfast at the Café Riche. The scene on the Boulevard when the *bal* is over, which it is at a certain hour, ‘by order of the Chef de Police,’ is wonderful.

Lui and Elle, having had their supper, and received their franc each, go away to their breakfast—usually Elle (a *débardeuse*) on the back of Lui (a brigand). Figaro dances down the middle of the street—clowns walk soberly home with Mrs. Clowns—marquis and marquise waltz—and Don Giovanni sings; and, in fact, the whole of that quarter is peopled with ‘hatters,’ and is as mad as Bedlam.

HOW THE RETURN MATCH WAS PLAYED AT LOUGH CONN.

THREE weeks had passed since Terry tucked me up on the car in the High Street of Ballina, wished me a pleasant journey home, and bestowed his parting benediction. The happy days spent in that polite capital were still fresh in my memory, but at the present moment I was in no mood to enjoy anything, either in act or retrospection; for in a few hours I should once more leave the old lodge and wend my way back to London and the desk. I had eaten my cake, and was all the better for it, yet, without indulging in any maudlin sentimentality or vain regret that it was not still in my pocket, I felt depressed, and could not help wishing that a longer reprieve had been possible.

Hat-box and portmanteau were on the grass plot; in the hall the family were collected to bid me good-bye, and the driver whiled away the interval by putting an extra knot or two on the lash of his

whip. Who does not know the weariness of these last moments?—who has not wished them over? Muttering something about a book left on the dressing-table, I ran up to my bedroom, partly to escape from sad faces, and partly to look once more at a 'place I might never see again. It was a poor little nest under the thatch; yet in it I had slept the first eighteen years of my life, as I should never sleep again, undisturbed by care, or sorrow, or pain. Nothing had been taken away during my absence, and there was no money to spare for improvements. The same cracks were in the window; the soap-dish still wanted a cover; the jug had only half a lip; and in the looking-glass a piece was broken out of the corner. I had since seen apartments better furnished; but to me none were like this. There was no use in lingering. With a weak assumption of cheerfulness I patted the dogs, bade my dear ones good-bye, mounted the car, and was gone. At a turn in the road—the last point from which the house was visible—I looked back; they were still watching me, and the next moment were out of sight.

There is nothing permanent in this world. For half an hour I felt very spoony. Gradually the attack passed away; and by the time we reached the coach-office the malady had lost all severe symptoms. Seated between a priest who would not talk, and a grazier who only opened his lips at regular intervals to disgorge a certain quantity of tobacco-smoke, there was nothing left for me but sleep or meditation. These were tried alternately. In each, the joyous week at Ballina came back to me with great zest; and Terry's parting words, 'Mind, Misther Hector, we're to have a day 'on the lakes as ye come back,' found increasing favour in my sight. I longed to settle preliminaries with my old friend.

'Do you know anything about that fellow, Terry?' was the first question put to the waiter on our arrival.

'Yes, your honour; he's out wid a gintleman, but will be disengaged the night.'

This was good and bad news in a breath; there was nothing for it but patience. Dinner, however, is a great tranquilliser; poteen is not bad company; and under their soothing inspiration the hour of waiting passed agreeably. The absentee and his man walked into the coffee-room soon after, the tackle was packed up, accounts were settled, and then my turn came. The sport since my honour went had been 'splendid.' Of course it had; but my honour wanted to hear of the future, not the past.

'What do you think of Lough Conn to-morrow, eh, Terry?'

The oracle shook his head.

'Why, it ain't asy to say. Sure it's yourself that knows 'tis time 'for the Lammas floods;—but look at that baste of a moon.'

The luminary which so unexpectedly incurred this severe rebuke, was shining all unconsciously in full splendour; not a hint did she throw out of any coming change.

'Well, never mind, Terry; it does not look very lively; but we 'must do as well as we can.'

The morning fulfilled the promise made on its behalf, and would

have charmed a poet, painter, or tourist, but did not please my companion. It was a day made on purpose for the mountains. Not an air lifted the mist from the hollows; the boggy pools reflected every blossom of the ling, every head of the cotton grass that hung over their margin; whilst Lough Conn and Lough Cullen shone like two vast sheets of silver. It was all very beautiful, but very unpromising. My zealous partner, sulky as a bear, took the sunshine quite in the light of a personal affront.

‘If we had come after the grouse,’ he remarked, with much asperity, ‘do you think ’twould be like this? Niver a bit of it; ’twould have been blowing like blazes, and pouring like murther—so it would.’

I was too prudent to contradict my ill-used friend, so mildly suggested we might as well sit in the boat as stand on the shore.

‘Boat! What was the use of a boat? Do you think the salmon would be such fools as to ris in this weather? They’d be bil’d afore their time, so they would.’

‘But we can try the perch.’

‘Ah!’ said Terry, brightening up at the prospect of doing anything; ‘if it’s the likes of thim ye’l put up wid—oh! Master ‘Hector’—a sly smile lighting up his sulky features—‘I’m afraid it’s low company ye’ve been keeping intirely in the big city away yonder.’

Whilst the rods were being put together, Terry betook himself to a shallow stream, and forthwith commenced cautiously turning over large stones, making frantic pushes with the landing-net, and performing various pantomimic gestures indicative of violent physical exertion. Presently he returned with a diminutive trout and a colliough about two inches in length, which might be thought rather an indifferent bag, considering the amount of labour expended in procuring it. Still they were treasures to us, and, as such, demanded economy in their employment. Wrapping the loach in a bit of wet paper to preserve his beauty, we commenced operations with a small spoon and the [infant *S. Fario* before mentioned, and whilst they are twirling seducingly over either quarter of the boat, we will say a few words about Lough Conn.

The road from Ballina to Castlebar, after winding over low, dusky moorlands—brightened here and there by a small patch of corn—suddenly turns to the south-west, and passing along a natural causeway, divides the upper from the lower lake. In the middle of this strip of land is a bridge, called Pontoon, under whose low arch passes the stream which connects Lough Conn with Lough Cullen. It is a wild and beautiful region; all rock and heather; solitary enough for an anchorite, and sufficiently savage to have delighted the most ardent admirer of Salvator Rosa. To the west towers Nephin, the loftiest summit in Mayo, whose rugged spurs, running down to the shore, form many a wild cape and rocky headland, and give a grand picturesque aspect to the vast expanse of water at their feet.

My friend Terry, who had as much sentiment as the beam on which he sat, here brutally interrupted my poetic musings.

‘I think ’tis time to attind to the rod, Misther Hector, for there’s
‘some bit of a body bin tuggin at it for a couple of minutes.’

Hardly was it in my hand, when, with the bound of an excited buffalo, Charon dropped the sculls, and nearly upsetting the boat and his employer, seized the other rod, which was rapidly walking the plank.

‘Och ! blood and turf, here’s luck ! I’ll swear he’s a real ould
‘ancient gladiator !’

‘A what ?’ I fancied he was speaking of some unknown fish which inhabited this solitary inland sea.

‘What ? Why what should it be but a rid salmon ? I seen his
‘tail, and if he an’t twinty pounds—murther—murther—we’re
‘ruined intirely !—bedad, but he’s off !’

With a look of smothered rage, the bereaved angler wound up the line, in order to examine the bait.

‘Now, look here !’ holding a broken thread of gut close before my eyes ; ‘I’m ashamed of ye, *Mr.* Hector ; by my sowl, but I
‘am !’

That monosyllable convinced me how far I had fallen to leeward in my comrade’s good opinion.

‘Such a Tory of a line I niver see,’ he continued, breaking the luckless trace (without, however, any undue exertion of force) into short lengths of about an inch each. ‘No gossoon in Ballina would
‘have fished for a pinkeen wid sich tackle.’

There was some truth in the rebuke ; for, without paying any regard to what we might meet with, I had selected two very fine single gut traces made during the previous summer for a small English river. The injury inflicted on my unfortunate friend was too great either for sympathy or apology ; I was glad to change the subject.

‘What’s this ?’ lifting with the net a small torn mass that had once been a fish ; ‘it looks very like your bait.’

Terry took it silently out of my hand, and examined it carefully. The evidence was too strong for denial. That silent witness convicted him of a mistake ; and there was nothing left him but confession, which, after all, was bolstered up by a plumper.

‘Quare, now, Misther Hector, uncommon quare ; but it *worn’t* a
‘salmon ; man and boy I’ve fished for fifty years, and niver made
‘sich a mistake afore. When blissid Pathrick took away the var-
‘mint, what made him forgit the pike ?’

The whole thing was now clear : one of these voracious monsters had been hooked, had bitten off the gut, and subsequently disgorged the bait. Terry laid his little finger, which, by the way, was not small, in one of the gashes.

‘He wort a baby, anyhow ; may be this will fit him,’ unwinding a strong trace, the last foot of which consisted of stout gimp. I had long since freed my line from its small encumbrance, a little trout of some three or four ounces, which was soon spinning far astern, side by side with the spoon. As a precautionary measure, we moved a short distance below, and, turning, commenced the

second course. As we came abreast of the low gravelly point, there was a great splash about twenty yards astern, right in our wake, the pliant rod at the same instant bending like a hoop. The charge had been made; the foe had met his match; and though taken by surprise, seemed determined to fight to the last, and like many another ruffian, to 'die hard.' Darting off at a great pace, the ill-conditioned party bore away for the middle of the lake, and then plumped himself down on the bottom, as much as to say, 'Get me 'up if you can.' The rod was one of Martin Kelly's manufacture, faultless, but light, and ill adapted for the rough work in hand. With the point below the wheel, the tough hickory did all, and more, than could reasonably have been expected from it. Five minutes—ten minutes—a quarter of an hour—half an hour, Mr. Pike tugged away, apparently as stoutly as ever. Martin's handiwork gave out sundry sounds, which proved incontestably that it had reached the last point of endurance; and as for Terry, his language was shocking; for one of those sudden flaws of wind so common amongst the mountains had sprung up, and was now toying with the lake till it dimpled all over.

With a smile that was anything but becoming, he sat staring savagely into the water, now puffing pettishly at his pipe, now testing the point of the gaff on his horny palm. At last the foe began to give ground; little by little he neared the surface; soon two ferocious eyes, a receding forehead and elongated under jaw were visible. A more truculent monster I never beheld. What a likeness there was at the moment between him and Terry, as that gentleman drove the steel home.

'I know'd you were over twinty pounds,' he said, addressing his prostrate enemy. 'It's little more mischief you'll do. There, 'Misther Hector,' drawing a knife across the line above the gimp, 'on wid the flies, and we'll be into something better in less than no 'time.'

Pulling down the wind, we were soon on the lee shore. Fortune smiled, and before three o'clock, when the breeze died, we had captured four grilse and a salmon. Trolling for perch would not do after this, so, waiting for another hour, in the vain hope of a favourable change, we paddled away for Pontoon.

Seated on one of the countless hummocks of blossoming heather, we discussed our frugal meal. During the process of digestion, my poor companion was silent, meditating a short trip into the land of Nod; whilst I, with no great satisfaction, thought about the long night run back to town. Terry was soon off on *his* journey, but I lingered and lingered, unconsciously making a sketch to take back with me. I have never been able to show the picture to my friends; yet in my morning walk from Craven Street to Somerset House, I often look at it. As yet the colours show no sign of fading; and it *must* be faithful, for Pontoon and the wild waters of Lough Conn, Nephin, and the clumps of heather seem as clear and distinct as on the evening when last I saw them.

THE OAKS, A.D. 802.

BY M. F. H.

A CAVALCADE, with hounds in couples, led by huntsmen or piqueurs on foot, appeared on the Ingelheim road wending their way to Kempton ferry opposite the small town of Rüdesheim on the Rhine. The piqueurs wore tunics of wolfskins reaching nearly to the knees, leggings made of broad strips or bandages of leather, crossed and recrossed round the lower limbs, with rudely-made shoes shodded with iron. The head piqueurs had leathern caps fitting tight to the head and tied under the chin; but the men holding the hounds in leash were bareheaded, whilst others carried bows, arrows, and javelins. Immediately following them rode a tall and handsome man of middle age, attired in a costume precisely similar to that of his attendants, excepting that his belt was of silken cord, a hunting-horn tipped with silver at each end was suspended from a baldrick, the cap of cloth was worked in gold tissue, with an eagle's feather stuck carelessly in the band, and his boot or shoe was armed with a single-pointed spur, buckled round the ankle. A short sword hung at his side, and his hunting javelin was borne by the maître piqueur. He was of lofty stature, being full six feet four inches in height, remarkably well-proportioned, with an open and loyal countenance, and an air of commanding nobility that stamped him as one of high authority. The historian says, 'Il avait le sommet de la tête rond; les yeux grands et vifs; le nez un peu long; les cheveux beaux, et la physionomie ouverte et gaie; qu'il fût assis on debout, toute sa personne commandait le respect et respirait la dignité.' It was Charlemagne. All great men, excepting that scamp David, the poacher of Philistine pelliculæ, have been mighty hunters—Zaradusht, Sesostris, Xenophon, Tamerlane, Mohammed, Scanderbeg, Genghis Khan, Roustam, Pepin of Landen, Haroun al Raschid, William the Conqueror, the Cid Campeador, Godefroi de Bouillon, François I., Charles le Quint, Leo X., Luther, Rubens, Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, the Percy and Douglas of Chevy Chace, Lorenzo il Magnifico, Henry Quatre, Condé, Richelieu, Piccolomini, down to our own great Duke, with many another celebrity, have been ardent in the pursuit of the wild animal. It is in truth a mimicry of noble war, and the sound of clang and clarion that sends the blood rushing tumultuously through the veins and causes the heart wildly to palpitate, appeals to the same sense of excitement at Ashby pasture as on the field of Sadowa.

The great Kaiser bestrode an Arab of the desert, a present from his friend Haroun al Raschid. The horses of the nobles who were in attendance were short, clumsy, and of low stature. They were the descendants of the round-crested Roman horse, that may be seen in the sculpture of the Biga at Rome and of the small semi-wild pony of the Taurus mountains. The pig head with flopping ears was thrust into a short neck; the shoulder was heavy and upright, the back hollow, and the narrow quarters drooped to the tail, which was

set on meanly and low. The home-bred animal was overtopped, stood with his legs under him, with shallow knees, a paucity of bone, and weak pasterns. Such was the horse that appears on the *bassirilievi* of that period ; and even until a late day the Germans have been prone to the short, fat, and vulgar hackney—the counterpart of themselves. They fed, if not feed, together on black bread, and the horse was, or is, the cleaner of the twain. The Arab of Charlemagne was in happy contrast to the brutes that surrounded him. The most marked change that domestication produced upon the form of the wild horse was to increase the bulk of his body as compared with his head and limbs, and the earliest and best remove from the primeval denizens of the southern slopes of the Caucasian range was exemplified in the Arabian. One of the ancient historians of Arabia thus celebrates the mare of Shedad, called Jirwet :—‘ Shedad’s mare was called Jirwet, whose like was unknown. Kings negotiated with him for her ; but he would not part with her, and would accept no offer or bribe ; and thus he used to talk of her in his verses : “ Seek not to purchase my horse, for Jirwet is not to be bought or borrowed. I am a strong castle on her back, and in her bound are glory and greatness. I would not part with her were strings of camels to come to me with their drivers following them. She flies as the wind without wings, and tears up the waste and the desert. I will keep her for the day of calamities, and she will rescue me when the battle dust rises.” ’ The head of the imperial Arab was small, with a broad forehead, prominent eyes, wide nostrils, taper ears, and set lightly into the thin neck, that again sloped into muscular shoulders placed well back. It was in the conformation of this especial point, the shoulder, that the steed of the desert was so superior to other races ; and this particular attribute is invariably to be found in those of immediate descent. The back was broad, the middle piece well ribbed up, with full and ample quarters supported by strong gaskins, clean houghs, flat limbs, elastic pasterns, and a nicely-rounded foot. The horse of Charlemagne stepped out lightly with a bended knee and freedom of movement resulting from the liberty of forehand, that alone can give the progressive action under great weight. Ever and anon one of the stumbling Germans would blunder upon its nose, raising a smile upon the countenance of the Emperor, accompanied with a racy gibe, as the rider unwisely vented his bile by a blow of his staff upon the head of the culprit, amidst a stream of uncourtly maledictions. Even in the days anterior to sour kraut, black beer, tobacco, and spittoons, the German noble, albeit one of the *missi regii*, was a coarse, unwashed, and offensive carcass. He stank in the nostrils of a southern civilization even then as he does now.

The hounds were held in couples—each couple led by a groom—thus forming a numerous assemblage difficult of discipline, and unchecked by reproof, since the din was accounted a valued characteristic of venatical ardour. A mute hound was suspended forthwith on a neighbouring tree as mischievous and utterly worthless. When a boar was moved it was impossible for those, on the post, to know

which way he was bearing without being assisted by the tongue of the hound. For the most part these roared like sucking doves. Like John Warde's favourites, they ranged above twenty-six inches, were huge, long, and gaunt, slack in the loins, but with deep chests, powerful limbs, far from straight, and alarmingly out at elbows. Indeed the latter defect may be supposed to have been considered a beauty, if reliance be placed upon the representations of the Bayeux tapestry and the illuminated missals of that era. They bore a perfect resemblance to the wolf-dog or lurcher that may be found amongst the Carpathians, and which was probably the progenitor of the colley or sheep dog of subsequent generations. The pricked ear denoted a close relationship to the wild stock, but the curled tail, the sign of domestication, was a guarantee of being at least as well, if not better, bred than their masters. There were smaller hounds, rough-coated, with bandy legs and strong backs, that were used in the dense forests as finders for the game of every description. This consisted of boar, stag, wolf, hares, and rabbits, but it is painful to add that the fox was held in foul dishonour, unworthy of anything save a trap or a pitfall. The cavalcade reached Kempton Ferry under the Rochus Capelle, and after an Ave Maria—for Mariolatry was already rife in the land—and a ta-ta of recognition to St. Roch-on-the-Hill, the patron saint of a peculiar malady, the party crossed over in boats to Rüdesheim above the Bingen loch.

The Brömserhof at Rüdesheim belonged to a Count of the empire in the Emperor's retinue. He was the ancestor of that very Crusader, Johan Brümser, who brought back from Palestine the chain of his Saracenic captivity, which still hangs, or did hang, in memoriam, above the dilapidated gateway.* Keeping *sub silentio* the multiplication of his tawny amours, which he never communicated to Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly, he sang under the battlements—the sly rogue—

‘Hither from Palestine,—hither I come,
Ladye love,—ladye love,—welcome me home.’

And the fair one—*ravie de bonheur*—having hastily smuggled out by the castle postern her handsome father confessor, with what is usually designated the pledge of their mutual affection wrapped up in swaddling clothes, responded, artlessly,—

‘True am I, and in search of thee would I might roam.
Troubadour, troubadour, come to thy home.’

ainsi va le monde—in sæcula sæculorum.

Having refreshed at the Brömserhof—on up the hill to the royal forest of the Niederwald. As Charlemagne remained for a moment stationary upon the high platform of the Rossel tower, the deep notes of the hounds were heard in the wood of Ehrenfels beneath. A gallant stag of ten, that had been often chased, and had been named by the huntsman Guelphen Geordie, was unharboured. They were on him hard;—Gotha and Altenbourg, noisy hounds, pressed him sorely,

* The Prince Metternich had the bad taste to have these and other relics of the crusade conveyed to the château of Johannisberg.

with Mecklenbourg, Anhalt, Schweiren, and Sonderhausen joining in chorus,—whilst Wilhelm, a slinking glutton, always quarrelling over his kennel broth, and a notorious kitchen thief, lagged behind, waiting and eager for the providential spoil of the gralloch. Then Bismarck, a skirter, and a mass of vice and cunning, cut off the stag in the rides, and headed him back in the teeth of the hounds at every turn, in spite of the rate and execration of the huntsmen at his perseverance in such foul practices. Handling his javelin, Charlemagne galloped down the steep slope of Assmanhausen in time to view the stag break covert, go well away with a string of hounds after him like a rope of Portugal onions; and, after affording a gallant chase, he was brought to bay opposite Rheinstein. Then the emperor, getting off his horse, and receiving the skean of honour from his equerry, despatched the deer amidst a fanfare of horns and the howls of the scurvy Bismarck, now plentifully thonged for his incorrigible sins.

The lunch *al fresco* was of a more plentiful and substantial kind than that contained in the sandwich-case strapped behind a groom on the second horse at Thorpe Trussells. In that silver receptacle of welfare temporal the edible of Jew or Gentile marks the breed of the consumer, and there is nothing in common save the glass of sherry. So in the Niedervald the unwashed German gorged fat pig, moistened by heavy and luscious metheglin, whilst the Frank Imperialist enjoyed his venison pasty, with the racy adjunct of a beaker of Rüdesheimer. The redoubted Kaiser was particular in his wines. He held the Reisling produce of the Rheingau to be wanting in fulness, however exquisite in flavour, and had transplanted from the sunny lands of France the ceps of the rich vines that he so much prized. The original grape—the Reisling—had been introduced into the Rhenish country from Italy by the Emperor Probus, and is supposed to have been propagated from a slip of the ‘*Mea vites Falernæ*,’ or, rather, of the Setian vine, which was still preferable. Like the Falernian, it was of a light colour, and did not attain the acme of its flavour before twenty years. In after times the chief vineyard of the Reisling at Johannisberg—then a monastery—was carefully tended by the monks, as the first article of their faith; the produce was consumed by them as the second; and the remainder, sold at an exorbitant price, was the third. Well might they chant with Solomon, ‘The vines with the tender grape give ‘a good smell.’ The ceps from the Côte d’Or, in Burgundy, flourished kindly on the warm slopes of Assmanhausen, and although hardly as full as the Chambertin and Maçon, yet the wine is of a superior quality, that is far from being justly appreciated. From Orleans came the grape of the Rüdesheimer, Marcobrunner, Sharlachberger, and that most royal of vintage wines the Steinberger. It is the worthy rival of the Johannisberger, and whoever may have had the good fortune to partake of the hospitality of the late King Leopold of Belgium, will have relished probably the finest sample of that desertful vineyard. It stands on a gentle descent with a southern aspect, forming a portion of the ancient monastery of Eber-

bach. The monks again! Yes; and welcome. Who would not bow down before a virtuous Benedictine with a long-necked bottle in one hand and a generous goblet in another, and ejaculate—
'Credo!'

'O! quam placens in colore!
O! quam fragrans in odore,
O! quam sapidum in ore!
Duce linguæ vinculum!

'Felix venter quem intrabis!
Felix guttur quod rigabis!
Felix os quod tu lavabis!
Et beata labia!'

Wagers were made between the two spiritual companies of wine merchants, to decide on the superiority of merit in their wines. They met alternately at their refectories to settle the question, but their memories always failed them on the following morning, and the meeting was invariably adjourned. The dispute had not terminated when the dragoons of Napoleon took possession of the monastery and its appurtenances.

The cellars of Charlemagne were at Winkel—Vini cella—on the river bank, immediately facing his palace of Ingelheim, which was surrounded by the choicest selection of vines from the banks of the Garonne. Claret was his usual beverage, and Ingelheim his favourite hunting residence. He had been crowned at Rome with the imperial diadem, in the previous year, by Pope Leo X., and brought with him from Italy some of the *spolia opima* of Greece, that were now again transferred to still more northern and uncongenial latitudes. The pure and lucent pillar of white marble demanded the relief of the blue sky, 'where burning Sappho loved and sung,' and the acanthus leaf gracefully drooping on the Corinthian capital either streamed with unbecoming moisture—tears of exile—or was enveloped in the density of a dark fog. Ill adapted as might be the florid architecture of the warm South for glacial latitudes, it was yet a step forward in civilization, and was to the domestic style of Germany as is the Antinous of the Capitol to the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park. The delicate Byzantine pillars of red Egyptian marble that may be seen in the Cathedral of Mayence, with the beautifully-proportioned columns in the eastern aisle, uneven in their basements from injury, came from the ruins of imperial Ingelheim—the Angel's house. Charlemagne had been ordered in a dream by his guardian angel—for in the times when monks died now and then of delirium tremens angels were said by the earlier fathers of Romanism to visit the earth by way of trimming the balance—he had been ordered to go out upon the high road in the middle of the night, and to rob some one for the benefit of the empire and the glory of the Holy Catholic Church. The bidding was preposterous and distasteful, and he turned round and went to sleep. Again the angel appeared in the vision, and reiterated the command. There was no mistake. He obeyed devoutly, as a good son of the Church—crossed himself, and took the road like Sixteen String Jack of yore. It was not long before

he met one of those barons called robbers of the Rhine, out upon the loose; he knocked him over, and, with his foot on his throat, threatened instant death unless he could undertake to provide him with a greater rascal than himself. 'Done!' said the robber baron; 'I have a dear friend near here, Count Eggerich, to whom I am as 'the lily of the field.' 'A proper villain?' asked Charlemagne. 'A screamer!' 'Trot,' said the emperor, 'and be alive—quick.' It must be confessed that he took to the angelic practices kindly, and adapted himself, by inspiration without a doubt, to the correct vernacular.

They arrived at the Klopp Castle of Bingen, and, by a private stair known to the robber, reached the chamber of Count Eggerich. The count was in bed with his wife;—they were talking. 'To-morrow, then, it is to be,' said the countess. 'Yes, *ma mie*, 'to-morrow that scoundrel Charles, who has been dubbed "the "Great," from his nefarious acts of plunder and taxation, shall 'have his goose cooked to a turn. He shall die. He is going to 'hunt in the Niederwald, and we are ready for him.' 'But are 'your friends tried and true?' 'Bricks all!—I have a list of their 'names in yonder casket.' 'Ca, c'est bien; bonne nuit, mon coco.' 'Adieu, chou-chou.' And the Sour Krauts slept. Charlemagne, when they were safe and snoring, stealthily took the casket—returned home—gave the best of suppers to the Rhenish rascal—blessed Providence, like the King of Prussia, for having inspired the act of setting a thief to catch a thief—seized the conspirators—summoned his State council early in the morning—and, the chronicler says, 'les potences étant dressés, tous perirent de la main du 'bourreau.' Thereupon, and for that reason, Charlemagne named the palace Ingelheim—the house of the Angel.

The Emperor of the West had a domestic turn, and lived affectionately with his family. His courtiers complained that he was slavishly under the control of his queen Frastrada, who, again, was angered by his too frequent use of a latch-key. An impediment in the way of keeping his weekly bills in order consisted in not being able to read or write. This was a drawback to his greatness. He had therefore a secretary, Eginhard*—a man of accomplishment—and on non-hunting days he laboured hard at the alphabet and his copy-book; but at his best Charlemagne could not read beyond words of two syllables, and never joined his letters together properly. Each morning Eginhard gave lessons to his imperial master, together with his daughters Rohuldis, Bertha, Gisla, and Imma. It was a right imperial class. They were all diligent, but the most so was Imma, the youngest, the cleverest, and the prettiest. Her sisters said, enviously, that Eginhard took greater pains with her—sat close to her in class—and directed her soft white hand when forming her letters. It was sheer spite. Beauty is proverbially an apt scholar, and quick at acquiring knowledge in all its branches. Imma therefore, having far outstripped her sulky sisters, was placed in a class by herself, and had private lessons. Propinquity! what a charming

* 'Vita Caroli Magni'—Gibbon—Bayle—Muratori, 'Annali d'Italia.'

aid to nature in perfecting a scholar. It is the ready portal of temptation, generating a primary embarrassment that merges gently into a strange intelligence, and finally precipitates into an elysium with its unjustly penal consequences, the more rapid in development when the weaker and fairer vessel is confessedly *in statu pupillari*. It led to the sad fate of Francesca di Rimini, 'e il modo ancor' m'offende'—and Eginhard, after the manner of Paolo Malatesta, expatiated on practical philosophy. Morning has its lesson, and evening its lecture, both in Sunday schools and Methodist chapels. It is the same agreeable process, only under another conventional name. As we have related, the great Emperor had gone out hunting in the Niederwald, and Eginhard, in the language of the egregious Spurgeon, had improved the occasion. The little boudoir of Imma, in the western tower at the end of the quadrangle, was approached by a narrow stair, and the casement opened upon the valley of 'the exulting and 'abounding river,'

'whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks that bear the vine.'

The fair view did not signify to Eginhard. In the metaphysical jargon of John Stuart Mill, whilom philosopher, and noodle for the nonce, the sensations from without were nullified by the sensations from within. It was in dark December—cold without, and within

'They met, they gazed,—they saw, and sighed,—
She did not speak, and yet replied.
He loved and was beloved again.'

Sweet are the glimpses of Heaven; sweet in dreams, but sweeter far in the substantial reality of being. The hour strikes! Farewell—the word which makes us linger—once again; and down the winding stair——. What paralyses Eginhard? A sheet of dazzling white—the quadrangle was imbedded in snow! During those warm passages of comfort terrestrial the storm had passed unheeded, and nature or the bile of a non-propitiated saint had ventured upon an unjustifiable interference with the course of the right. The chamber of Eginhard was on the other side of the palace, and the quadrangle, with its statue of the Emperor in the middle, had to be crossed. The print of a man's foot in exodus from the lady's bower would be death to one, and a convent—worse far—for the other. Yet there was the untrodden snow. The dilemma was palpable, present, and excruciating. The Red Sea was a joke to it. The Whissendine, when a brimmer, not more appalling. And the remedy? Eginhard was beaten. But the lightning intelligence of woman is never at fault. The same sense of nature that gives the power and stimulates her to guard the nursling is ever exercised in favour of its immediate antecedent and *causa causarum*. Imma was thoughtful; but as her brow paled the eye dilated, and her countenance wore a calm and determined expression. What is she doing? The dress of the dames of that period consisted of an outer and flowing robe—the gonna, or gown, with loose sleeves, open, and terminating at the elbow; then came the

close tunic, the kirtle, with tight sleeves closed to the wrists, and underneath—above the camiccia—the short garment or sottana: the bodice of this was gathered across the bosom, leaving the arms bare, and the skirt fitting smartly, and clinging to the figure, barely reached the knees. Each vestment was laid aside silently and rapidly. The cheek might be pale, but the glance was resolute. Eginhard, speechless, ‘*la bouche-beante*,’ followed every action with astonished eye, and looked like a fool. Not even the ‘*socca*,’ or woollen hose, was spared: it was drawn off; the delicate limb was displayed, and the tiniest of marble feet gleamed with a pearly tinge, as if the snow on which it trod blushed for very pleasure. The line of beauty, from the Grecian head descending to the graceful neck, on to the sweeping shoulder, curved into the rounded zone, and then, with gentle undulation, outflashed into an amplitude of full and flowing figure. Downwards went the line in exquisite symmetry of limb, until the eye of the gazer dimmed from intensity of admiration. She stood in all the might of purity, and the majesty of loveliness, slightly stooping, and with her arms folded. The steed!—the Oaks filly for 802! Eginhard was mute; flabbergasted, as they say in Devonshire, to describe the feelings of a novice when first he beholds the interior of a squab pie. At last he comprehended that he was to be carried across the quadrangle—to bestride that peerless form, so that none but a woman’s foot should leave a print in the snow coming from the bower of bliss. She went a step lower to give vantage ground. Eginhard trembled. Don’t funk, man; Custance, with one hand, is worth a hundred of you. Steady—yes, let her go a step lower, so that she may balance herself, and rise up at once under weight. So—softly; she clasps him firmly. What a delicious saddle! She steadies herself for a moment, the gallant little creature. Off and away! What are the odds? It is a talent race. ‘Argus’ is taking notes for the ‘Van.’ The ‘Gentleman in Black’ piles his monkeys on the filly. The House of Peers shouts out its thousands upon thousands, bar none. Baily offers to take her for the stud, at Cornhill, after the race, at a long figure! Gallantly she went away within herself to the statue, and rounding that Tattenham Corner, off at score for the straight run in. Yes, she can stay; no soft place anywhere but in her heart of hearts; and away went the little limbs, beautiful and true in action. ‘*La croupe bien hardie*’ gave a power for the last challenge, and with a gallant spurt, the Oaks of 802 are won. There, hold your tongue, Eginhard; the weight is all right. The Lady Imma scudded back across the quadrangle, up the stair, into her room, and then burst into a flood of tears.

Alas! other eyes had witnessed that bewitching race. Charlemagne had come back alone from the Niederwald, and from a window in the private stair had silently looked upon that memorable performance, in which the princess his daughter had borne herself so bravely. It is ever awkward to offend an emperor, even magnanimous as was Charlemagne. Happily, there was no Cayenne in operation. The morning came. Eginhard received a peremptory summons to appear before the High Court of Justice. He obeyed,

The Emperor was seated in his chair of state; the nobles of the Council were on his right, and on his left was the headsman with his two-handed sword. What a bore! Eginhard was a brave fellow: he knew by intuition what was coming, and only cared about the fate of the lady, for whom he would have given a thousand lives. 'How say you, signors?' asked the stern Emperor. 'Guilty, upon my honour,' replied each of the *missi regii*; 'and death the doom.' 'Kneel, Eginhard, and let the headsman advance!' A door opened; the Lady Imma came forth with a priest in attendance bearing the uplifted crucifix.

' Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted,
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.'

She was at the side of her lover. 'Kneel, woman,' commanded the imperious voice. 'Priest, do thine office.' Then the holy father, in Latin for which an Eton boy would have been put in the bill, intoned, 'Dilectissimi, hic convenimus coram Deo, et in conspectu ecclesie ejus, ut hunc virum et hanc mulierem sancto matrimonio jungamus; quod quidem vitæ genus honestum est, et quem affirmat Divus Paulus honestum esse in omnibus.' 'Teque amem, foveam, et obediam,' murmured the blushing and happy Imma. 'Te, corpore meo, honoro,' responded Eginhard. That is better than having one's head cut off. Vive l'Empereur!

How now, Admiral, anent the handicap? Or would you like, gallant and true man as you are, yourself to get up at the weight?

CRICKET 'QUIDDITIES.'*

THERE is nothing, it seems, that cricket cannot bear. It can bear to be played with a waistcoat for a wicket by small boys on a village green, as they bowl 'grubs' and cry 'play' over every ball. It can bear to be played on 'the side of a hill' in St. John's Wood. It can bear the lofty 'treatment' of George Parr and his confederates. We suspect it will very soon show that it can bear to be played without any 'professionals' at all. We have not even heard that cricket is any the worse for being 'played upon' by this book of a 'Quid.' We do not at all say that these 'jerks in from short leg' have no 'point' about them. Books that want to say serious things in a 'funny' way are generally hard to understand; and if a clown does sometimes tell us a good thing through a horse collar, the grinning is generally, on the whole, so intolerable that no one can wait for 'the good thing that is coming.' It has always been our luck to see the 'Quids' beaten by the Harlequins. We wish some Harlequin could have with his 'waud' by a tap inspired this 'Quid,' whom we suspect to be an old offender in this line, to give up his fooling. We don't like the manner of the man, and he has our mind about it. The matter is, on the whole, tolerable and healthy as far as it goes; the illustrations are good. We take it the writer means to be sober

* 'Jerks In from Short Leg,' by Quid. London: Harrison.

when he touches upon the scandalous grievance of 'professional' impertinence and overreaching. He is also quite right about Eton; but we will have a word with cricket 'tradesmen' first. There is a 'cricket schism,' that is, being interpreted, a number of men have been spoiled by a much too generous public approval; they have been well and generously treated by their betters, but their ill breeding was altogether too bad to be able to stand it. We suspect the gentlemen have only themselves to blame for giving the 'professionals' such a chance of being rude. Conceive any one absolutely 'petting' George Tarrant without expecting to see such a head very badly turned; and yet, on the supposition that he is a 'cricket celebrity,' he has with infinite impudence fancied he was 'big' enough to show his airs. We have chosen this one, not because he is the worst, but because he is the youngest; and 'Quid' will know what we mean when we say that the authorities of the M. C. C. ought at the first impertinence of Tarrant to have barred him from Lord's as long as he lived. We know what these uncivil 'celebrities' think about themselves; they are of opinion that 'gentlemen' are good 'supporters of the game,' but of very little further use, and of no use at all 'to play the game.' Now 'Quid' seems to indicate—we say 'seems,' for we are never quite sure when the funny creature is not going through his tricks—that professionals ought to be made *to know*, be made to feel, that those who build them up can pull them down. 'Professional' assurance thinks otherwise; and it is quite a mighty result for such a one as George Tarrant to be able to say, looking at his diamond rings, 'Ain't I the 'celebrated Cambridge crack? there can't be no cricket without me.' Cover such as these with rings and compliments, and what *can* you expect? Parr, Hayward, Carpenter, Tarrant—who are they? Why don't the gentlemen of England say to one another, 'These fellows shall never play in a great match 'again?' we should hear no more of 'the cricket schism.' The schismatics would very quickly want to come to terms; at this present it is commonly said amongst them, 'We can do as we like; where would the game be without us?' Where would it be? Why, in much cleaner circumstances altogether. We should be rid of the curse of the 'gate money' matches, and let us just whisper to the 'professionals' that it is becoming clearer every day that we *can* do without them. They tell us that cricket, as played by the gentlemen, isn't cricket at all. What we mean to say is, and to insist upon is, that the finished gentleman player can never be approached by the professional. We never saw but one professional who played in the easy and elegant style of the gentleman cricketer, and that one was and is Richard Daft: sensation writers talk about Carpenter's 'point' and Lockyer's wicket-keeping as something that no gentleman can touch. Has any one ever seen F. W. Wright (Rossall Wright) take 'point,' and then talked about Carpenter? We say advisedly (and we have seen Felix and King) that Mr. Wright is the finest 'point' we ever looked on. We once saw him make fifty odd at Lord's in North v. South; he was in with Richard Daft. Daft played superbly that day. It was beautiful cricket, but Wright's was the better for clean hard hitting. For brilliant play all round, we would rather see Wright play than any cricketer we ever saw. Lockyer's incessant 'playing' to the gallery may do at the Oval, where everything is 'sensational,' but we who have seen Mr. Ridding at his best would rather watch him at his worst than 'Surrey Tom.' What we are very sure of is, and what we believe 'Quid' wants to say is, Cricket can still continue to be the greatest game in the world without any 'professionals' to help it along. We must let these men see that we can very well do without them. Just to take the weakest county in England at this moment—Surrey—we could find eleven gentlemen of Surrey at this instant who would give a very bad beating to the county Eleven. We say it as the result of years of experience and of observation, that we never saw cricket played so mechanically, and with so little science, as by the leading man of the Surrey Eleven, Henry Jupp. Did any one ever look at his 'superb back play,' as the 'Penny Spasm' calls it?—falling back in the same way on every ball, putting on runs. But how? Is it cricket? Then the batting of Mr. Wright, of Mr. Lyttleton, of Mr. Buller, and of Mr. Mitchell is not cricket at all. 'Quid' is quite right, the profes-

sionals must be sent back to the place from whence they came. We are not going any more to pet men whose cricket is not worth the price in temper that they put upon it. The modern 'professional' takes upon himself to suppose that because a gaping crowd roars its approval at Lord's or the Oval, he is not merely a paid performer, but a dictator. 'Quid' says, and very properly says, that whilst these men are filling their purses they clean forget who finds the pounds. It is of no use talking to *them*; they either can't or won't understand, and it is quite time to show them that 'grand matches' can be very 'grand' indeed without their assistance. There are exceptions; for no one ever heard Jemmy Grundy set himself against anything but the 'slows.' He is the greatest professional bowler in the world; and this is not all—his head has never been turned, as have the heads of a score and more of 'big ones' that we have our eye on. 'Quid' has merely touched on this: there would have been a great deal more purpose in his Jerks if he had jerked one in sometimes with a little more directness. 'Quid' clearly doesn't love Oxford, which is perhaps a disastrous antipathy for the greatest University; but we are quite sure that 'Quid' hits the mark when he says that Eton is now so persistently beaten by Harrow only because she will not learn. It isn't the water that does it. Oxford can beat Cambridge very badly at Lord's, as well as at Putney. It isn't the ground. Cowley Marsh is quite the same as the Playing Fields. It isn't that cricket *can't* be learnt at Eton; for have not the last five years given us Mitchell and Lyttleton and Tritton? Eton ought to beat Harrow; and so Eton would, if she could rely a little less upon her traditions, and get eleven of her eight hundred to learn the game—to learn it as it is learnt at Harrow. If both schools would only learn the same lesson in the same way, we wouldn't give a great deal for the future wins of the school upon the Hill. We have drawn attention to a few of the things of which 'Quid' reminds us. There is a great deal more in the book that we cannot specify; certain of which some people will like, because it is, we suppose, very 'funny,' but not very true; certain of which others will like, because if it is not quite as 'funny' it is a deal more true. It tells us about the cricket schism, if it does not point out a remedy. It sneers at 'whatever Oxford may think.' It is quite right about the causes of the disasters to Eton at Lord's; and Eton will not do amiss to lay to heart what it says. We could wish that all this had been done seriously; that the 'jerks in' had not been so nearly all attempted jests. Nevertheless we are quite sure that 'Quid' (whose artist is clever enough with his pencil) could play a better innings than this if he would. If he couldn't, and if this is the best that a very considerable 'Quid' can do, why then the Oxford 'Harlequin' could even beat him with the cap and bells.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

Our racing season has come to a conclusion. Thanks to two members of the racing world, MM. Blount and Voisin, we had an extra day on Tuesday week, and so let the curtain fall decently over the hippic representation of 1866. Next year, heaven help us! will be the Great Exhibition year, and no doubt the races in Paris will partake of the general 'greatness' of the season. I think there should be an extra day added to the 'Grand Prix' meeting, and an International Cup, given by subscription in both countries. Then we should have the Emperor's Cup for the Grand Pigeon Handicap, and so fill up nicely a week of sport. If the French authorities would change the date of the 'Grand Prix' to Hampton week, then we should all do nicely.

The last part of our racing season has been visited by every possible alteration of climate and weather. One day we went down in summer costume, and sat under the shade of umbrellas. Next week great-coats were the order of the day, and we again sat under the shade of umbrellas, but for quite another reason. On Thursday the 18th it rained all day. There were two ladies in the stand at Chantilly, and about fifty persons, chiefly connected with the lotteries, on the course. It rained so hard that you could not see,

hear, or know a 'good thing' when it was pointed out to you. Your card got wet through, and your book was drenched to the skin, while water poured from the point of your pencil.

Changing the scene, we went the next Sunday to La Marche, and there, on a perfectly summer's day, 'assisted' at three rather uninteresting, if amusing, cross-country events. It says much for the sporting feeling of France, that so late in the season—for you know they keep running steeple-chases and hurdle-races all through the summer, and when the ground is utterly unfitted for the 'surmounting of obstacles,' and so the fore-legs of the chasers are apt to become as stale as last week's bread—they can find 4500 francs of public money, and thirty horses to contest the three events, such being the case at La Marche on Sunday week last.

At the supplementary meeting of Chantilly there was a good deal of betting on the Cambridgeshire; and although nobody would swear who was to win, yet a good many persons were willing to take an 'Affidavit' at from 15 to 20 to 1. The Sunday evening preceding the Houghton Meeting saw a regular sporting exodus, and the Great Northern of France Station was as full of the 'Cambridgeshire' as its fellow of Shoreditch.

I hear great accounts of the cover-shooting here this year, and although they do charge fifteen francs for a pheasant at the Café Anglais, those birds are very plentiful. As for roe-deer, you can get it in herds, and it is not unpleasant consumption if they grill it properly, and do not 'marine' it, *i.e.*, steep it in vinegar.

I really wish some person or persons would start a new restaurant in Paris, bringing with him some slight sense of fairness as to his charges. Of course we all know that rent, servants, and gas cost money, and must be balanced, but even those expenses will not justify the greedy proprietor charging me fifteen francs for a roast pheasant which I can buy for five, and he of course for less. I shudder to think what will be 'Exhibition prices' at the great hôtels! I fear we shall all be driven to eat horse at the Restaurant Mille Etoiles, soup, fish, four entrées, roast, fruit, dessert, a bottle of wine, and bread to discretion, two francs fifty. 'The soup does not replace itself.'

From eating to cholera is a cheerful and easy transition. I am happy to say that it has died out here now. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good says the proverb, and the proverb says truth, for this year's infliction has given us an admirable pamphlet by Dr. Shrimpton, who says that drainage and fresh air are the only preventatives against cholera; and, moreover, what is still more valuable, Roberts, the English chemist, has produced an anti-cholera mixture, which nobody has any right to be without. It is, indeed, 'a perfect cure,' as I can attest from experience.

The Court has returned from Biarritz, and all the hunting establishment is gone down to Compiègne. In my next paper I hope to give you my experiences of a gallop up the glades of that classic forest where Charles the Bold hunted, and where Joan of Arc was hunted and taken by a pack of English, managed by the Duke of Beaufort of that day. Perhaps it was in revenge for that chase that the forests of France were, two years ago, so unkind to the good sportsman who now so nobly represents that great old sporting name. Your readers, however, must not expect from me an account of a run à la Vale of Aylesbury—an hour and a half without a check, all over grass, with every second fence a river like 'an arm of the sea,' and every other one what Jem Mason used to call 'a great, new, six-barred gate, painted white.' We have nothing of that sort. No; here it is a case of *seniores priores*. The Court goes first, the courtiers follow after; in the midst are the damsels, sitting in the *chars-à-bancs*—

'The Emperor on his horse before 'em,
And on they jog with due decorum.'

Still, such as it is, I will describe it to your readers. I may, perhaps, have a word or two to say about the shooting there.

Your readers who know Paris, and are occasional visitors to the race-courses, will be interested in the fact that Mr. Jones has just opened the prettiest shop in Paris; it is, to use the words of the 'Daily Telegraph,' the

'Asprey's of Paris.' It is exactly opposite the Grand Hotel. The windows are set in Serpentine marble, the effect of which is very good, and it is a curious fact that all the building of the shop, and all that the shop contains, are English, and the work of English hands. Nearly the first object sold by Mr. Jones in his new establishment was a real work of art—a square block of crystal, carved into an enormous inkstand. M. Lunel bought it, in order to write down his 'Affidavit' bets; but the French Cambridgeshire favourite was not quite so transparently a good thing as the inkstand. Again, I particularly call your attention to a horseshoe, which, when opened, is a betting-book.

With that book in your hand, your hat slightly on one side, and a flower in your coat, you must win, or, failing that, marry an heiress. We have them here constantly on hand, only they are, I confess, rather apt to be (when tested by the fatal standard of £ s. d.) like the son of Earl H——n's groom, whom his father described 'as quite a little one, my lord, hardly worth 'keeping.'

The 'Bois' is beginning to show signs of returning life. Last week the overland detachmet of the 11th Hussars, commanded by their popular colonel, passed through Paris *en route* to Mhow, and graced our park with their manly presence—that is neatly put, I flatter myself. Paris, too, is coming back. Count Devliskine, a Russian magnate, has this year a grand turn-out, a phaeton and a pair of horses, worth a mass of malachite. He is the owner of those wonderful doors which were in England's first Exhibition, and which were profanely called 'the Spoils of the Malachites.' He, too, it was who, breakfasting once at a great restaurant, ordered a pineapple, of which he ate a slice, and for which he paid fifty francs. He paid and looked pleasant—he usually does—but he did just remark to Emile, the waiter, that he supposed pineapples were scarce in Paris. 'No, my l'rince,' replied the waiter, 'but 'Russian nobles are!'

Count de Lagrange, I am happy to say, seems to be quite 'fit' again. We have all been very sorry to see the owner of Gladiateur, and the probable winner of next year's English Derby, 'off.'

By the way, in the interest of international sport, I shall send you the list of the Vienna Jockey Club, as elected for office for the seasons of 1866-1867. While we see such names to the fore we need have no fear of a falling off of sport in regenerate Austria. Since, too, that Italy is at rest, we may expect a great stride to be taken over the Italian racecourse, for the king is not only a hero but a sportsman. This is the list of the turf magnates of Vienna:—Prince Vincent Auersperg, Baron Bethmann, Count S. Batthyany, Prince Nich. Eszterhazy, Count Nich. Eszterhazy, Count Geza Festetics, Prince Max Fürstenberg, H. E. Count Harrach, Count Josh. Hunyady, F. M. L. Baron v. Ritter, Prince Ferd. Kinsky, Count Oct. Kinsky, Prince Francis Lichtenstein, Prince Aug. Lichtenstein, Prince John Lichtenstein, Count Koloman Nako, Prince Saphia, Prince Schwarzenberg, Count Jacob Sternberg, Prince Egon Turn and Taxis, Count John Waldstein, Count Rudolph Wenkheim, Baron Bela Wenkheim, and Count Edm. Zichy. Council: Count Edm. Zichy (President), Count Harrach, Count J. Hunyady, Baron v. Ritter, Count J. Waldstein. Secretary: Herr v. Cavaliere.

The following races have been decided upon for the Spring Meeting. Open Race, Club Prize of 1,000 florins. The Emperor's Prize, first class, 1,000 ducats (about 500*l.*); ditto, second class, 600 ducats. Sweepstakes (gentlemen riders). Ambulantes Sweepstakes (200 florins entry)—all entries to be made before the 31st March. Steeplechase (about 900 florins prize). Selling Stakes (club prize, 500 florins)—entries up to 1st May. Ladies' Stakes (value about 200 ducats—I suppose this will be a plate race). Freudenauer Club Prize (1,000 florins)—entries up to 31st March. Vienna Steeplechase (about 4,000 florins)—entries up to 1st January, 1867; horses to be named for running up to 31st March. Henkel Stakes (1,000 florins)—same as last race. Citizens' Stakes (plate, about 2,000 florins in value), and Casino Stakes (about 5,000 florins)—entries for both up to 31st March.

I have to apologise to your readers for being so dull and proper, but really

they must have a little consideration. For see, it is still almost the dead season, and if you go about the Boulevards or the Bois, you see nothing but the most overwhelming respectability—now that we know can hardly be amusing! Bide a little, however, till the country-houses give up their half-dead (from *ennui*), and till cocottery is back in its natural haunts; then you shall have it, hot and strong. Not a scandal shall be spared you! Can I say any fairer than that? No! So now I wish a—

‘Fair good night,

With rosy dreams and slumbers bright ;’

and will leave you alone till December, which is the birthday of our season.

‘OUR VAN.’

THE INVOICE.—October Olla Podrida.

OCTOBER is an important month in many senses, and to many classes; for to the epicure it brings pheasants, to the lawyers declarations, and to the racing man the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, which are studied with a degree of attention something akin to that which a candidate for an Indian Writership bestows upon Sanscrit. The month also has been fertile in incidents which afford much room for reflection, and from which a useful moral may be drawn. First and foremost was the sudden death of Harry Grimshaw, who was cut off at a time when the Sporting Circles of France, Belgium, Germany, as well as his own country, were ringing with his fame, and he had attained immortality before his majority. Little, we confess, did we imagine when last month we sketched him at the Kursaal at Baden Baden, mingling with the gay, the giddy, and every class of European society, who throng to that pretty Watering Place, that within a short time all that would remain of him would be his fame. Into the causes of the accident which terminated his career so suddenly we will not too closely inquire, for reasons which will suggest themselves to other than legal minds. But it does appear strange that the jockey who had skill and strength enough to steer Gladiateur in the midst of that terrible rush of horses round Tattenham Corner at Epsom, and the Red House at Doncaster, should be unable to drive a dog-cart along a road as straight as the measured mile at Spithead, when the moon was sufficiently bright to disclose any obstacle in the way. But we much fear that the manners and customs of the jockeys of the present day are not such as to lead to the increase of their muscle, or the strength of their nerve. Ginger-beer breakfasts, as they are called, and which are mere disguises for champagne ones, are but sorry preparations for an encounter in which perhaps half a million is dependent, and where the utmost vigour and clearest intellect are required to take advantages of opportunities which constantly occur in every great race. By these remarks we would not for an instant insinuate that Fordham, Custance, Edwards, Osborne, and jockeys of that class, are ever unequal to the fulfilment of their duties to their employers. On the contrary, they set an example to those below them worthy of the strictest imitation; and if it is followed by those who are coming on, the same profitable result will flow from it. We do not wish either to argue in behalf of the asceticism of the jockeys of the former days, or to advocate the necessity of a young and growing lad confining himself to a couple of baked apples for some days in succession, in order that he may keep himself light. Nor shall we put in a word for the system of limited liability to a couple of walnuts and a bottle of soda-water, which was all that the jockey of the late Mr. Drinkald’s M. Dobler put inside him, the day previous to his riding M. Dobler for the Cesarewitch. And we are antagonistic, likewise, to the dietary of Young King at Stockbridge, which would even soften the heart of a Lambeth guardian,

which we look upon to be the hardest next to that of Pharaoh, we ever heard of. But we do think that those who have the charge of young jockeys do not exercise the control over them which they are bound to do, considering the interests that are confided to them, and which require, during the season, the exercise of the strictest sobriety, as well as abstinence from animal food beyond what is necessary to sustain the system; as it requires no Herapath to know that cheap champagne, on an empty stomach accustomed to the thin table or treacle beer of Yorkshire or Lancashire, cannot but be as injurious to the stomach of a lad, as an opium ball to the constitution of a horse. Into this subject we should not have entered so fully, but for the request of so many correspondents, who, true friends to the Turf, watch with regret and anxiety the gradual increase of an evil so much to be guarded against. And we trust our Trainers will give heed to our observations, which are penned in no unkind spirit, but with the best intentions to those upon whom the Turf is so dependent.

And now for a glance, Parthian though it be, of The Octobers, and the Houghton, which have filled both Newmarket and the Sporting Papers to an extent that would almost call up the late Mr. Ruff from his tomb at Woking, over which many regrets are passed, as the train whirls by the old school of London Sportsmen to Stockbridge or Winchester. That foreigners are treated well at Newmarket is clearly evidenced by the fact of the Eastern Counties Handicap going to France with Plutus, while the October one went to Russia with the Duke of York, whose owner, Prince Soltikoff, it may be recollected, was complimented very highly by Admiral Rous, at his Testimonial Dinner, with running his horses so straight. Achievement won the Hopeful in a manner to make those behind her be regarded as hopeless; and then Lord Lyon did just what he pleased with the Knight of the Crescent, treating the twelve pounds which he gave him as a mere bagatelle. In the 'Tri,' Saver-nake having six to one laid on him, felt bound to keep up his character and win; but the victory was bought at the expense of the St. Leger, which he literally made a present of to his northern St. Leger companion and neighbour the Knight of the Crescent. Thursday was quite a 'Collar Day' for the Knight of the Garter, who took precedence of a large lot in the Two Year Old Triennial; and when he occupied the same place in the Rutland, the 'Hermits' betrayed more satisfaction on their visages than usual, although it could not be exactly said their food was fruit, their drink the crystal well. Between the two weeks at Newmarket, the Scotch came out in great force both at Edinburgh and Kelso, the Duke of Roxburgh being quite a Lord George at the latter place, seeing that all the minutest arrangements were carried out in a proper spirit. The racing, which was very good of its kind, was sufficiently recorded at the time; and, beyond the fact of Mr. Masterman, not unknown to the Turf police, being warned off the course for contempt of court in grossly insulting Judge Johnson, we have nothing to add to the already published reports of the Meetings. The Second October was one which will never be forgotten either at Newmarket or Danebury, for never before was the argument that the Heath was the pleasure ground of the Jockey Club, to be used for themselves and their particular friends, so completely demolished. As, from an early hour, the excursion trains, north, east, west, and south, poured in their hundreds of third classers, who roamed about on the Heath when and where they liked, understanding nothing they saw, and being as ignorant of the manners and customs of that sacred spot, as the late Captain Cook of the Atlantic cable. Bad as was this sample, when the five shilling Shoreditch train came in, matters were ten times worse, as the shopkeepers afterwards found to their cost. First came the smashers of Clerkenwell, then the bird-fanciers of Bethnal Green, who, as was natural, backed the Birdcatcher blood throughout the

afternoon. To these succeeded 'the cracksmen of the Hackney Road,' a stalwart race of men, whose legs, if their stockings had been taken off, would all of them have disclosed the ring mark. Fit and ready for any enterprise, they would have nailed up the favourite in his box, or broken into it and got at him for a fiver. The dock labourers of East Smithfield, not quite so dangerous, but more larking in their character, were the next division, and their animal spirits led them into no end of breaches of etiquette, which made some of the natives shudder, and almost anticipate an earthquake. For they poked fun at Martin Starling, who was redder than his own coat, and when he heard unique epithets applied to names hitherto only mentioned in his presence with breathless awe and veneration, anxious fears were entertained lest apoplexy should come on ; and the humane and clever Mr. Faircloth refused to leave the Heath until all fear of danger was removed. In fact The People were in possession of the Heath, and kept it, we need not say, to the annoyance of that section of the Club, who would rather convert it into Kensington Gardens than Kennington Common. Powerless they sat on their hacks, and watched the course broken into, and their own forces being as unable to cope with them as Custance would be with Jem Mace or Joe Goss. At one time it was suggested, we believe, to warn off the inhabitants of the offending districts in masses, by getting notices distributed through the parish registers, or Post Office Directories, but the difficulty of detecting the offenders was so great, that the idea fell to the ground ; and they were compelled to endure that which they could not prevent with the best possible grace, which was not very pleasant for them as owners of the soil. But in truth nowhere has the spirit of progress made such way as at the metropolis of the Turf, and all its *agrémens* upon which it prided itself so justly, are swept away never to return. Of lady equestrians we are bound to admit there is an increase, but the contrast in the vehicles is lamentable to witness. Formerly, nothing less than a Long Acre britschka, a yellow boulder from the Rutland or White Hart (now most probably converted into hen-roosts) could be seen, whereas, at the time of which we write, the procession of carriages is made up of cabs from the Strand, go-carts with the tail down, waggonettes at shilling fares, and those curious compounds of gigs and four wheels for which no befitting name can be found. To resist this band of invaders the whole disposable force of the Jockey Club we believe to consist of Martin Starling, three full privates armed with dog-whips, and one donkey driver. Brave as the Admiral is, we doubt whether he would like to provoke a collision on the Heath with such disparity of resources, because certain defeat would await him, and the capture and detention of Martin Starling would be a blow the Conservative Section of the Club would never recover. Therefore, if Newmarket Heath is to be preserved as in days of yore, when if a man sneezed or coughed too much, he ran the risk of being told to go home, there must be a vast increase in the forces, and a vote taken for them ; otherwise palisades must be erected, and admission obtained by ticket. It may be asked, what is the cause of this new state of things, which is so earnestly deplored by those who recollect Newmarket in its pristine beauty ; and we do not hesitate to assert it has been caused in a great measure by the Press, in retaliation for the way it has been treated in that town, within the last quarter of a century, and which would be a reproach to Finland. The Press, then, especially the cheap portion of it—we do not use the phrase in a sneering or contemptuous spirit—smarting under their wrongs, conceived the idea of putting an end to pretensions more arrogant than those of Bismarck, by pointing out to the million the delights of Newmarket, and assuring them that nowhere else could racing be witnessed in such perfection, and inviting them to see it. At first, their arguments, which were addressed to the lower orders of the North were little heeded ; but the agitators still went on with what they pretended to

be their mission, and as a drop of water falling on a stone will wear it away in time, so by weekly appeals to the passions of these uneducated men—all gamblers at heart—a sort of longing for Newmarket, such as inspires a Mussulman for Mecca, was created. The high fares for the pilgrimage were of course a powerful obstacle to the gratifying of this desire ; but the promoters, if we may so use the term, got over this barrier by appeals to the cupidity of the Railway Directors, and suggesting there was no valid cause why the working man should be shut out from the Cesarewitch more than the Peer, and how ready they would be to avail themselves of a cheap mode of conveyance. The bait took, and excursion trains were advertised, at fabulous rates, which filled in a fabulous manner, not only the carriages, but the Heath itself. The same policy was observed in the South, and with the same result, the Great Eastern, with a degree of liberality which only their shareholders we fear will appreciate, granting their five-shilling friends nine hours at Newmarket, as the London Brighton and South Coast extend to their humble customers at Brighton. We have indulged in these remarks in no hostile spirit to any person or class, but solely because they are warranted as illustrating very clearly the changes in the age in which we live, as well as the influence of the Press on the lower orders.

The Cesarewitch needs very little description ; but without betraying the secrets of Danebury, or stating that John Day was all 'in the blues' before it came off, we may say that not even in Pyrrhus the First's year was victory so welcome, for in addition to its pecuniary results, it was achieved under circumstances that rendered it doubly valuable. For who would suppose that a barefooted pony like Lecturer could bring into the stable more money after a gallop of less than five minutes than any of the great cracks that the Day family have had under their charge ? Entertaining, as we do, the highest respect for John Day, we are bound to admit he is strongly opiniated ; still, we will answer for it, he will pay the most breathless attention to a similar Lecturer, should one ever present himself again to his notice. Singular enough with all the great races which the Danebury stable have won, and they have carried off no less than a hundred and four this year, which is the greatest number ever known to have been done by one establishment, they should never have got hold of a Cesarewitch since Ilionia's year, when there was a sad lack of corn in Egypt. As for the Marquis of Hastings's luck in landing nearly seventy thousand pounds when the clouds were supposed to be gathering around him, we can only compare it to that of Charlotte Winsor, who got into Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors while alive, and on two occasions beat Calcraft by a neck. All the stable, from the Duke to the Secretary, the latter of whom having been so often bent, if not broken, people were delighted to see now thoroughly repaired and made water-tight, got their slice of this rich pudding in proportion to their qualifications, and few, if any, of the losers, grudged it to them. The discourse of the Lecturer was profitable also in another way, as it cleared the stable of certain impediments in the way of getting on its money, and henceforth, if we mistake not, the Danebury horses will not be at the same short price at which they have been for the last two or three years, and for which the Marquis of Hastings has been made responsible, as the channels have now been blocked up as effectually as the entrance to Sebastopol. The part of the Commissioner on this occasion was intrusted for the first time to Mr. Foy, who was called with the rest of the company before the curtain at the end of the piece. It does not say much for the morality of the Newmarket folks to state they were 'Lotharios' to a man ; but as the ladies did not complain, we ought not to throw the first stone ; and by his getting second, there can be no question that Savernake was all right when they met in the previous week. With Proserpine, the hope of Lyttleton, Lord Frederick made a desperate effort to ravish the stakes, and aided by Mr.

Craven with Mr. Ten Broeck's watch, he very nearly succeeded in his attempt; and had Kenyon been up, we are inclined to think, in his own language, he would have 'copped the stuff.' We know a growing opinion prevails that his Lordship is training off, and fast giving way to the inroads of the new school on his particular line of business. We fancy, however, his management of Proserpine for this race, and her sale for the Cambridgeshire, proves he is in rare form, and only needs the proper tools to work with to fully sustain his public character. Poor Mr. Graham was like the hare with many friends, and verified the old saying of unstable as water thou shalt not succeed. From the moment the weights were out until the falling of the flag he was badgered about his horses to an extent few owners would submit to; and although we are no apologist for his frequent changes of mind, and other proceedings, we are satisfied they arose from mere errors of judgment, and from no dishonest intentions. As we have almost invariably seen, when so much fuss is made about a horse as there was with Chepstow, he invariably comes to grief. And so it was here, for he ran himself to a standstill in the race for a mile and a half, when he died away, only to find himself first favourite for the Cambridgeshire. Jollity's running was so bad that Godding's countenance became paler than ever Lord Glasgow saw it before, and The Potomac overflowed its banks. And so ended the Cesarewitch, which, for a second year in succession, went into Hampshire. The Clearwell was scarcely less important in its results than the Cesarewitch, for it saw Achievement's colours lowered by Plaudit amidst as much excitement as was exhibited in the other great race to which we refer. The result, it is said, ought to have been reversed if Custance had not mistaken the winning-post; but we consider him to be too old a soldier for that, and imagine she was fairly beaten on her merits. Of Plaudit we can only repeat what we said after the Stockton running in these pages, that he was the only horse that was likely to stretch Achievement's neck, which he did with a vengeance; and as we know his legs are all right, we shall continue to stand upon him for the Derby, unless better cause is shown to the contrary than is at present by his opponents. The Rake's progress in the Middle Park (how is it, we should like to know, that rakes are always wandering about parks in search of achievements of some kind or another?) was startling in the extreme to those who had been told beforehand he had been tried a very moderate horse. Sir Frederick, however, who did part of the commission, and to 'catch' whom is about as difficult as to shave a weasel's eyebrows when asleep, was not to be stalled off backing him for the Derby, in spite of the advice that was given him to the contrary. Being a Blenkiron, he was led back in triumph by his namesake; and as we understand he is from six to eight pounds better than Friponnier, and moreover in make and shape a perfect Derby horse, we see no reason why he should not remain in his present office until the division for the Two Thousand takes place. In the Select Stakes Lord Lyon gave Strathconan and Mr. Pitt a nice steady gallop, receiving for it the sum of three hundred and twenty-five pounds, and he did not go faster than on the Limekilns of a morning. Mat Dawson would indeed have lost all form if he had not have credited the Duke with one two-year old stake during the week, and accordingly he selected the Prendergast, one of the regular old-fashioned ones, for which he sent Pericles, who fulfilled his mission; and as he was some way behind Julius at home, the hopes of the latter being a regular 'Cæsar' became greater. And thus ended the Second October.

Cheltenham, once the gayest of all Provincial meetings, and regularly patronised by all the Gloucestershire folk, as by the London fashionables, such as Lords Chesterfield, Lichfield, Count D'Orsay, and that set, woke up from its slumbers, and by the exertions of Messrs. Reginald Herbert, Fothergill,

Rowlands, F. La Terriere, and M. E. Griffiths, a real good day's sport was got up, which next year will be extended to a couple. The Duke of Hamilton's patronage was secured, and his winning his pony match with Mr. Griffiths seemed to delight the crowd as much as himself, although it exposed him to a reprimand from the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' on the ground that fifteen stone was too much for any pony to carry. However, the next match he makes at the 'Queen of Watering Places,' we have no doubt will be with welter weights.

The veriest racing gourmand—we believe we employ the usual orthodox expression—must have been pretty near shut up as the cloth was removed from The Houghton table. Its most remarkable features were the revivals of Achievement (who, like a sick child, had been sent home to be nursed by its own attendant), and also of Vauban, who was quite himself again, and took the liberty of putting a good stake into the Duke of Beaufort's pocket, without letting him know of his intention to do so. Then Viridis was good enough to beat all the rubbish that ran in each of the Nurseries, and to win for the Guardsmen to whom she belongs enough to purchase the Colonelcies of their Battalions. Then poor Mr. Graham was again done in the Cambridgeshire by the cheek of Chepstow's bridle breaking, which maddened him so that he ran all over the course, boring so against the others that he was soon done with, when but for the accident he could not possibly have lost, judging by the position of Caithness. And if this were not sufficiently annoying, he had to bear the taunt of being suspected 'in high quarters' of never having the slightest intention of winning with the Brother to Chattanooga, but to be going all along for Caithness. And when he offered to send the broken bit to Weatherby to be examined by the Handicapper, it was refused, which we cannot help fancying to be rather too much in the Sir William Mansfield line to meet with approval in the Racing World. Better for him it would have been if Caithness had not got a place, for no one would believe, unless they saw the trial books, that Chepstow could beat him even at even weights, and we will guarantee every friend of Mr. Graham's stood upon Chepstow, whatever may be alleged to the contrary; and he himself had only a trifle on the Doncaster winners. However, if a man is to pay the slightest attention to all the sayings and doings of ill-natured losers on his horse, he had either better cut the Turf, or his own throat. On the Monday night previous to the race, Mr. Buckstone should have been present to witness how numerous and fond were the votaries of Thalia, who, if she had only won, would have added largely to "the Monks" in the Lubbenham Monastery. Like her namesake, she wore her mask to the last. As for the winner, she earned her step deservedly, for she took it almost by gradations, as in a Regiment, and a more popular verdict has been seldom recorded. Proserpine cut but a very poor figure; and the Affidavits taken by the French Division were not to be believed, and when filed they will not bear referring to. Another feature in the week we cannot help referring to, because of its vital importance to Newmarket and the Turf. We allude to the treatment which Mr. Clark received from the roughs on two occasions, on which his decisions did not agree with the views of the blackguards who surrounded his box, and threatened him with personal violence if he did not alter them. It is needless to say he was not likely to comply with such a demand, but it is monstrous he should be exposed to it, and rather hard that the miscreants should go unpunished, and never interfered with. Usually the Club are not so lax in enforcing their rights as owners; and surely the Majesty of the Law ought at least to be respected, and the flagrant contempt of court punished as it deserved, for we have not the slightest desire to see American rowdyism introduced on the Course which the Prince of Wales will come so far to visit. Next month we shall enter upon the Hybrid Season, redolent to us of colds, influenzas, and

racing by gaslight; but with the list of fixtures before us many a book and pencil will be worn out before we again commence packing 'Our Van;' and if any parcels of entertaining matter should come to hand, they shall be included in the Invoice.

In our next, hunting will have set in in earnest; but in Hampshire we learn that Lord Poulett's hounds, the Hambledon, have had a few fair gallops, and that in the beginning of the month they were inspected by five Masters of Hounds, who made a most favourable report of them. We hear that in Yorkshire the weather has been suitable for cub-hunting, and nothing else. All the Packs have been doing good work since the corn has been got out of the way. But York is a trifle dull, no cavalry regiment being stationed in that pleasant old city and good hunting quarter. That the splendid barracks, newly built, with every convenience for the officers and men, married and single, should be standing empty, is a great subject of regret. For it is such quarters as these that make gentlemen like the army, and smart young men 'list.' Being allowed to rot at Aldershot is hateful to all. Sir Charles Slingsby is in great force, and has been gobbling up cubs fast enough to please the gamekeepers; and his young hounds are ready for real business. The Bramham Moor have killed a fair allowance of cubs, and in the last three weeks had some good runs over the open. The 'thrusting' division are pleased to see that Goodall has lost none of his jumping power, but the deep ground and dark state of the country will be a caution to some. Much disappointment is felt in this very 'excited' and sporting part of Yorkshire, in consequence of the Prince of Wales being unable to pay his promised visit to Lord Londesborough at Grimston Park. Every man, woman, and child in old-fashioned Yorkshire thinks Foxhunting and Racing the only real sports, and Shooting merely a healthy exercise on a clear frosty winter's day, when it's 'over 'hard for't dogs.' 'Well, Bill, where's t'bound?' 'Whoy, t'Squire's going 'to shooit t'ould wood, and I mun go help 'em to bush bear't a bit.' Honest, smell-dog, muzzle-loading Squire! Your litters of cubs will this winter afford amusement to hundreds of horse and foot. And we cordially trust you may never be led into the absurd and selfish practice of crumpled-tailed pheasants, and the fox when the hounds come. Had the Prince of Wales come to Yorkshire he would have seen in Sir Charles Slingsby a first-rate gentleman huntsman; and with Mr. Lane Fox he would have seen all Leeds on horseback, loyal to the backbone.

Captain Fairfax, a good sportsman, descended from 'Black Tom,' who rode over Marston Moor in the days of Cromwell, has established a pack of harriers, and hunts every mortal thing in the neighbourhood of Harrogate. There is a piece of rough country near that popular and well-hoteled Spa, rather wide of foxhounds. Therefore, Captain Fairfax, being a philanthropist, felt sorry for those who could not conveniently reach foxhounds every day. Out of gratitude for his enterprising spirit, the town has built him a kennel, and his spirited undertaking deserves support. Melton men, anxious for some fresh game, we advise to go and try to ride over this fine wild open country. There is room to ride, and the greedy Guardsman is a customer not easily out-jumped. By-the-by, Lecturer, bred by Sir Tatton, and his owner, 'Peter the Great,' (late Poor Peter) both bred on Bramham Moor, by the nephew of that first-rate man, so well known at Newmarket as 'Kit Wilson, the Father of the Turf,' were successes. And we are glad to learn this gay young hero gave his friends the office, and all Weatherby won on the Cesarewitch, from the Sporting Parson hard by, down to the chemist and druggist. Cub-hunting, however, has not been without its *disagréments*, as both Lady Mary Fitzwilliam and Mr. Standish, the Master of the Hursley, have met with rather serious accidents while engaged in it.

Although the wickets have been drawn, flannel jackets put by, and tents

gone into winter quarters, we must notice the spirit of Public Schoolmen in support of their old schools, and a remarkable instance of it has just occurred at Harrow. A few months back the proprietor of the ground upon which the younger boys played cricket, gave notice to the school that the field was about to be built over. This intention, if carried out, would have affected the old cricket ground to such an extent that it would have become necessary to abandon that ground likewise. The amount required to rescue it from the hands of the builder was excessive, but, by the soul of Byron, such a desecration of old Roxeth Common was not to be suffered. A subscription was at once commenced, the Head Master, an old Harrovian, heading the list with the munificent sum of 1000*l*. It was at a time of year when the world, generally, is away upon its vacation rambles; but the chord was touched, and it sent forth no uncertain sound. From moor and loch-side, from deck of yacht, from hall and from vicarage, poured in gifts of various degree. Men of every age, from the friends of Byron down to the companions of Charley Buller, all contributed; and, at the time of our going to press, but a few hundreds were wanting to make up the required amount. It is needless to state we shall rejoice to announce, in a future number, the complete success of this spirited proceeding.

Our Obituary List we regret to find so long, and to contain so many well-known characters, whose career we must trace, so far as they have been before the public. Mr. Charles Martin's loss will long be remembered both in the Coffee-room at Newmarket, and in every country-house he was wont to visit. Kind and amiable in his disposition, so harmless was he, that, by way of anti-thesis, he was familiarly called 'The General;' but his victories were solely over the whist-table, where he earned his honours. Whenever he could do a kind action or say a good word of a human being he was sure to do so, and his own particular set are not likely to replace him. Mr. Martin was a gentleman of good fortune, and had extensive estates near Bordeaux, and the clarets from them enjoy a very high reputation in this country. Jack Dixon, as the Stockbridge people would always call him, was a horse of quite a different colour, and as strange a character as we ever came across in the course of our wanderings. He was originally a cheesemonger in a large way of business at Knightsbridge, and when trotting was in vogue, he owned Nonpareil, and some other smart animals whose names at this time we cannot call to mind. He also had some horses in training, and ran second twice for the Oaks with Meal, by Bran, and with Kathleen. He likewise won the Two-Year Old Stakes at Ascot with Blarney, when William Day who rode him beat Frank Butler on William the Conqueror, a strong Goodwood favourite; and this piece of jockeyship on 'William's' part very nearly upset the equilibrium of honest John, who went roaring about it all over the inclosure afterwards. On retiring from business, the subject of our sketch took up his abode at Stockbridge, where he was wont to wander over the Downs in a plaid suit, that gave him the appearance of a hard-up Macbeth, especially as he was the most insatiable dunner for cigars and snuff. In fact, when he was out, he was as dangerous among the former as a blackbird in a currant bush, or a magpie amid silver spoons. And when newspaper Editors were wont to send him stamped envelopes for inquiries, they never saw them returned, but he always appropriated them to his own use, and had a morbid vanity in boasting of it. Though so nearly allied with the House of Danebury, the relations between them were never of a very cordial nature, particularly since the Cineas affair, which was very nearly fatal to his fortunes. He saw but few persons within his doors, but was hospitable enough to those who had the privilege of the *entrée*. It was strange that he had his affairs set in order on the Monday, as he said he should die on the Wednesday following; and he was very nearly right in his prediction, for he expired on the Thursday. His son-in-law, a species of clerk in the Ottoman Embassy, was left his execu-

tor, but his will has not yet appeared in the columns of the 'Illustrated London News,' so nothing is known of its contents. Poor Jem Mason, after enduring frightful tortures, his throat having been opened, and a silver pipe inserted that he might swallow, is at length released; nor could his friends regret, for few, even the most staunch, had the courage to witness them. Filling such a position in steeple-chase history, we shall in our next devote that space to him which his merits deserve, and will, therefore, only state now that to the very latest moment of his life, corn, wine, and oil may be said to have been used in abundance to bind up his wounds, and at last he expired without a struggle, the wick of life being fairly burnt out. Strange that within the space of three days he should have been followed by that other eminent sportsman Charles Davis, who must not be dismissed in the few lines now at our disposal. So he, with his companion in arms, must stand over until next month for dissection and illustration. General news is not very stirring, but many noblemen and gentlemen have been weeding their studs, and rather than pay the hay and corn for them for the winter, they have wisely given them away. The Duke of Hamilton's affairs, which we hear were in a most inextricable state of confusion, have been handed over to Mr. Padwick for settlement, and he has been appointed Receiver-General of his vast estates, with the full approval of his mother, the Princess Marie, and his other trustee, the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. Having completed this somewhat difficult task, the master mind of Hill Street will, it is said, next be employed in readjusting the finances of Mexico, and getting the Emperor Maximilian a little ready money to go on with, besides satisfying the most pressing of his hungry creditors. And if he can save an empire, his triumph as a financier and benefactor will be complete.

Since the sudden death of Grimshaw, whose wife participates in the policy taken out by her husband in the International Life Assurance Society, which guards against all descriptions of accidents, there has been quite a run upon it by his comrades, who now see the advantages it possesses, and are acute enough to avail themselves of them. That it can stay as long as Rama we can vouch; and we conceive we are only rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's in calling special attention to it at the time when the steeple-chase and hunting season has set in. Mrs. Hart's book, entitled 'Hena, or Life in Tahite,' we have not space to notice, save that it is charmingly written, and describes a place where those who have lost on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire would like to winter, for, amid the charms of the dusky beauties even Actæa and Proserpine would soon be forgotten, and fresh favourites created. Professor Gamgee's hoof ointment is going off like wildfire, and all who have used it speak highly of its beneficial effects on their horses, so we would say to our readers, give it one trial and judge for yourselves.

Want of time has prevented us as yet visiting the Theatre Royal, Holborn, to witness the 'Flying Scud,' but ere long we hope to do so, and give our readers an idea of it. In the meanwhile, from what has reached us, we must say Mr. Boucicault should have notified in the bills 'that the action of the piece is supposed to commence after the death of the Hon. Admiral Rous, and the total extinction of the house of Weatherby,' inasmuch as Flying Scud runs and wins the Derby as a four-year old, and his brother, a three-year old, is permitted to start also, with an allowance of five pounds for the year. We think we have said enough to justify our remark, but more anon.

In the City, during the winter nights, billiards promise to be very fashionable, as Mr. Ishmael Fisher, of the Albert Club, has put up a new Burroughes and Watt table, and is about to engage the best professional players for his soirées at that popular resort of racing men.

N.B. Will the Captains of Public Schools, who have not yet sent in their cricket averages, be good enough to do so at their earliest convenience?

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and Turf Guide.

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DECEMBER, 1866.

Vol. XII.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNT CURZON, M.P.

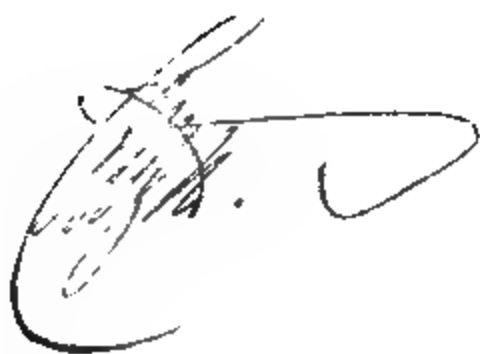
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1866.

DIARY FOR DECEMBER, 1866.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	Meetings at the Albert and Victoria Clubs.
2	S	ADVENT SUNDAY.
3	M	Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.
4	Tu	Reading Steeple Chases.
5	W	Reading Steeple Chases, and Ashdown Coursing Meeting.
6	Th	Donnington Park and Uxbridge Steeple Chases. [Meeting.
7	F	Donnington Park and Uxbridge Steeple Chases and Ashdown Co.
8	S	Settling Day at Albert and Victoria Clubs.
9	S	SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
10	M	Grouse Shooting ends.
11	Tu	Kingsbury Steeple Chase.
12	W	Wellesbourne Coursing Meeting.
13	Th	Elm Coursing Meeting.
14	F	Sundorne and Horne Coursing Meeting.
15	S	Sundorne and Horne Coursing Meeting.
16	S	THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
17	M	Cockermouth and Kenilworth Coursing Meetings.
18	Tu	Cockermouth and Kenilworth Coursing Meetings.
19	W	Leinster Club Coursing Meeting.
20	Th	Amicable Club Coursing Meeting.
21	F	Amicable Club Coursing Meeting.
22	S	Anniversary of the Birth of Holcroft, the Jockey Dramatist.
23	S	FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
24	M	Christmas Eve.
25	Tu	CHRISTMAS DAY.
26	W	Ealing Steeple Chases.
27	Th	Ealing Steeple Chases.
28	F	Corrie Coursing Meeting.
29	S	Billiard Match at Albert Club.
30	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.
31	M	Sale of Blood Stock at Tattersall's.

A handwritten signature or mark, possibly a stylized 'S' or 'J', located at the bottom center of the page. It consists of a large, loopy initial followed by a smaller, more defined character.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

or

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VISCOUNT CURZON, M.P.

HIGH among the popular and fashionable Masters of Foxhounds of the present day ranks the above nobleman, who succeeded, a few years back, Mr. Selby Lowndes in the Mastership of the Atherstone ; and, as we have gone through the ranks of the senior M.F.H.s, his Lordship comes on in rotation for illustration and record.

Lord Curzon is the eldest son of the Earl Howe, the descendant of the well-known Admiral of that name, who fought the celebrated Naval Action which bears his name to this hour, and which is ranked in the chronicles of our Fleet as being on a par, in point of importance, with that of the Nile, and Sir John Jervis, afterwards better known as Lord St. Vincent. The subject of our sketch was educated at Eton, and Christchurch, and has sat in Parliament for South Leicestershire, where the family estates are situated, for some years. Lord Curzon's career as a sportsman is not difficult to trace, for it has been confined to the Atherstone, in connection with which he has been brought by force of natural circumstances. For a young nobleman, who was not a member of a family which had produced previous Masters of Foxhounds, to enter upon a country which had been hunted by Mr. Osbaldeston, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. Anstruther Thompson, Lord Anson, and Mr. Selby Lowndes, was submitting himself to be tried to a very high form. And he may be said to have succeeded as well as could be expected, considering that when he came into possession of the country he was like the heir to a dilapidated estate, for all he could boast of having were the bare walls of a kennel, built with that lavish regard to expense which so characterized the late Lord Anson, or, as we should more correctly state, Lord Lichfield. Still, where there is a direct communication between the heart and the pocket, with a Terminus at the Bank, both kennels and stables are never very long tenantless ; so by drafts from Mr. Meynell Ingram, the North Warwickshire, and the South Wilts, the former were refilled, while John Darby, of Rugby, was the recruiting officer for the latter, and it is needless to say with the very best results to all parties concerned ; for during the four seasons Lord Curzon has

carried the horn, the turn-out of horses and hounds have been such as to convey, to those who have hunted with him, the impression that he knows his business better than could have been conjectured from his short apprenticeship, while the good feeling which prevails in the Hunt is much strengthened by his conduct in the field, which combines courtesy with firmness; consequently what is termed 'a scene in the Atherstone Country' is an unheard-of event. For some time the Atherstone were almost as dire sufferers from kennel lameness as Her Majesty's staghounds, owing to the nature of the foundations; but by adopting the plan of the late Charles Davis, at Ascot, of having the floors of the lodging-houses taken up, the subsoil taken up, and yellow clay substituted, the disorder has been in a great measure remedied. In the field Lord Curzon makes no pretensions to being a bruising rider, but he is invariably near enough to his hounds to know what they are about; and with Dickens for his huntsman, and a stud of twenty-three first-class hunters, he has shown himself equal to the occasion; and when his Mastership terminates, it will be said to be one of the pleasantest and best done of any in the annals of the Atherstone. Lord Curzon, we should add, is married to Miss Sturt, daughter of the late Mr. H. G. Sturt, of Critchill, and is, moreover, brother to the Duchess of Beaufort, the Countess of Westmorland, and the Hon. Lady Kingscote; but although thus associated with such distinguished racing families, he has never evinced any taste for the Turf.

WHAT'S WHAT IN PARIS.

I HAVE told you many things to eat, drink, and avoid; many spectacles to visit, many amusements (heaven save the mark!) to avoid; but there is one other performance which I must insist on your attending, weather and season permitting,—moreover, a description of it is peculiarly fitted for the pages of 'Baily.' If in Paris, in the early winter season, your gentle reader should be sure to inquire if the Court is at Compiègne. Finding that it is so, then your G. R. should hire a horse—you can get a very good one at John Hawes's—and go down to see one of the great stag-hunts of the Imperial pack. If it was like any other hunting in the world, it would not be worth any of your readers going to see, but it is purely *sui generis*, a thing of itself and by itself, and as a spectacle not to be equalled. The public can attend the meet just as it can with the Quorn or the Duke, and the way of getting there from Paris is this.—You send your horse down by the 7.30 train of the Great Northern of France, and go down yourself by the 'Special Compiègne service,'—during the residence of the Court there is a train from Paris at 9 A.M., and from Compiègne at 9.50 P.M. In an hour and a half you are safely delivered at the Hôtel de la Cloche, one of the very few remaining really old French Hostels which railroads and improvements have

spared. The 'Cloche'—which I suppose we must compare to the 'George' at Melton—has capital bedrooms, and very good cuisine, and a waiter who is a 'droll,' a 'farceur,' and whose picture is duly paraded on the walls; he hands you your 'little addition' with a smile, and cuts a caper when he brings you your change.

As you eat your breakfast, you see signs of the season. Men eat their food hastily; care-worn grooms keep coming in to whisper very soft nothings in their masters' ears. The dress of the 'Hunt' is gorgeous to the *nth*! A three-cornered cocked hat, just like that one which Dick Turpin wore when he stopped our revered grandsires on Hounslow Heath; a green velvet frock-coat covered with gold lace; buckskins, jack-boots, and heavy spurs, the whole to conclude with a *couteau de chasse*. Pretty, is it not? and very like the last scene in a play. These well-dressed squires affect the 'Cloche;' you may see them at breakfast by dozens. Sportsmen arrive from Paris, and from the neighbourhood of Compiègne, in costumes which exceed the powers of this poor pen. You eat your *dejeuner*, take your coffee, and that *chasse* which in England I have heard called 'jumping powder,' light the inevitable cigar, and ride off to the Puits-du-Roi, a crack meet about two miles from the Forest.

The Forest of Compiègne, which covers about 30,000 acres, is simply glorious, and abounds with red deer and boar. The Imperial pack hunt once or twice a week during the season; and the Marquis de Laigle has three days a week with his boar-hounds.

It would be hard to exaggerate the splendour of the spectacle afforded by a meet of the Emperor's stag-hounds at the Puits-du-Roi. An immense circle, from which radiate some ten wide avenues, is cleared in the centre of a forest which, for beauty of autumn colouring, is unequalled even in the Dukeries of England. Here you see as fine a pack of hounds as you can get together. I will not speak of the servants; to our ideas they are theatrical, meretricious, anything but workmanlike. Those enormous horns, those hunting-knives, those curious boots, are picturesque—yes! but scarcely workmanlike. The stud and the grooms, however, are beyond praise. Where General Fleury finds, and how Mr. Gamble keeps in such condition so many fine horses, is, as a servant once observed to me, 'not only a miracle, sir, but a wonder, sir; 'not only a wonder, sir, but quite odd!'

Scores of neatly-dressed boys come jogging up at that wonderful 'butter and eggs' pace, with scores of hunters, on any one of which your humble Contributor would accept a mount, even at Thorpe Gorse, *apud* the Fitzwilliam (if the fences are not big enough for you there, then you *are* a glutton), without asking a question. Round the open space is ranged all that is best looking at the Court of the Empress Eugenie—it is saying no little. In carriages, in *chars-au-banc*, on horseback, or walking,—you have them round you—goddesses of the chase. Upon my honour, I think that that 'hunting 'swell' about whom there was some scandal, you know, ;

'Canibus preda fit ipse suis,'

and that sort of thing, was not very far wrong in his little intrusion. Beauty on every side, and the Imperial Queen of Beauty towering over them all—indeed, ‘Facile princeps.’

It is also very pleasant to see the Emperor, evidently recalling the days when he ‘corked’ with the ‘Queens,’ in those days of Davis, D’Orsay, Lord Pembroke’s coach, &c., and ‘ground’ seriously over Leicestershire, scanning, with no idle or inexperienced glance, his pack, and running his eye over the shape and condition of the stud. Perhaps, with a sigh, he turns to the troubles of kingly life, and thinks once more of those happy days when, to use the words he only lately uttered, ‘He was in England; in that England where I ‘was so happy and so free!’ Well! this meet is a glorious sight, and all lovers of sport and admirers of woodland scenery should go there once at least. I should just add, perhaps, that in my opinion, any one who does not love the ‘Chase,’ and cannot worship with a silent admiration the tranquil and varied beauty of winter woodlands, is no fitting reader for ‘Baily’—is, in fact, no hero, no poet,—a duffer!

As I cantered lately up those glorious rides of Compiègne, I felt as keen for hunting as when I rode my first screw—he and I were of the same standing, ætat. 18, and they called him ‘The Creeper.’ When I jogged quietly home, up rides lighted by the setting sun, I felt that small modicum of poetry which, according to Mr. Whyte Melville, is the share of every man who loves to grind over a country, effervesce. As for the actual sport, perhaps it is better not to say too much. ‘What’s sport to you is death to us,’ said the frogs to the boys. I fancy a gallop up a grass ride would be nearly death to our rising (and falling) generation, who love twenty minutes over grass, and an impossible fence every three seconds. Still, I say of the woodland gallop what the highwayman said of Hounslow Heath, ‘A canter by moonlight, you dog,’ (this to the parson) ‘it was delicious!’

The form of hunting is mediæval. You don’t draw for your deer—this, perhaps, in a covert of 30,000 acres would be impossible; you spot him by a sporting tout,

‘So early in the morning,
Before the break of day.’

Then you ‘attack’ him with a couple of hounds; when they have roused him, and are getting steadily on his line, comes another instance of the knowledge of the Roman poet—

‘Sic vos, non vobis.’

Just as the two working couple have settled down to the line, two great men, with horns twisted round them like the serpents in that group of ‘Laocoon’ (which Pliny says was carved out of one block of stone) which we love to look at in the ‘Uffizzi’ of Florence, begin to play up, and then suddenly comes a canine avalanche, and whole ‘bunches’ of hounds are loosed on the scent.

Then you gallop for hours through grass rides which cannot be

surpassed. One element of hunting is wanting—there is ‘the devil a fence,’ as our ‘lepping brothers’ in Ireland would have it; and I confess that, personally, I would as soon hunt a rabbit in a hutch as a fox without fencing.

At every corner is a man with a horn, on which he—

‘Merrily sounds his roundelay;’

having, [no doubt, good reasons for so doing, though ‘what those reasons are is thoroughly ‘Greek’ to the humble and less demonstrative fox-hunter.

I confess you get glorious gallops; and to see the late Duc de Morny’s trainer sending along a thoroughbred just fresh from training is a sight! How the ‘Dutchman’ blood can sail away when it gets a chance over the flat! Even the hounds—a good lot got from the best English kennels—could not give the son of our old ‘Flyer’ too much to do.

The ‘riding’ at this ‘wicked hunt,’ as they would call it, bedad, in Ireland, is certainly more curious than pleasing. When I saw heavy military riders with the most reckless seats, loose reins, and long spurs, which worked, I fancy, often without the knowledge of their wearers, I thought of Mr. Gamble, his horses, their condition, and then I wept! The take of a stag here is a sight not usual to English eyes. When the pack brings the quarry to bay a whip gets off his horse, loads a small rifle, and proceeds to ‘pot’ the wretched stag. It is, of course, a fragment of barbarity. They would have done the same in the celebrated ‘run’ in the ‘Lady of the Lake,’ if that run had been followed by a ‘take;’ but we know that then the noble animal

‘In the deep Trosachs’ wildest nook
His solitary refuge took;
There, while close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dew and wild flowers on his head:
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rove through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again;’

and so there was no kill and no *cureé*. I come to that next. Reader of ‘Baily,’ have you ever seen a *curée*? Do you know what it is? Answer—‘No.’ Well, then, my young friend, I will try to tell you.

At Compiègne is a palace which occupies three sides of a great square, the fourth side being the grand entrance. There is a large courtyard, to which, on happy hunting nights (*i. e.*, when there has been a kill) the public is admitted at eight o’clock. The public, availing itself of that kind permission, enters at eight o’clock precisely, and there it finds a pack of hounds baying the moon, if there is a moon (for even Imperial Government cannot command the constant attendance of the chaste Diana). A line of torchbearers and soldiers keeps an avenue open, at the end of which is the balcony of honour, and beneath that balcony are the *spolia opima* of the deer deceased. I mean no pun. I hope I am above joking

on a subject so serious as the chase. At a given signal the great windows of the palace open, and the Emperor, the Empress, and their suite come on to the balcony; and then the hounds are loosed, and after having been twice or thrice head back and baffled, are permitted to 'worry' the offal of their hunted deer. Torches are gleaming—bayonets glistening—the 'horn of the hunter' is heard in the courtyard—Merryman and Marksman quarrel over a tit-bit—ladies in balconies exclaim, 'It is fine, but it is savage!'—the crowds roar aloud with a vulgar delight—the men who, perhaps against their will, have 'followed the chase,' and, perchance, may have lost that mysterious particle 'leather,' wish it was all over, and that they might retire to easy chairs and rest. Then the lights go out—the people away—and all is over. But as the sporting reader of 'Baily' smokes his cigar in the 'special' (run especially, too, for him) to Paris, he will confess that the 'game was worth the candle'—that, while remembering to have seen thousands of 'meets' more purely sporting, and hundreds of 'kills' more natural, he has never seen a grander spectacle than the run from 'Puits-du-Roi' and the *curée* by torchlight in the courtyard of the Imperial Palace of Compiègne. As to the last, I will merely say with Scott—

'So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.'

Lord bless me! how Walter Scott would have loved Imperial hunting, and how he would have sung it!

Yet but a few weeks, and we shall have another spectacle, about which I even now must write a few lines.

The French army of occupation—head-quarters Champ de Mars—has received a 'G. O.'—'*Arma cedunt togæ.*' The army corps of Paris will retreat and fall back on Chalons. The ground before occupied by Mars will be given over to General Improvement. So on the very spot where six months ago stolid sergeants told unlicked recruits to be 'As you were,—when I say as you were, then I 'means as you *was*!' Number one is a caution; and so on—only translated into the language of France—will be the 'trysting place' of all that is famous in art, science, arms, beauty, skill, and fatal utility in the civilized world.

It is early to bore you with the 'Great Exhibition of All Nations' to be held in Paris in April, 1867, yet it seems to me that you had better know something about it. To tell you the truth, I have but a small opinion of the actual knowledge of the respectable readers of our green magazine—I say of their *knowledge*, not of their intellect or capacity. No, I have knocked passably about the world, and at present I have found nobody so capable as that reckless section of society which in London I believe is called 'fast.' If they would only try, what could they not do? What intellects I have seen over-trained, what capabilities tried too high; but then they were generally trials with 'gentlemen-riders.'

Well! well! I am old, and have been young; and what sorrow

and grief I have witnessed; and all for nothing! A brief, fretful strutting on a tottering stage! I seldom moralize, and should not do so now, but facts are stronger than words; and when I see each day good fellows and bright intellects going down in the absurd tournament of 'six thousand to four thousand,' and that put down in an 'arena' (you call it 'the Ring') in which they must be eventually defeated, I feel inclined to pause and weep. When they get back on the right course, too, how straight they run! But I am wandering.

The Exhibition which opens in April, 1867, will cause Paris to be a very amusing city to those who can visit it with plenty of circular or other straight-running notes. 'Otherwise not,' as they used to say in the Eton Latin Grammar, to which, in common with my fellows, I am obliged for my knowledge of the Latin poets.

I shall tell you a deal more about it—the Exhibition of 1867, not the Eton Latin Grammar—in February and March; but still, without intruding on you, I think I may just hint that if you are determined to be present at this tournament of science, you might as well take your rooms now. John Arthur, in the Rue Castiglione, for instance, would lodge you to-day at a price. I fear to ask the price that lodgings will 'rule' (that, I believe, is the right expression) next March—but this is no business of mine. I hope you will all come and pay very dearly, then you are sure to enjoy yourselves. I hear that certain swells—we will only initialize them, and so indicate Monsieur (observe I translate them into French for the better mystification of the outer public) T—— de H—— and the Comte de H—— (in this I merely follow French precedents)—are coming over for the 'Exposure,' with what the Irish would call a deal of horses. I believe they will have to lodge themselves in the Grand Stand of the Bois de Boulogne, and stable their steeds in that shed in which we used to see Gladiateur every alternate Sunday.

It is a curious fact that America has perfectly asserted her own in Paris. The grand hôtels are evidently of American origin; they look American—sound American. The dinners are bolted and the doors closed; hurry is in every one's mouth, and comfort has 'reckless fled,' while conscience has 'sighed farewell.' Departed, too, never to return, I expect. These great hôtels have become perfectly American. You start at an English accent as you used formerly at that of Saigon or Timbuctoo. America has 'annexed' the Grand Hôtel and the Louvre (I make my compliments to them on their conquests), and the defeated Britishers have to fall back on the Bristol and the Mirabeau. I am credibly informed, even by doctors who have attended them, that the sufferers have endured the change without any evident damage to their constitution.

You will want carriages and horses in Paris, you 'tearing swells' who have promised to come and see us, shedding, of course, a mild (very!) lustre on us by your London splendour. Then why not bring them with you, and so let us have an international exhibition of 'turns-out' to make up this great 'World's Show.' It

would be as useful as any other display, mind you. Why should not France learn how to get leaders and wheelers properly put together, and then see a workman handle them? In the interest of Europe, then (and you should see what 'driving' means here! I don't care, I am insured!), I ask the Four-in-hand Club, or whatever the heroes of the B. D. C. call themselves, to come over to Paris *en masse* for the Grand Prix and Pigeon Match, 'with the world' with noble' coachmanship, and instil an idea of driving into the pig-heads which, covered with oilskin hats, not only upset themselves, but are the causes of upsets in others. Excuse the paraphrase.

But I must give you a little more advice. This is no place for amusement. Am I not appointed Instructor at Long Range to 'Baily?' *Apropos*, there was a quarrel once in a court presided over by Essex magistrates, one of whom as my godfather, was, as I was instructed, answerable for my sins. Good old boy! I don't think they grieved him much. 'Help yourself, Jack' he used to say, 'that won't hurt you, and then we will see what I promised to do for you.' (Did deuced little, though!). Well, then, godfather on the bench, a little deaf—'I came here for justice, sir,' exclaims irate and defeated suitor. 'Wrong court—wrong court, my good man,' says the chairman; 'we give nothing of that sort here.' Lord bless you, he was deaf, and then he wrote so badly—port wine in the hand, you know—a dire disease. I must just tell a story. Once he sent the clerk of the court to the banker's for two 'blank drafts,' and he came back and deposited—deposited is a better word—two 'black draughts,' which he had got at Acre's, the chemist's.

I was kindly going to give you some more good advice about the coming inevitable visit to the Great Show of 1st April, 1867, but, on consideration, I will keep my counsel for a later, and, perhaps, final paper—so shall you not all entirely forget what I have written. I think there is one spectacle I have omitted from my catalogue of things to see and how best to see them. I do not think I have spoken of things military. In the first place, then, if you like a pretty sight, pick out a nice bright morning and go down to the Court of Honour at the Tuileries at eleven o'clock, and assist at the general guard mounting. Bands are playing, eagles glittering—the line, the 'Hundred Guards,' and the cavalry are paraded together, and the effect is brilliant. You may then go over the bridge and breakfast at the Café d'Orsay, and you will not be far wrong.

Certain days in the season the Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial inspect the army of Paris by divisions in those court yards. This is really a grand sight, but you must go early, and, like the old lady at the coronation, 'get a good place in the gutter,' for 'the public enters not,' and there is no respect for persons.

The grand reviews take place, now that 'arms have yielded to the toga,' and the Palais d'Industrie occupies the Champs de Mars, on the race-course, and the way to see the 'march past,' or *défilé*, is to go down early and take a good place in the grand stand; there you see what you shall see. What you will see, will be to my taste:

20,000, 30,000, 50,000, of the finest soldiers in Europe. It is worth going there, too, if only to see the horses ridden by the Emperor and Empress. Rockingham, the Emperor's favourite charger, will really stand still, without even winking an eye, while 50,000 men, with all their bands, and shouts of 'Vive L'Empereur,' defile past the saluting point. If you are very hot on soldiering, you should go in the autumn to Chalons—the Aldershot of France. Go by the early train of the Strasbourg (Baden) line, and go direct to the camp; by no means be persuaded to stop at Chalons (town), which, though really within a few miles from the camp, is practically quite out of reach, and I can assure you that a day passed in Chalons will be a very 21st of June, or longest day in the chronicle of your life.

When you have done your soldiering, I advise you to go and do your champagne cellars at Rheims, where there, too, are other things to see, and Epernay. You can literally walk through miles upon miles of cellars containing acres upon acres of 'dry and sweet,' in every state, age, and condition. I should say that these two towns consume all the champagne grapes grown in the district. Now London and Paris would take all the wine made there during the year, and use it up quite soberly. Whence, then, comes all the fine and dry old sparkling which is consumed at St. Petersburg and in America alone, let alone the rest of the world? I pause for a reply. If I got a true one, I think champagne would go out of fashion for a time. Getting back to Paris, I can now promise your readers the new Grand French Opera, with a new (and noisy) opera of Verdi for the coming season. The way the works proceed is wonderful to those who do not know that the Grand Hôtel was built in eleven months. This will make about two dozen theatres, besides singing-gardens, circles, &c., &c., so their evenings will be fully occupied.

We know that pleasure is very hard work, and I have no doubt that six weeks in Paris, in 1867, will be little less wearing to the constitution than six on the 'mill.' The right thing will be to find out how to repose one's self, and not over-labour in the pursuit of art and science. You must have some other occupation or amusement—something, in fact, on which to rely and rest. I will illustrate my meaning by an example taken from very every-day life. Once upon a time, as they say in the dear old story books, a man entered a great hotel—we will call it Short's: he, the enterer, was rather of the 'loud' order, such as waiters—who are naturally great judges of character (from appearance)—do not generally like. He produced a large note, and asked for change, having only to pay for two of those really large glasses of sherry which Charles—the Charles of those days—delighted to serve to old and tried customers. Waiter took the note, saw that it was good, and so changed it. 'Waiter,' said the customer, 'take my advice, and whenever a big note like that is tendered to you, be very chary of changing it; you've nothing to rely on, and it will be easier for you in the end.' 'Which kindly I thank you, my *Lord Duke*' (bitter satire from

Charles, who knew the Peerage like his bill of fare). 'You're very good, you are; and now I'll give you a bit of advice. Whenever you're put in the treadmill, you get next to the wall; you'll have something to rely on, and it will be much easier for *you* in the end!' Something to 'rely on,' then, we shall all want when we are condemned to the Great Exhibition. To the English, to be sure, there are many things—riding in the Bois, and studying the endeavours of Young France to—

'Witch the world with noble horsemanship;'

walking in ditto, and scanning the last new thing in 'cocotterie;' tennis (there is a good club and court, as I have told you before), cricket, pigeon-shooting, as much and as often as they like, and at least one day's racing a week close to the Bois. So we shall not perish under a weight of perpetual high art; but what the natives and continentalists in general will do I hardly like to say. Too much pudding—it takes a deuce of a lot though!—will, we are told, choke a dog, and too much æsthetic matter will stave off even the longest and fairest-haired German professor who ever drank beer, ate butterbrod, and smoked a meerschaum. Sporting readers must not leave Paris without seeing that 'Paris Tattersall's,' which the author of 'A Month in the Forests of France' (a capital book if the writer had only recorded more about the forests and less about himself) tells us it cost him so much time and temper to reach. They will see there one of the last transplantations from England—and it thrives. Every Thursday, and, in the season, every Thursday and Saturday, you will see good horses—especially hacks and harness horses—sold for good prices; they can also study the appearance of Young France as it goes on horsey business. At present they are, like all imitators, overdoing their models. Their clothes are so tight that they must be put on and taken off by boot-hooks and boot-jacks, while their hats are so small that they are not worth taking off at all. The visitor to Tattersall's will also see the residence of the Duke of Brunswick, whom your elder readers will remember as the Duke of Brunswick who, some twenty-five years ago, used to frequent London society, used to wear rouge, diamond waistcoat buttons, live in Day and Martin's house, in the New Road, by the end of Harley Street, and drive five or six different carriages, drawn by strawberry and cream-coloured horses up and down the Park (then 'the Park' was between Oxford Street and Piccadilly) on a Sunday afternoon. He is just the same now, only his hair is darker and thicker. His horses are as cream, his carriages as strawberry-coloured, and, indeed, everything that is his seems stationary. H.R.H. is robbed of precious stones at intervals by disreputable footmen. Such is his life. I have spoken of other hôtels which should be visited in Paris, but I have omitted one just purchased by the Government, which must not be passed over. It is the Hôtel Carnavalet, in the Marais, near that Place Royale of which I have already given a faint description. The history of this house is so

curious that to describe it I shall borrow the words of one who knew Paris, as he knew the history of Old France, better than the writer of this paper.

‘ This “ holy spot ” formerly belonged to the religious order of St. Catherine, which did not, however, prevent the courtesans of that day from selecting it as their residence. At this very corner dwelt, in the time of Charles VI., that beautiful Jewess, whose charms had enslaved the heart of his brother, the Duke of Orleans; and at her door was perpetrated the barbarous murder of the Connétable de Clisson, which is so curiously related in the memoirs of that time. Two doors from there, and two centuries later, in the time of Henry II., lived the celebrated courtesan, La Romaine, kept by Charles de Loraine, Duc de Guise, Cardinal Archbishop, the most eloquent as well as the most debauched man of his age. He, too, on quitting his mistress late at night, narrowly escaped the fate of Clisson, in this deserted and dangerous street; he was attacked by ruffians, robbed, and severely wounded, regaining with difficulty his magnificent Hôtel de Cluny, where his guard of three hundred halberdiers were anxiously awaiting his arrival. At that time the celebrated Jean Ganjon was occupied in carving the designs on the frontage of the Hôtel Carnavalet. Close by, in the Rue des Minimes (Quartier St. Antoine), is the cloister of the Capucines, entitled by themselves, as a sign of humility, “ Minimé ” —the least of all. This cloister, formerly so celebrated for its high mass, the constant resort of all the nobility, and of the magistracy, where all the pride and splendour of the age were congregated, is become a barrack. A Garde Municipale may now be seen loitering and smoking on that spot where Madame de Sévigné formerly knelt and prayed for the welfare of her daughter. All around is profanation. Turn the angle of the next street, and the carvings of Jean Ganjon meet your eye. Over the gate is a shield in a mutilated state, which, doubtless, once represented the arms of the House of Sévigné, and the four crosses of the Rabutins, of which the Count de Bussy speaks with so much pride and exultation. Lions, bucklers, and images of Victory are seen in long bas-reliefs on each side of the architrave, to which had since been added, by the artists in the time of Louis XIV., the rocailles and passages which characterized the sculpture of that era. The court is spacious, and the house, of considerable size, is ornamented in the same style, with the figures of Jean Ganjon; but that which was the residence of such distinguished society in those days is now a Maison de Pension for the University. Within all has disappeared; the gilding, the panels, the paintings, the sculptures, are no more to be seen. There is still the great staircase, but robbed of its Gothic balustrades, and only leading to a suite of cold-looking dormitories, whitewashed with chalk, which has effaced every record of the past.

‘ After having passed through this dreary suite of monkish cells, which have obliterated every vestige of salons or noble apartments,

there is still a little cabinet near the anteroom worthy of notice, as giving some slight idea of its former owners. It is a small square cabinet, with two double windows in good preservation, with their heavy iron balconies curiously wrought in the good old style which marks a whole epoch. The paintings, the cornices, and the panels are gone, but a little marble chimneypiece still remains, of undeniable date, near which you might imagine that Madame de Sévigné has sat in a winter's evening to write to Madame de Grignan. From one of these windows you have a view of the spacious garden of the Hôtel Lamoignon, with its mutilated statues, Arabian vases, and wrecks of cascades. Thus from the window of a house built in the time of Henry II. you may leisurely examine the details of a hôtel built in the reign of Francis I. The second window looks into the garden of the Hôtel Carnavalet. It is now a playing ground, dedicated to the tops and skipping-ropes of the scholars. Two great sycamore trees still remain, planted, as you are told, by Madame de Sévigné. From thence is a little back door into the street, by which the Baron de Sévigné often returned stealthily at night to his mother's house, after his usual visits to the Rue des Tournelles. Frequently, perhaps, has the gay and libertine Gendarme Dauphin, heated with play and the suppers at the house of Ninon de l'Enclos, stealing home at a late hour in the morning, with pale cheek and disordered dress, stumbled on the grave and serious President de Lamoignon, riding on his mule to open the early court at the Tribunal de Justice.'

And now I think I have bored you sufficiently about 'old hôtels,' and that business. But after all, if you come now to see old Paris, and I confess that I do, you must pick up little crumbs of it as you can. How Paris is changed, even since your younger readers, men who still hold their own on the moors or in a quick forty minutes across Northamptonshire, used to 'run over for a few days during 'the frost.' Some of them will remember when the 'right thing to 'do' was to dine at the 'Hôtel des Princes,' where, for a time, the *table d'hôte* was considered the *ne plus ultra* of Paris living, served *à la Russe*, a new idea then, and all the splendour of the 'scenery 'and decorations' which are afforded by fine rooms, gilded cornices, flowers, and lights.

Where is the Hôtel des Princes now? Like the princes of that day, gone and disappeared from the streets of Paris. In its stead reigns 'Peter's American Tavern. Live Turtle—Painter's fashion!' whatever that may mean!

They will remember, too, the pleasant bay window of the Café de Paris, which 'gave' on the Boulevard, and so you could dine well and examine Paris life as you ate your *vol-au-vent*. Where is the Café de Paris gone? Echo answers (and, mind you, it's very kind of Echo, who is usually syllabic, if not taciturn), 'Well, you 'see, the Café de Paris—and, mind you, it was one of the best places 'in my time—stood there, just before you come to the Café Tortoni, 'but was pulled down for improvement, and the space is now

‘tenanted by the Arab merchant who sells Algerine curiosities ‘imported from Birmingham!’ We thank Echo, who is now silent, and pass on, thinking of the days and the places which are passed away!

It is time that I also thought of passing away for a month, or else, perhaps, my long paper may have that effect on your kind readers which an excess of pudding (according to the proverb to which I have above alluded) has on that domestic and faithful animal the bow-wow.

MR. JAMES MASON.

NEVER within modern recollection has there been so disastrous a year to all classes of society as the fast expiring one of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-six. For the Agriculturists have been martyrs to the Rinderpest, Commercial Men to the Panic, and the Sporting World have likewise experienced their share of calamities, which have followed each other with a degree of rapidity such as we have scarcely ever known in one previous year—Strathmore, Chesterfield, John White, Osbaldeston, Jem Mason, and Charles Davis, all, as it were, representative men of different ages and spheres, having passed away, with little probability of finding successors to their fame. To the majority of these ‘GIANTS’ justice has already been rendered in our pages, but Jem Mason is deserving of what the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar constantly aimed at, viz., a Gazette of his own; and feeling certain its publication will be awaited with the same degree of interest as a military one after a royal marriage, we issue it, and trust its contents will give equal satisfaction to the document with which we have assimilated it. Few men in modern times have been so popular in all parts of the country as Jem, for he was cheered in the Shires as in the neighbourhood of Cockaigne, and his favouritism grew with his strength and increased with his years, and culminated only at his death. Other writers, more gifted than ourselves, having dealt with him in a chronological point of view, it will be our task to vary his sayings with his doings, and to point out the most salient points of his character. From his being in London so much, and his family associations, Jem Mason was generally believed to be, like the Squire, a Cockney, and the metropolis of the world might be well as proud of one as the other; but he in reality ‘was dropped’ in a peculiar sporting shire, and were it not for causing a reflection on his parents, whose respectability and worth can be vouched for by many veteran hunting men who are still alive, we should be inclined to say he first saw the light in a loose box, from the delight he took in their tenants.

Hailing from Stilton, and an establishment wherein were collected one of the finest collection of hunters to be found in the provinces, and to which the Leicestershire and Northamptonshire squires

wended their way for their remounts, the boy was reared, as it were, among hunters as much as an Arab with his flocks, and consequently he had none of that fear in handling them which might be expected and pardoned in lads of more advanced years. Moreover, his good looks, mild but larkish disposition, and slender frame, caused him to become not only a household pet, but a favourite with the customers of his father, who truly predicted for him the celebrity as a horseman which he subsequently enjoyed. Being the third son of Mr. Mason, he was kept more at home than his elder brothers Newcombe and Tom, and he was educated at Huntingdon Grammar School, where that other magnificent horseman, Frank Butler, was inducted into a knowledge of syntax and prosody; but Jem was so useful to his father that he was removed, at an earlier period than was desirable, to assist in the business of the yard. It would seem as if he was destined all his life to be associated with celebrities of one kind or the other, for as a child he commenced his hunting career on a wonderful pony, who was so clever a jumper that Sir Richard Sutton never rested until he got him on purpose to educate his sons upon, and upon this animal the present owner of Lord Lyon took his first fence, and it is singular the pony in question should have carried such a succession of fine horsemen as Jem and the present family of Sutton. On losing his first love Jem was promoted to a species of galloway, on whom he rode through a very long run, frightening his family very much by not returning home until nine o'clock at night, having missed his father, who, by the tiring of his horse, was unable to finish the run. The first horse he was ever put upon was a chesnut that ran near leader in the York Express, and from the way he carried him he was very soon introduced to other bars. Mr. Mason shortly after falling into difficulties, through his coaching speculations, removed his establishment to Woodhall, Pinner, which adjoined the Dove House Farm, where the late Mr. Tilbury had a collection of two hundred hunters, which he used to job all over the country; and when Jem went up, in order to save his father the coach hire, he rode his pony the whole way, doing the distance, eighty miles, in a day. He had not been long at Pinner before Mr. Tilbury had his eye upon him, and engaged him as rough rider, and he used to school six or eight horses per diem. He also hunted with the neighbouring stag-hounds, and it was with Mr. De Burgh's pack he first saw Bill Bean, and was lost in admiration of his horsemanship. He was likewise very often with the Old Berkeley and Harvey Combe, with whom he was a great favourite, and latterly rode that gentleman's thoroughbred horses. The Hertfordshire, when they were kept by Mr. Sebright, and hunted by Bob Oldacre, he never missed when they came within his reach, and it was with them his steeple-chase capabilities were first discovered; for Lord Frederick Beauclerk, seeing him out one day, declared to his friends, 'that boy picks his ground out better than any of them;' and having in his stable a horse called The Poet, who was third in the St. Leger, and a tremendous puller, he

got him to ride him hunting several times, and at the end of the season he entered him in the St. Albans steeple-chase in the name of Mr. Brand, the present Lord Dacre.

In those days twelve stone was the standard weight, and Jem being under eight, he had to carry three stone dead weight. Having made friends with some young Harrovians, who have stuck to him ever since, they regularly fitted him out with whip, spurs, and other paraphernalia. The brute refused the first fence, but eventually won in a canter, the spectators being not a little amused by seeing the jacket he rode in was made for him when a little boy. He next rode Prospero for Mr. Tilbury at Aylesbury, and, although a tremendous jumper, he was such a roarer that people could scarcely believe in his getting him fourth, which he did to Vivian in the year when they all swam the river. We then find him winning on Spicey for Captain Fairlie at Hatfield, and shortly afterwards on Wing in a steeple-chase that had been got up from Finchley to Barnet, riding his animal in without a bridle in his mouth. Between the acts he accompanied Mr. Tilbury to Brixworth, and while hunting with the Pytchley he rode a horse called Terror, who was subsequently purchased by Count Batthyany, at a mill-dam; and although he got in, he managed to scramble out on the other side, and saw the fox killed alone a few fields further on. This feat very nearly cost him his life, as a cold settled on his lungs, and, but for the kindness of Captain Phillimore, a Hertfordshire Sportsman, who sent him to Brighton, his career would have been cut short; and even then it might have been truthfully described 'as being too short for friendship, not for fame.' When next he appeared he gave a notable illustration, as we shall show, of his desire to go straight, irrespective of ulterior consequences. Having an engagement to ride in the second race at Dartford, Mr. Bryan, who had a couple of horses to run in the first one, put Jem up on The Flyer to make up the number for the public money to be added, he declaring to win with his own horse Red Deer. As it happened, the finish was left to the pair, and after a terrific race, Jem, who did not care a fig for declarations or remonstrances, beat his employer, who in vain tried to disqualify his horse, because all his own money was on Red Deer. Shortly after this he gave a very clever exhibition of his skill in making a hunter which was much talked of at the time, and increased his notoriety with Masters of Hounds. His triumph occurred in this way. 'Old Till' had given a long figure for a horse that it appeared almost impossible to convert into a hunter, as he gave Jem in schooling eight or ten falls per diem. But with unshaken nerves Jem still kept on at him, and one day, for some act of disobedience of orders, he sent him at a bran new gate, of which he broke every single bar. Jem was unhurt, but the horse lay groaning, and from that hour ceased to make any mistake, and became a splendid fencer—so much so that when Mr. De Burgh's hounds met at Stanmore a fortnight afterwards, and all London was out, they ran to Poll Hill, and Jem beat everybody by

fields. On the road home Lord Ward went up, and offered him three hundred guineas for the horse, which he would have taken for him; but Lord Chesterfield had had the first run of 'Old Till,' from seeing Jem on him before, and bought him of the old gentleman, who knew nothing of this performance, for a hundred and twenty. And for many a month afterwards the circumstance preyed on the mind of the vendor, who was perpetually chaffed about it by his friends. We have already spoken of the larking habits of our hero; and as at this time the London and Birmingham Railway was being made across the Dove House Farm he had plenty of scope for indulging them in converting the rails which were put down by the Company into leaping-bars for his horses, to the great loss and annoyance of the contractors. Hitherto we have made no mention of the name of Lottery, with whom Jem's fame culminated, because some two years back his 'Life and Times' appeared in an article expressly devoted to them. We will therefore only say now that never did horse and rider understand each other better; and their confidence was reciprocal. This was particularly manifested at Stratford-on-Avon, when he rode him against Decider, Railroad, and several others; for when the riders were walking over the ground, which they were then compelled to do, they came to an awful bullfinch, and a locked gate, 5 feet 6 inches, with a hard, newly-stoned road leading up to it. Upon being asked by one of his friends what he was going to do, and whether he was going to have the bullfinch or the gate, he replied, 'I'll be hanged if I am going to scratch my face, for I am going to the Opera to-night; so I'll go at the gate at forty mile an hour; and I'll defy any man in England to follow me.' It is almost needless to say he kept his word, and Lottery, as if cognizant of Jem's engagement with his future wife, jumped it like a Shrewsbury hurdle; and Jem, being piloted in his way to the brook by old George Dockeray, who with a white handkerchief 'officered' him where to take it, won very cleverly, and got home in time for Her Majesty's Theatre, where in his evening toilette he might have been taken for a Guardsman returned from dining with the Premier. The connection with Lottery led to the assisting of Jem's marriage with Miss Elsmore, and his retirement from Mr. Tilbury's service. Of steeple-chasers of his own manufacture, Wing, belonging to Captain Fairlie, was one of the earliest, because before the latter had jobbed him of 'Till' he had been an articed pupil of Jem's, and derived his name from the village of Wing, where a noted deer was taken after an extraordinary run. For Jerry, who was both a big jumper and a terrific puller, he did a great deal, as he knew him so well. With Gaylad he did great things, and in one race on him he displayed the goodness of his nerve by riding him for over two miles with the stirrup-iron up his leg; and so entangled was he with it that when he came in to weigh it was with the greatest difficulty he could be got out of the saddle. One of his 'best bits,' as the actors would call it, was his performance on this horse in his great match with Croxby, which

was over four miles of the Harrow country, and created a great sensation. No less than four times during the race both horses were reduced to a walk, and when they got to the last fence neither had a jump left in them. The friends of both then began pulling down the fence for them, and Jack Darby bodily shoved Gaylad into the winning field; and Jem managed to hold him up, and walk him in, greatly to the chagrin of William M'Donough, who was on Croxby. That he was always ready to assist a friend in distress is well known; and the good turn he gave Tom Oliver is so pleasing an illustration of it that we cannot refrain from giving it publicity. Having received from Tom 'a private and confidential communication that he was not only in "Short Street," but entertaining 'the Sheriff of the County,' and all he possessed between earth and sky was Trust-me-not, who had been the cause of this financial pressure, he asked him to buy him of him, so that he might get rid of his unwelcome visitors. 'Don't you sell your horse,' was the reply, 'but send him to me, and I will win you a race;' and the advice was accompanied by a fiver for the railway fare. The added money brought Trust-me-not to Harlesden Green, where he was entered for a small steeple-chase, for which Jem paid the stake. The horse came on the ground with a terrific bit, which, the instant his rider saw, he removed, and substituted a double-rein snaffle, which Tom protested would never hold him. But he was told to mind his own business, and wait and see his horse win, which he did very cleverly; and Tom, in his delight and gratitude for having had a hundred put into his 'kick,' as he termed it, took an oath 'that he 'would fight for Jem up to his knees in blood!'—a recognition of value received which we do not often witness in this world. And so much did Jem appreciate the compliment that he rode and won for Tom several times afterwards, taking a tremendous jump with Trust-me-not at St. Albans, and breaking his leg on him at Derby, where he was ridden over, and confined so long to his bed he could not ride Miss Mowbray in the Liverpool Steeple-chase. But in Mr. Goodman he found an excellent substitute.

No man rode fairer in a steeple-chase, and rarely, if ever, was there an objection for crossing preferred against him; but all his contemporaries had a wholesome dread of him, and when Barker and Oliver were in the brook at Aylesbury, the former exclaimed to the latter, 'Duck your head, Tom, for Jemmy's a coming!' In Paris, where Jem accompanied his first pupil, Lord Strathmore, to win the First Grand National Steeple-chase there, he was a great lion, and his coming to the rescue, and winning with St. Leger, when his Lordship was out of the hunt, on The Switcher, was a fine piece of riding, and might well be regarded as a national victory. One of his greatest treats was his annual trip at Christmas to Oxford, when he was the guest of Mr. Charles Symmonds, and was enabled to get a few gallops with Lord Macclesfield, of whom he was a great admirer. And nothing his Lordship liked better than to see him leading over the water ferry. One day Jem had a harmless but

very 'dirty fall, and when he had picked himself up, his best hat knocked into a pancake, and his shirt front and whiskers full of mud, Charley Symmonds thus addressed him: 'I don't know, sir, 'whether you are accustomed to hunting, but you ought to sit more 'back.' Mr. Drake and Sir Algernon Peyton nearly tumbled off their horses from laughing, as did every one who heard the admonition, which was administered with the gravity of a bishop.

Of that inner room in Holywell Street, where he spent his evenings, what reminiscences could we not give but for our limited liability as to space, for Jem was wont to vow it was always worth two pounds an hour, 'when some good youngsters were there. Then it was that runs were gone over again, and the walls increased in height with the number of the glasses, and far exceeded those of Braddlegrove, and Jem, who was always appealed to by the young patricians whether he had not seen them take this or that big jump, got out by always protesting he was a little lower down, or on the upper side, which prevented him. Then his host would say to him (aside), 'Talk of your Leicestershire riders, if you'll 'only wait for a couple of more glasses you'll hear of one or two 'in this room "who'll take a rail and two streams out of a rabbit ' "warren."' And in harmless chaff of this description, the nights, which partook more of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' than any other entertainments we can call to mind, wore away, and we can call upon many a young nobleman who was there in *statu pupillari* to verify our statement.

His first essay in business was in conjunction with his brother Tom in Oxford Street. On his second marriage this partnership was dissolved, and he carried on the horse-dealing business in Mount Street and at Hendon, for which he was so eminently suited. At least, such was the opinion of old Tom Smart, of Cricklade, for after Lottery had won the Liverpool, John Elmore and Jem went down to him, and being in full feather, had a strong deal, buying ten of the toppers; and the old man, being asked whether Jem really knew anything about a hunter, replied, 'D——n it, he knows the very 'best thing about them, that is, whether they can go or not, which 'is everything in the trade.'

On his second marriage with Miss Seckham, of Oxford, a lady who contributed in every way to his happiness and comfort, he gave up riding in public, but, at the earnest request of Lord Strathmore, he consented to steer Abd el Kader for him in his match with The Clown. This was the last time he was seen with cap and jacket, and, had not his horse been got at by the lad who looked after him, he would have cut a much better figure in the race, in which he was stopped, and walked in after he had gone about a mile.

Of late years he had acted as pilot in the hunting field to the Hon. Mrs. Augustus Villiers, which he did with consummate tact. Her confidence in him was unbounded; and it was a sight for sore eyes to see them sailing together over a country, no timber, brook, or other clean jump being too big for them.

His good nature in assisting other sportsmen in difficulties in the course of a run was proverbial; and on one occasion a hero of 'the Six Hundred,' who knows the Vale of Balaclava as well as that of Belvoir, was particularly indebted to him, and preserved from drowning, earning from Yorkshire agriculturists a debt of gratitude which we fear will never be repaid. The feat of hooking up the lost stirrup-iron with his hunting whip for a grappling iron was only equalled by the similar feat of the Atlantic cable.

In treating of him as an artistic horseman, we may say Jem combined a firm, elegant seat, with fine hands, good eye to a country, quick decision, and great judgment in picking his ground. But it was in putting his horse at a fence that he chiefly excelled other men, always bringing him to his jump at the right place, and in his right stride. He was unrivalled in getting horses over water. Now of his fine hand on a horse we give an instance or two, merely to show we have not overrated him as a horse rider. At one time Mr. Samuel Baker had a large stud of horses at Aylesbury, and he gave Jem a mount upon a low, well-bred chesnut horse named Willesden. The deer was uncartered at Golby's Farm, crossed the Aylesbury and Winslow road, along the meadows below Weedon, over the doubles of Hulcot, and the Rowsham Brook, under Wingrave and Mentmore, to Cheddington. Willesden went over this strong line without putting a foot wrong, and the easy manner in which he galloped away from Captain Anderson, upon Discount, just out of training, so captivated Mr. Joseph Anderson that he gave 500 guineas for him for his own riding. Mr. Anderson soon discovered that Willesden did not suit him, and the horse again changed owners. Several good riders tried their hands upon him, but the horse was a dangerous brute, and ran away with them all, generally finishing by running through and falling at some fence. One well known, hard-riding owner, upon getting up from a heavy fall, offered Willesden for sale for half a crown. At length Jem Mason took him in a swap, at a merely nominal sum, and brought him out again with the Baron's staghounds. He fell in with the run of the season, from Wing to Castlethorp, in one hour and forty minutes. Jem, on Willesden, was never caught throughout, although Tom Ball, Zach. Boxall, and a good field were behind him. Jem hunted the horse the rest of the season with Lord Southampton's foxhounds, and sold him for 300*l.* to run in the Grand Military, but Willesden broke down in training.

Upon the breaking up of a hard frost, Jem went out, upon a young horse, with Mr. Hall's (the Neasdon) harriers. The ditches were still full of snow, and every one else who attempted to ride to hounds came to grief, but Mason went throughout the day without a fall or even a scramble. We have also seen Jem change nags with that fine horseman, William Philpot, and go well upon both horses, neither of which the other could ride.

After his health had been restored he took to hunting again, and rode as brilliantly as ever, but on returning home he would

be so fatigued as to be scarcely able to sit his horse. At last his weakness became such as to compel him to take to his bed, from which he never rose again; and the doctors disagreed very much as to the nature of his complaint, the opinions being divided as to whether it was cancer in the throat or natural consumption. Still he suffered such agonies that, to give him relief, an opening was made in his throat, and a silver pipe inserted, through which his food, consisting of every rare delicacy that his wealthy and powerful friends could supply him with, was conveyed; but very little could he keep on his stomach, and even his staunchest allies could not bear to witness the severity of his sufferings. And, although they knew it was a wrong wish to form, still, if some friendly bullet had laid him low, they could not in their hearts have regretted it. As soon as it was evident that his end was at hand, and he had run his course, his friend, the Rev. Mr. Murray Symmonds, the hard-working and much respected curate of Kennington, whom as a boy he had taken out hunting at Oxford, called on him, and, by his constant visitations, prepared him for the great change which awaited him, and, at peace with all mankind, the finest natural horseman that England ever saw took his last leap into Eternity with as much calmness and confidence, and we say it with no irreverent spirit, as if he was pursuing his ordinary occupations in his earthly career. If he has not left behind him a fortune, he has bequeathed to his friends an unsullied character, and a bright example for others similarly circumstanced. And he has shown he was enabled to conquer the prejudice of 'low birth and iron fortune' by the simple knowledge of his own position, which was never spoiled by either public or private flatteries. Kensal Green received his remains, which were accompanied to their last resting-place by his brothers, his attached friend Mr. Poole, and his medical attendant, and it will be many a year, if ever, that we shall look on his like again, for he stood alone in his peculiar line. *Requiescat in pace.* He is succeeded in his business by his brother, Newcombe Mason, of Hendon and the Old Barrack Stables, Knightsbridge.

REFLECTIONS OF THE RACING SEASON, 1866.

THE chroniclers of Turf events in days of yore must have enjoyed a most pleasing time of it. To record the achievements of honourable and straightforward sportsmen must ever be a felicitous occupation, and he whose lot it was to epitomize the doings of a season when Becher or Osbaldeston rode cross-country races, or men of the Sir Tatton Sykes or Derby stamp contested for honour alone upon the flat, must have esteemed his mission a labour of love. It was formerly the exception to note a Turf robbery, and the perpetrator was generally some commoner, whom a lucky hit had made the owner of racehorses, and who felt himself completely out of his element in the society of those so immeasurably his superiors;

but in the present day the racing community is made up of broken-down tradesmen, legs of every grade and degree, and smashed-up swells of all descriptions. The whilom keeper of a gambling-house, or the uneducated son of a country boor, who a few years since speculated but his paltry half-crown, now enters in his book the names of men whose ancestors placed Norman William on Harold's throne, and rivals royalty in the splendour of his establishment and the Lucullus-like sumptuousness of his table. From such mixed society vice must ever exude, and villany pollute the once fair fame of the 'national pastime;' and such a state of things must uselessly be deplored, for it is needless to expect any Hercules to arise and cleanse the Augean stable of the Turf of its impurities, when those who ought to set an example participate in the nefarious acts.

'A man can do as he likes with his own,' is the excuse made by those who at the eleventh hour withdraw their horses from a race for which the public have backed them for loads of money; and such might be the case if the institution of the Turf could remain intact without the contributions of the public. But how long could it? Soon, indeed, the edifice would crumble and fall, although supported by noble Corinthian pillars. The weaker animals would first be devoured; the lions would then wage a war of extermination, until, like the famed Kilkenny cats, nought but their tails would be left; or, even as but one duck existed, after eating by degrees his eleven companions, one solitary owner would remain, to quack at the extinction of his former compeers.

Our object in briefly alluding to a few events of the season, which has now drawn to a close, is principally to draw attention to acts palpable and glaring, which, in our opinion, no true and straightforward sportsman would indulge in. We shall pursue the noisome task fearlessly and unflinchingly, albeit some deeds of a questionable nature may be mentioned, which many writers would allow to remain in obscurity, protected by the ægis of noble names.

Lincoln is undeserving of comment, save for the *furor* to get on that bad horse Copenhagen, about whom as little as 3 to 1 was taken, and for the most unjustifiable manner in which Mephistopheles was kept in until the last moment, and then scratched, when he had been the first horse backed and persistently supported by the public. And, glancing at the Windsor Open Steeple-Chase, we find that Mr. Yates was wise in his generation to refund the amount of the Berkshire Stakes, otherwise he would not have been permitted to achieve the flukey victory. That it is absurd to contend against legitimate authority was thus rendered apparent; and the owner of Bristles, when he set the Committee of the Grand National Steeple-Chase at defiance, and said that their printed decision was but so much 'waste paper,' showed himself grievously deficient in judgment and ignorant of racing law; and, with nothing else of moment to beguile our pen, we plunge *in medias res*, and venture a few observations relative to the 'Cross-country Derby.' That the Liverpool Grand National should in no degree lose its

a daughter of Marsyas, increases the *prestige* of Mr. Blenkiron's establishment by winning the Champagne Stakes for two-year olds at the Bibury Club, and her owner, Mr. Starkey, also carries off a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. with Kingsley, beating a very good field, among whom were Repulse, Mr. Pitt, Actæa, and others; whilst Hermit increases his winning score by giving a neck beating to Vauban for the Eighth Stockbridge Biennial. In the County Stakes at Stockbridge, Marksman secures the victory through the tender riding of Challoner, who, knowing his evil temper, watched him narrowly; and in the Mottisfont the French Count bowls over Pericles and a decent field with Néméa, whilst the Cup is won by the uncertain Marksman. The Troy Stakes falls a prey to the gallant Hermit, beating Julius and Lady Hester, and amongst others behind him were Vauban and the Duke of Hamilton's dark Ailesbury. The Liverpool Meeting possessed few items of interest, and the Cup, sadly fallen from its high estate, was won by Terror, beating Pintail and Vespasian.

The Meeting at Newcastle certainly eclipsed all others for the unblushing and disreputable robberies perpetrated upon the public by the owners of the animals engaged in the Northumberland Plate. Although nearly a score of horses had been in the betting, the event proved that not more than three or four were ever really meant. Every drain of milk, every shilling of the public money, was extracted before Harry Brailsford, Caithness, Dolan, Brown Bread, Honesty (?), *cum multis aliis*, had the pen drawn through their names; and how the owners can possibly reconcile such nefarious doings and atrocious turpitude with common decency, we are at a loss to conceive. A costermonger who runs his 'moke' for a gallon of ale, in the Green Lanes on a Sunday morning, would scruple to desecrate Whitechapel by actions so dirty; and no wonder is it that flat racing, like steeple-chasing, is becoming the pursuit of sharpers and blacklegs. Deeply do we regret to chronicle that Mr. T. Masterman's Honesty won the North Derby, especially as he defeated Pedant, the property of that honourable and true sportsman Lord Zetland, and also pulled off the Newcastle Handicap. The starters for the 'Plate' dwindled down to seven, and Rococo, in the hands of that admirable jockey, Cameron, won as he liked from the Primate and Red Earl, and these were probably all that tried in the race.

The July Meeting at head-quarters was divested of much interest, as the great race on the first day, and also the Chesterfield, were looked upon as certainties for the flying Sister to Lord Lyon, who accordingly won the former easily from D'Estournel, and the latter from the Baron's great filly, Hippias. The Handicap Sweepstakes for two-year olds fell to Musa, a chesnut daughter of Oxford's, and La Méchante beat a large and good field in the Handicap Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. The Exeter Stakes was notable for the *début* of Golden Bloom, who was backed for large sums; but the Danebury stable carried off the good thing with Lady Hester, who also beat Ailesbury and The Dragon.

Goodwood, the beautiful and fair garden of England, next claims a more than passing notice, for we regret that the taint of roping and robbery which was so manifest at Newcastle pervaded in as great a degree this 'glorious' meeting. On the first day, in the ever popular Stewards' Cup, Mrs. Stratton and Gretna were made first favourites, and backed for 'mints' of money by all classes; but lo! when the numbers went up they were absentees, and their honourable owners did not even take the trouble to strike them out. Again Lord Westmorland's luck was in the ascendant, for, having had such a bad day over the Stewards' Cup, he was obliged to send for Rama from Findon; and as no train could bring him in time, he came by the road, and so may be said to have literally 'walked in' for the Stakes. In accordance with his Lordship's Turf policy, he kept the good thing entirely to himself, and thereby won a stoater. Many people rail against William Day and his *coups*, but he made no secret of his chance with The Special, and told all his friends he thought it a good thing, and worth their standing. Then we have another of the French Count's evil tricks in the affair of Gladiateur for the Cup. Backed by every one who ever laid a wager, 5 to 4 were laid on him to heaps of money at Nottingham and other meetings, and the most astute and knowing people thought he would go, and go to win; and all the time a few confidential emissaries were quietly taking the odds and working the Gallic oracle, and we are assured that 1000*l.* was got in one bet. We simply say that these practices are as disgraceful to the perpetrators as they are insulting and injurious to the racing public.

Again does the fair daughter of Paradigm add to her *achievements* by beating Lady Hester and Golden Bloom in the Lavant Stakes, although for the first time she may be said to have been fairly extended; and the French show well in the Stewards' Cup, by running first with Sultan and third with Plutus, XI splitting the pair. The Drawing-Room Stakes fell to the wretched Auguste, and the Findon to Fripponier, with Bismark and Trocadero finishing in front of the favourite, Marksman. The latter, however, had his revenge in the Molecomb, wherein he defeated the Prussian statesman, Bismark, Pericles, and others, and there can be no doubt that he is a good horse, although his temper is bad. The Stakes, as already intimated, fell to the notorious Rama, cutting down The Special and La Fortune easily, and the Cup proved a canter for The Duke, who won as he liked from the Baron's Tourmalin and Old Moulsey. The wretched-tempered brute, Broomielaw, won the Chesterfield Cup, in which Ostreger, with 9st. 11lb., ran a good horse, and finished second, and of the twenty runners for the Nursery, Cannon Ball first caught the judge's eye. The eccentric Lord Glasgow, with a display of temper rather undignified, ordered his jockey (Johnny Osborne) to send in his cap and jacket, as the Scottish Earl fancied he got off badly in the Ham Stakes, and it is merely a question whether eccentricity is not bordering upon imbecility. At Brighton, Knight of the Garter showed a spice of his quality by running away with the Railway Stakes, which

was thought a certainty for Fripponnier, and the Italian brigand, Ninco Nanca, won the Stakes. The Nursery was won by Seville, and The Duke trotted in for the Cup, with Janitor, Tourmalin, and Tormentor a quarter of a mile astern. The Railway Nursery at Lewes brought out a good field, and was won by Julius, showing pretensions to Derby form, and the Goodwood Stakes winner brought off the Stakes; whilst D'Estournel's performance, in beating The Duke and Ostreger in the County Cup, carried him to the front ranks in the Derby quotations. At Stockton the Cleveland Stakes was won by the Derby colt Plaudit, and Harry Brailsford secured the Handicap; and whilst we regret that the Harry Fowler Stakes fell to Honesty, we are pleased to say that he was bowled over by Westwick for the Great Northern Leger. At York The Corporal opened the ball by winning the Zetland Stakes in a brilliant manner, which speaks a good word for Rataplan as a sire. The stable companion of Plaudit, Rose, appropriated the Convivial, and the Yorkshire Oaks was won by Lady Fane. The Ebor Handicap brought out a miserable field, and the 10lb. penalty putting out Harry Brailsford's chance, Westwick defeated Gomera and Scamander cleverly. The Great Yorkshire Stakes, renowned for surprises, witnessed the defeat of Rustic by the moderate 'roan' Strathconan, but doubtless the victory was a very flukey one.

Warwick, which usually furnishes some sensational movements relative to the Leger favourites, passed over without anything of importance to record; and with no interesting features in the racing to speak of, we hasten to offer a few comments on the great September meeting at Doncaster, possessing the greatest interest from the antagonism of Savernake and Lord Lyon. The public voice and money were, nevertheless, most favourably disposed towards the latter, whilst multitudes continued to award support to Rustic. The Duke of Beaufort must certainly have been ill-advised to keep his horse in until an hour or so of the race, for it gave rise to a clamour which his numerous friends heard with regret, for they had no answer to make to it. But we are glad to have the opportunity to contradict the statement so current at the time that the Marquis of Hastings had unmercifully peppered the horse, whereas, in reality, he had only two bets about him: one of these was a bet of 1400 to 100 against Rustic, which Mr. Marshall chaffed him into laying at Warwick, and the other a hundred on Strathconan against him for places, when it was undecided about his starting. And the late hour at night when this transaction took place may be looked upon as an excuse for it. Following in the wake of Rustic, we have Salpinctes, Nu, Harry Brailsford, and others which the public had freely supported for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, scratched at the eleventh hour—a proceeding quite in accordance, however, with their respective owners' tactics. Again does the mutable Scottish Earl display the eccentricity for which he is renowned, and change his trainer for about the fortieth time. One of his unnamed colts, we believe, had given way in training, and his lordship, in discharging Godding, with that elegance of diction for

which he is eminently notorious, advised him to pay a visit to Hades, and see if he could break down his Satanic Majesty. In the Glasgow Stakes, Grand Cross, by beating Friponnier, puts his Derby backers on good terms with themselves; and the wonderful Achievement scores her ninth win, in the Champagne—for which, it may be remembered, her brother, the ‘Lyon,’ ran a dead-heat with Redan last year. The Great Yorkshire Handicap fell to Caithness, the Filly Stakes to Problem, and the Doncaster Plate to Troublesome. The Sweepstakes of 10 sovs., with 200 added, produced a brilliant struggle between Star of India, Moleskin, and Knight of the Garter, the former getting home by a head; and, as previously intimated, Artesian won the Scarborough from Repulse. Any comment upon the St. Leger would be superfluous, after the acres of paper which have been exhausted in describing its incidents, and it will suffice to observe that a brilliant and exciting finish ended in favour of Lord Lyon by a head, thus rivalling the glorious deeds of West Australian and Gladiateur, and showering imperishable renown upon the great Stockwell. Newmarket First October witnesses more dishonourable actions on the part of owners, as Coup d’Etat and Master Richard, both early favourites for the Great Eastern, were never sent to the post; and, although the former was scratched, the noble owner of the latter allowed the public to remain in ignorance of his intentions until the board went up without his number—a most unjustifiable and unsportsmanlike act, which John Day excused by saying he had no authority for starting him. The daughter of Paradigm walks away with the Hopeful, and her brother canters home for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes with the greatest ease; whilst his old antagonist bowled over Leybourne and Strathconan in the Eighteenth Triennial; and the successes of Knight of the Garter consolidated the position of his stable companion, Hermit, as a Derby favourite.

Space not permitting more than a glance at Northampton and Bedford, we approach the Cesarewitch, upon which it is our mission to offer a few observations, and regret that they will not be altogether complimentary to the owners of various horses engaged therein. Although tactics most shifty have hung over various races during the season, the proceedings relative to the Cesarewitch certainly out-Herod all; and with Thalia, Zenobia, and others, the chief event of the Meeting assumed the characteristics of a huge swindle. Mr. Brayley, by scratching Pearl Diver at the last moment, proclaimed in what school he had taken his finishing lessons. Mr. Fred Swindells made no secret of his great chance with Proserpine; and the performance of Lecturer placed him upon an equality with the best of his year; whilst Lothario proved previous running to be correct. The defeat of Achievement, while it showed the excellence of Plaudit and The Rake, made it very apparent that wear and tear must eventually tell upon the best; and Mr. Blenkiron must have experienced a happy moment as he led the last-named in, after his grand conquest in the race instituted by himself.

Borrowing the seven-league boots of old, we stride to the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, and conclude our remarks upon the season's racing with the Cambridgeshire, which this year was not only remarkable for the 'ups and downs' experienced by certain animals, but from the fact that Lord Westmorland had again the good fortune to run second for the second time; and if we express a little satisfaction at Thalia not being proclaimed the winner, it is due to the disgust we feel at the manner in which the fair Muse had been worked, not only for this race, but also for the Cesarewitch. The running of Actæa proves that the Duke of York must have had a great chance for both races; whilst Master Richard was handicapped nicely, and over his favourite bit of ground would have secured a place, had not the inexorable pen been drawn through his name at the last moment, his owner following out the tactics pursued in the Great Eastern. The French division cut up badly, and it is probable that 'safe uns' were abundant in this race, as in the Cesarewitch.

It is, indeed, delightful to record the success of Mr. Thellusson, whose straightforward conduct as an English gentleman affords a marked contrast to the patrician owners whose titles and names are hardly guarantees for the straight running of their horses; and we bring this notice to an end by observing that a good although unfortunate mare placed the last great handicap to the credit of one who is a true sportsman—a *rara avis* in these degenerate days.

Barely released from contemplating the very questionable doings in the Cambridgeshire, and scarcely recovered from the protracted desire to indulge our risible faculties at beholding one of the joint owners of Nu getting the better of his *confrère* in the Handicap Plate, we are compelled to advert to one of the most glaring and unblushing instances of 'pulling' that ever desecrated a cross-county tourney, or defiled a contest upon the flat. A gentleman (?) rider in the Great Western Selling Plate at Ealing, lacking the professional dexterity and knowledge requisite to make a good show of a race, bungled in such a clumsy manner in allowing an animal dead beaten to finish in front of him, that upon his return to weigh in he was received with a most fitting, though perchance unwelcome ovation of mud, and his bespattered condition denoted the opinion of the populace relative to the dirty transaction. Called before Mr. Carew, one of the stewards, he was suspended from riding again that day, and instructed to answer for his conduct before the Grand National Committee; and it is most pleasing to find that the gentlemen of which it is composed signified their reprobation of the 'do' by debarring Mr. Drax from ever again performing in the pigskin—a *mull* in which he never expected to find himself, but certainly most suitable to the case. At the same meeting we find that a professional jockey was also cautioned for riding suspiciously, whilst the most unpractised eye could detect several 'stiff uns' which figured in the various races. Surely some stringent punishment might be found to meet these disgraceful scenes, that such notorious offenders, together with

those at whose instigation they act, might incur something more severe than the contempt and indignation of all true sportsmen.

With perhaps one exception—and if we mistake not, that was in 1859, when Maid of Derwent won—the Liverpool Autumn Cup presented features of deeper interest, and furnished a greater betting race than has ever been known, some twenty animals having figured in the returns, and been more or less backed. The Special to win, and Actæa for a situation, held the pride of place; and although the former was for a short period unsteady, it was apparent that no *pepper* was meant by the bookmakers, and he recovered his position with due *celerity*, leaving off second favourite at 11 to 2: All the prominent favourites cut up badly. Chepstow, who, with his stable companion Caithness had been up and down in the market like the magic donkeys in the Strand, tumbled all over the course like a deep-laden collier in a cross sea, and the Special, emulating his brother ‘the Mail’ in a bygone Cesarewitch, ran off the track, and so lacked the requisite steam to finish. The weight—as all sound judges must have imagined—stopped Actæa, and the grand old Moulsey running as game as a pebble, and coming with a rush, nearly landed the popular Bateman stripes. The question of one dissentient voice was heard when the crimson jacket of the ‘Surrey Squire’ first passed the post, and Mr. Heathcote’s judgment in purchasing Beeswing from Mr. Saxon at Warwick speaks for itself, whilst his successes at Shrewsbury are also subjects for congratulation. It is most pleasing to chronicle the fact that the race was exempt from the barefaced robberies which characterized the two great Autumn Handicaps, and fell to a straightforward and honourable man. The Sefton Steeple Chase—in which Mr. Salamander Studd had a horse engaged—furnished a most exciting race, the finish between George Stevens and Mr. Thomas being truly exciting, but after a severely punishing struggle the latter secured the victory by a neck.

It was our happy lot last autumn to include Savernake, then known as the Bribery colt, in a lot of four which we selected to furnish the Derby winner in the pages of ‘Baily;’ and, although defeated by a short head, we will again woo the fickle goddess by expressing our belief that the Blue Riband of 1867 will be won either by Plaudit, Usurper, Uncas, or one of the French candidates—Enchanteur or Emperor—the former for choice.

THE BEAR-SLAYER.

THE Romans, who knew a thing or two, had but one name for courage, *virtus*, whilst philosophers of modern times puzzle themselves and their disciples as to the difference between moral courage, physical courage, and the brute courage of insensibility to fear. Muscular christianity is secretly envied by the most straightlaced of the ‘sects,’ and the face of the most sour elder lightens up when he reads of how Christian gave that last deadly thrust to Apollyon, which made him ‘spread his dragon’s wings and sped him away.’

The Quakers, probably, are not sorry to hear the tale repeated of the 'friend' who in one of our old wars was 'pressed' and sent to sea, but who, when there, would put his hand to nothing, neither for threats or punishment, but who, when the vessel was in action, and when the boarders of the enemy began to climb over the side of the Quaker's ship, did a man's service in hurling the invaders back, with the advice to 'keep to thine own ship, friend.'

Bull dogs and game cocks who possess the real article never trouble themselves to argue about the quality any more than did Joe Bates, the hero of my story.

Joe was born 'a trifle west of sunset,' as he was fond of telling his fellow citizens, when business or pleasure brought him on to the Atlantic seaboard, and he wished to impress upon his listeners that he was *no settlement* but a western man.

At home Joe found various occupations to employ his time: in the spring he split clap-boards, rived shingles, ploughed, &c., and through the summer and autumn he picked cotton, harvested, hunted deer and turkeys till the winter set in, when he turned his attention to school teaching, a profession which was of more benefit to himself than his pupils, as in teaching them he taught himself, so that in the end he was able to manage a simple rule of three sum without much difficulty, and made such an advance in reading that only the big words troubled him, and these surrendered at discretion after he had spelt them over once or twice.

In the backwoods it was customary for the school-teacher to board one week at a time with the parents of his pupils, and when he had taken them all in rotation he began again with the next father of a family whose turn it was to receive him, teacher and scholars meeting at a shanty in the woods, which had been put up by the settlers in as central a position as possible, though very often the children had to walk three or four miles to reach the schoolhouse.

Handy as Joe Bates was in the spring, summer, or autumn, when employed on the farms or in killing game, no sooner did he put on his suit of black 'store clothes' than he ceased to do anything but teach, fancying, we suppose, that chopping wood, drawing water, or even hunting, were beneath the dignity of the profession he had temporarily assumed, and this circumstance very nearly cost him his life, as when passing from his lodgings to the schoolhouse, he never by any chance carried his rifle.

Two little cur dogs, however, were generally his companions: these in the autumn he used for turkey hunting, as they had been trained to flush and 'tree' these birds, and they occasionally helped him to secure a crippled deer by trailing their master up to it, when, as was often the case, the very small bullet he used failed to make the deer bleed much, so that without his 'fyses,' as little dogs are called in the Far South-West, Joe would have had some difficulty in retrieving his game.

Carrying a small long-handled hatchet or tomahawk with which his pupils cut the fuel to feed the schoolhouse stove with, and followed by his fyses, his short corn-cob pipe glowing between his teeth, Joe

used to start cheerily on his way to the shanty after breakfast, with a piece of meat and bread in his pocket to serve for dinner, and then, the duties of the afternoon over, he as gaily started home again.

For three winters he had been the teacher at the little backwoods school of Skunksville, where he had become a favourite with all the settlers and their children, and he passed from his various lodging-houses to the shanty every morning, and had returned at night without having at any time met with an adventure of any kind.

An encounter, brought on by himself, however, was about to break the monotony of his daily life.

One bitter cold evening, as Joe Bates returned to his lodging, he noticed the dull leaden sky which usually prognosticates a snow-storm; and as he warmed his hands at the fire, whilst Nip and Tuck, his two fyses, stretched themselves out before the blazing logs, he told his host that he fancied there would be 'a tidy snowstorm afore morning, the clouds look uncommon black; it's so cold, too; and there's a feeling of snow like in the look of everything.'

His host assented, the good wife bestirred herself, and supper soon smoked on the table, and this soon disposed them to take little heed of what the weather might be without the house, as all within was snug enough.

The signs of the weather had not misled Joe Bates, for when he looked out of his window the next morning, the snow lay two feet deep upon the ground.

After breakfast he whistled his dogs, and taking his hatchet in his hand, set out on his way to the schoolhouse through the forest.

He had gone about a mile and a half when he noticed the snow in front of him had been broken by some animal, and, on closer inspection, he found the 'sign' had been made by a bear; and his knowledge of woodcraft told him it was made by a she bear, and one that was not in the very best condition.

'It's a case of lock-out all night or else a premature confinement,' said Joe to himself, as he looked at the tracks. 'No bear,' he continued, 'could be in good order and take such strides as that; if it was fat, the hind feet would fill the tracks of the fore ones, and it's an old she, because the paws are narrow; besides, no old he bear would be lunatic enough to face this weather, I am sure. No; it's some old lady that's got cubs too early or else too late, and that's something new, I guess, to me.'

Joe looked up at the sun so as to judge whether he had time enough to follow up the tracks a little way and see which way the bear had gone; and finding himself rather early, and perhaps thinking that if he was half an hour late it would not matter very much, as the boys would get the stove lit and the room warm, he turned out of his course, and followed by Nip and Tuck, set out on the trail of the bear.

The trail led him towards the bank of a creek which Joe knew very well, as he had often in the summer waited to kill a fat buck when he came in to drink at the little stream, and fancying that

amongst its steep rocky banks the bear had formed her den, he pressed on in the hope of, as he expressed himself, 'treeing' her.

The tracks led directly up to the top of the farther bank, and Joe Bates had no difficulty in crossing the little rivulet, as the tiny stream was congealed by the frost; and following the 'sign' he found a large opening amongst some fallen trees, which led directly into the bank of the creek; and though Joe had been frequently hunting in this neighbourhood, the fallen trees, the brambles, and other rubbish had effectually concealed this cavern, so that had he not had the tracks in the snow to guide him, he might have hunted there for half a century without discovering it.

The entrance was large enough to admit a man by stooping, and seemed to lead, with but a very slight incline, far back into the bank, and the tracks which led in showed that the bear was still there, as no 'sign' led out again.

At this sight Joe's hunter-spirit was aroused; prudence and scholastic dignity were utterly routed, and drawing his hatchet, he was about to enter the mouth of the cavern, when he was anticipated by the fierce rush of his two dogs, Nip and Tuck.

The sharp yelps of the dogs in the den were soon accompanied by a dull, growling noise, and presently, with a tremendous roar, the bear made a rush at the dogs, who, tempering their valour with that valuable virtue, discretion, rushed out before her.

Satisfied, seemingly, with having put her enemies to the rout, the bear returned to the back of the cave without having come quite to the entrance, where Joe stood with his hatchet ready raised to brain the bear.

'At her again, Nip!—hie, Tuck!—at her again, good boys!' shouted Joe; and nothing loath, the two dogs again charged into the cave.

This time they had not so long to wait for the bear to tumble them out; for thoroughly roused and enraged she came right at them, and would even have chased them a little distance, had not Joe's hatchet descended as she came out of the den; but, unfortunately, in his hurry he struck too far forward, and merely sliced the bear through the bone between the eyes and the nose, which, though it disabled her from doing quite as much biting, did not prevent her being able to do what Joe afterwards called 'some tall scratching' and hugging.'

On receiving this unexpected blow, the bear thought no more about the dogs, and turned her attentions to her biped foe.

Stepping back to give more force to his blow, Joe unfortunately caught his heels against a fallen tree, and fell over it, backwards; and before he could pick himself up the bear was upon him.

Failing in her efforts to worry him—her upper jaw being useless from Joe's blow—she tried to hug him; but as he had not lost his presence of mind, Joe kept himself close to the log that had tripped him up, and thus prevented the bear's efforts to encircle him with her fore arms.

‘Here, Tuck! Here, Nip!’ shouted Joe. ‘Seize her, good dogs!’

And the fyses gallantly came to their master’s assistance, Nip beginning to chew one of her houghs, whilst Tuck fastened on a tender spot inside the thigh.

Taken so unexpectedly in the rear, the bear turned to chastise these new assailants, and poor Joe, not much the worse as to his skin, but sadly soiled and torn as to his store-clothes, sprang to his feet; but before he could pick up his hatchet, the foe, freed from the dogs, closed with him again.

Again Nip and Tuck rushed to the rescue, but failed to draw her off their master till his shoulders had been well scored with her claws.

By this time Joe was as savage as the bear; and utterly careless of all consequences he rushed at her, and after two or three ineffectual chops at her head, he at last succeeded in splitting open her skull.

Most people would have been satisfied with this exploit, but Joe Bates was made—as he often used to observe afterwards—‘on a patent principle,’ and he determined to enter the cave, and if there were any cubs there bring them out alive or dead.

Taking a little breathing time, and removing his black coat, now quite spoilt, Joe prepared to enter the cavern; and hatchet in hand he went in.

Feeling his way, for going from the light of day into such darkness he could see nothing until he reached the end and turned himself towards the light, and then only when his eyes began to get a little accustomed to the place. But he could see nothing; and he whistled for his dogs, who, conscious that they had been ‘some pumpkins in a bar fight,’ were proudly waiting by the dead bear.

As soon as Nip and Tuck heard their master’s summons, however, they left their prize and hastened to their master, and presently both rushed into a corner, and in a few moments the whining of some infant bears could be heard.

Calling back the dogs, and remembering at the nick of time some matches he carried for his pipe, Joe lit one, and its light disclosed two young cubs nestled on some grass and fur in a corner of the cave.

Spite of sundry scratches and slight bites they were secured, and before long Joe was at his school-house with his prize; and considering the occasion sufficient to justify a holiday, he dismissed the boys, telling them they might go and see the bear; and then he started home to get his wounds dressed and get assistance to get the dead bear home.

The cubs were taken care of till they became ten or eleven months old, when, as they became savage and troublesome, they were killed and eaten.

After this exploit, Joe Bates always went by the name of the Bear-slayer, as, though scores of bears had been killed by the settlers, no one had ever killed one single-handed with a hatchet, and that a she bear with young cubs.

A DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. CHARLES DAVIS, LATE HUNTSMAN TO
HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.*

‘ Warriors must die. The valiant must fall in their day, and be no more known on their hills. But remember, my son, to place this sword, this bow, the horn of my deer, within that dark and narrow house, whose mark is one grey stone.’—
OSSIAN.

FROM Sunninghill a wail of woe
Is pealing o’er the vale below ;
And, far and wide, the muffled bell
Proclaims the *mort* with solemn knell :
Ah ! many a manly heart is wrung
By tidings of that iron tongue !
And Father Thames rolls sadly on,
Feeling a dear old friend is gone ;
As drooping willows stoop to hide
Their sorrows in his silent tide.
But, hunter, stay ! thy grief restrain !
See, hither turns the mourning train :
The Royal Huntsman, once so dear,
’Tis his, alas ! that pall-clad bier.
Gently they tread the hallow’d way
Bearing his corse to kindred clay ;
And give, what thousands claim in vain,
Their honest tears like floods of rain.
Ah ! never more shall forest hear
The echoes of his thrilling cheer ;
Nor foremost, as he led the van,
More like a centaur than a man,
Shall brook and bull-finch rise in vain
To stop him as he swept the plain,
With eagle eye and manly grace,
A pilot in the storm of chase.
Farewell, old friend ! and though we mourn
Thy body to the cold earth borne,
We joy to know thy spirit bold
Is fettered by no earthly mould—
That better mounted thou wilt be
Winging thy way to a fair countrie ;
That though thy horn is silent here,
A livelier horn will greet thy ear :
’Tis but a check that gives the pain ;
Thou’rt ‘ gone to ground ’ to live again !

RING OUZEL.

* Comus, presented to him by his field-pupil, the Prince of Wales, was his last favourite hunter ; and, when Mr. Davis found that he and the little bay were becoming infirm together, he left injunctions that, at his death, the horse should be shot, and his ears buried with him in his own grave.

CRICKET.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AVERAGES FOR 1866.

'Urge the flying ball.'—GRAY.

TALKING of cricket in the month of December appears at first sight somewhat *mal-a-propos*, and suggests the manners and customs of our antipodean brethren, who are at this time preparing for the most important matches of their season and hemisphere. Nevertheless our *tyrocinium*, or 'review of 'schools,' though necessarily postponed till beyond the fall of the leaf, is more likely to engage a cricketer's attention during the long winter evenings, when 'Baily' is a welcome guest, than during the height of the cricketing season, when the attention to matches just past is eclipsed by the interest felt in those immediately to follow. Such food for reflection as the following statistics may supply to our friends, old and young, we once more offer, with an apology for the irregularity with which the various data are introduced. The fault is none of ours; it arises from the comparative indifference with which scorekeeping is regarded at some of our great schools; and we would once more, for the *n*th time, appeal to future captains to obtain and preserve full particulars of their great matches, by means of the excellent scoring-sheets now in such general use among the great clubs of our land.

To begin, then, with the Eton Eleven, who won four, and drew one, out of the ten matches they played: their average per innings was about 145, being less than that of the three past years, 1865 having shown 170 runs per innings. The subjoined list of batsmen includes twelve names, as Mr. Alexander, the future Captain, was prevented, through illness from doing himself justice in many of the matches played at Eton, and was an absentee from Lord's for the same cause. Their hitting powers against loose bowling and fielding were exemplified in the Winchester Match, which they won 'anyhow;' but a far different fate awaited them when opposed to the straight bowling of Messrs. Money and Co., in the Harrow Eleven. As was the case last year, they appeared paralysed by the slows, whether delivered by Mr. Drake, at Eton, or by the above-named gentleman at Lord's; and it appears to us that this is the vital point to which their attention should be turned ere they can hope for success against Harrow. Of their fielding generally we may speak in high terms. Messrs Lubbock, Walrond, and Thornton are, at their several posts in the field, very far superior to what we expect in a school eleven. The last-named gentleman has only himself to thank if he fails to rival the deeds of a Mitchell or Lyttelton. His hitting powers are undeniable, and his eye all that can be wished to intimidate the steadiest bowler; but he must be content to learn a safe as well as a slashing game. Mr. Barrington, who has left, has much improved in his batting. His best innings, played at Eton, was [a treat to witness; but his bowling requires steadiness, which will no doubt follow with increasing years. Mr. Gilliat, though quite 'amiss' at Lord's, did himself great credit by his bowling there, though there is room for improvement in his style of batting. Annexed is the average list of the Eleven, exclusive, however, of the Winchester match, the full report of which has gone astray.

THE BATTING AVERAGES OF THE ETON ELEVEN.

	Total No. of Runs.	Innings	Greatest Score.	Times not out.	Average.
E. Lubbock	204	12	50	1	17
W. B. Barrington	234	15	79	2	15·9
C. R. Alexander	184	8	54	—	23
C. I. Thornton	330	11	50	4	30
H. Gilliat	112	11	28	—	10·2
W. H. Walrond	85	12	15	1	7·1
H. M. Walter	108	8	37*	4	13·4
J. C. Reibey	127	13	25	—	9·10
W. C. Higgins	2	1	2	1	2
T. W. Foley, K.S.	101	7	49	1	14·3
R. R. N. Ferguson	38	11	13	1	3·5
Hon. T. W. H. Pelham . . .	127	13	30	2	9·10

* Signifies 'not out.'

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wides.	No Balls.	Wickets.
E. Lubbock	560	176	56	1	—	25
W. B. Barrington	568	186	48	9	—	10
C. I. Thornton	316	105	37	17	—	6
H. Gilliat	436	136	51	4	—	5
H. M. Walter	347	137	22	2	—	9
W. C. Higgins	178	81	10	1	—	3
R. R. N. Ferguson	592	226	62	5	—	16
Hon. T. W. H. Pelham . . .	390	229	18	—	—	17

Facile princeps of the Winchester Eleven was Mr. Howell, who has increased his average of 19, in 1865, to the extraordinary figure of over 50 in 1866 ; and we only regret that the meagre returns from this school do not even inform us of the number of innings played from which the said average results. However, as we are aware that Mr. Howell was absent through illness from many of the matches, we must accept *cum grano* the above excellent performance. Whether, however, at the wicket or in the field, this gentleman, who has left Winchester, will be a welcome addition to any university or county town. Mr. Haygarth, an improved bat, exhibits an average of 28 against 11 of 1865; and Mr. Douglas, the best field in the school, makes a like stride from 11 last year to 30 this season. The general bowling and fielding is capable of great improvement, especially the former department; but as eight of the next eleven will be new hands, we shall doubtless next year see an infusion of fresh blood, which will strengthen the team, of which Mr. C. B. Philips, an excellent wicket-keeper, will be captain.

AVERAGE OF THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN (1866).

	Average Runs.	Over.		Average Runs.	Over.
L. S. Howell . . .	50	1	F. B. Harvey. . .	14	9
F. Haygarth . . .	28	11	E. Armitage . . .	13	—
S. K. Douglas. . .	30	—	W. H. Ley . . .	3	4
C. B. Philips . . .	9	2	A. G. Hastings . .	17	7
G. Hall	16	7	J. M. Evetts . . .	9	5
J. C. Moberly. . .	16	2			

Turning next to Harrow, we are puzzled at which name to commence amongst eleven of the most even players that we can remember as constituting a public school team. With the exception of two of the bowlers, they all average double figures, and we do not forget that at Lord's a similar result was attained by ten out of the eleven. Mr. Stow, the captain, will prove a valuable batsman to his university, even should they discover among their ranks a better wicket-keeper. Mr. Hadow's was the sensation innings, when at Harrow he scored 181 not out, keeping his antagonists in the field throughout the day; but he was at other times wanting in batting style, and less to be depended on than others in the team. Mr. Money averages 20, and got 31 wickets for an average of under 8 runs per wicket—a great performance this, for an underhand slow bowler. Mr. Cobden is a bowler of great promise. In pace and straightness we cannot recall his equal in a public school since Mr. Teape did such service for Eton in their last winning match at Lord's. The one point in the eleven open to criticism was their fielding, which was not on a par with some former years, either at Harrow or in the Eton match, and we commend this feature of the game to Mr. Money's attention, who—an admirable field himself—will do well to instil its importance into his eleven of 1867.

HARROW SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES (1866).

	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Greatest Score.	Total Runs scored.	Average per Innings.
F. C. Cobden	11	1	29	88	8
R. Digby	16	3	38	173	10·13
J. H. Gibbon	14	3	43	162	11·8
W. H. Hadow	14	2	181*	361	25·11
T. Hartley	15	2	49	193	12·13
E. Matthews	12	2	10	56	4·8
W. B. Money	14	2	64	284	20·4
H. H. Montgomery	15	1	59	222	14·12
J. H. Ponsonby	9	1	57*	155	17·2
C. J. Smith	16	1	43	261	16·5
M. H. Stow	12	3	50	200	16·8

* Not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Total Balls bowled.	Total Runs made from.	Wide Balls.	Wickets.	Average Runs per Wicket.
F. C. Cobden	1048	322	10	37	8·26
J. H. Gibbon	216	65	—	7	9·2
T. Hartley	641	244	10	18	13·10
E. Matthews	976	349	—	34	10·9
W. B. Money	785	246	—	31	7·29
C. J. Smith	348	134	10	7	19·1

From Rugby our returns are not so copious as last year, and do not contain the bowling averages. In batting, Mr. Crowdy, a new member of the Eleven, obtains the Ledger average of over 32, while his services at point also demand acknowledgment. Mr. Gore, a left-handed batsman, has increased his average from 11, in 1865, to 30, and Mr. Pauncefote, the captain, from 15 to 24. Nor should we omit mention of Mr. Göschen, an excellent wicket-keeper, who made many large scores early in the year, and averages over 20 per innings.

BATTING AVERAGE OF THE RUGBY ELEVEN.

	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in a Match	Most in an Innings.	Average (per Innings.	Over.	Times not out.	Least in a Match.
B. Pauncefote . . .	18	26	628	93	93	24	4	3	—
L. W. Novelli . . .	18	23	295	66	63	12	19	3	—
F. A. Gore . . .	18	26	780	141	75	30	—	3	1
F. W. Batson . . .	18	28	534	78	58	19	2	1	2
W. E. Göschen . . .	15	22	455	87	75	20	15	1	—
G. D. Baker . . .	16	21	278	56	42	13	3	4	—
J. G. Crowdy . . .	16	19	620	150	91	32	12	5	—
A. Godley . . .	15	19	226	45	42	11	17	2	—
Hon. C. H. Vivian .	11	9	61	30	28	6	7	5	—
E. K. Browne . . .	13	19	182	40	39	9	11	—	—
W. F. Thompson .	17	17	212	79	57	12	8	3	—

Of the Cheltenham Eleven, Mr. F. Baker bears the palm with an average of over 38. It is not often that a left-handed bat combines the steadiness of genuine cricket with the aptitude for hard hitting which seems implanted by nature in left-handed players. Mr. Baker, however, besides three times scoring over 100 in an innings, has displayed this season a very fine defence, though we may caution him against attempting ‘gallery coups’ with the left hand in the field. Mr. Fidgate has improved from 19 to 29 since 1865. He is a hard hitter, but requires steadiness in his batting. Mr. Mellor has advanced his average from 13 to 20, and with practice is likely to attain excellence as a slow round-arm bowler.

CHEL TENHAM BAT TING AVERAGES.

	Total Runs.	Number of Innings.	Average.	Over.
F. Baker	895	23	38	21
C. Fidgate	589	20	29	9
L. C. Abbott	513	18	29	1
P. H. Mellor	455	22	20	15
P. Barrow	331	23	14	9
E. Brice	323	23	14	1
T. Bramwell	320	25	12	20
E. Studd	231	18	12	15
E. F. Cuppage	230	18	12	14
W. Humphreys	162	17	9	9
A. H. Hamilton	186	20	9	6

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Innings.	Balls per Wicket.	Runs per Wicket.	Average Wickets per Innings.	Over.
E. A. Brice	3385	1225	354	136	4	—	29	26	9	4	20
P. H. Mellor	2801	1383	160	119	9	—	28	22	10	4	7
E. Studd	1383	612	113	52	18	—	22	26	11	2	8
T. Bramwell	289	128	22	13	2	—	6	22	9	2	8
F. Baker	466	206	34	12	1	1	12	38	17	1	—
L. C. Abbott	784	316	80	17	11	—	17	46	18	1	—

From Westminster we have batting returns only. They show Mr. E. Oliver, the captain, to have made an average of 20, precisely the same figures as in 1865. His defence is very good; but he is deficient in hitting powers. Moreover he is a very useful field at short distances. Mr. F. Lucas has not increased his average since last year, requiring the defence necessary for long innings, though a hard hitter. Mr. Burton has more than doubled his average since 1865, and is a very fast bowler.

BATTING AVERAGE OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL ELEVEN.

	Matches.	Innings.	Not out.	Runs.	Most in a Match.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
E. Oliver	12	18	4	292	32* and 21*	54	20 ⁸ / ₇
F. Lucas	8	11	—	163	10 and 35	37	14 ⁹ / ₁₁
E. Burton	12	18	2	199	63*	63*	12 ⁷ / ₁₈
E. Bray	12	18	1	192	61 and 24	61	11 ⁵ / ₁₇
A. G. Lee	12	18	—	188	56 and 8	56	10 ² / ₉
H. Curteis. . . .	12	18	2	141	35*	35*	8 ¹³ / ₁₈
C. E. Bickmore . .	12	18	2	133	6* and 38	38	8 ⁵ / ₁₈
E. A. Northcote . .	12	16	2	98	24	24	7
W. C. Davies . . .	12	19	4	85	10 and 16	16	5 ² / ₃
G. J. Circuitt . . .	7	10	1	44	1 and 11	11	4 ⁸ / ₉
G. W. Chapman . .	10	15	—	67	14	14	4 ⁷ / ₁₈

* Not out.

From the Charterhouse we have at this writing only received batting returns, showing Mr. Muir Mackenzie to have increased his average from 11 to 16. This gentleman also did good service in bowling throughout the season. The Ledger score is taken by Mr. C. E. Nepean, a new member of the Eleven, who averages over 17, and combines hard hitting with a strong defence.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE ELEVEN.

	Average per Innings.		Average per Innings.
C. P. Scott	11 ¹ / ₈	A. G. Mammatt	5 ¹ / ₂
W. L. Boreham	14 ⁸ / ₁₃	O. G. Walford	6
M. M. Mackenzie	16 ² / ₁₃	C. E. Nepean	17 ¹ / ₄
R. W. Macan	15 ⁷ / ₁₇	H. E. Wilmot	10 ¹ / ₁₀
F. Dorling	11 ¹ / ₁₀	O. H. Wade	7 ¹ / ₇
H. Mackenzie	7 ⁸ / ₁₀		

Last but not least on our list comes Marlborough, foremost among whom stands Mr. A. T. Fortescue, who, from 18, in 1865, has reached to 35 in 1866. He is a first-rate school bat, with a good defence, but is weak in the field, and has fallen off in bowling. The captain, Mr. Monnington, keeps up his old average of 20, and will be invaluable as a long-stop in any team. Mr. B. Williams has increased his average to 31, principally by his slashing hitting, and he is equally good in the field.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE MARLBOROUGH ELEVEN (1866).

	Number of Runs.	Number of Innings.	Number of Times not out.	Highest Score.	Average per Innings.
T. P. Monnington . . .	629	31	1	81	20—20
A. T. Fortescue . . .	673	22	3	92	35— 8
B. H. M. Williams . . .	607	21	2	109*	31—18
J. Bourdillon . . .	517	29	—	77	17—24
E. E. Money . . .	322	30	5	35	12—22
E. E. G. Bird . . .	280	30	3	33	10—10
R. L. Head . . .	516	26	1	118	20—16
E. H. Moeran . . .	86	17	4	24	6— 8
W. H. Wyld . . .	251	21	1	28	13—11
H. Hillyard . . .	249	18	1	73	14—11
R. Leach . . .	267	31	3	44	9—15

* Not out.

BOWLING ANALYSIS OF THE ELEVEN (1866).

	No. of Balls	Number of Wides.	Number of balls bowled.	Number of runs made.	No. of Maiden Overs.	Number of Wickets.	Average runs per wicket.	Average Wickets per innings.
A. T. Fortescue . . .	—	15	1434	627	119	46	13—29	2— 4
J. Bourdillon . . .	—	10	1048	512	83	35	14—22	1—16
E. E. G. Bird . . .	—	—	3600	1805	190	111	16—29	3—18
E. H. Moeran . . .	—	15	2471	1018	223	56	18—10	2—16
H. Hillyard . . .	—	7	261	99	26	8	12— 3	1— 2

In conclusion, we may remark, that at the present moment we attach the greatest importance to the record of the Public Schools Matches, as affecting the interests of the cricketing world generally. At a time when certain causes (already alluded to in our pages) have brought about dissent and secession from the ranks of our leading professionals, it is at least a comfort to reflect that among the aristocracy of our land exists the true spirit of the game intact and unrepressed. That spirit is nursed at our public schools and matured at our universities; and may the day indeed be far distant which shall see any diminution of the interest which at present attaches to each and every one of our Public School Matches.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

My friends! you readers of that green monthly book which you confess to await with such great delight, are dreadfully exorbitant.

From what I hear, you expect your Paris contributor to be amusing twelve times per annum! Every month, as I am a respectable sinner!

My dear classical reader!—my friends (young friends once, ‘Mais nous ‘avons changé tout cela’) of Harrow, Eton, Cambridge, Oxford, did you never hear from any confiding tutor that Apollo did not always keep his gun at full cock? If not, why not? Your tutor was Duffer maximus, and you are Duffer minor.

Now I put it to you fairly, have I not struggled to keep you floating in the stream of Paris life ever since last New Year’s Day? I do not say succeeded, but only struggled to do so. And here you are at the beginning of the closing

month of the year, expecting me to be as young, and you as easily amused as you and I were when we wrote and read in the 'Baily' for January 1866.

I can't stand it for one. My hairdresser, a flatterer by nature and profession, has just whispered, 'A little whiter than we were, sir.'

My tailor says I think Monsieur must remeasure himself in 1867. The purveyor of those instruments of torture, yclept boots, hints at extended lasts, to which I say of course, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam,' and then agree to have just the least bit of kid let into that gouty instep. And you expect that I am still to go on dancing, excuse the metaphor, with the 'foolish' virgins.'

We are very dull at this season in Paris—accept the fact and don't read the paper. We shall be gay enough presently, however, and then, when you lose the allusions, and cannot trace whose married reputation was sullied, or whose maiden fame was libelled, won't you be sorry? *Credo di si.* But I will let you off, and go on to tell you what has happened in Paris during the month of November.

Racing is over, you know, except at certain small provincial meetings which scarcely concern your readers, whose knowledge of French geography would possibly be utterly confounded if they tried to find out where the 'courses' in question really were.

Of steeple-chases we have had many; but really they are of so small mark that their result hardly matters here. When there is a good race, the Duke of Hamilton seems to have what they would call here a 'speciality' for being second. In a somewhat long experience I have never seen luck so dead against a duke.

Hunting has commenced—hunting, that is, as we hunt here—a sport which would make any well-cleaned pair of tops blush brown at being present. Hunting without fences! You might as well have hunting without hounds.

Yet if you like to see a splendid stud and a first-rate pack of hounds hunting in a woodland as fine as England can produce, only with rides like a race-course instead of those 'nasty places' which midland-county fox-hunters will remember in their best coverts, then, I say, go down and meet his Majesty's hounds at the Puits du Roi.

I need not tell you that it is hunting after a fashion; but then the fashion is very pretty.

At the meet the other day I saw the chesnut horse which the French Government bought (I fear on a Sunday) at the great London horse show. He was good enough for me.

I tell your readers to go and see the 'Staggers' of France, because there is really nothing like them; but if he wants to see sport, he should go and meet the Marquis de Laigle, who hunts the same forest three times a week with boar-hounds. Many of your readers are used up—it is the fashion, and I dare say they do their very best to be in the fashion; yet even to Sir Charles Coldstream a sensation was pleasant—a sensation in fact. And for that reason I advise Colonel the Honourable Used-Up, C.B., to leave off yawning, which is not becoming—to cease to declare that 'hounds never run,' and go and hunt a boar in the woods round the King's Well! 'Nothing in it!' the Colonel perhaps will say. He is right; there is nothing in the well, for it is dried up—just, in fact, like the brain-pan of the thing which our Colonel calls his head. I have stated the truth, which I believe should be in that well. Boar-hunting means sport—perhaps next month I will tell you details thereof.

Shooting grows gradually every day in France. The Emperor likes the sport, and likes to make a fair bag. Many readers of 'Baily' must remem-

ber how Prince Louis was wont to hold his own in Hertfordshire, and then go home and be the life of the pleasant party assembled at the house of your greatest living romance writer. As to actual slaughter, we are getting fast on to Norfolk—we slay by thousands.

I know, by the way, one shooting held by a British sportsman, on which there were no battues, but where you could kill 20 to 25 head of game per gun each day to one or two guns. I call that shooting, as, indeed, I call the shooter a true sportsman. But of course there is shooting and sporting, and I especially beg you to publish these returns of killed and wounded (we omit the missing) of three days of Imperial shooting. When they kill millions a-day with eight or ten needle-guns, then this document will be historical, and prove what duffers we all were.

FORÊT DE MARLY.—*Bulletin de tir du 3 Novembre, 1866.*

Noms de Tireurs.	Roe Deer.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Landralls.	Not classified.	Tot. par Tireur.
S. M. l'Empereur	8	1	14	99	—	2	5	129
S. M. l'Impératrice	—	—	5	21	—	—	—	26
S. A. Mar. le Prince Impérial	1	—	—	3	—	—	—	4
S. Exc. le Prince de la Moskowa	7	—	6	55	—	1	2	71
S. Exc. le Prince de Metternich	3	1	10	40	1	2	1	58
Mme. la Princesse de Metternich	2	1	6	30	—	—	—	39
M. le Marquis de Toulangeon	3	1	5	11	—	—	—	20
M. le Duc de la Force	—	1	3	35	—	1	—	40
M. le Marquis d'Havrincourt	4	—	12	30	—	1	—	47
M. le Baron de Pierres	—	—	3	15	—	—	—	18
M. Davillier	6	—	2	33	—	—	—	41
M. le Marquis de Piennes	4	—	1	10	—	—	—	15
Totaux	38	5	67	382	1	7	8	508

FORÊT DE RAMBOUILLET.—*Bulletin du 9 Novembre, 1866.*

S. M. l'Empereur	4	—	93	140	96	—	—	333
S. Exc. M. Behic	7	—	40	87	7	—	—	141
S. Exc. le Prince de la Moskowa	7	—	104	91	14	—	—	216
S. Exc. le Mar. Duc de Magenta	4	—	22	46	—	—	—	72
S. Exc. le Maréchal Niel	5	—	29	51	3	—	—	88
M. le Baron Morio de l'Isle	6	—	20	54	3	—	—	83
M. le Général de Failly	2	—	8	11	—	—	—	21
M. le Baron Lejeune	—	—	8	19	1	—	1	29
M. le Marquis de Trévise	8	—	18	34	2	—	1	63
Totaux	43	—	342	533	126	—	2	1,046

FORÊT DE LAIGUE.—*Bulletin du 16 Novembre, 1866.*

S. Exc. le Prince de la Moskowa	5	1	21	11	—	—	—	39
M. le Baron de Pierres	2	—	19	11	—	—	—	32
M. le Marquis de Trévise	5	1	15	7	—	—	2	30
M. Piétry	1	—	16	3	—	—	—	20
M. de Lange	3	2	20	10	—	2	—	37
M. de Waru	5	3	29	5	—	—	—	42
M. de Casabianca	4	1	10	2	1	—	1	19
M. Jamin	3	1	13	2	2	—	—	21
M. de Marnésia	3	2	7	8	1	1	—	22
M. le Baron Lejeune	3	—	6	2	5	—	—	16
Totaux	34	11	156	61	9	3	3	278

I conclude this brief notice of the actual existence of Paris, by saying that the Emperor, all new inventions notwithstanding, still shoots with muzzle-loaders, that he can shoot as quick as his subjects, and is a deal more keen.

The young Prince enters nicely to hounds. We have been rather bucolic and sportsmanlike this month—rather 'Sport' than 'Life' of Paris. Yet we beg you to excuse us.

'Be to our faults a little blind, and to our virtues ever kind,'

and next month, when the season has commenced, I'll give you Paris Life and Paris Sport enough to last you the thirty-one days.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—November Notings.

NOVEMBER, the favourite month of suicides, Guy Fawkes, Mr. Frail, Mr. Merry, and Mr. Topham, has caused as many disastrous wrecks in the Sporting World as on the Ocean Wave; and the number of owners that have put into Tattersall's, for repairs, is quite equal to that of the captains of ships in the western ports. And such will ever be the case, when racehorses are really, in Lord Derby's own language, turned into instruments of gambling. One of the great uses of racing, we are sententiously told, is the development and improvement of the breed of horses. And we should very much like to know how many who were present at Aintree, Shrewsbury, and Warwick were animated with that sentiment. Indeed, if we had put the question to them, they no doubt would have asked us what we took them for, and whether we conjectured 'they had a tile off;' or they might even have insulted the mother who bore us, by denominating us a fool. To participate in gambling as open as at Homburg, with the exception of horses being substituted for cards, was their errand into the Northern and Midland Counties; and going to shear, they returned shorn. Still perhaps the lessees are not to blame in catering to the public taste; for where poor men have horses, they will naturally try to make the most of them, as there is no institution yet established to give them gratuitous hay and corn during the recess, or rather the holidays. Of the morality of these November Meetings we will say nothing, because their character is so well known, that people, as it were, put on defensive armour before they go into the Ring; and even then it is very often an inefficient protection. And, in fact, the only royal road to winning seems to be underwriting Cameron's mounts, which can often be done at very remunerative prices. This lad's success this season has been wonderful, and it is to be hoped he will not be spoiled by it, and pay the same penalty as the jockey to whose position he has succeeded, not by any aristocratic influence, but by personal merit. For it seems Mr. McGeorge has had of late frequent complaints to make against him, which, he contends, are glossed over; so that he intends, for the future, to bind over the offenders against the discipline he has established at the post, to appear before the Stewards of the Jockey Club, instead of the local Stewards; which will no doubt have the desired effect of causing his authority to be respected. And the subject of our remarks is now, we believe, under recognizances to come up for judgment at Lincoln, next Spring. The sufferings endured by the unhappy pilgrims to Aintree have scarcely had their parallel in the annals of the Turf; for the place itself although no doubt a charming resort for a plover, and affording an eligible site for the building of

the nest of a lapwing, or other such rare bird as Mr. Tegetmier or Mr. Buckland would delight in, is not the most enjoyable locale to lay odds at, when the ground is furrow deep, and a general holiday seems to have been given to the wintry elements. Indeed, we are positively assured, that but for the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the handsomest both in and out of London, and where Mr. Toole was in strong force, making terrific running in each of his dramas, the Metallicians could not have prolonged their stay in the northern commercial metropolis. And wealthy as Liverpool is admitted to be, and opulent as her merchant princes are counted to be, we question if ever in its existence so much money and talent was ever to be seen in the front row of the stalls on each night of the races, when the Ring may be said to have bespoken the performances. It was intended, at one time, so we heard, to put up Holcroft's favourite comedy of 'The Road to Ruin;' but an apprehension that the selection might be deemed personal, caused it to be withdrawn for entertainments of a more modern date, which, like the Shakspearian Performances on another and more open arena, went off well, and brought good profits. A handicap in which Mr. Graham did not figure conspicuously would indeed have been a rare novelty. And here again in the Cup, he was once more the hero of the hour, with his name and those of his horses in everybody's mouth. In our last we exhausted our logical powers in endeavouring to prove that the owner of Chepstow and Caithness was more an object of commiseration than censure. But after the exhibition in the Liverpool Cup, and the ringing of Chepstow for Caithness, we can no longer hold a brief for him, but must leave him to his fate, and his handicappers, in whose memories, he may rest assured, his name is deeply engraved. The Liverpool Cup is generally well filled; but on the present occasion, after it had been brought out and directed 'Epsom,' a stranger would have imagined its contents had consisted of Gladstone's claret, or African sherry, rather than the purest 'Beeswing,' which is 'The favourite Port' of Liverpool, and is likely to become almost as great a favourite at Epsom.

From Liverpool, the Ring had the route for Shrewsbury, where they could have had no idea of 'the number of good things' which Mr. Frail had in store for them, and which amply compensated them for not returning to their household hearths. Lord Frederick, and his equerries in waiting, improved the occasion by spending the intervening days in surveying the scenery of the vale of Llangollen, being told that November was the most desirable month for so doing; and after a minute inspection of its sylvan beauties, he fully concurred with the poet, who pronounced it as 'The Flower of North Wales.' And it is to be regretted the bard is not now in existence to feel the compliment that was paid to him by the concurrence in sentiment of so mighty a mind. Hitherto, our sketches of Shrewsbury have been nothing but depictions of a 'happy family,' under the head of One Chief, engaged in the highly profitable and innocent occupation of backing horses over five, four, and three-furlong courses. We have also made our readers familiar with the endeavours of Mr. Frail to make his visitors comfortable—even to the ordering of apartments, providing of dinners, and engagements of pews for those who spent their Sabbath within the sound of his church-going bell. And although these same courtesies and attentions were paid on this occasion, we are sorry, in the interests of truth, to state, that the Demon of Discord made his first appearance on the Shrewsbury stage, and not all the persuasive oratory of the lessee, which would bring a partridge off its nest, could banish him from the boards. According to report, the unlooked-for visitation broke out after the representa-

tion of 'Ulphus,' a drama, the scene of which was laid in Westmoreland, and in which the chief performer had too much cast upon him, so much so, that he complained to the manager, who in his turn, is reported to have said he was wholly opposed to clog dances being introduced into the piece in question. This naturally infuriated the chief performer in the drama, who, to the best of our knowledge, has never degraded himself to such a *métier*. And we should as soon have expected Charles Kean to dance a hornpipe in fetters, as for the personage in question to adopt clogs even in a deluge. One word brought on another, and according to report, one distinguished member of the Company will be absent next year from the Shrewsbury bills. Gambling (gambolling) with monkeys is no doubt very nice amusement at 'The Zoo' on a Sunday afternoon, but at Shrewsbury it is a very different affair, and likewise a very expensive one, as the Guards discovered to their costs, when they transmitted their accounts to Onslow Square for adjustment. Plunge after plunge they took in the sea of speculation, until the headers they sustained awoke them to a sense of consciousness they must suspend their operations or animation. A New (Nu) bit of Stiff that was not taken up by Mr. Clarke, as was anticipated, led to a debate of rather a personal character; but as parties who play at bowls must expect rubbers, there is no occasion for bystanders to interfere. Among the other financial operations during the week may be mentioned a great fall in Mexican stock, which was rather surprising, considering how rapid was its rise throughout the spring, summer, and autumn. In conclusion, we shall look, with some degree of curiosity, to the next November reunion, to discover whether the lessee has retained his old adherents, and got over the difficulties of his situation, which even his allies admit to be of no mean order. Warwick was but a small edition of Shrewsbury, for the Ring had poured in such a deadly fire on the ranks of the backers that their numbers were considerably reduced; and even then, when darkness put an end to the fighting, there was a considerable addition to the number of killed and wounded, who were safely removed from the field of battle. Next year, we understand, Mr. Merry's contract with the Gas Company, for the supply of lamps round the Course, and in the Stand, will be completed, so the sport shall not be cut short so early in the afternoon, and be limited to sixteen races a day. So, it will be seen, there is nothing like being *merry* and *wise* in this generation; and therefore we hope other Clerks of Courses, of the same calibre as Mr. Merry, will go and do likewise. And thus ended the season of 1866, one which will long live in story as being the most disastrous that backers have encountered for a great number of years. Except in the Derby and St. Leger, public running has been perpetually overthrown, and the only really great winners that can be enumerated are the Marquis of Hastings, the Earl of Westmorland, Mr. Sutton, Messrs. Pryor and Hawkesley, and Mr. Arthur Heathcote. The stables that have been in most force are John Day's and Joseph Dawson's; and the jockeys at the head of the poll are Fordham (112 winning mounts), Cameron (87), and Custance (67). Of the Gentleman Riders, Mr. Edwards is at the head of the tree, beating Mr. W. Bovill by one race, and Colonel Knox is a good third. The only engagements that are announced are those of Arthur Edwards, by the Duke of Hamilton, and Tom Aldcroft, by the Sheriff of Yorkshire; but we are afraid the latter will not put him up very often, and the absence of his name from the official list of the present year inculcates a moral we wish his comrades would reflect upon, now that their holidays have set in. For the starting we fain would say a word, and that in praise of it, as, for very many years, we have seen nothing like it; and the Admiral is fairly

entitled to the thanks of the racing community for the appointment of Mr. McGeorge, who, by firmness and discretion, and the absence of violence and prejudice, has crushed the mutinous spirit of his corps, and brought them into perfect efficiency. On the Derby we shall have a word to say next month, and, in the meantime, shall only commit ourselves by stating that we think D'Estournel is quite 'the cheese' of two-year olds, and will win it with 'plaudits,' while The Rake gathers in the place-money of those who back his 'progress' thus far.

And now we will turn from The Turf to The Chase, and then get on to The Road. Our hunting intelligence is not quite so voluminous as we could wish, nevertheless we are enabled to give as many returns as our neighbours. And we will first say, the month has come and gone, with all its recollections of blind ditches, and consequent croppers. The rinderpest has disappeared, and the clerical chaff of last year will not be repeated, when it once was, 'Why, Charlie, you had a *bye-day* last week!' (to some sporting divine), 'Yes, you know, there was a difficulty about the *meat*,' being the smart answer. The Cloth, to do them justice, are equally at home with a rasper or a rejoinder.

Melton is beginning to fill. Lord Wilton has arrived and looks fresh and well, and rides as nicely as ever. Sir Henry Hoare, the Hon. C. Vivian, Mr. Westley Richards, and F. Calthorpe, are there. The new Comptroller of Her Majesty's household (Lord Royston) has arrived, and goes as hard as ever. On the 24th inst., a fox was found at Melton Spinney, and raced down to the brook where we found the famous black-coated parson, Banks Wright, standing, who said to us, 'Take care, that is the place where I 'was nearly killed a few years ago.' Now telling a man this as he is riding at water, is nearly certain to bring him to grief, and so it did us; but getting out on the right side, we quickly regained our place. The Comptroller got over with a struggle, and so did Sir Henry and a few more; but the scent was bad. The Duke of Rutland was out again, and all were pleased to see him again in the saddle. Craven Lodge is deserted, and it is impossible to pass by that formerly hospitable mansion without experiencing a feeling of regret at the loss to Melton of one who was the prince of good fellows; so, with his friends, we wish he had stuck to his hunting-box instead of taking to the turf. The scent as yet has been miserable and sport bad; but there is plenty of time for improvement. Lord Hastings does the Quorn well, and is very keen, and the Duke of Hamilton, accompanied by his attendant, Mr. Fred. Wombwell, is going to stay with him. With the Burton Mr. Chaplin has been able to do very little, for they have been visited by storms one day and frost the next, and the hounds have rarely been able to run, and have only had one fairish day, when they literally walked their fox down. In the Far West, Lord Portsmouth has kept up his character for showing good sport, and rendering it necessary for the farmers to keep their nags fit to go if they mean seeing the hounds. For the last fortnight they have had a succession of good things, commencing with a capital hunting run of an hour and ten minutes, with blood at the finish—and but for the mists, rain, and fog, which came on, they would have drawn again. Three days after, they had another good hour and a quarter, from Hatherleigh Moor, with the same result. But on the 17th, his Lordship had one of the longest runs, without any chance of changing, that we ever saw. They found in Winkleigh Wood, and ran away to Hollocombe coverts, through the whole range, and over Winkleigh Moor, and round to Winkleigh Wood. Then they went again through it and away, leaving Brush-

ford Wood to the left, by Coleridge to Zeal, where a nasty check occurred, owing to the fox being coursed by some curs when hounds were close to him and running for him; then, after a long check, recovered him, and held on slowly to near Bow Station, across the Railway, and eventually lost him near Spreyton. The poor brute was too beat for a point and never stopped. Hounds held on slowly for two hours after this fatal check; and as they found their fox at 11.30 and lost him at 4.30 P.M., it speaks libraries for the big Pack. Again, on the 20th, his Lordship had a clipping gallop from Castle Hill, killing two dog foxes. With The Vale of Blackmoor, the sport has been above the average, but there has been very little scent. On the 26th inst., they met at Holnest Pound, on the estate of that good fox-preserver, Mr. W. S. E. Drax, when Lords Macclesfield and Poltimore, both M. F. H.'s, were out. Luckily for the prestige of the pack, they found at the far-famed Butterwick Cover, and ran to the late Master's place, Sherborne Park. Then they made their way through Honeycombe and Lewston Gorse, where, after a good hunting run, he was killed. Lord Colville has won his trial with The Queen's, and the farmers are so pleased with his desire to meet their wishes, as far as rests in his power, that they are disposed to go any lengths to serve him. The Curteis Testimonial from the East Sussex men has been well deserved, for Mr. Curteis has devoted himself to the elucidation of the noble science ever since 1849, and has raised the Southdown to a very high position among the Southern Packs; and as his wife has, during the whole time of his Mastership, warmly encouraged him in it, it was only fitting she should be the recipient of it; and, as it assumed the shape of her husband's equestrian portrait, with his favourite hounds, it could not have been more acceptable to her. When we add the picture was by Mr. Stephen Pearce, we have said enough to insure its being a speaking likeness.

The Hambledon have been totally out of luck the whole month, not having had a single good scenting day since they began the season, until Saturday, November 23rd, when they had the good fortune to have, perhaps, the finest run that was ever seen in Hampshire—at least, so says a sporting squire, who has hunted regularly in that country for twenty-five seasons, and who says he never saw its equal. The meet was at Marwell Hall, the coverts of which for two long dreary hours were closely drawn, without the sign of a fox; when at last they went to a small covert close to Twyford Village, where they found one of the most gallant, straight-necked foxes that ever ran; disdaining to wait a moment in the covert, he broke away at the north end in face of a field of 200 horsemen. The hounds were out of covert in quick time, and as they strided away, heads up and sterns down, it was evident that the Field would soon become very select. Racing along over the splendid enclosures by Twyford Park, he ran to Morestead, leaving the village on his left, over Hill Farm and over Old Down, as if pointing for Honeyman's Rows, which, instead of entering, he gallantly continued in the open across Honeyman's Farm and across Gander Down, on to the village of Beauworth. Leaving Bishop's Woods on the left, he made for Shortby brick kilns, running the outside of Horn's Wood, and pointing for Brookwood; but, bearing away a little to the left, he passed close by the village of Hinton Ampner: still keeping his head as straight as an arrow, he struggled gamely on over the park of General Coles, of Woodcots, where it was evident that his minutes were numbered unless he could reach the shelter of the friendly earths at Cheriton, then in sight four fields distant: it was now a race for time, and as this gallant fox jumped the last gate into the field close to Cheriton Wood, the leading

hound topped it with him at the same moment, and he yielded his brush at last, after perhaps one of the gamest and most gallant struggles that ever was recorded in the Hunting Annals of Hampshire. The distance from point to point fourteen miles, and the time was 1 hour and 25 minutes, the first 55 minutes being without a check. The line of beaten horsemen extended for miles, and horses without riders were all over the country, and there were some very bad falls; amongst others was General Cotton, who was knocked off whilst charging a fence and severely shaken; but he managed to get his horse, and got up in time to see the finish.

Very few of the Yorkshire packs have had sport. The Badsworth have been rather dull, for the veteran Master, Lord Hawke, has only just recovered from the ugly tumble he got down the Grand Stand staircase on the last day of Doncaster Races. He is, luckily, now horn in hand again, and, it is to be hoped, better sport will be the result. The Bramham Moor have no reason to complain, as they have had fair sport, and killed their foxes. Their best run was from Riffa, on the 2nd of November, when they had 45 minutes, and killed quite straight without a check. November 3rd was a rare day for hounds from the Wild Man. They killed their two first foxes after 25 and 30 minutes over the open, and finished their third fox after 43 minutes in cover. They also got a very fine hunting run from Hutton Thorns, on the 9th of November, and after two hours killed. We should not omit, either, two capital runs from the Cocked Hat and Whin, killing their fox, one day at Bickerton Bar, the other at Plompton. Captain Lane Fox is much missed in the field, having been so very unfortunate as to meet with a terrible fall on the road. His horse, becoming alarmed at the violence of the wind, as he was opening a gate, on his return from hunting, flew round, plunging badly; he was taken by surprise and thrown, pitching on his head in the road. He suffered much from concussion of the brain, but is going on well, and hopes to be in his place again soon after Christmas. The York and Ainstey have had a fair day or two, but have been out of luck. Sir Charles Slingsby had an ugly fall, and was off work for a week, but is to the front again. Much pleasure is felt by the older members of the Hunt at seeing Rudston Read, whose absence from the hunting-field for several years has always been regretted, at work again. Those who remember the days when Robert Gilbert neatly cut out the work from Asham Bog, followed by 'Billy Read,' going head first at everything, but sticking to the hounds in good hard style, are quite refreshed by the sight of his broad shoulders and honest mug. Alas! he is too heavy to gallop in dirt, but he can still force the running down the road. Mr. Harcourt Johnstone has had two or three very good runs, and caught his foxes. He is a real keen man, worthy of all praise.

Baron Rothschild has commenced well, and the Vale men are full of the brilliant run which a second stag gave them after two o'clock on the afternoon when they met at Mentmore and took at Buckland. The country they went over was far stiffer than that of many of the Steeple-chases they make such a fuss about. Baron Meyer, and his nephew, Mr. Nathaniel de Rothschild, were in front to the last. From Badminton, there are accounts of good sport, and Lord St. Laurence has proceeded there to partake of it. Rumour asserts, that Lord Fitzhardinge is going to put down the hereditary family pack at Berkeley Castle, for reasons which will readily suggest themselves, and to which it will do no good to allude; but we trust measures may be devised by which the sacrifice may be averted. Harry Ayris's accident is much and deservedly re-

gretted, and his successor will have a hard part to play to give equal satisfaction. Wales has lost a thorough good sportsman in Mr. G. L. Phillips, who died from the effects of his fall last year, and it bodes ill for the sporting of the Principality, that Mr. W. H. Powell should be disposing of his steeple-chasers ; so the glories of Carmarthen, and her famous jockey, have, in all probability, come to an end. The union of flat-racing and steeple-chasing, since our last publication, has been solemnized in Old Burlington Street, and the happy couple promise to go on smoothly together, under the able supervision of Mr. James Weatherby, who has undertaken the rôle of 'the friend of the family,' one of the favourite parts in his *répertoire*. Already the sentence on Mr. Drax has worked a cure in the Home Circuit ; and so sensitive are the jockeys become, that they cannot be induced 'to pull a lucifer match for their 'cigars,' much less an animal they are riding for a list keeper. Mr. Drax, we are bound to add, still contends he is innocent, and if he could have got his witnesses together, he would not have been condemned at Liverpool : and he has further made a declaration before a Magistrate, that he not only had no bets on the race, but was ignorant of the suspicious nature of the betting until he returned to scale. The decision of the Committee, we happen to know, was unanimous ; still, if he furnished documentary evidence sufficiently strong to obtain a new trial, we are satisfied the Committee will grant him one, for they can have no personal feeling in the case.

Having now done with The Turf and The Chase, we must turn for an instant to The Road, merely to state that the Brighton Coach next year will be horsed by about four gentlemen, as in olden days. The two new coaches will be built exactly alike, by Holland of Oxford Street, and will be worked by seven teams up and down each day ; and which arrangement, it is hoped, will give general satisfaction. Oxford and Cambridge have, it is said, caught the infection ; and if the supplies be voted, will join the movement, which it seems is spreading wider than is generally imagined. According to 'The Sporting Life,' Lord Glasgow is as severe upon his lawyers as on his jockeys ; for when he could not take away his caps and jackets and his horses, he removed his parchments from his solicitor at Richmond, because he let him be twice beaten in his action against the Rawcliffe Company, or rather for only procuring for him a wretched farthing as damages for the injury which Brother to Bird-on-the-Wing sustained on their premises.

Of the breeding world we shall have more to say in our next ; but it is not generally known that the Duke of Newcastle has made a most useful addition to the Clumber Stud in Wingrave, a great, fine, useful horse, and who is so much liked by those who have been to see him, as to have already a great number of mares put down to him.

A shooting-party, organized by some of the officers of Her Majesty's 17th Lancers, now stationed at Aldershot, leaves England for Algeria in the beginning of the present month. It will most probably comprise Mr. Henry Faulkner, a celebrated elephant shot, Mr. B. Faulkner of Her Majesty's 95th Regiment, Mr. Maunsel, Mr. Callender, and Mr. F. Crowe, all of whom are staunch sportsmen well known on the jungle-side. Proceeding *via* Paris and Marseilles, the party will disembark at Bône, and make Ain Mokra their headquarters, as it is within an easy distance of the forests of Jemmapes, Guelma, and La Calle, the scenes of many of the exploits of the late Jules Gérard, who met with so untimely a fate last year on the West Coast of Africa whilst on an exploring expedition. At this time of the year, lake Fidzara is alive with wild fowl, including swans and grebe, and on the borders, snipe and woodcock

are very abundant. Wild boars are very numerous in the adjacent forests, whilst lions, leopards, and lynxes are not unfrequently met with; and it is against this latter species of game that the party chiefly intend to direct their attention. As it consists of sportsmen of no common order, if they have fine weather and fair luck, the readers of 'Baily' may expect to hear of great doings, for—

'There's a chiel amang 'em taking notes,
And faith he'll prent them.'

till continues its attractive career; and the author is contrived, out of the materials placed at his disposal, 'The Glowworm,' in which the racing absurdities, while the interest of a pleasing story is maintained without a too high colouring.

secular. The past month, though a dull one by itself both incident and amusement, from the Princess the loss of poor Mr. Wombwell's front teeth. They only contemplate to succeed John Scott (when added to his fathers), as they advertise 'The Pope', through using their Patent Condiment; and it is certain Mexico will never properly start without the aid of Mr. McGeorge, whom the Jockey Club must spare at the most convenient opportunity. The last result of the Irish elections has been the return of the talented member for Wexford, who, in his own person, reads some of his countrymen a lesson; for if, like him, they had a little more head, and were less *fast* in their movements, it might be a great improvement, and justice would be done to Ireland without arrests and durance vile. It would not be fair to omit the union of Venice to Italy, which ceremony must have been a most gorgeous sight, equalling those fairy tales our childhood revelled in. Earl Russell assisted in these revelries, and, at one of the balls, they say, was making strong running, with the assistance of a fair daughter of Albion, which called forth from Victor Emmanuel the following remark: 'Quel mal veut-on que puissent faire ensemble la vieillesse et la vertu?' Which, being freely translated, may be rendered thus: 'If the jockey could not be got at, the Peer was perfectly safe.' Our American friends seem to have surmounted the great difficulty which separates Miss Nightingale from the lady whom they have sent over in a 'physiological dress with moral bearings.' We fear she will be hardly appreciated in England, where doctors of the other sex are only too numerous, and the contemptuous remark of 'Walker!' will escape us whenever her name is mentioned. The Reformers have had a dinner at Newmarket, which, if we are rightly informed, was not a very popular affair. 'Too bad for to try and disturb us when we *was* just getting quiet for the winter!' an inhabitant remarked. By-the-by, we wonder what Martin Starling would think if he were called for on the 3rd of December, when he thought of being in for a winter's lavender!

